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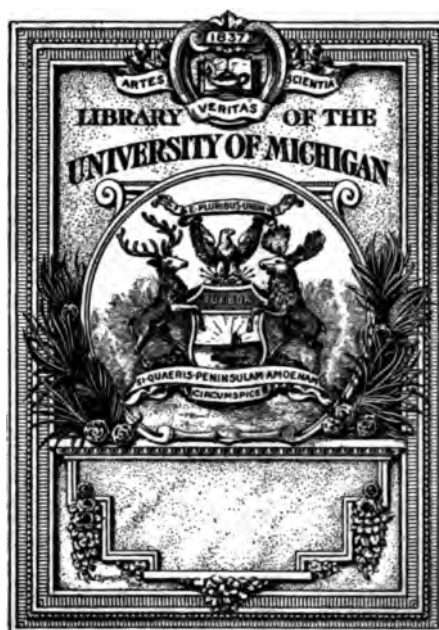
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A MONTH'S VISIT TO THE CONFEDERATE HEADQUARTERS.

BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

KNOWING how little reliance can be placed at any time upon the information published in American newspapers, I was very anxious, if possible, to get to the South, and judge for myself as to the condition of its people, the strength of its government, and the organisation of its armies. I had often, during the last year, tried to conjecture what Richmond was like, and felt quite curious to know how the public and private business of the Government was carried on. I confess I entertained a wholesome dread of being taken prisoner by the Yankees in my endeavour to get through their lines, having personally learnt from others who had had the misfortune to come under the displeasure of local military autocrats, how disagreeable they were in the habit of making a prison residence—in many instances, indeed, evincing a barbarity of conduct disgraceful to any nation claiming English descent. But the desire of knowledge, or the promptings of curiosity, as the case may be, determined me upon running all risks, and making my way into the forbidden land of Dixey,

despite all the blockading, gunboats, and Federal patrols along the Potomac river. There was, however, one great drawback to my happiness in starting upon this expedition—namely, the necessity which existed for my being back in New York by the 20th of October, and it was already the 11th of September when I left that city. As every one is aware who has travelled in America, letters of introduction are almost indispensable to the comfort of a traveller; certainly so to one whose time being limited makes him necessarily anxious to compress much sight-seeing and amusement into the briefest period possible. Before starting, therefore, I had furnished myself with a number of these "open Sesame" billets, many of which were from persons with whom I was but very slightly acquainted, and in some instances addressed to parties but little known to the writers of the epistles in question. This, however, is a matter of little importance in the States. In England, except in particular cases, a very general prejudice against giving letters of this description exists. But brother Jona-

than, more pachydermatous and less particular, seems wholly to disregard such little punctilios. And although you may have but just made his acquaintance, if he stops to speak to any gentleman for a few moments when walking with you, he considers it necessary to introduce you to him. In this way it is easy to provide one's self with letters of introduction, the acquaintance of to-day in one town being quite ready and willing to introduce you to the notice of whatever friends he may chance to possess in the next to which you are going—and so on from place to place. It is scarcely necessary to mention that messengers go backwards and forwards from Richmond to the Northern States almost daily. Now and then some unlucky fellows have been caught, but before their capture they have generally succeeded in destroying the papers and letters of which they were bearers. The frontier to be guarded is so very extensive, that even the vast mob of the half million of men supposed to be in the Federal ranks, if employed only along it, would still be insufficient for the purpose of thoroughly blockading it against the passage of individuals. The inhabitants in and about the neighbourhood of the outposts must be allowed a little liberty of locomotion—their farm duties demand it; and, as a natural consequence when the two contending parties speak the same language, are the same people, and in many districts divided as to their predilections for and against Secession, to prevent the Confederates from receiving information of what goes on at Washington, or effectually to hinder individuals from joining the Southern bands, would be a physical impossibility. The case is different, however, when Englishmen wish to pass over. Our dress, appearance, and, as Americans say, our *patois* English, declare our nationality everywhere in the States. We are all considered as rebel sympathisers; and that we should desire to visit the Southern Republic merely for pleasure and with disinterested views is deemed almost incredible. We must be employed in either smuggling over arms, quinine, tea, or sugar, or engaged in some political conspiracy in aid of “the d—d rebels.” Our presence in the border States, when unaccompanied by some Federal official, is consequently viewed with suspicion; particularly if we should leave the large towns and take to roving through the country villages near the actual frontier. Few of us will consent, for the mere sake of pleasure, to face the discomfort of travelling about without a change of clothes, a sponge, towel, tooth-brush, and other items, which require a small portmanteau for their conveyance; but an American, on the contrary, will travel for weeks with only a few paper collars and a pocket-comb! This dreadful portmanteau of ours, then, is our greatest impediment in getting through the lines. It attracts such attention that, however faithfully an Englishman may copy an American in his black trousers, frock-coat, black satin waistcoat, and unbecoming beard, this fatal encumbrance at once proclaims him to be British, and is also regarded as an offensive claim to exclusiveness, and an affectation of superiority, always hurtful to the feelings of your free-born American. To convey a portmanteau through the debatable ground, so cleared of four-footed animals and carts by the Northern armies, is as great a matter of difficulty as the transport of large stores with a field force is always to a general. If a man from Maryland or Kentucky wishes to join one of Jackson's regiments, he can always do so easily, as he will find hundreds of men all along the frontier glad to aid him in doing so; but when the same individuals are appealed to by foreigners, they feel naturally disinclined to compromise their personal liberty and private property by aiding people who may be spies

endeavouring to entrap them, and of whose real object they must be in any case entirely ignorant. Fortunately, however, the love of gain inherent in human nature, particularly when it is impoverished, here comes to the rescue, and a liberal bribe bridges over most difficulties. These and some other circumstances which I shall mention as I proceed in the narrative of my "underground journey," as getting from the Northern to the Southern lines is called, are serious obstacles in the way of a tour through the Confederate States; but, as I have before stated, the strong desire to obtain some personal acquaintance with the Secession leaders and generals was rather increased than otherwise by the difficulties to be encountered in doing so. To enter into particulars as to the exact route I took, the various houses I stopped at, or the point at which I crossed the Potomac, might compromise others. Suffice it to say, therefore, that I travelled in a two-horse wagon, doing about thirty miles a-day, until I reached the village from which I had arranged that my final start should be made; and where I was informed certain people, with whose names I had been furnished, would arrange all matters for me. The country I passed through was very picturesque, undulating, and well cultivated; but the roads were infamous, winding about from farm to farm, with gates to be opened and shut whenever you passed from one plantation to another. There were not any turnpikes, and no trouble seemed ever to have been expended in even repairing the farm communications that existed. As we approached the Potomac the land became much richer, and tobacco crops more numerous. This season has been a fine one for the "weed," but it was melancholy to see such quantities of it running to seed, and badly cared for, from the scarcity of farm hands, as the plantation slaves are called. Many farmers told me

they had not had such a fine crop for years past, but that they must lose a large portion of it from want of hands to cut and spear it. These men were the descendants of those who had joined the Union upon the stipulated faith of their slaves being guaranteed to them, and who would never have joined with any State which would have refused to surrender a fugitive slave. In the face, however, of this treaty, I may call it, the Northern States not only now refuse to give up these runaways, but actually do their utmost to seduce them from their owners. No cavalry patrol ever passes through a village or plantation in that part of the country without carrying away some negro, for whom perhaps a large price had been paid. I am not now going into the vexed question of slavery; no man abhors the institution more than I do; but I love justice, according to the established laws, more dearly than any wild theory regarding abolition: of which all that we know is that, as carried out in our West India possessions, it has been a failure in every respect. I need scarcely add that, by all to whom I spoke in those districts, the Northern rule was detested. Every man now feels that the bayonet of the military despot is at his breast, that he is held in subjection against his will by force; and further, as it would seem, that the Lincoln Ministry are desirous of effacing still more completely any superstitious allegiance which he might be expected to owe the Stars and Stripes. The safe retention of personal property is made to depend upon the will and pleasure of some petty provost-marshal of the neighbourhood—a functionary who has also the power of consigning the owners, and perhaps their families, to the miseries of Fort Warren, where even the advice and aid of a lawyer will be denied them. I subsequently passed through districts in Virginia almost reduced by Yankee depredations to their primeval state of waste. But even there

I did not hear such expressions of deep hatred, and I may say intense longing for revenge, as in some of the slave-owning counties on the left of the Potomac. These sentiments were only expressed in secret, however. Gentlemen now fear to give their opinion at table, lest the slaves who stand behind them should desert, and play the intelligent contraband's part at the nearest Federal post, and there impeach their master's loyalty.

The white population look cowed.

Tyranny and illegal arrests have stricken them with terror. Many will at first declare that death would be preferable. But though such lofty sentiments are very fitting for young men untrammelled by family ties, and have been often avowed by the bachelors in the border States, when a man has a wife and children, for whom he has no means of providing except by the produce of his farm, more matter-of-fact considerations naturally outweigh the heroic promptings of his nature, and he bridles his tongue in public, though with curses not loud but deep he speaks of his oppressor in private. If in the final settlement of this war the border States are retained in the Union, a very large number of these men will sell off their plantations and move south. The present state of affairs cannot exist much longer. Human beings may and do often submit quietly to coercion for years; but when such coercion descends from great to little matters, from depriving men of a voice in public affairs to all the little minor vexations which narrow-minded, short-sighted despots have resorted to from the era of curfew-bells down to the strictly-maintained passport system of the present day, the iron enters into the soul with such an irritating power that the recklessness of despair will often cause the meekest to turn round and strike his oppressor, even though perfectly aware that the blow must be followed by certain death. Every species of minor annoyance

has been resorted to by the Federal authorities, with the avowed determination of coercing men into the Union. Gentlemen cannot now buy boots, clothes, or supplies for their servants in Baltimore or Washington without taking the oath of allegiance; and when driving in their carriages from those cities, every parcel they may have with them is carefully searched. Whilst we were in the former place, no goods could be shipped from thence unless the buyer, seller, and captain of the ship took the oaths of allegiance, and swore that the goods were intended for loyal people. The slaves will not live upon fresh meat—nothing has a greater tendency to drive them to mutiny than cutting off their supplies of salt provisions; and the present Ministry, aware of this fact, hope by so doing to cause all the servants of men favourable to the South to desert, if not to rise against their masters. I know several instances in which violent Secessionists have, to prevent such a catastrophe, sworn the necessary oaths; which, however, from being taken, so to speak, *volens volens*, they do not consider binding; and those of more rigid principles, who will not thus forswear themselves, suffer heavily in consequence.

The draft had not yet been enforced when we passed through the country, but preparations were being made everywhere for enforcing it. Provost-marshal were drawing up the rolls, and it was curious to hear of the various ailments and long-standing bodily injuries that men were urging as pleas for exemption. In some cases they escaped the enrolment on most frivolous pretences, whilst in others, men with so much stronger claims to exemption had their names inserted upon the drafting lists, that there were fair grounds for believing that the officials employed were not proof against the temptation of a bribe. The draft has since been enforced, and, although it has supplied the Northern ranks with some

hundreds of unwilling soldiers, it has also had the effect of swelling the Southern ranks; as all those not having large property at stake whose names were drawn, have fled across the Potomac—men who are naturally disinclined to fight, but who, if forced to do so, are determined at least not to carry a musket against the cause they love.

For the first few nights of our journeyings we stopped at different gentlemen's houses, where we were entertained with patriarchal hospitality. It was interesting in some instances to hear the history of these old homesteads; many of them had been built before the declaration of independence, and more than one was of brick imported from England. All the proprietors boasted of their English descent from good families, and seemed to attach far greater importance to blood and ancient pedigree than even we do. The times have impoverished a vast number of families, so that, although you are still received with as much honest warmth as ever, their ability to entertain you is not the same as it was in former days. Indeed, some of them have been so reduced in circumstances that their children are unprovided with shoes, and the young sons of men, once wealthy, may in many places be seen running about barefooted. The internal appliances of comfort now to be found in the smallest English country houses are unknown amongst them; and in no case did there seem to be any attempt made to substitute modern furniture for the old uncomfortable chairs and sofas of the past generation. The only modern article I saw in any sitting-room in these old country houses was the Yankee rocking-chairs—in which, in every part of the States, the mistress of the house is sure to be seen moving backwards and forwards, with the regularity of a pendulum. There, as in all other places that I visited in the South, hatred of Northern rule seemed to glow far more in-

tensely in the breasts of the ladies than in those of the men. A lady told me that in Norfolk, when passing a Federal officer, every woman gathered up her skirts close to her side, lest they should be contaminated by even grazing a Yankee; and that all females, rich and poor, turned away their heads when a Northern soldier approached. Nothing tends to wound the sensibilities of an American more than such conduct, for the one soft point in his character is a sort of religious veneration for the fair sex, and a desire to be remarked, if not admired, by every one of them, young and old, alike in public and private.

The first night our fortunes led us to an inn, we were shown up to a dingy little sleeping apartment with only one bed in it. To expostulate, however, and assure the host that English gentlemen are always accustomed to the luxury of a bed each, would have been perfectly useless—it being an established custom of the country for two, and sometimes even three, men to sleep together. We consequently accepted what was provided for us without remark, and as soon as the landlord withdrew, we cut the Gordian knot of the difficulty by dividing the bed-clothes, which enabled one to sleep on the floor. But, unfortunately, the blankets were so thickly inhabited by a race of insects which shall be nameless, that I cannot say I "took mine ease in mine inn." My first night's experience of a Southern country hostel, therefore, was far from being agreeable.

On the following morning we started in a two-horsed wagon for the house of a gentleman who we were informed would instruct us as to our best means of getting across the Potomac. But when we arrived at his residence, he came out with terror depicted on his countenance, and, assuring us that he was in hourly expectation of a visit from the Yankees himself, he advised us to turn back, it being

perfectly useless, he said, to attempt a crossing in that neighbourhood, where every point was strictly guarded, and patrols always on the alert. This was sufficiently discouraging; but being determined not to be daunted by difficulties, we proceeded to an inn not far off, the landlord of which we knew was to be trusted. By his advice, we did not continue our journey until the next day, when he procured us a conveyance, which took us to a farm-house on the river, the owner of which was to provide us with a boat. But to get the boat proved a more difficult matter than we anticipated; and it was not until after a series of disappointments and fruitless endeavours that we were at length directed to a smuggler on the river, who had a craft of his own, in which he consented to take us over. We remained for a night at his abode, sleeping in a garret destitute of windows, but abounding with rats, which recreated themselves during the silent hours after such a noisy fashion that my friend's rest was sadly disturbed. Being myself accustomed to rough it in every part of the globe, and to sleep amid horrors of every description, I was soon in the arms of the twin brother, and did not awake until the sun, streaming in through the parts where windows ought to have been, warned me that it was time to be up and starting on our cruise.

It proved a most lovely morning, not a ripple on the water, not a cloud upon the bright, blue sky, and with only just sufficient wind to stir the leaves gently without affecting the branches of the trees. The creek into which we had hoped to run on the Virginian shore was about a couple of miles higher up than the point from which we started, but, unfortunately, a gunboat lay off the entrance to it, and there were two others at no very great distance. After due deliberation, it was determined that we should make for a spot about five miles higher up, and endeavour to

get there by running close along the left bank of the river, so as not to attract attention, and, when clear of all gunboats, to push out into the centre of the stream, and then watch a favourable opportunity for steering into the desired haven. The tide being in our favour, we dropped slowly up on it, until about mid-day, when it turned, and, the wind dying away, we were obliged to make close in for shore, and anchor. My friend and I landed, and spent the day in an old ruined shed surrounded by reeds and rushes. Large steamers and gun-vessels of various sizes kept passing and repassing all day; but none of them seemed to notice our little craft. On one occasion we saw a boat put off from one of the gunboats and come in our direction; but instead of visiting us, its crew boarded a small cutter which lay becalmed in the centre of the river, and then returned to their own vessel. At sunset a slight breeze arose, before which we glided gently up the river. Directly we passed the mid-stream and approached near the Virginian shore, the owner of the boat became quite nervous, and began lamenting his fate in having to turn smuggler; but the hard times, he said, had left him no alternative, his farm having been destroyed by the Northern troops. He seemed to have a superstitious awe of gunboats, too; and told us he had heard that the officers on board of them possessed telescopes through which they could see distinctly for miles at night. Several steamers passed us when we were about two-thirds of the way over, but although the moon every now and then emerged brightly from behind the drifting clouds, we had got under the shade of the land, and managed so that she always shone upon our sails on the side away from the "enemy." We could hear the steamers for about twenty minutes before we caught sight of their light, and during that time the anxious face of the smuggler would have made a glorious study for an artist of the

Rembrandt school. The cargo consisted of coffee and sugar, and if safely landed would be in itself a small fortune to the owner of the boat; that he should feel alarmed for its safety, therefore, was not surprising. As we approached the shore, the wind died away, so we were obliged to punt the little craft along: the men thus employed taking off their boots, lest they should make any noise in moving upon the deck. Now and then one of the gunboats, to which I have before alluded as being anchored off the neighbouring creeks, would, by means of a powerfully reflecting lantern, throw a light along the waters in all directions; and though we had fortunately passed beyond the distance to which such light could reach, still our old pilot invariably grew quite restless each time it appeared: and once we all fancied that it was approaching nearer to us. On another occasion we thought we heard the sound of oars, and as there was not a breath of wind to help us along, and punting is a slow process, we felt far from comfortable, though it must be confessed that the amusement afforded us by the smuggler's undisguised and quaintly expressed fears, often served to render us forgetful of our own. Half-past ten found us safe in a little creek almost land-locked, so there was no danger of discovery there; and a run of about a mile and a half up it took us to the point of landing. After a dreary walk of five miles over a forest road, we reached a small village, and, having spent a considerable time in knocking at the door of the house to which we had been directed, we at last succeeded in gaining admittance. The landlord was absent, being in concealment at a farm-house in the neighbourhood; but his niece, a very nice girl, did the honours in his stead. She told us that the Yankees had made a descent upon the village, and carried off several of the inhabitants as prisoners to Washington. The place was sus-

pected of containing smugglers, consequently the Federal troops frequently visited it in search of contraband goods.

The next day, after a long, tiresome drive in a cart without springs, and over the very worst road I ever travelled on, we reached Fredericksburg, crossing the Rappahannock river, upon the right bank of which the town is situated. It has a population of about six thousand inhabitants, and before "the troubles" was a place of rapidly increasing importance, from the establishment of cotton-mills, where a large number of white men and women found employment. The following morning we started, a little after daybreak, in a waggon drawn by two mules, and reached Beaverdam station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, in time for the afternoon train, which took us to Richmond. All the carriages, or *cars*, as they are called in America, were crowded with passengers, of whom a large proportion were the sick and wounded coming from General Lee's army at Winchester. They had been all day on the railroad, and some of the poor fellows seemed quite worn out with fatigue. But there were a few hale men amongst them who were going home for ten days' furlough, and even the most poorly clad of the number looked happy and confident, and all gave me the impression of being earnest men, fully satisfied of the importance of the cause to which they were devoted.

My friend and I stood on what is called the platform of the car, during the journey of two hours and a half, as the regular passenger-cars were full, and those containing the sick and wounded were anything but inviting. Men with legs and arms amputated, and whose pale, haggard faces assumed an expression of anguish at even the slightest jolting of the railway carriages, lay stretched across the seats—some accompanied by civilian friends who had gone from Richmond to the front to fetch them back, and

others by wives or sisters, whose careworn features told a tale of sleepless nights passed in painful uncertainty regarding the fate of those they loved. At every station where we stopped, a rush for water was made by crowds of men carrying the canteens and calabashes of those whose disabled condition prevented them from assisting themselves: and it was not surprising that the poor fellows should long for a cool draught, for, in addition to the thirst which they suffered, the filth and stench within those moving hospitals were intolerable. Indeed, the revolting side of war was on that occasion presented under such a repulsive form, that could many of our young soldiers, who now dream of glory and long for active service, have but obtained a view of that ghastly company, I fancy they would pray instead for a continuance of the piping times of peace. For my own part, though well inured to the sight of human suffering, I never remember feeling so moved by it as during that short railway journey.

Upon reaching Richmond we found a dense crowd on the platform and around the terminus—men and women searching for brothers, fathers, husbands, and lovers. A military guard with fixed bayonets was endeavouring to keep order and clear a passage for those on crutches, or limping along with the aid of a stick or the arm of some less severely wounded comrade. We succeeded in getting a carriage for ourselves, and, after a scramble round the baggage-waggon, secured our scanty luggage.

The Spottiswood Hotel is the largest and best in Richmond; to it we accordingly drove; but, after having elbowed our way through a crowd of officers and soldiers standing near the office, we were informed that there was not even one room vacant. The same answer was given us at "The American;" but at the "Exchange" we obtained a little double-bedded apartment up four flights of stairs. The hotels at Rich-

mond just now are as uncomfortable as they well could be. Congress was sitting during our stay there, so the best rooms at most houses were engaged by the members of the legislature, and wounded men occupied almost all the other available bedrooms.

When black tea is selling at sixteen dollars a-pound, and everything else except bread and meat is proportionately expensive, it may be readily imagined that the fare is far from good. Four dollars a-day, however, which is all they charge for board and lodging, is not very exorbitant; and we latterly found out a French restaurant, where we were at least able to get something that we could eat. But no wine or spirits is to be procured at any hotel, the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating liquors having been prohibited by Government.

Few men are fonder of spirits than the Southerners, so this law must affect them sensibly; yet I never spoke to any man in the Confederacy who did not recognise the wisdom of it. Amongst a wild set of fellows collected together in large numbers from every Southern State, if the sale of spirits had been allowed, I feel convinced that it would not only have been impossible to keep order, but that the great things which have been effected by their armies could not have been achieved. From what I saw of the men in the various divisions of their force, I do not believe there are many of them who could not finish a bottle of brandy or whiskey at one sitting; and as drink makes them quarrelsome, under its influence rows and blood-shedding would most certainly have ensued. When the army was first enrolled, each man received a daily ration of spirits; but this practice has been long since discontinued, and, strange to say, without causing any discontent amongst the men—a practical refutation of the assertion that a certain amount of stimulants is

absolutely necessary for soldiery, and that without it they cannot endure the fatigues of active service. For what army in modern times has made the long marches, day after day, that Jackson's corps of "foot-cavalry," as they are facetiously called, have accomplished? Doubtless there are circumstances when an allowance of grog is very beneficial to health—such as bivouacking in swampy places and during heavy rains; but in ordinary cases, and in fine weather, I am convinced that men will go through as much continuous hard work without any stimulants whatever as with them.

Richmond, which now contains nearly 60,000 inhabitants, stands upon the left bank of the James River, about 120 miles S.S.W. from Washington, and is almost entirely built of brick, with but few stone or wooden houses. Its site was well chosen at the head of the river navigation, as about five miles above the city there is a series of gentle falls, and the river becomes thickly studded with numerous rocks and craggy islands; but the latter being clothed with clustering trees and rich underwood, the whole scene is not only one of varied and singular beauty, but wears such a familiar aspect that it reminded me of many river-scenes at home.

The city is built on a steep bank, rising abruptly in many places, and running parallel with the river-bank, from which it is only from about fifty to a hundred paces distant. The higher ground contains the principal part of the city, while the lower is thickly covered with houses, tobacco-stores, and warehouses of various descriptions. The ground surrounding it is very undulating, and the streets themselves vary almost every quarter of a mile in their height above the river. In the centre of the city, and on its highest point, stands the Capitol. It is a miserable copy of the *Maison Carrée* at Nîmes; built of brick plastered over, and studded

with unsightly-looking square windows, the sides being quite destitute of pillars, and those in front bearing no resemblance whatever to the exquisite fluted columns at Nîmes. To speak in the mildest terms, the architect has at least proved himself a most unskilful copyist. Standing in the centre of the Capitol, and beneath the dome, is a beautifully executed statue of Washington, by Houdon. There is also a bronze equestrian statue of him outside the building, but the base on which it stands is so disproportioned to the size of the man and horse, that, when looking at it, one almost feels nervous lest it should topple over and crush the statues of Jefferson, Mason, and other notabilities which stand around. The grounds about the Capitol, or State-house, are nicely laid out and well kept. The governor's house stands at one end of them, and is a substantial-looking residence, in good repair. Most of the streets are bordered with trees; but the paving, as in many of the large cities in the States, is very bad; and the horrible institution of street railways has penetrated even to Richmond, though there are not so many of them there as there would be in a town of the same size and importance in the North. It is curious to examine the shops in passing. With the exception of book-shops, their shelves are generally more than half empty, and some altogether cleared out. I do not know of any city whose environs are prettier so long as you keep within sight of the James River; and the views from the cemetery above, and from Chapel Point below the town, are really quite lovely. The roads, however, in the neighbourhood, and those running into the country, are sandy and extremely bad. The President's residence, called the "Grey House," in contradistinction, I suppose, to the "White House," is a large, well-built private residence, hired for the purpose, until such time as the Government shall decide upon the

future capital of their Republic, wherever that may be. But every one seems agreed with regard to its not being Richmond; and objections to selecting that city are raised by all classes of the people, from every one of the States, and, strange to say, particularly from Virginia. With us, most counties and cities would be ambitious of such an honour, as it would raise the value of property and inevitably give an increased impetus to trade and business. But Virginia objects for several reasons; the chief being, that in whatever State the general seat of Government is located, it will be necessary for that State to give up all jurisdiction in and around the city, as Maryland and Virginia did before with regard to Washington, around which a space of ten miles square was marked out and called the District of Columbia; and within the boundaries of that district the Federal Government ruled exclusively, no particular State having anything whatever to do with the management of the laws within its confines. The necessity for this arises from the fact that the representatives of foreign states who must remain at the general seat of Government, can only hold official intercourse with it; whereas, if any one State had jurisdiction there, they would be constrained to communicate with that State individually upon many minor matters. In fact, a State legislature could at pleasure order any particular ambassador to leave the district; and if State sovereignty is recognised, the general Government could not interfere. The people of Virginia would never consent to relinquish Richmond upon such terms. They are very fond of their State capital, and proud of recalling its many historical associations. But the general objection to selecting it as the future capital of the Confederate States consists in its being considered not nearly central enough, and far too close to Yankeeedom for safety. New Orleans and Charleston are open to the

same objection, with the addition of being very unhealthy at certain seasons. As, however, it is not deemed necessary that the future seat of Government should be a place of much trade, I think it highly probable that some spot will be selected in the high lands of Georgia, where at present no town exists, but where the climate is most salubrious. Several hotels and other large buildings throughout Virginia, but chiefly in the vicinity of the State House, have been hired and temporarily converted into public offices. The War Office and Treasury are the departments where the greatest amount of business seems to be transacted. General Randolph, the Secretary for War, was most obliging in furnishing us with passes to go wherever we liked, and giving us letters of introduction to the various military authorities. In his room it was surprising to see the numbers of Yankee regimental colours that were heaped in corners and piled up in bundles. Regarding, as we are always taught to do, the standard of our corps with something little short of religious veneration, and being educated to consider its loss as the greatest slur which could be cast upon the honour of those to whose charge it is committed, the absence of all true military spirit, which must have existed in an army who had lost in action the pile of national flags I now saw around me, at first inclined me to feel pity for a people so destitute of proper feeling. But my next impulse was to smile at the utter folly they exhibited in rushing into a great war of conquest, with the avowed object of bringing into subjection those every way superior to themselves, in all qualities essential to good generalship and the formation of a soldierlike character.

Engraving, like most other trades before Secession, was almost entirely neglected in the South, so that at first much difficulty was experienced in providing for the extra-

ordinary issue of notes, which, as in the North, have now completely taken the place of all specie in the South. The Confederate bank-notes are worded thus:—"Six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States, the Confederate States of America will pay bearer." The first issue were very rudely executed, being but poor lithographs; but those of a later date are better, being from steel plates engraved in England. All these notes possessed an interest for me from the fact of their being signed for the "Register" and "Treasurer" by ladies rendered destitute by the war—their fathers or husbands having been shot, and their property either destroyed or carried off by the Northern troops. They now earn a livelihood by daily signing some hundreds of these Treasury notes.

I need scarcely say that all the menial work in Richmond is performed by negroes, almost all of whom are slaves. The word slave, however, is never used by Southerners in alluding to them; that of *servant* being substituted universally. So that, when a man talks of his servants in the South, he is always understood to mean his slaves. It is for this reason that in the North no white man is ever called a servant; the term *help* being used instead. All the hotels and establishments requiring a large number of hands have slaves hired from masters, who let them out precisely in the same manner that a livery-stable keeper in England lets out his horses. The slaves in large towns are inferior in moral character to those upon plantations; and amongst the former there is always a large admixture of white blood, which is very rare, indeed, amongst farm hands. In many, or I might say in most States, if a woman upon a plantation gives birth to a child of any but ebony hue, it is considered a sort of slur upon the owner of the estate; and she is usually sold to some city master as

soon as the fact becomes known, in order, if possible, to hush up the scandal certain to arise in the neighbourhood from the circumstance. I have been informed by many planters that, as a rule, the negroes on estates are a moral class; and as their appearance is repulsive in the extreme, I can well understand there being so few half-caste children in neighbourhoods where the only white men are those of the better classes.

When at Richmond, I visited the scene of several of the battles which took place in its vicinity last June. In some places the numerous graves and pits filled with dead bodies but slightly covered over, testified to the severity of the fighting there. Most of the country fought over was very thickly wooded, so that, without an accurate knowledge of the ground, to direct any operation well would be impossible. No general could see what was going on to his right or left; nor without closing upon his enemy could he form that just estimate of the numbers of those opposed to him, or the position of reserves, &c., which is so essential to success. The *débris* of all things pertaining to an army which lay strewn about on the ground camped on by McClellan's troops, was immense. In many places the blackened embers of flour-barrels, clothing-cases, and commissariat stores covered large spaces, showing the haste with which the general retreat was commenced, and the great quantity of stores which it had been found necessary to destroy. In some parts the very trunks of the trees were riddled through: huge pines being cut down by round shot, and great branches torn off by bursting shells.

The Chickahominy River, along the course of which General Lee's operations commenced when he assumed the offensive upon the 26th of last June, is an insignificant sluggish stream, fordable at many points; but, having muddy banks and a soft bottom, no army could pass over it easily without bridging

it. The valley through which it flows averages about a mile and a half in width near Gaines's farm, and is rich in meadow land, which after any heavy fall of rain becomes covered with water and impassable for all arms. General McClellan had made some corduroy roads across these meadows, and thrown several bridges over the river, when he was attacked by Lee in front and by Jackson in flank. His position, at all times one of hazard, then became untenable; and it was solely owing to the non-execution of General Lee's orders that he escaped utter destruction.

The staff organisation in the Confederate army was not so well established then as it is at present. As will be readily imagined, it is no easy matter to improvise an army and its several departments—making all hang well together at once. Experience as well as judgment is needed for so difficult a task. Every one in the South will tell you that McClellan's army was saved, first, by General Lee's orders not being accurately executed, and, secondly, by his gunboats, under the fire of which he halted at Harrison's Landing. Confederate soldiers seem to have some superstitious dread of gunboats, which have been several times the means of saving Northern armies during this war. With soldiers lately raised, such as fill the ranks of both North and South, who possess no traditions of how their regiments in such and such former wars stormed batteries and performed other feats in action, it will always be found that an overweening confidence is placed in artillery fire, and an undue dread felt of its effects. As a rule, none but highly disciplined troops without guns will attack those supported by them; and a very heavy artillery fire brought to bear upon raw soldiers, although from the nature of the ground they may not suffer much from it, will disconcert them terribly. I believe that round shot frightens far more men than it kills. And if this is the case as regards

field artillery, how much more so when the missiles are ten-inch shells, such as are thrown by gunboats. The country around Harrison's Landing was so closely wooded that no amount of gunboats in the river could have prevented a disciplined army, flushed with victory, from driving such a mob as that under McClellan into the water. The gunboats could only have fired at random into the woods, in many cases doing equal injury to friend and foe. I had subsequently an opportunity of viewing the position from the river, and I was confirmed in this opinion, which I had previously come to from a study of the map.

Before leaving Richmond I spent a day at Drury's Bluff, or Fort Darling, as it is called in the North. My readers may remember that the position there was attacked by the Monitor, Galena, and some other Federal iron-clad gunboats, when McClellan's army was on the peninsula, and that the second named vessel was disabled and almost destroyed. The works are now beautifully finished. I cannot enter into a description of them, but woe to the vessels which next have the hardihood to attack that position! When the former attack was made only three guns were in the battery, one of which was for nearly two hours unserviceable, from the falling-in of the wooden casemate in which it was placed. But notwithstanding this inferiority in the number of guns to those opposed to them in the iron-clad vessels, the latter were beaten off, as I have before mentioned, and the Galena finally towed down the river in a crippled state.

So much for the often-disputed question of shore batteries *versus* floating ones. Captain Lee, formerly of the United States Navy, commands the troops and position there. He was most obliging in showing us round the works, and pointing out all the new improvements in guns, carriages, and projectiles. He is brother to General R. Lee, commanding the Confede-

rate army, and father of Major-General Fitzleim Lee, commanding a division.

Upon my return to the city from Drury's Bluff, I went on board the Richmond, or Merrimac No. 2, as she is more generally called, and I must say that the efforts made by the Southerners to attain perfection in the arts of shipbuilding, making gunpowder, and other munitions of war, reflect great credit upon the people and authorities. An indolent race, who, before the commencement of hostilities, despised all manual labour, and thought only of amusement and how to spend the money earned for them by their slaves in the pleasantest manner, have now shown that when a necessity for exertion arises, they not only do not shrink from it, but meet it nobly, sparing neither themselves nor their resources. Being destitute of workshops, they have had to create everything, and the makeshifts they have resorted to in many instances are most curious, and display an amount of natural talent which proves that it was not incapacity which kept them from turning their attention to manufactures before. In discussing with Southerners the frequently-mooted subject of recognition by England, they invariably laid great stress upon the advantages which must hereafter accrue to us from having the Southern market thrown open freely to our manufactures, as they declare that, with the exception of making warlike implements, they never wish to be more than producers of the raw material. I believe myself that they are sincere in saying this; but it would be imprudent to place any reliance upon such assurances. It is certain that after the war is over a large revenue will be required, and indirect taxation must be resorted to for raising it. A high tariff upon all imported goods will quickly give birth to manufactures within the country, which, it not started by Southerners, will soon be established by the Yankees, who are always alive

to the advantages to be derived from such a protection. I look upon all promises of free trade as illusory, even though it is said to be the true interest of producing countries to be able to buy manufactured goods in the lowest market. White labour, which is necessary in work where machinery is used, can be profitably employed in the border States and Virginia; and there can be no doubt but that the vast mineral resources, water-power, and coal-beds of the latter State will ere long be developed. Even at this present moment there are several cotton-mills at work, and the iron-works increase daily in size and importance.

Having been furnished by General Randolph, the War Minister, with letters of introduction to General Lee, and the necessary passes, we left Richmond at seven A.M. by the Virginia Central Railroad, and reached Staunton about six o'clock in the evening of the same day. We crossed *en route* the South-west Mountains and the Blue Ridge—the former at a pass through which the Rappahannock River forces its way, and then, after running in a south-easterly direction, falls into the James River at Columbia. A canal runs nearly parallel with it within a couple of miles of Charlottesville, on which the produce of the highlands in its neighbourhood is brought down to the James River, and thence to Richmond. Immediately within the pass to which I have alluded lies the town of Charlottesville, distinguished as being the seat of the University of Virginia, which stands outside the town, and close to the railroad. The scenery from thence to the Blue Ridge along the line of railroad is as fine as any I have ever seen. And I fancy there is no spot on this continent where the beauties of a North American forest at the "fall" can be seen to greater advantage than in Albemarle county, Virginia, through the centre of which the railway passes. Valleys within valleys, and chain

after chain of mountains, were presented to view as we journeyed along, while the autumn woods, flushed with that hectic brilliance peculiar to the declining year, were hanging out their banners of crimson and gold, and displaying the deep red of the maple, and the vivid scarlet of the sumach and Virginia creeper, contrasted with every imaginable variety of brown, burnt sienna, and yellow,—the whole forming a series of panoramic views, in which the depth and richness of nature's colouring exceeded in warmth and loveliness even the finest of Claude's dreamy conceptions. When I add that the day on which I beheld these fair scenes was one of hushed unbroken stillness, with a radiant atmosphere spreading a golden glow over all things, and a sky of clear unclouded beauty, it may easily be imagined that this bright page of nature is painted on my memory in colours which will not quickly fade away.

On a hill commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country stands Monticello, the residence of the famous Jefferson, one of Virginia's most highly gifted sons, and remarkable even at a time when America could boast of great men and honest statesmen. Up to the year 1861, the history of the United States was only that of the rebellion of our North American colonies. This fact will strike the travelling Englishman before he has been a week in America; for wherever he wanders, his fellow-passengers in railway carriages or stages will invariably begin talking to him about Smiths, Browns, and Tomkines in the same strain that we are accustomed to hear allusions made to the Pitts and to Marlborough or Wellington, and localities will be pointed out to him as being the spots where "Jones" was raised, or where "General Thomson" won some glorious battle fighting against the Britishers, &c. The bewildered Englishman, never having heard

before of any such men or events, tries to look very wise, and says, "indeed!" but the journey over, he vainly searches through a biographical dictionary for the notabilities of whom he has heard such honourable mention, and no record of the "great battle" is to be found anywhere. Upon looking diligently over some old "annals of the war," however, he will eventually discover the details of the "glorious victory," in which the numbers engaged on both sides would not have made up a strong company. If this war has no other result, therefore, it will at least afford American historians something to write about, and save them from the puerility of detailing skirmishes in the backwoods or on the highlands of Mexico, as if they were so many battles of Waterloo or Solferino. In ascending the pass by which the railway winds its way over the Blue Ridge, the ascent is in some places so steep that it was only after several ineffectual attempts that the engine at last succeeded in dragging the train up. It stopped two or three times, and twice actually slid backwards for a considerable distance, and was only brought to a standstill at last by having every break in the train turned on. I don't believe that upon any line of railroad there is a steeper gradient, or one that is in every way more dangerous; the sharpness of the curves exceeded anything I had ever before seen, and the engine at several points seemed to be going at right angles to the hindermost carriages.

Staunton, a town containing about 4000 inhabitants, is now in a forlorn condition; no business doing there, and many shops closed altogether from the owners having sold off their entire stock, and being unable to lay in fresh supplies. I searched in vain through a number for a teapot or kettle of any description; and I had to go a long journey through the principal streets before I was able to obtain the very commonest description of clasp-knife,

for which I paid 2 dollars 50 cents, its real value being, I should say, one shilling. The town lies in a hollow, hemmed in on all sides by hills, and looks sufficiently picturesque when viewed from the high ground; but at present its streets present a melancholy aspect. Being at the end of the railway and the commencement of the turnpike road line of communication with the army, it has necessarily become an entredepôt for stores, waggons, and ambulances &c. &c. Most of the best houses have been converted into hospitals, from which sick and wounded men seemed to be constantly coming and going, some from the front, others being sent off to the rear by the railway. Throughout the war it has been the practice to send all sick and wounded men who require time to recover to their own friends, where, of course, they receive the kindest treatment; and in this manner the regular hospitals have been greatly relieved, and the service in every way benefited. There is one hotel in the town called the "Virginia House," which, like all those on the army's line of communications, was crowded to excess, every little room being filled with men sleeping on the floor in all directions. The clerk in the office was an Englishman, who, taking pity upon his three compatriots, gave us a room to ourselves with three beds in it, although he was at first very anxious that we should only occupy two of them; one, as he affirmed, being quite large enough for two people, and he wanted to put a stranger into the third. A regular stage, drawn by four horses, runs between Staunton and Winchester. But as there are daily crowds of men going up along the road to join the army, many of whom have what is called "transportation" found them by order of the Quartermaster's Department, and all being very properly allowed a preference over civilians, we were informed that it was hopeless attempting to get seats unless we were content to wait several days for that

purpose. As time was a great object to me, and as we were all three most anxious to get to headquarters as soon as possible, this was not to be thought of, so we were determined, if the worst came to the worst, to walk the ninety-two miles, trusting to get our small quantity of baggage taken on in some of the many supply-waggons going daily along the road. We most fortunately met a colonel in the railway to whom one of our party had been previously introduced, who very good-naturedly volunteered to assist us, and through his influence we succeeded in getting an ambulance-cart, one of a large number going up to carry back sick and wounded men. It was four-wheeled, covered over with a tarpaulin-hood, and drawn by two horses, the body of the cart being made to carry two men on stretchers, with room for another man beside the driver. It was mounted on very tolerable springs, but being one of a batch lately made in Richmond after the Yankee pattern, and having been hastily put together by unskilled workmen, its construction was so bad, and the wheels so weak, that I feel convinced the whole affair must have tumbled to pieces in one day's march over the ordinary country roads of Virginia. Very fortunately, however, the road down the Shenandoah valley is macadamised, being, I believe, the only regularly metalled road in the State. There were thirteen ambulance-carts in the train with which we travelled, all under the charge of an officer of the Quartermaster's Department. We had not proceeded more than about six miles when two or three of the carts had to halt at a smith's shop for the purpose of having the wheel-tires cut and reduced in size, the dry weather having so affected the new wood, that the spokes in some of the wheels were rattling loosely about like lucifer-matches in a box. This delayed us some two hours, so that we did not make more than five-and-twenty miles the first day, halting for the night

so very common amongst the Southerners. He had not sufficient energy even to make himself comfortable at night, or at least as comfortable as circumstances would admit of; but would lie down close to the fire as soon as it was lighted, and fall asleep without his blanket. We frequently urged him to take some care of himself, but without success; and the consequence was, that upon the morning after the heavy night's rain his clothes were drenched through and his teeth chattering from fever. Careless, listless, and indifferent to his own comforts as this man was, yet, when spoken to about the war, he would change in a moment—he, and every man in the South, were prepared to die, he said, but never to reunite with the d—d Yankees; and, though unfitted by natural disposition as well as by his state of health for the hard life of a soldier, he still seemed determined to go where he thought his duty called him. Every day during our journey to Winchester we passed batches of convalescents marching to join the army, many of whom were totally unfit for any work. This, of course, spoke very highly for the men; but it evinced a great want of judgment on the part of the medical officers, for such men would be an incubus to any army, and, far from adding to its strength, would reduce its power of movement and action immensely. Each day we also passed batches of sick and wounded going to the rear; those totally unable to march being conveyed in ambulances, or the empty waggons returning to Staunton for more supplies. It was an extremely painful sight to see such numbers of weakly men struggling slowly home, many of them without boots or shoes, and all indifferently clad; but posts were established every seventeen miles along the road, containing commissariat supplies, for provisioning them. We also likewise encountered several long trains of guns and ammunition-waggons pro-

ceeding to the rear, amongst which were most of the guns taken at Harper's Ferry. It was amusing to see "U. S." marked upon every waggon and upon almost all ambulance-carts which we passed. The North have not only clothed and equipped the millions of men whom they boast of having had at various times enrolled, but they have also similarly supplied the Southern armies. Into whatever camp you go, you are sure to see tents, carts, horses, and guns all marked with the "U. S." Officers have declared to me, that they have seen whole regiments go into action with smooth-bore muskets and without greatcoats, and known them in the evening to be well provided with everything—having changed their old muskets for rifles! The Northern troops have been so liberally supplied with all, and, indeed, I may say, *more* than a soldier wants in the field, that they do not value their knapsacks or blankets, and in action invariably throw them away before they "skedaddle;" knowing that if they succeed by their swiftness in living to "fight another day," their Government will provide them with a new kit, rifle, and all. About two hundred Northern prisoners passed us during our journey, and it was curious to observe the difference between their costume and that of their escort; the prisoners being well-clothed in the regular blue frock-coat and light-blue trousers, whilst their mounted guard wore every variety of attire—jackets or coats, it seemed to matter little to them; and, indeed, many rode along in their shirt-sleeves, as gay and happy as if they were decked with gold and the richest trappings.

In two or three places the road crosses branches of the Shenandoah river, and the bridges over it having been all destroyed by Jackson during his remarkable campaign in the valley, and not repaired since, we had to cross by fords, which at that season were never more than knee-deep. We reached Winchester at ten

o'clock, A.M., upon the fourth day after we left Staunton; but only remained there whilst we were getting passes from the provost-marshal, without which we could not have left the town, as there are guards upon all the roads to prevent any one from passing in or out without written permission. The convoy then proceeded on to General Lee's headquarters, which were close to the Martinsburg road, and about six miles from Winchester; and having presented our letters to the Adjutant-General, we were in turn presented to the Commander-in-Chief. He is a strongly built man, about five feet eleven in height and apparently not more than fifty years of age. His hair and beard are nearly white; but his dark brown eyes still shine with all the brightness of youth, and beam with a most pleasing expression. Indeed, his whole face is kindly and benevolent in the highest degree. In manner, though sufficiently conversible, he is slightly reserved; but he is a person that, wherever seen, whether in a castle or a hovel, alone or in a crowd, must at once attract attention as being a splendid specimen of an English gentleman, with one of the most rarely handsome faces I ever saw. He had had a bad fall during the Maryland expedition, from which he was not yet recovered, and which still crippled his right hand considerably. We sat with him for a long time in his tent, conversing upon a variety of topics, the state of public affairs being of course the leading one. He talked most freely about the battle of Antietam, and assured us that at no time during that day's fight had he more than thirty-five thousand men engaged. You have only to be in his society for a very brief period to be convinced that whatever he says may be implicitly relied upon, and that he is quite incapable of departing from the truth under any circumstances. From what I subsequently learned from others, I believe that the

Confederates never numbered more than about sixty-five or seventy thousand men in Maryland, and that, owing to the hurried marches Lee and Jackson had made before the battle, nearly one-half of their men were scattered over the country in their rear, unable to get up in time from sore feet occasioned by want of shoes or boots. As is so frequently the case in war, the different events did not occur at the periods calculated on. For instance, Harper's Ferry, the capture of which was one of the chief objects to be gained by crossing the Potomac, held out two days longer than was expected, which prevented Jackson from joining the main army as soon as he should otherwise have done; and when at last he did reach General Lee's column, it was only by a harassing march, which reduced his strength considerably, as the shoeless men could not keep up with the others. It furthermore obliged Lee to fall back from the advanced position he had taken up for the purpose of covering Jackson's operations, and approach nearer the point on the Potomac where he had determined to recross that river in the event of affairs not turning out satisfactorily. But there was also another matter regarding which the Confederate commander was at fault in his calculations. The disorganized mob under General Pope's command, whom he had lately seen flying before his own victorious troops more like scared sheep than soldiers, had rallied under M'Clellan with a rapidity which filled him with amazement, and not only opposed a formidable front, but actually reassumed the offensive. From the accounts of those who saw Pope's army return to the Potomac after the second battle of Manassas, I do not believe that any one would have thought it possible that such a disorganised rabble could have been placed in line of battle so soon. But M'Clellan seemed to possess the wand of the enchanter on that occasion. It is generally

stated that the Confederate authorities calculated upon a rising in Maryland directly their army entered that State. Nevertheless, everybody to whom I spoke on the subject ridiculed the idea of ever having thought that any such rising would take place, until either Baltimore was in their hands, or they had at least established a position in that country, as it was well known that the inhabitants of Washington and Frederick counties were far from being unanimous in their opinions, and that in many districts there the Unionists were considerably in the majority. The city of Washington was saved to the Union by the reappointment of General McClellan as Commander-in-Chief of the army. There is no other Federal general who could have fought the battle of Antietam. Hero-worship seems to be inherent in human nature generally, it is true, but for such armies as those in America an idol is indispensable. No man has yet shown himself capable of leading them to victory, so they have agreed to fall down before the image set up by the press—a Napoleon without glory, and a Fabius without success. McClellan, a man of retiring disposition and agreeable manners, with a talent for organisation, has succeeded in making himself so beloved by his armies, that no amount of failure or defeat has as yet shaken their confidence in him. After his return from Harrison's Landing he had been placed by the Lincoln clique in "command of the troops around Washington, not otherwise disposed of," which virtually gave him command of only one hundred and eighty men. In other words, he was put on the shelf, the vainglorious Pope being appointed to reign in his stead. But when the news of Lee having crossed the Potomac reached Mr. Lincoln, he and his advisers were, as might be expected, at their wits' end. A mutinous rabble thronged the streets of Alexandria, and strolled at pleasure along the heights

opposite Washington. Officers and men cursed the Government which had handed them over to the reckless guidance of such men as Pope and Macdowall. The soldiers were calling for General McClellan to command them; and, incapable as they were of defending their frontier from hostile invasion, they were powerful enough to have crossed into Washington, and, overturning the vile faction which sits there in the name of a government, to have proclaimed McClellan dictator. Such a line of conduct was openly talked of, and many of the best informed men now believe that it would have actually been carried into execution, had not Mr. Lincoln called back the favourite to command the Union armies in defence of the empire's capital. The news of his reappointment was received by the army with enthusiasm, and as all the regiments filed through Washington, they insisted upon marching past McClellan's house, and cheering vociferously for their new commander as they did so.

Owing to McClellan's late disastrous campaign in the peninsula, and the well-known jealousy of Staunton, Seward and Halleck on account of the army's attachment to him, his recall was deemed an event so improbable that, when it did occur, the Confederate general's plan of campaign was utterly disarranged in consequence. However, when the results of the expedition into Maryland are calmly reviewed, they will be found to have been highly favorable for the Southern cause. Fourteen thousand men, made prisoners—over fifty guns and an immense quantity of ammunition and stores captured—together with the fact of having fought with thirty-five thousand men a decidedly drawn battle, without loss in guns or prisoners, against a force of ninety thousand men—are not only circumstances to be remembered with pride, but also fruitful in substantial advantages. Towards the close of that eventful day, many of the Confederate regi-

ments were without a round of ammunition, and held their position solely by the moral weight which the formidable front they showed the enemy gave them. General Longstreet assured me that, towards evening, if he had had even five thousand fresh men, he must have annihilated McClellan's army; but his men were exhausted by their long marches for many days previous, and but few of them had any ammunition.

The Federal cavalry had escaped from Harper's Ferry when the infantry there surrendered; and when *en route* to join their main army, they happened by chance to cut in upon General Lee's line of waggons, just at the point where those with the reserve ammunition were. The baggage-guard were all massed in front, so the Federals were thus enabled to carry off or destroy about forty carts. During the night a small reinforcement reached the army, which enabled General Lee to halt all the day following upon the same ground he had held the day before, and offer his opponent battle again—a challenge that McClellan did not feel himself sufficiently strong to accept. Such are the general outlines of the Maryland expedition, gathered from the generals and other Confederate officers to whom I have spoken on the subject.

In visiting the headquarters of the Confederate generals, but particularly those of General Lee, any one accustomed to see European armies in the field cannot fail to be struck with the great absence of all the pomp and circumstance of war in and around their encampments. Lee's headquarters consisted of about seven or eight pole tents, pitched with their backs to a stake-fence, upon a piece of ground so rocky that it was unpleasant to ride over it—its only recommendation being a little stream of good water, which flowed close by the General's tent. In front of the tents were some three or four wheeled waggons, drawn up without any regularity,

and a number of horses roamed loose about the field. The servants, who were of course slaves, and the mounted soldiers called "couriers," who always accompany each general of division in the field, were unprovided with tents, and slept in or under the waggons.

Waggons, tents, and some of the horses, were marked U. S., showing that part of that huge debt in the North has gone to furnishing even the Confederate generals with camp equipments. No guard or sentries were to be seen in the vicinity; no crowd of aides-de-camp loitering about, making themselves agreeable to visitors, and endeavouring to save their generals from receiving those who have no particular business. A large farm-house stands close by, which, in any other army, would have been the general's residence *pro tem.*: but as no liberties are allowed to be taken with personal property in Lee's army, he is particular in setting a good example himself. His staff are crowded together two and three in a tent: none are allowed to carry more baggage than a small box each, and his own kit is but very little larger. Every one who approaches him does so with marked respect, although there is none of that bowing and flourishing of forage-caps which occurs in the presence of European generals: and whilst all honor him and place implicit faith in his courage and ability, those with whom he is most intimate feel for him the affection of sons to a father. Old General Scott was correct in saying that when Lee joined the Southern cause, it was worth as much as the accession of 20,000 men to the "rebels."

Since then, every injury that it was possible to inflict, the Northerners have heaped upon him. His house on the Pamunky river was burnt to the ground and the slaves carried away, many of them by force; whilst his residence on the Arlington Heights was not only gutted of its furniture, but even the

rainy evening when we drove up to the inn, where as usual no accommodation was to be had: but a hospitable lady kindly took us in, and entertained us during our stay in that place. The town is very old—that is, of course, in comparison with others in the State—and ordinarily contains about 6000 inhabitants. But whilst we were there, their number far exceeded that, as there were large hospitals filled with wounded men from the Maryland expedition, and a number of soldiers were attached to the military establishments fixed in the place. As to trade there was none, everything almost having been long since bought up from all the shops, and few civilians were to be seen in the streets. The Federals, when bolting from it, had blown up a magazine on the outskirts, which set fire to some houses, and thus destroyed a considerable portion of the town. They had also, during their stay there, pulled to pieces many dwellings from which the proprietors had fled on their approach. Mr. Mason, the deputed representative of the Confederate States in England, possessed a good substantial residence, in what is, I suppose, called the suburbs, and upon it the Northerners poured out the vials of their wrath to such an extent that it is now merely a shell—the floors, windows, and doors having been torn away and destroyed. The streets are paved, and used to be lit with gas. To the north-west of the place is a ridge of hills, upon which the Federals had erected several redoubts, connecting them by a line of trenches. One was a large work intended to mount about ten guns. They had never been finished, either from want of time, or from their uselessness having been discovered, as a line of hills which runs parallel to that upon which they had been laid out commanded them within easy cannon-shot. Indeed, so exposed is the position, that the fact of the works ever having been commenced in such a place, speaks very poorly for

the engineering talent of the Northern armies, or at least for that portion of it which had the honour of being commanded by Mr. and Mrs. Banks. For some distance around Winchester, almost every fence has been destroyed, and cavalry might now be used there to advantage. At the commencement of the war, a railroad existed between Winchester and Harper's Ferry, where it joined the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, by means of which the valuable produce of the valley was conveyed to the Northern markets. The army at Winchester was composed of two *corps d'armée* under the command of Generals Jackson and Longstreet, each consisting of four divisions. I was present whilst the latter officer inspected one of his divisions, and was highly pleased with the appearance of the men, and the manner in which they moved. As is usual in impromptu armies, the chief deficiency lies with the officers, who, though possessed of zeal and high courage, seldom know more of their duty than the men under their command. The system of election, which they unfortunately instituted, from the first has worked badly, and I never spoke with an officer on the subject who did not condemn it. It still holds good as regards the first appointment of officers to be second lieutenants, but all the vacancies of superior grade are filled up according to seniority. When such a system has been once established, it is difficult to abolish it suddenly, especially when the army is in the field. It is now a very common thing to see men of large property serving as privates in the ranks, whilst the captains are in social positions their inferiors, being perhaps merely the sons of small farmers in the neighbourhood of their own plantation. Many of these rich landed proprietors have been shoeless for weeks at a time; and a friend of mine who had seen Jackson's corps on the march, informed me that a number of them had been pointed out to him march-

cloth. That which is most unmilitary in their general appearance, is the long hair worn alike by officers and men. They not only allow their locks to hang down the backs of their coats, but many pass them behind their ears as woman do. Some, doubtless, are ambitious of imitating the cavaliers of Charles I.'s time in dress and appearance, as I noticed many, particularly of the mounted officers, copy their style as portrayed in Vandyke's pictures in every particular, the colour of their clothing alone excepted. As the regiments marched past me, I remarked that, however slovenly the dress of the men of any particular company might be, their rifles were invariably in good serviceable order. They marched, too, with an elastic tread, the pace being somewhat slower than that of our troops, and not only seemed vigorous and healthy, but each man had that unmistakable look of conscious strength and manly self-reliance, which those who are accustomed to review troops like to see.

I have seen many armies file past in all the pomp of bright clothing and well-polished accoutrements; but I never saw one composed of finer men, or that looked more like *work*, than that portion of General Lee's army which I was fortunate enough to see inspected. If I had at any time entertained misgivings as to the ability of the Southerners to defend their country and liberties against Northern invasion, they were at once and forever dispelled when I examined for myself the material of which the Confederate armies are composed. Any one who goes amongst those men in their bivouacs, and talks to them as I did, will soon learn why it is that their Generals laugh at the idea of Mr. Lincoln's mercenaries subjugating the South. Every man in that service, whether non-commissioned officer or private, will declare to you that it is his fixed determination to fight for his freedom and resist Yankee oppression as long as he has strength to

march. A gulf deep and impassable now divides the Southerners from the old Union; and such is the hatred and loathing entertained by them for those who, forgetting the ties of brotherhood which once bound all the States together, have not hesitated to carry fire and sword into the land of their common forefathers, that many have told me, were it possible that the seceding States should ever be conquered, they would emigrate to England to avoid an oppression more tyrannical than that which in times past had driven forth their ancestors from Great Britain. I have heard many men of influence say that they now believe the great rebellion to have been a mistake, and that the acts complained of in the Declaration of Independence (most of which, by the way, were committed subsequent to the first shedding of blood) were trifles when compared with what had been inflicted upon them by the Northerners. It was pretty generally believed last year, that if Mr. Lincoln had picked a quarrel with us, such was the antipathy felt by all Americans for the "Britisher," that the South would have at least aided the North in prosecuting the war. Indeed, a number of American statesmen seemed at one time to think that the best chance open to them of re-establishing the Union was by engaging in such a war. But such a line of policy would now be scorned by the South; and my own impression is, that many generations must pass away ere it would be willing to fight side by side with the men of New England in any cause whatever. The first question always asked me by both men and women was, why England had not recognised their independence. They reminded me of our conduct recently with regard to Italy, and to Greece, Egypt, Belgium, &c., in years past. Had they not done sufficient to prove their determination to be an independent people, and had they not sufficiently shown

the United States? Is it not because of the assistance she afforded them in establishing their independence, and also from the fact of her being the hereditary enemy of the only power they dreaded, and from which alone they could suffer punishment? If we in our turn had lent the South the moral support of recognition as a separate nation, is there not every reason for supposing that we should be regarded by it with similar feelings?

There is a general impression in the minds of all, at least with whom I conversed, that the English people sympathise with the Southerners, and would gladly help them if they were permitted to do so; but that Lord Palmerston's Government is opposed to Southern independence. The relative position of the opposing armies in Virginia is not likely to undergo any material change for many months to come, owing to the impossibility of moving large armies there during the winter; and before active operations can be resumed, it is known that our present Premier must meet Parliament. A faint hope still exists with many that he will then be forced by the British nation through its representatives to take some decided course regarding their affairs; or else that France, despairing of English co-operation, will not allow herself to be deterred by our Government any longer from recognising the Confederates as a nation, which she is generally believed to have been long anxious to do.

When questioning Southerners of all classes regarding the form of government they intended to establish when peace had been proclaimed, the answer invariably given was, that the constitution, as framed by Washington, Jefferson, and Co., was to be the basis upon which they meant to form theirs, merely adding to it a clause recognising the right of any State to secede whenever its individual interests demanded separation. They argue that, as the

interests of all the Confederate States are identical, such an event is never likely to occur; and that even supposing it were to happen from momentary pique, if that State were allowed to secede peaceably, it would soon seek to be readmitted into the Confederacy. Everybody agrees that had South Carolina been permitted to leave the Union quietly when she demanded separation, she would long since have come back, as they say "she could not remain out long by herself, shivering in the cold." The jealousy between States is very great, and although the conservative element is powerful, universal suffrage is in disrepute, and there is a general craving for strong government; still the love of State rights exceeds all such feelings. That, in the opinion of the Southerners, is the touchstone of republicanism in its extended sense, and the suppression of the principle in the North is the reason why all Europe is now authorised in pronouncing the republican form of government to have failed in America. To place any dependence upon a continuance of that identity of interest common to all the seceding States upon which the Southern people lay such stress, is, I believe, an error. For though such unity may exist at present, when all are slave-owners, and all now manufacturing people in the border States, slavery has already met its death-blow, and separation from the North is sure to be followed by the growth of manufactures. My own opinion is, that in the next generation Virginia and the Gulf States will have but little in common; for as soon as it ceases to be a man's interest to own slaves, he quickly discovers how morally wrong slavery is. It is not easy to harmonise the interests of producing and manufacturing communities. Free trade and protection, it would seem, are as antagonistic as liberal institutions and arbitrary government; and it is as difficult to strike a just balance between

stores in the rear whilst he was blindly feeling for them in front. As the real power of an army rests upon its ability in marching well, the Confederates make up for their deficiency in numbers by rapidity of movement.

The much-admired M'Clellan is slowness and caution incarnate; vigour and promptness of action are undreamed of in his philosophy; and from the first he has not only evinced a want of confidence in his troops, but, from a desire of leaving nothing to chance, he has not succeeded in anything. At the opening of his peninsula campaign, when he had more than a hundred thousand men under him, he allowed himself to be so deceived by General Magruder, near Yorktown, that he actually opened trenches, erected batteries, and placed a number of ten-inch mortars in position to attack a weak unfinished line of open and continuous intrenchments, about five miles in extent, and defended only by 8,000 Confederates. How can any soldier call such a man a great general?

In talking of the several Federal generals, the soldiers of the South invariably give the palm to M'Clellan. They consider him inferior to their own leader, and destitute of enterprise, but all declare him to be the only man in the Northern army who is capable of organising it, and allow that for such work his mind is admirably adapted. I have spoken to many persons who knew him intimately, some of them having been class-fellows of his at West Point, and others associated with him in public life for years. All spoke of him with respect. He was a gentleman, they said, and for that reason superior to the host of newspaper editors and swindling lawyers who had been given general's commissions by Mr. Lincoln. But they were sorely puzzled by his despatches regarding his operations before and immediately subsequent to the battle of Antietam, in all of which facts were perverted, and the number of the enemy ex-

aggerated to a degree that precluded the possibility of acquitting him on the plea of misconception. Indeed, those who had known him well refused to believe the authenticity of these despatches, and declared that they were always cooked up by Mr. Staunton and General Halleck in Washington.

Generals Banks and Pope are invariably spoken of with rancour and dislike. The former has been accused of the grossest intermeddling with private property. General Pope's orders to his army upon the opening of his disastrous campaign, were of a nature to exasperate all Southerners, and certainly tended to extinguish any smouldering embers of brotherly feeling which might still exist in their breasts. Indeed, I imagine that, had the Confederates taken himself as well as his camp equipage and clothing by the fortune of war, he would have received no very gentle treatment at their hands; nor could the most lenient say that his conduct was such as to merit it.

The debt incurred by the Confederate Government since its establishment, amounts to about \$400,000,000, or £80,000,000, little if anything more than a fifth of the sum now owed by the Northerners. To what amount these figures may be increased, if the war should unfortunately last for another twelve months, it is impossible to say. There is no personal sacrifice that the people of the South are not prepared to make rather than again trust their independence, private fortunes, and liberty, to a paper constitution, guaranteed only by the oaths of such men as Sumner and Lincoln, both doubly forsworn. There are no terms upon which they would re-enter the Union, as the present Washington administration has shown them how inefficient an oath is to bind such men to abide by any agreement. All of them upon entering office swore to observe the articles of the constitution, and all have violated them in the most flagrant manner. Personal

liberty, freedom of speech, an independent press, and the glorious principle contained in the Habeas Corpus Act; have not only been trampled under foot by these tyrants, but the populace has looked on approvingly. The South will not give in, but its Government is prepared to treat. To have its independence acknowledged, and to allow the border States to express their own wishes freely as to the side they wish to adhere to, is all the South demands. The only manner in which this could be carried out, would be by the withdrawal of both armies from the border States, which would give their people an opportunity of freely expressing the sentiments of the majority. Although the North might be willing at some future period, or even at the present time, to open negotiations, and even to carry out those measures as regards Kentucky and Tennessee, it will never consent to extend the same principle to Maryland; and under these circumstances, the South will not negotiate. I do not think that the Confederate statesmen are in the least anxious for the adherence of Maryland to their Republic. Indeed, as regards Virginia, such is the rivalry between these two States — one being anxious to maintain the trade of Baltimore and make it the great exporting city for the South, whilst the other, wishing to obtain the advantages accruing from having such a port within itself, is desirous of making Norfolk the great emporium of trade — that the "Old Dominion," as Virginia is called, would prefer being the frontier province, and have the Potomac for a line of demarcation.

Washington city, with its Capitol

and other public buildings, upon which Americans are wont to pride themselves, is really one of the most serious obstacles to any amicable settlement of frontier; for, as I have before said, although the South is not over anxious for Maryland, yet as she is to a great extent Southern in feeling, and a slave-owning State, Mr. Davis's ministry are determined that her oppressed people shall have the liberty of making their own choice between North and South. The Northerners conceive that with the loss of the capital of the once United States, they would lose so much prestige, that they are determined not to submit to it on any account. They therefore fully intend to continue this fratricidal struggle, during which not only millions of money have been already expended, but thousands of valuable lives lost. It seems to be the unanimous opinion of all in the South that nothing but foreign mediation in the form of a determined intervention by the great European Powers can ever end the war; and it is evident, although they may not like to confess it, that the eyes of every Southerner are still turned to England. The next meeting of Parliament, however, will show what the feelings of our people are with regard to the matter, and whether those who hold the reins of Government will consider that the time has come for putting an end to the most inhuman struggle that ever disgraced a great nation, such as the Republic of the United States once was, though now it is merely the military despotism of a portion of the States striving under the dictatorship of an insignificant lawyer to crush out the freedom of the rest.

CAXTONIANA:

A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON LIFE, LITERATURE, AND MANNERS.

By the Author of 'The Caxton Family.'

PART XII.

NO. XIX.—MOTIVE POWER.

A LITTLE while ago, as I was walking down Parliament Street, I suddenly found myself face to face with a man who, in the days of my early youth, had inspired me with a warm regard and a lively admiration. Though he was some years older than myself, we had been for a short time very intimate; but after we had once separated, I saw no more of him till thus, towards the evening of life, we two, who had parted company in its morn, recognised each other at the first glance; and, after exclaiming, "Is it you?" halted mute, like men to whom some startling news is abruptly told. The past, as when we last separated, the present as we now met, brought before us in the extreme of contrast; the long, gradual, stealthy interval between the dates annulled; so that, in uttering those words, "Is it you?" each saw himself as he was in youth, and simultaneously felt the change time had wrought in his own life by reading the work of time in the face of the other. But such reflection was, as it were, the flash of the moment, and with the next moment it passed away. As I was then hurrying down to the House of Commons, somewhat fearful lest I should not be in time to vote on a question worn so threadbare that it was not likely the patience of members would allow it to be long re-discussed, my old acquaintance kindly turned back from his own way to accommodate himself to mine; and, when we parted at the doors of Westminster Hall, much to my surprise he had invited me

to visit him in the country, and, perhaps still more to his surprise, I had accepted the invitation.

Sir Percival Tracey (so let me call the person I have just introduced to the reader) was one of those men to whom Nature gives letters of recommendation to Posterity, which, from some chance or another, never reach their destination.

It has been said by a man of a genius and a renown so great as to render his saying the more remarkable, that if we could become thoroughly acquainted with the biography of any one who has achieved fame, we should find that he had met with some person to fame unknown, whose intellect had impressed him more than that of any of the celebrated competitors with whom it had been his lot to strive. He whom I call Percival Tracey might serve to illustrate whatever truth may be found in that bold assertion. At the time of life in which I had been among his familiar associates, I can remember no one of the same years who has since become distinguished, so strongly impressing the men who were distinguished then with respect for his superior capacities, and a faith in his ultimate renown. Yet, if I disclose his real name, in him this later generation would only recognise one of those wealthy and well-born gentlemen of whom little or nothing is known to the public, except that they are — well-born and wealthy.

Deprived of both parents in early childhood, Percival Tracey

was left to the guardianship of his maternal uncle, the Duke of ——. Sent to a public school, illustrious less for learned boys than famous men, he there acquired one of those brilliant reputations which light up the after-paths of ambition; for it is a wondrous advantage to candidates for power and renown to enter on the arena of life with the *esprit de corps* of coevals already enlisted in their favour; an advantage so great, that I venture to doubt whether any system of wholly private education, however theoretically admirable, can compensate to an able and ambitious man, whom such education had formed, for the loneliness in which, at the onset of his career, he stands among his own generation—no young hands thrilling to applaud, no young voices whispering “he was one of us!” all disposed to cavil at the claims of a stranger whose talents revive no recollections of early promise—whose successes recall no sympathies of boyish friendship—whose honours, if his labours win them, will add no name to the *Libro d'oro* of the never-forgotten-School!

Cambridge was the university selected for the completion of Tracey's academical studies, whether from family associations or by his own desire. On leaving school, somewhere about the age of sixteen, he was accordingly placed in the house of a tutor, who had acquired the highest mathematical honours which the University of Cambridge can confer. There he contracted a taste, and developed an aptitude, for the Positive Sciences, which might have enabled him to confirm at college the reputation he had gained at school. But just as he was about to commence his first term at Trinity, he was attacked by a fever, in reality caused by a rash feat in swimming, but which his guardian insisted on imputing to an over-fatigue in study. The Duke of —— was in his own way an exceedingly clever man—a man of the world—into which world he had entered as an aspir-

ing cadet, before, by the death of his elder brother, he had become a contented duke. His Grace was no Goth; he held book-learning in the greatest possible respect. But while he allowed that book-learning lifted up into station the poor and the humbly born, he had a vague notion that book-learning tends to divert from their proper sphere of action the wealthy and the highborn: and in Percival Tracey he hoped to find the zealous champion, and perhaps ultimately the redoubted chief, of that party for which his Grace felt a patriot's preference. Hailing, therefore, in Percival's unlucky fever, an excuse for distracting him from unhealthful studies, the Duke, instead of immuring his brilliant ward in the cloisters of a college, sent him forth to perform what was anciently called “The Grand Tour,” and in polite acquaintance with courts and capitals, learn by how little knowledge mankind are governed. At the end of three years Percival Tracey returned to England, and entered London society as a young man in possession of vast estates entirely at his own disposal, and with the command of a considerable capital accumulated by the savings of a long minority. He was the representative of a family which, in point of antiquity, of illustrious connections, and the political influence derived from territorial possessions, might vie with the noblest in England. The advantages he took from Nature were as brilliant as those he had received from Fortune. His frame, at once light and vigorous, was the faithful index of a constitution capable of enduring any of those fatigues, more exhausting than bodily labour, by which study or ambition tasks the resources of life. He was sufficiently good-looking to be generally considered handsome; but not so outrageously good-looking as to acquire that kind of reputation for beauty which elevates the rank of a woman, but disparages that of a man. For I presume

that any woman, however sensible, would be rather admired for her outward attractions than her intellectual powers; and I am sure that no sensible man, who possesses that pride which Milton calls "an honest haughtiness," would not feel very much ashamed of such a reputation. In fact, if Percival Tracey was handsome, it was not from mere regularity of feature, nor lustre of colouring, but from an expression of countenance which seemed to take sweetness from the amenities of his heart, and nobleness from the dignity of his mind. In his prodigal culture, graceful accomplishments felicitously combined with severer studies; so that the one seemed as naturally to grow up amidst the other as the corn-flowers grow amidst the corn. He excelled in all the bodily sports and exercises which young Englishmen of his rank esteem as manly, to a degree which won their pardon for his display of those elegant ornaments of character which they are apt to neglect as effeminate. Endowed with a vivid sense of beauty, and an exquisite felicity of taste, he was more than an amateur of the Fine Arts, more than a connoisseur; he was an artist. Professional painters discovered amazing beauties in his paintings—had he himself been a professional painter, they would doubtless have paid him the higher compliment of discovering amazing faults. He was an excellent linguist; and wrote or spoke most of the polite languages in Europe with the correctness and fluency of an educated native. Yet with all this surface of graceful accomplishment no one ever called him superficial. On the contrary, it was the habit of his mind to search into the depth of things. Hence his confirmed attachment to the Positive Sciences; and I believe, indeed, the only MSS. he was ever induced to publish (and those anonymously) were some papers in a scientific journal, which were held at the time, to throw much light upon a very abstruse subject, and

spoken of highly by professed philosophers. But his authorship was undetected, and the papers themselves, in the rapid progress of scientific discovery, have no doubt been long since forgotten. Hence, too, the tendency of his faculties was not towards the creative, but towards the critical directions of intellect. He had sufficient warmth of imagination to appreciate the works on which imagination bestows a life more lasting than the real, yet that appreciation did not lead him to imitate, but rather to analyse, what he admired. Fond of metaphysics, he prized most that kind of poetry in which metaphysical speculation lights up unsuspected beauties, or from which it derives familiar illustrations of recondite truths. Thus, in his talk, though it had the easy charm of a man of the world, there was a certain subtlety, sometimes a certain depth, of reasoning, which, supported by large stores of comprehensive information, imposed upon his listeners, and brought into bolder relief the vantage-ground for political station which his talents and his knowledge took from the dignity of his birth and the opulence of his fortune. In short, at the date I now refer to, the practised observers of the time, and the acknowledged authorities in opinion, glancing over the foremost figures in the young generation, pointed to Percival Tracey and said, "See the Coming Man!"

Secretly, as I learned more intimately, and yet more admiringly, to know the object of a prediction which all appearances might justify—I doubted whether the prediction would be realised. The main reason of my doubt was this: because even then, in the prime of his dazzling youth, Percival Tracey lacked that enthusiasm without which even a great intellect is seldom impelled into the doing of great things.

Perhaps from one of the very excellencies of his mental organisation he was indifferent to ambition, and not covetous of fame. All that

culture which he had so liberally bestowed on the natural fertility of his mind, was rather in compliance with his own tastes than for any definite object in connection with what the world could give or what the world might say. He had little of that vanity which makes men restless—much of that self-esteem which tends to keep men still. Partly from the speculative bias to which his fondness for philosophical studies inclines his thoughts—partly from the *vis inertiae* which is the property of bodies so solidly fixed on this earth as are great wealth and great station—he said “*Cui dono*” to any effort that imposed a violence on tastes and dispositions, which, in themselves serene and peaceful, were shocked by strife, as the ears of a master in music are shocked by discord.

He had abundant energy and perseverance in the accumulation of his mental stores, simply because he was thus rendered more complete and more happy in himself; and he was averse to all gladiatorial vying and contest with others, inasmuch as the passions engendered by ambition serve rather to render the intellectual being less harmoniously completed, and the moral being less felicitously calm. His mind thus resembled one of those fountains which feed themselves through invisible conduits from an elevated source, but overflow into no running streams;—ever fresh and ever full, they soar, but they do not spread. Yet, at the time I speak of, Percival Tracey had a vague consciousness that he ought to do something—some day or other. But as that consciousness disquieted his enjoyment of the present, he never nourished it by meditation. Day after day he put off the doing of the destined something to that morrow which is the vanishing point in so many of our fancy landscapes. One day he took it into his head to set out on a tour in the East, a region of the globe which he had not hitherto visited. The eve before his departure he said to

me. “When I come back, I suppose I must make up my mind to enter Parliament—why do you smile?”

“Because you know there will shortly be a vacancy for the county which your forefathers represented for centuries, and you are going to the East in order to get out of the way of requisitions and deputations from the North.”

“Well, I own that the House of Commons does not attract me at present; as no doubt it will by-and-by. Infancy has its whooping-cough—middle age its politics.”

“If politics be a disease, I don’t think you are likely to catch it. It is a complaint which shows itself early, and the Englishman who has no twinge of it in youth has not that sort of constitution on which it ever takes hold in middle life.”

“Hem,” answered Tracey, “perhaps you are right there:—Metaphor apart, I do not fancy that I could ever take much interest in politics, unless the country were actually in that danger which one half the country always say that it is, when the leaders of the other half govern it. But still I ought to do something;—speech-making and voting are not the only occupations of life—what do you think I could best do?”

“The best thing you can do at present is to leave off saying ‘*Cui dono*’ when anything whatever is to be done.”

Tracey laughed gaily—we shook hands and parted, nor met again till the Percival Tracey whom I had last seen at the age of thirty was close upon his sixtieth year.

As I had been unable to fix the precise day for my visit, so it had been left to my option to come without previous notice any day in the following week which my avocations and engagements would permit. It was a bright summer afternoon in which I found myself free, with two or three days before me equally at my command, should I wish so far to prolong my visit. After a journey by the railway of some hours, I arrived at the small

station which Tracey had told me was the nearest one to his house—and I heard to my surprise that I was then six miles distant from his park gates. "How is it," I asked the station-master, "that your Company do not accommodate so large a proprietor as Sir Percival Tracey with a station nearer to his residence?"

"Sir," answered the official, "it is not the fault of the Company;—when they asked his consent to the line, which passes for several miles through his estate—in the plan submitted to his inspection, a station was marked close to his gates. He made it a peremptory condition that there should be no such station—no station nearer to him than this one."

"I should think he must have repented that whim by this time," said I.

"No," answered the station-master, smiling. "It was only the other day that the Company again offered Sir Percival the station he had before declined, and again he refused it."

I inquired no farther, entered the chaise which was waiting for me, and, traversing a country singularly beautiful, but singularly primitive, with large wastes of heath land and common, backed sometimes by many-coloured hills clothed with wandering sheep, sometimes by masses of hanging wood, intersected by devious rivulets breaking into rocky falls, I arrived at last at my friend's lodge. The opening into the glades of the park so caught my eye that I descended from the chaise, and, ordering my servant to go on before and announce my visit, I walked leisurely along the sward, under the boughs of trees that might have sheltered the ringdove from the falcons of Saxon earls. The heat of the day had declined; the western sun was tempered by the shades of the forest hills, amidst which it was slowly sinking. It had been my first escape into the country that summer; and the change from the

throng and reek of London was in itself delight. Perhaps on such holiday occasions there is more pure and unalloyed enjoyment of nature when it is wholly dissociated from the sense of property—when we do not say to ourselves, "This is my land, these my groves, these my flocks and herds." For with the sense of property come involuntarily the cares of property. And in treading his own turfs the observer looks round to see what has been neglected or what has been improved in his absence; he casts not a poet's but a farmer's eye on the ewe nestled under the oak tree. "Heavens! Has it got the fly?" and the kine that pause from grazing, "Why! Have they got the mouth-complaint?" But that is not all. Even when one is undisturbed by the master's cares, the pleasure of gazing, after absence, on what is one's own, what one remembers in childhood, in youth, what is associated with events of hope and fear, sorrow or joy in one's own past life, is not that absolute sympathy and fusion with outward objective nature herself, into which she quietly steals us when we have no personal history connected with the scenes we behold. For where our own individual existence obtrudes itself upon our contemplation, the Genius of the Place is no longer the joyous Universal Pan, but rather the pen-sive ghost of our former selves: and Nature, instead of gently subjugating our own mind, and weaning us from the consciousness of our own careworn life, separate and apart from herself and her myriads, rather wakes up reflections which subject her to their dominating intellectual influences, and deepen the sense of our own fate and place in her world.

Somewhat suddenly, the features of the park changed; the wilder beauties of woodland, with many a dell and hillock, and sweeps of profitless fern and gorze, gave way to a broad lawn, separated from the park by a slight fence; and the

house of the owner rose before me. My first impression at its sight was that of surprised disappointment. I had, not unnaturally, presumed that I should see an ancient stately pile in keeping with the long descent and vast possessions of its lord. But the house before me seemed small for the character of the ground immediately round it, and was evidently modern. As I drew nearer to it, however, the first impression of disappointment wore off. And for that kind of architecture which suits best with what we call a villa, I have seldom seen any structure more pleasing to the eye from justness of proportion and elegance of appropriate enrichments. The columns of its lofty portico were of the *rosso antico* marble, and the sky-line of the roof was playfully relieved by statues and vases of exquisite workmanship. Still the house was certainly small for the habitual residence of an owner so wealthy. It could not have accommodated the guests, nor found room for the establishment of a man disposed to be hospitable on the scale of sixty thousand a-year; it would have been a small house for a social squire of five thousand. When I was about a hundred yards from the stone balustrade in front of the building, one of the windows on the ground-floor was thrown open, and my host sprang out with the bound of a boy. He still, indeed, preserved the lightness of frame which had rendered him in youth so peerless in all active sports. And as he came towards me, I muttered to myself the lines which I remembered to have applied to him more than thirty years before—

"Tis he; I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe—that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth."

After we had shaken hands and exchanged the customary salutations, Tracey said to me, "Shall we look into the garden? It wants a good hour yet to our dinner-time, for to-day we do not dine till eight. I had a presentiment that you would come to-day."

"Eight o'clock is not then your usual hour? I am afraid I have put you out of your ways."

"Reassure yourself; we have no usual hour for dinner so long as the summer lasts. Yesterday we dined at three on the banks of the lake which I hope to show you; the day before, we resolved to enjoy a moonlight sail on the sea, which is eighteen miles off, and did not dine till ten. . . . We live a strange forester kind of life here, and have no habits which do not vary with a whim or the weather."

By this time he had led me to the garden-side of the house, which was not seen from the road, and at this side the building was of a much gayer and more fanciful character than that of the entrance front. It was enriched yet more profusely with urns and statues; with the lively additions of gilded balconies filled with flowers, and admitted of reliefs in colour, which, though not uncommon in Italy, I had never before seen introduced into the façades of our English homes. But what chiefly pleased me was a very long colonnade, terminating in a lofty Belvidere tower, which extended from the body of the house. Seeing that this colonnade was glazed between the pillars, and catching sight of some plants within, I supposed at first that it was a conservatory; but Tracey told me that it was never heated to a degree beyond the temperature maintained in the sitting-rooms, and contained only those plants which could thrive in an atmosphere not insalubrious to English lungs. "It serves," said he, "as a lounge in winter or wet weather, and answers the purpose of the peristyles or porticos attached to the old Roman villas. It also holds my aviaries, and constitutes my statue gallery, as well as a museum for such classical antiquities as I have collected in my travels. In short, I endeavour to store within it whatever may suggest pleasant thoughts when one

wanders there alone, or agreeable subjects for conversation when one is there with companions. You will find its walls inscribed with quotations from favourite authors in all languages. Perhaps this will strike you at first as pedantry or affectation. But when you have made acquaintance with the place, I am sure that you will recognise the charm of being greeted by beautiful thoughts every time you pause, tired with your own thoughts, or willing to lead some languid or over disputatious talker into trains of idea, for ever fresh yet for ever soothing."

Turning from the house, my eye now rested on a garden, which seemed to me a perfect model of art, whether from the harmony with which colours were assorted in the parterres, or the delicacy of proportion observed in the numerous sculptured ornaments which decorated the terraces—the whole taking life and movement from the play of many fountains; and the confines of the artistic scenery fusing themselves in the natural landscape beyond, as the green alleys, stretching from the last of the gradual terraces, lost themselves in the depth and mystery of the closing woods. Just then a ringdove was winging its flight along one of these vistas, and simultaneously to both our lips came the quotation from Keats's wondrous 'Ode to the Nightingale'—

"To leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest
dim!"

A poet's verse, remembered and repeated by two companions in a breath, why or wherefore they can scarcely explain, is a link in sympathy which brings them both insensibly nearer together. Hitherto we had walked somewhat apart; the next moment we were arm-in-arm. There was, however, a pause in our conversation till we found ourselves seated near one of the fountains. Then, rousing myself from my reverie, I asked my host

if he had built the house and planned the gardens.

"Yes," he said, with a smile; "whatever we owe to our ancestors, one likes best what one has done one's self. The fact is, however, that when, many years ago, I resolved to settle in England, but to renounce London, I found that, with three family seats, I had not one home in which I could live according to my tastes. Tracey Court, in the north of England, has been the usual residence of our family for several generations: it is an enormous pile, which necessitates an immense establishment. Now I have a special dislike to live begirt with dependants for whom I have no use, and to incur constraints for which there is no object. At Tracey Court, which is the centre of my principal estates in England, my predecessors had always maintained as much formal state, and indulged in as much wearisome ostentation, as if they had had the misfortune to be born German princes instead of English country gentlemen. There, they kept up what they called the political influence of the family. I could not have lived at Tracey Court, but what I must either have perpetually put myself out of my way for things in which I had no interest, and for persons with whom I had no sympathy, or I should have been the object of universal dislike; and I am not so stoical a philosopher as to be callous to unkind glances and indignant whispers every time I cross my threshold. Besides, Tracey Court, though grand in its way, is gloomy, the scenery rude, the climate harsh: I love to surround myself with cheerful images. In Ireland I have a large rude old castle in the midst of a county in which it rains nine months in the year. Universal hospitality, too, is still more the curse of Irish castles than of English manor-houses. I might have shut my windows against the rains, but not my doors against the neighbourhood, to say nothing of invading tourists. I had visited the

castle in my youth—I had no desire to visit it again;” here, I observed that my friend sighed, and then, as with an effort, went on more rapidly. “Thirdly, I have what is considered the jointure-house for widowed Traceys—a pretty place enough, not too large, on the banks of the Thames. There I first took up my abode. But it is only twelve miles from town—a railway station close to its garden-wall. So near London, the fidget of London travelled in the atmosphere with the smoke, and irritated my nerves. I wished to forget London, and London at twelve miles’ distance would not be forgotten. Then I bethought me of this place, which was the earliest possession of my family, but at which for more than two centuries they had never resided—for a very good reason, there was on it no residence; the manor-house had been burnt down in the troubled reign of Charles I. Here there were no hereditary duties of hospitality—no troubles of political influence—small comparative cares of property; for in this county I am not one of the wealthiest proprietors—the rental I derive from my lands here does not exceed £6000 a-year. But the acreage is happily very large in proportion to the rental, so that I have no near neighbours. The farmers are old-fashioned primitive agriculturists, and allow their hedges to grow six yards high and spread four yards thick, all lush with convolvulus and Honeysuckle. Here you can ride through the green lanes which make the beauty of England and the reproach of husbandry. The climate is enjoyable—its springs and autumns delicious, its winters mild, its summers only too hot for those who do not take exercise. In a word, the air and the scenery pleased me. I built a house here according to my own fancy—not one that would please a formal architect—not purely Greek, Roman, Italian, but such as seemed to me to blend the general characteristics of the bright classic life

with the necessities of English climate and the comforts of modern usage. I resolved beforehand that I would construct a residence on a scale proportioned to the rental of the estate on which it was built—in short, that I would here escape from the toils and troubles which embitter the expenditure of £60,000 a-year, and, so far as my personal income is concerned, live somewhat within the £6000 a-year which I possess in this county. If I lived alone, and if my tastes as artist did not corrupt my theories as philosopher, I should contract my expenditure into much narrower limits. But I have an aunt—a sister of my mother—who was born in a second wedlock, and is very little older than myself. When I came back to England I found her a lone widow, and as she had given up all jointure and settlement for the purpose of paying her husband’s debts, her natural home was with me. She had been accustomed to a certain mode of living; I could not ask her to submit to privations. For this reason, and for other reasons more personal, I have fixed my expenditure at the highest rate which, to my mind, is compatible with ease; for in all walks of life there is quite as little ease in an over large shoe as there is in a tight one.”

“I congratulate you, my dear Tracey,” said I, somewhat sarcastically, “on having assessed your expenditure at a sum which does not necessitate very rigorous privations. Six thousand a-year, which you speak of so modestly as a kind of genteel poverty, is, I suspect, when net and clear, as in your case, somewhat above the average income enjoyed by peers under the rank of earl. I agree with you that a gentleman who does not care for ostentation may contrive, by the aid of philosophy, to live very comfortably on £6000 a-year. But still you have the remaining £54,000 yearly on your hands; and I presume that you do not get rid of that burden by hoarding it in the Three per cents.”

"Nay," answered Tracey, slightly smiling, "it hoarding be a pleasant thing, but it is a sinful one; and like thistles—despite the beauty, they will spring up, but it is only in the worst husbandry that one does not try to get rid of them. The surplus of my income is spent somehow—I hope usefully. I endeavour to know as little as I can the precise details in which it disappears. But, hark! there rings the half-hour bell."

"Do you live here, with no other companion but your aunt?" I asked, as we walked back towards the house.

"Oh, no; that would be loneliness twice over. We have always a few friends staying with us. I have so arranged my house, that, thank heaven, it cannot hold many acquaintances. But let me tell you whom you will meet here. First, as to my aunt, Lady Gertrude, her you have met before, but many years ago: I will leave you to discover for yourself those changes which Time makes in us all. Secondly, you will find, in a gentleman, named Caleb Danvers, who condescends to act as my librarian and secretary, a prodigy of learning and memory, with a touch of quaint humour. Thirdly, I shall introduce you, in Patrick Bourke, to a young Irish artist, full of promise and enthusiasm. Some young artist or other is always in the house. I like the society of artists; and from pure selfishness, I secure to myself that luxury by a pretence of liberality. Every year I seek out some young painter or sculptor, and, after a short probation in this retreat, I send him to Italy to finish his studies. Fourthly and fifthly, you will make acquaintance with a young couple, Henry and Clara Thornhill. They have not been long married, and are still in love with each other; but he, ungrateful man! is not in love only with her as she is with him—he is in love also with his profession, which is the army. He is at present nothing more than a captain in the line, but is in daily hopes

that Europe will be desolated by some horrible war, which may result in his becoming a field-marshal. For the rest, a fine young fellow, a relation of mine, a relation near enough to count on being one of my heirs. But he is, at present, less bent upon killing me than some half-a million or so of unsuspecting foreigners."

By this time we were within the house. My host conducted me to the rooms which he devoted to my use, and which, though small, constituted the ideal of a bachelor's apartment—the bedroom opening, on one hand, to a bathroom; on the other, to a pretty study, the writing-table placed at the window. Did Tracey remember my love to be near the light whenever I read or scribble?—probably enough: for he had a happy memory where he could give pleasure. The walls of the room were made companionable by dwarf bookcases, which, as I afterwards discovered, were enriched with those volumes one is always glad to reperuse. When Tracey left me, I sat for some minutes musing. Was this man, for whom such high destinies in fame had been predicted, wholly without regret for the opportunities he had thrown away! In the elegant epicurean life which he had planned, and seemed to carry out for himself, should I not detect some disguised disappointment? And if not, had a being who, whatever his faults, had been in youth singularly generous and noble-hearted, really degenerated into a bloodless egotist, shunning all the duties which could distract him from the holiday into which he sought to philosophise away existence?

I could not satisfactorily unravel the problem which my conjectures invented, and addressed to my fancy; and I went down stairs just as the dinner-bell rang, resolved to gather, from the talk of my fellow-guests, some hints that might enlighten my comprehension of the character of the host.

On entering the drawing-room, I

found there already assembled all whom I had been prepared to meet. I had scarcely renewed a very slight and ancient acquaintance with Lady Gertrude before dinner was announced. She took my arm, and we were soon seated side by side at a round table in the prettiest dining-room I ever saw. The shape of the room was octagon, with a domed ceiling, beautifully painted in the arabesques and festoons which gave so fanciful a decoration to the old Roman villas. On the walls were repeated the same imageries as we see in Pompeian houses, but in tints more subdued, and more suited to the taste in colour which we take from our colder climate, than the glaring contrasts in which Pompeian artists indulged. The arabesques formed panels for charming pictures, the subjects of which I soon perceived to be taken from the more convivial of Horace's odes. In these paintings there was a certain delicacy of sentiment, conjoined with an accuracy of costume and a fidelity of scene and manners, in which I recognised at once the learning and the taste of my host. I pointed to them with a gesture which asked, "Are they not the work of your hand?"—"Nay," he answered, at once interpreting the gesture; "they were painted by a young friend of mine, now in Rome. I did but give him the general idea, sketched in crayons. I am fond of classical subjects, but not of mythological ones. I think that it is the mistake of artists, and perhaps of poets, who wish to be classical, to imagine that they must be mythological. We have no associations with Venus and Apollo, but we have associations with the human life of which poets who believed in Venus and Apollo have left eternal impressions on our minds. For this world, I like the classical type of thought rather than the Gothic; for the classical type brightens and beautifies all that is conceived by our senses. But for all that is to set me thinking on the world to

come, I prefer the Gothic type. Classical imagery would shock me in a chapel; Gothic imagery would offend me in a dining-room. I keep the two trains of idea apart. I dislike to confound the sensuous with the spiritual. I dedicate this room to Horace, because of all poets he is the one who imparts a sentiment at once the most subtle and the most hearty to that happy hour in the twenty-four in which we live back our youth at the sight of our old friends."

These remarks calling forth a reply from me, the conversation at first threatened to become, as it generally does the first day a stranger is introduced into a small family-party, somewhat too much of a dialogue between the host and the stranger. But in a short time other tongues were drawn into talk, and I, in my turn, became a listener. There was this notable distinction between the kind of conversation which I had just left behind me in London, and that which now interested my attention: in London dinners, no matter how well informed the guests, talk nearly always turns upon persons—here, talk turned upon things. The young painter talked well; so did Clara Thornhill. Now and then the Librarian threw in an odd, quaint, out-of-the-way scrap of erudition, delivered so like a joke that it made us merrier if it failed to make us wiser. Tracey himself was charming, never allowing one subject to become tedious, and lighting up all subjects with a gaiety which, if it was not wit, was very much what wit might be, if something of ill-nature were not at the bottom of all the good sayings by which wit epigrammatises the epics and the dramas of human life.

We all left the dining-room together, men and women alike, according to the foreign fashion; we passed, not into the drawing-room in which we had assembled before dinner, but into a library of such dimensions that I could not conceive how it could possibly belong

to the house. Lady Gertrude laughed at my astonishment, and explained away its cause.

"You could not have guessed at the existence of this room," said she, "on seeing the exterior of the house, for it is screened from sight by the glazed colonnade behind which it extends. The fact is, when Percival built this house, he did not feel so sure that it would become his habitual residence as to transport hither the vast library he inherited, or has collected. It was not till we had been here two years that he determined on doing so; and as there was no room for so great a number of volumes in the building, and any large visible extension of the house would have spoilt its architectural symmetry, this gallery was run out at the back of the colonnade; and a very happy after-thought it was: it has become the favourite sitting-room. On one side (as you will see when we come to the centre of the room) it opens on the colonnade or statue gallery, and on the other side the view from the windows commands the most picturesque scenery of the park and the hills beyond, a striking contrast to the dressed ground of the gardens."

"And," said the Painter, "to my mind much more pleasing, for in all highly-dressed ground the eye becomes conscious of a certain monotony which is not found in the wilder landscapes, where the changes of prospect, which Nature is perpetually making, are more visible: I mean, that in these gardens, for instance, the most striking objects are the sculptured ornaments, the parterres, the fountains—the uniformity of art and plan; but in a natural landscape every varying shadow is noticed."

Here we had got into the middle of this vast gallery, and I caught sight, through an arched recess, from which the draperies were drawn aside, of the plants and statues in the adjoining colonnade. Tracey, who had lingered behind in conversation with Mrs. Thornhill,

now joined us, and, passing his arm through mine, drew me into the colonnade, which was partially and softly lighted up. Some of its glazed compartments were left open, giving views of the gardens, with their terraces and fountains hushed in the stillness of the summer night. The rest of the party did not join us. Perhaps it was thought that such old friends, after so long a separation, might have much to say to each other which they would not wish to say before listeners. Nevertheless, we two walked for some minutes along the corridor in silence, Tracey leaving me to make acquaintance for myself, and unassisted by comment of his own, with the statues and antiquities, the inscriptions, the orange-trees, the aviaries, which made the society of the place. At length we paused to contemplate the gardens, and stepped out into the star-light. Then said Tracey, "I often think that we do not sufficiently cultivate the friendship of Night. We separate the night by too sharp a line from the day. We close her out from us by shutters and curtains, and reject her stars for our lamps. Now, since I have lived here, I have learned that Night is a much more sociable companion than I before suspected. In summer I often ride out, even in winter often ramble forth, when my guests have been for hours in their beds. I take into my day impartially all the twenty-four hours. There are trains of thought set in motion by the sight of the stars which are dormant in the glare of the sun. And without such thoughts, Man's thinking is incomplete."

"I concede to you," said I, "the charm of Night; and I have felt the truth which you eloquently express; more especially, perhaps, when travelling alone in my younger days, and in softer climates than our own. But there arrives a time when one is compelled to admit that there is such a thing as rheumatism, and that even bronchitis is not altogether a myth. All mor-

als, my dear Tracey, are not blessed with your enviable health; and there is a proverb which warns us against turning night into day."

TRACEY.—"I suspect that the proverb applies to those who shut out the night the most—to students, wasting night in close chambers; to the gay folks of capitals, who imagine that it is very imprudent to breathe the fresh air after twelve o'clock, but perfectly safe to consume all the nitrogen, and exhaust all the oxygen, in the atmosphere of ball-rooms. The best proof that night air in itself is wholesome (I mean, of course, where the situation is healthy), may be found in the fact, that even delicate persons can, with perfect impunity, sleep with their windows open. And I see that practice commended in the medical journals. The unhealthful time to be out is just before and just after sunset; yet that is precisely the time which the fashionable part of our population seem to prefer for exercise. Of course, however, I can only pretend to speak from experience. I do not study at night; the early hours of day seem to me the best for brain-work, and certainly they must be so for the eyesight. But I never discover that outdoor exercise at night injures my health; at my age, I should soon know if it did. My gamekeeper tells me he is never so well as at that part of the year when he is out half the night at watch over his preserves.* Be this as it may, I rejoice to find that I, at least, can safely follow out, in so pleasant a detail, the general system on which I planned the philosophy of my life in fixing my home remote from capitals, and concentrating into confines as narrow as fate will permit, my resources of thought and of happiness."

"Your system?" said I; "that interests me; what is it?"

TRACEY.—"How many men we see, who having cultivated their minds in capitals, retire into the country, and find themselves, after the novelty of change has worn away, either without amusement and object, or involuntarily deriving amusement and object, from things that really belong, not to the pure country life, but to the life of the capital which they have left in body, but where they still are in mind. One rich man places his pleasure in receiving distinguished guests—viz., a certain number of insane persons with sonorous titles, variegated by wits *à la mode*, who import into the groves the petty scandals they learned at the clubs, or leading politicians who cannot walk in your stubbles without discharging on you the contents of a blue-book on agricultural statistics. Another man, not so rich, or not so desirous of putting the list of his guests into the 'Morning Post,' thinks he has discovered a cure for *ennui* in the country by luxuriating there in the vanities of an ambition which he could not gratify in the town. He can be a personage in a village—he is nobody in a capital. He finds to his satisfaction that the passions are hardy plants, and will thrive as well in the keen air of a sheep-walk as in the hothouse of London. Vanity and avarice proffer to him the artificial troubles which he calls 'natural excitements.' He cannot be an imperious statesman, but he may be a consequential magistrate; he cannot be a princely merchant, but he can be an anxious farmer, and invest the same fears of loss, and the same hopes of gain, in oats and turnips, which the merchant embarks in the vessels that interchange the products of nations. He says, 'How much better is the country life to the town life,' only because his vanity finds at quarter-sessions and vestries the considera-

* Of course I am not responsible for any opinions of Sir Percival Tracey's with many of which I disagree; but as this whim of his about night perambulations is captivating and plausible, so I think it due to the health of my readers to warn them against subscribing to it without the approval of their medical advisers.

tion which would fail it in courts and senates; and his avarice has excitement and interest in the Short Horns on his home farm, and none in the Bulls and Bears on Exchange. How many other men, settling in the country, only vegetate there, having no living interest except in what passes in the city they have left; the only hour of the day to which they look forward with eagerness, and in which they expand into intellectual being, is that in which they seize on the daily newspaper, and transport themselves in thought from Arcady to Babylon. Now, when I resolved to live in the country, I wished to leave wholly behind me, not merely the streets and smoke of London, but the trains of thought which belong to streets and smoke. I did not desire to create for myself in a province, those gratuitous occasions of worry; the anxiety and trouble, the jealousy, envy, and hate, which the irritations of the *amour propre*, and the fever of competition for gain, or fame, or social honours, engender, in the life of capitals, but which in that life are partially redeemed, and sometimes elevated, by a certain nobleness of object. But in the country life they only make us unamiable, and we cannot flatter ourselves that they serve to make us great. The severest of philosophers might be contented to take on himself all the anxieties and troubles which weighed on the heart of a Pitt. He might feel no shame to have indulged in all the outbreaks of rage which gave thunder to the eloquence of Fox. He might consent to have on his conscience the sins of polemical wrath, of malevolent satire, of the vindictive torture and anguish inflicted by truculent genius on presuming rivals or disparaging critics. He might be haunted by no avenging furies if, as a Milton, he had stung to death a Salmasius, or, as a Pope, libelled with relentless hate the woman who had ridiculed his love. For the career of active genius is a career of war—'*Ma vie, c'est un combat*,' said

Voltaire. What aspirant for a fame which other aspirants contest does not say the same? Suffering and rage, wounds given and wounds received, are the necessities of war; and he who comes out of the war, a hero, is, after all, a grander creature than he who shrinks from the war, a sage. But to undergo an equal worry, and feel an equal acerbity of temper in provoking little battles for little triumphs; to ride the whirlwind of a keyhole and direct the storm of a saucer; in a word, to enter upon country life, looking round for excitements, in ambition, vanity, or the fidgety joys of a restless nervous temperament, is but to take from a town life the cares that disquiet the heart; leaving behind all those grander intellectual rivalries which at least call into play powers that extract reward out of the care, glory out of the disquiet, which must ever accompany the contest between man and man.

"Therefore, my resolve, on fixing my abode in the country, was to make myself contentedly at home with Nature—to place my enjoyments in her intimate companionship—to gratify my love for art in such adornments as might yet more please my eye in her beauty, or blend the associations of her simple sensuous attraction with those of the human beings who have loved and studied her the most, and given to her language the sweet interpretations of human thought—the sculptor, the painter, the poet, the philosopher, who explores her through science, or serenely glasses her in the calm of contemplation. And among these links between man's mind and nature, we may place as one of the most obvious, man's earliest attempt to select and group from her scattered varieties of form, that which—at once a poem and a picture—forms, as it were, the decorated border-land between man's home and Nature's measureless domains—
THE GARDEN.

"As we walk along these terraces, which, no doubt, many a horticult-

turist would condemn as artificial, either I mistake, or all that Art has done here, unites yet more intimately Nature with the Mind of Man. For this seems to me the true excuse for what is called the artificial style of gardening—viz., that the statue, the fountain, the harmonies of form and colour into which even flower-beds are arranged, do bring Nature into more familiar connection with all which has served to cultivate, sweeten, elevate the Mind of Man. All his arts, and not one alone, speak here! What images from the old classic world of poetry, the mere shape of yon urn, the gleam of yon statue, calls forth! • And even in those flower-beds,—what science has been at patient work, for ages, before the gracious forms by which Geometry alone can realise the symmetries of beauty, or the harmonies of hue and tint which we owe to research into the secrets of light and colour,—could have thus made Nature speak to us in the language of our choicest libraries, and symbolise, as it were, in the most pleasing characters, whatever is most pleasing in the world of books.”

In these lengthened disquisitions Tracey had not been uninterrupted. I had, from time to time, interposed dissentient remarks, which, being of little consequence, I have well-nigh forgotten, and it seems to me best, therefore, to preserve unbroken the chain of his discourse. But here, I repeated to my host the Painter's observation on the monotony of dressed ground in comparison with scenery altogether left to Nature, and asked Tracey if he thought the observation true.

“I suspect,” he answered, “that it is true or false, very much according to the degree to which the spectator's mind has been cultivated by books, and reflections drawn from them. My friend the Painter is very young, and the extent of his reading, and, of course, the scope of his reflections, have been hitherto circumscribed. I think that artistic garden ground does, after a time, more than wildly natural landscape,

tire upon the eye, not educated in the associations and reminiscences which preserve an artistic creation from monotony, to the gaze of one who draws fresh charms from it out of his own mind—a mind which has accustomed itself to revive remembered images or combine new reflections, at every renewed contemplation of that art which comprises the æsthetic history of man's relationship with nature. Now, our painter, habituated, very properly, to concentrate his own thoughts on his own branch of art, observes, as something ever varying, the shadow that falls from the rude mountain-top on the crags and dells of the old forest land on the other side of the park, and does not observe that, as the sun shifts, it must equally bring out into new variations of light and shadow these lawns and flights of stairs; because he is not a painter of gardens, and he is a painter of forest scenery. Had he been a painter of gardens, he would have discovered variety in the garden, and complained of monotony in the forest land. So let any man who has not cultivated his mind in the study of poems or pictures, be called upon to look every day at Milton's ‘Paradise Lost,’ or Raffaele's ‘Virgin,’ he will certainly find in either a very great sameness; but let a man who, being either a very great poet, a very great painter, or a very profoundly educated critic on poetry or painting, look every day at the said poem or the said picture, and he will always find something new in what he contemplates—the novelty springing out of the fertility of perception which proceeds from the lengthened culture of his own taste. In short, there is nothing same or stale in any object of contemplation which is intimately allied to our own habits of culture; and that which is strange to those habits, becomes, however multiform and varying its charms to another may be, insipid and monotonous to ourselves, just as the world of ambition and of cities, with its infinite movement and play, to those whose

lives are one study of it, is to me 'weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,' as all its uses seemed to Hamlet."

Here our talk ended. Re-entering the library, we found Clara Thornhill at the piano, singing with ex-

quisite spirit, and in the sweetest voice—

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me," &c.

And so in song and music the rest of the evening wore away.

PROGRESS IN CHINA.

SINCE we last treated of China and the Chinese, our relations with that empire have reached a stage deserving of the earnest consideration of the western world. On behalf of a commerce of vast importance, capable of tenfold development—on behalf of an ancient civilisation, which, in spite of great defects, is immeasurably superior to that of any other Pagan state—we must interest ourselves in the solution of the crisis through which China is now passing. For that crisis we are in a great measure responsible; we have hastened it; but interest, honour, and necessity, now alike call upon us to assist in steering that Eastern State through the storm we have so largely contributed to raise. European commercial prosperity in Eastern Asia, with China a prey to anarchy and rapine, is an impossibility. Individuals may make 'profit out of the miseries and pillage of a nation, but the foreign trade must needs suffer in the end. When all China has been thoroughly plundered, and the people under the Taeping dispensation trained into habits of armed hostility to order, commerce, and educated civilisation, the producer and purchaser of European exports and imports will alike disappear, and the land will lapse into the semi-barbarism of Cambodia, Cochin China, Pegu, and other states we could mention, and thus escape from European propagandism and interference by reason of its insecurity to life, property, and commerce. In striving, therefore, to bring the present condition of China, and our obligations, to the knowledge of our countrymen, we

need not seek for any higher motive than self-interest. Our boasted philanthropy, our duty as a nation in the vanguard of civilisation and truth, might, in the case of our relations with China, be put aside; and we could prove our case even by the standard of those political economists, who measure the duty of man towards his fellow-man by yards of calico and pounds of tea.

We are totally indifferent about any especial dynasty; we care not one jot for Mongol, Ming, or Manchow; we plead the cause of the Chinese industrious masses, and urge that we must, in our own interest, assist to stay the present disorder, and teach the officials how to reorganise the departments of the state. The Chinaman, eminently practical as he is, will best appreciate us when we say we will advise you because it is our interest; we will instruct you in order that shame and misfortune come not upon our name and commerce. We have compelled your merchants to depart from their customs, and destroyed their monopolies; we have made your rulers alter their laws, and rendered them ridiculous in the eyes of the masses. We have laughed at your traditions, done our best to shake your faith, such as it is, and introduced doctrines that have spread anarchy through the land. We have done this, partly because we pleased, partly because we were compelled to do so, and partly through the faults of your rulers. But we will not see you founder unaided: we are ready to counsel you how to surmount the troubles which environ you, in order that you may be qualified for

taking your place in the ranks of civilised powers. Of course it would be folly to adopt this line of conduct unless the Chinaman and his ruler were in a measure prepared for it, and willing to accept us as friends and advisers. Happily upon that point there is no longer much doubt, and we purpose producing testimony that the Chinese intellect has at last reached that enlightened condition.

All will agree with us in saying that, however great may have been our differences with the Government of China since the abolition of the East India monopoly, the masses of Chinese have been throughout eminently well disposed. If ever a nation deserved well at our hands, as distinguished from its rulers, the Chinese do. Had they cordially supported their officials—the Lins, the Yehs, and Sang-ko-lin-sins—in their blundering attempt to save a rickety policy from the sapping contact of Western civilisation, we should have had a very different tale to tell to-day of our commercial revenue with China, however rich St. Paul's and Notre Dame might have been in trophies of the Palikean stamp. The Chinaman, the half Tartar of the north, the half Malay of the south, the broker, the farmer, opium-smoker, and calico vendor, have been our consistent allies against the pig-headed ignorance of the bureaucrats placed over them. Their motives we need not analyse; the fact remains the same. They have always been more ready to trade with than to fight us; they merit the major portion of the credit due to a development of commerce, which exceeds the expectations of the most sanguine.

It will be remembered by our readers that, in the spring of 1860, an allied force of a most imposing character was assembled in the Gulf of Pechelée, under Admirals Sir James Hope and Admiral Protet of the French navy, to revenge a foul act of treachery at the Peiho, and enforce upon the evil counsellors of the Emperor Hien-fung the necessity of faithfully ful-

filling the conditions of a treaty concluded by Lord Elgin at Tien-tsin in 1858. During the autumn of 1860, the contemplated measures were successfully carried out, and the capital of China was easily captured, with the most satisfactory results, in spite of the fears expressed by professional authorities at home and elsewhere. It would be a waste of time and space to relate how that was effected, and why it became necessary to couple our arrival in the capital of China with an act of apparent vandalism. All these facts may be gleaned from the interesting account recently published by Colonel G. J. Wolsley, one of the staff attached to General Sir Hope Grant. Bearing this in mind, the reader of Colonel Wolsley's pages may safely follow his narrative of events; and it will be well to remember, apart from its military features, that the expedition of 1860 was remarkable as having at last struck a death-blow at the ancient "*non-possumus*" policy of the mandarins of China. The introduction of Europeans into Peking as conquerors, not as suppliants, enabled a small but select party of progress amongst Chinese officials openly to avow their opinions, without the certainty of destruction. The blunder, by which the occupation of the mud forts of Taku was preferred to the annihilation of the Tartar army under Sang-ko-lin-sin, imperilled for a time the prospect of inaugurating a more enlightened policy in the Government of China, owing to the support given to the advisers of the Emperor, by the armed rabble which had been allowed to escape under our very noses from Taku. That obstructionist party in China was headed by three influential officers of high rank, named respectively Tsai-yuen, Prince of I; Twan-hwa, Prince of Ching, and the energetic and ambitious Su-shun.

When the Emperor Hienfong fled from Peking, these three ministers accompanied him to Zehol in

Tartary, and but for his demise, it is probable that their evil counsels would have prevailed for some time against the wiser policy advocated by Prince Kung and the eminent statesman Kweiliang, who negotiated the Treaty of Tientsin in 1858. That it would have been possible for those ultra-conservatives of China to hold permanently their ground, we do not believe, for, by pressure from without, China must have ultimately advanced. Lord Elgin had wisely taken measures to guarantee Europe against a retrograde policy at Peking, when he stipulated that the Ambassadors of England, France, and America should live permanently at the capital, and hold unreserved intercourse with the Imperial Ministers. The eventual success of the party of progress was thus assured, and from Peking, it was equally certain that, throughout China, a wiser current of ideas upon the management of her foreign relations would be rapidly disseminated. The sudden triumph, however, of the progressionists in Peking, was a curious phase in Eastern history, and it is as well that it should be understood. Throughout the latter part of the year 1860, the Emperor Hienfung resided in his long-neglected palace of Zehol, and was prevented by Prince I and his colleagues from returning to Peking, as he was urged by Prince Kung. A debauchee in the worst sense of the word, already stricken with disease, the wretched Emperor appears, from a report subsequently published, to have been a prey to the bitterest remorse for having fled the capital, and thus abandoned the patrimony bequeathed by his ancestors.

In China, as in all Oriental countries, the monarch is the pivot upon which the administration of the State rotates. Upon the character of the Emperor has always depended the peace and prosperity of China, and its millions of slow thinking industrious people. This has its drawbacks as well as advantages, but it is by correctly ap-

preciating it that we can understand the apparent anomaly which Chinese history exhibits of the land being one day torn by rebellion, and the next lulled into such order and industry that it is difficult to believe that they have ever been disturbed.

The Emperor Hienfung was the third inefficient monarch that had successively ruled over China. His grandfather Kiaking is described as "alike capricious and distrustful, yet completely under the influence of his minions: addicted to drinking and more odious debauchery, unscrupulous, and avaricious." The present decay of the State dates from his reign, and he left an inheritance of trouble to his successor Taoukwang, who ruled during the first serious collision between China and England. In an interesting collection of State papers, translated by Mr. Wade, our present able Secretary of Legation in China, there are several which throw considerable light upon the internal condition of the empire, between 1830 and 1860, and we perfectly concur with him in wondering how the present dynasty was not uprooted years ago. It says much for an organisation which could pass through such an ordeal. A memorial from a high officer during the year 1832, draws a touching picture of the results of Kiaking's misrule, and it alludes distinctly to the states of Kwang-tung and Fokien, where the European opium trade was sadly adding to the mischief, and disturbing the finances of the country. Hienfung, the grandson of the worthless Kiaking, succeeded to his father, Taoukwang, in the year 1851. He was born when his father was fifty, and was naturally indulged and spoiled; and ascending the throne at the early age of nineteen, he soon found the cares of a State, so disorganised as China then was, far too great for one fond of pleasure, and who had spent the major portion of his youth in a harem. Mr. Wade tells us that in

the year following his accession, "there was an incessant changing of the high appointments, and it seemed that, like his grandfather Kiaking, he delighted in the dishonour of distinguished men, to whom consideration had been shown by his predecessors, while he advanced some whom his father had very recently disgraced, equally little to his credit." Disorder and rebellion naturally spread, and the unhappy monarch soon despaired. He left his government to a clique, whose administration was marked by peculation and general corruption. Thus, for ten years, from 1851 to 1861, was China utterly misruled. The Viceroy of the provinces—despots ruling over states and populations equal to that of the French empire—misrepresented, in self-defence, the condition of their respective governments. Here and there there were instances of self-sacrifice for the good of their country, but these were the exception, not the rule; and the majority, more especially those in the interior, shut themselves up in their mantles of prejudice, and, satisfied with the knowledge that, in past times, China had often gone through as frightful ordeals, merely echoed the cry of the incompetent ministers in Peking, that it would be folly to depart from the wisdom of their ancestors. The flood, however, overtook them; for the ruffianism of Kwang-tung and the highland freebooters of Kwang-si province suddenly coalesced with the propagandism of a few scamps, reputed converts from our missions in Hong-Kong. No power that the mandarins could array was able to withstand this fresh trouble; the independent Meao-tze of the mountains of Kwang-si had always, like the highlanders of old, lived by the plunder of the thrifty lowlander. All the armies of China had been only just able to keep these robbers within moderate bounds; but now that they and the pirates of Kwang-tung were received as allies of Christianity, Taepingism at once sprang into

existence—a scourge before which the officials were doomed first to perish, and then the ill-starred peaceful inhabitants of thousands of square miles of China. Had the Emperor Hienfung possessed the energy or administrative powers of his great ancestors Kanghi or Kienlung, that wretched parody upon Christianity, and its brutal connection with rape and plunder, would have been nipped in the bud, though revolvers and gunpowder had been supplied even more liberally than has been the case. In his last hours at Zehol, the Emperor Hienfung must have been callous indeed not to have sympathised with the miseries of his misgoverned people; and it is probable that on his deathbed he recognised, to some extent, the evils wrought by his councillors, for we find the Empress-mother and Empress-wife, immediately after his decease, frankly adopting a very different policy, and, in the state paper before referred to, the closing scene of Hienfung's life is thus graphically described in the '*Pekin Gazette*.'

"The mind of the Sacred One, after the flight from the palace of Yuen-min-yuen to Zehol, was sore troubled at being reduced to such extremity, and when in due time the prince (Kung) and others charged with the administration of affairs in Peking had well arranged all foreign questions that required settlement, and its usual tranquillity was restored to the capital, His Majesty again and again called upon Prince I and his colleagues (who were in immediate attendance) to frame a decree announcing his return. They, however, deceitfully and with all means possible, kept from Him these facts, ever alleging that foreign nations, both in sentiment and demeanour, were always falsely inclined. His late Majesty, anxious and worn, rested neither by day nor by night. The cold, too, beyond the frontier was severe, and so the indisposition of the Sacred One increased, until, upon the (22d August 1861), He ascended upon the Dragon to be a guest on high."

The Empress-mother did not, of course, dare thus publicly to denounce the reactionary party at

have been more formal than the trial and sentence as recorded in the 'Pekin Gazette.' The most interesting feature of this trial is that which charges them with *instigating hostilities against foreigners*:—

"The princes, nobles, and officers of the Empire, are informed that the disquiet of the sea-coast last year (1860), and the alarm of the capital, were caused wholly by the vicious policy of these ministers. T'sai-yuen (Prince of I) and his colleagues were unable to devote their attention to pacific counsels; and, being incapable of fulfilling the responsibilities of their office, devised the artifice that the English envoys should be decoyed into their power—hence the stigma was attached to the Emperor of breach of faith towards foreign nations."

Of these crimes, as well as for having attempted to usurp imperial authority, the three ministers were found guilty. The penalty for their treason was slow death in the public market-place, but the new Government were already sufficiently strong to be merciful; the decree for their execution ran, therefore, as follows:—

"When We bethought Us that T'sai-yuen and the rest, so nearly related to the throne, should have so committed themselves as to have become liable to the death of a common malefactor, We were moved to tears. But how, unless We were to punish their offence with severity, should We discharge to His satisfaction the weighty duty intrusted to Us by His late Majesty, or how set a proper example to posterity? Were they to suffer the ignominious death awarded them, the penalty would be as just as the allegations against them are true. Yet as by a special law something is allowed on behalf of the nearness of kin and of high rank, some abatement of their punishment becomes practicable. Their pardon is utterly impossible, but indulgence may be shown to prevent their exposure in the market-place."

As an act of grace, therefore, the Prince of I and Prince of Ching were privately executed in prison, on the 8th November 1861, by strangulation with a silver cord; but Su-shun was publicly decapi-

tated, the Court having found him to be the gravest offender of the three; and so notorious was he for cruelty and rapacity, that his execution was generally welcomed throughout China.

This grave matter settled, the attention of the new councillors was engaged in what, to so ceremonial and learned a court, was equally important—the correction of an error in the characters adopted by the traitors for the title of the new sovereign. The learned noodledom of China was shocked; and thus, in the middle of a great crisis, while the fate of the Empire was still hanging by a straw, these wise men of the East sat down to bother their brains whether the Emperor's title should be *Oh'i* or *Chih*, a difference only to be appreciated by the Hanlin College. Accordingly on the 9th November 1861, a solemn decree was issued declaring that the words "*Oh'i Si ang*," chosen at Zehol, both mean the same word, "*Luck*." "This is tautological, a thing not to be thought of;" and the words "*Tung-Chih*," or "*Union of law and order*," were adopted as the future title of the young successor to the throne of China.

The "*Mother of the State*," and the "*Sainted Mother*," i. e., the two Empresses, now assumed the Regency, associating with themselves Prince Kung, and installing the venerable Kweiliang as a confidential adviser to the throne. Thus was effected a change of Ministry in China, and a new party came into power, pledged to reconcile a conciliatory and just treatment of foreign interests, with progress and reformation in the internal government of the State.

Although the enlightened Prince of Kung is justly considered the head of this movement, it has other and influential supporters in the Imperial family and about the Court. Upon them depends the future of China, and we can only hope that they may inoculate the Emperor Tung-Chih during his minority with their wise views. If this party

of rulers stood alone in their appreciation of the necessities of China, we should be less sanguine of a satisfactory issue to the crisis through which the Flowery Land is now passing; but it is not so. The people and officials of China who have been brought in contact with foreigners, would be more than mortal, or worse than monkeys, not to have felt in some degree the influence of the great lessons offered to their observation. The masses packed on the seaboard of China, subjected to the oppression of mandarins one day and to the cruelties of pirates and banditti the next, cannot help observing, and openly express their delight at, the liberty and security enjoyed by the communities of Hong Kong and Shanghai. The husbandman and native merchant flee from the Taeping into our settlements as to a city of refuge, and the fishermen and junkmen of the seaboard seek the convoy and protection of even our merchant ships in preference to that of their own navy. All are in their way advocates of progress. They never hesitate to adopt all that is permitted, for we must remember that it is a breach of the law to depart one iota from "custom." Peking professes to rule both mind and body, and the more creditable is it, then, to individuals, and the more significant of enlightenment in the people, when we find them freighted with European ships, thus acknowledging their junks a failure. They have learned the blessings of insurance against commercial risks, and have not failed to profit by the knowledge. They begin even to make their own ventures with silks and teas in Mincing Lane, and have most probably gained as much insight into our ways of doing business as profit by their enterprise. Of course all this is done to a great extent *sub rosa*. As a Chinaman, the native believes such acts to be bad breeding; though he is wiser, he is expected to declare that everything is better in Peking

than elsewhere, and that his country's laws and customs are perfection. There is a twinkle in the eye of the rogue as he says so, but his tongue will not falter. He knows that there are no screw steamers and Armstrong guns in China; but his sallow cheek is tinged with no shame when he assures you "Have got that Peking side." So long as he affects to scorn change, and to comply with the rules of thought and action prescribed by the Board of Rites and the Hanlin College, he may remain a loyal Chinaman; when he openly departs from "custom," he becomes an outcast. But let Peking move as Peking is now moving, and there are thousands of Chinamen, some who have lived at the open ports, and others who have been brought up in our Eastern settlements, ready to advance much farther in the path of civilisation than any other Asiatics that we are acquainted with. Upon this latter section of Chinese progressions depends much, and our responsibilities are not small touching them. They who have learned and enjoyed the freedom of our Straits Settlements, who have acquired our tastes, and in a degree our knowledge, will either be a blessing or a curse to their mother country. It will be for us so to teach these men, and to assist the native officials to check them when, they attempt, under cloak of our name, to break the laws of China, that they may become what we would desire—potent means of reforming the social and moral condition of their countrymen. There is, moreover, another important section in China, upon whose support Prince Kung and the Regency may safely count; it consists of some of the provincial officials, and a portion of the gentry, who, having amassed wealth, are anxious for security and good government. The early experiences of our intercourse with this, the "good society" of China, was utterly unfavourable to the establishment of good rela-

tions. For a century we figured merely as traders, ready to undergo any continually rather than forego pecuniary advantages. They abused us to their heart's content, we "kotoed," and cleared a large financial profit. The highest of our officials was written down on a par with the humblest of theirs. A change came; we lashed out, tumbled over rickety mandarin, tinsel soldiery, and pasteboard forts. We were now outrageous, unreasonable barbarians. It was inexplicable to the slow-thinking Chinese official. He turned to his records, found we had behaved in one manner for a century, and now suddenly departed from custom; we were demented; we might kill him, but he would have nothing to say to such savages. Then came the first war, and the Treaty of Nankin. He was ordered to treat an English consul as an equal, and so on. It became a game of cross purposes. The mandarin was striving to keep up his old superiority; the English official gave no quarter—down the native official was to come. Weaped the mandarin, yet contemned him. We laughed at his gongs and cavalcade; his sedan-chair of especial colour, stuck over with brass emblems of longevity; at his shaking hands with himself instead of his visitor; at his vermillion slips called cards; at his punctilious observance of petty rules of conduct and correspondence—yet in all these points he found us as punctilious as he was. We excelled him in childishness. There could be no love between us. They told us we were the very "Devil," and christened us with that unpleasant name; the boys and wags reiterated it with emphasis. We immediately found cause for complaint. Our people who were learned in Chinese characters, vowed that Britain ought rather to go to war than allow her subjects to be called "E!" Yet we were indeed playing "Old Harry" in China. All her old ideas, traditions, and

customs were being either brought into contempt or subverted. But was it not pardonable in a people whom we were debauching with our opium trade, bullying with our ships of war, whose officials we were demoralizing by bribery of their customs, and insulting in their seats of government, to find some consolation in calling us a mere nickname? Nevertheless, woe betide the Chinese if they style us E any more, for it would be an infraction of the 61st article of the Treaty of Tien-tsin.

The condition of the Chinese Empire between 1851 and 1854 was truly lamentable. The internal misgovernment, combined with the pressure from without, was fast hastening a crisis. We have before us a number of memorials addressed to the Emperor Hienfung about this time by different officers of State. They all tell one tale—the utter disorganisation of every department of administration, speculation and inefficiency amongst the subordinates, and general insecurity of life and property in the provinces; and all trace it to one great cause—"the disorder of the finances of the State"—occasioned by the salt gabelle having fallen sadly in arrear; the great expenses entailed upon the provincial treasuries by the wars with Great Britain; the drain of silver, and the demoralisation, and impoverishment of officials and gentry, arising from the opium trade; and, lastly, to the general contempt of the laws and police of the State, from the example and teaching of the foreigner.

Especially deserving of attention is the candid recognition, in the majority of these state papers, of the all-important fact, that the wellbeing of a state depends entirely upon its solvency; and that, in the words of an able writer in our leading journal, "finance is the highest department of modern statesmanship." "Let the revenue accounts of the empire be balanced," says one able censor, "and the Government will be able to address itself to those necessary points:

the thorough reform of the civil service, the reorganisation of the army and navy, the instilling of vigour into the police of the interior, and the preventive service of the coast." There are monarchs and statesmen in Europe who might profit by the teaching of these intelligent Easterns.

The fearless exposure of the condition of the Empire is equally remarkable; for instance, we find Chau-Kwang, a vice-president of the Board of War, boldly asserting that every department was unhinged—"that the people suffer, and hence arise popular ebullitions, at which the resident magistracy wink lest they should be called to account for them. Banditti infest several provinces. There are the 'Filchers' in Honan; the 'Turbaned ones' in Szechuen; the 'Taepings' in Kwang-tung; the wild Meaoutsze in Kweichap; and the Mohammedans in Yunnan. Strange doctrines are also promulgated everywhere, and various confederacies assume denominations and delude the people." Such was the cry of trouble in 1851 through the land, yet the advisers of the Emperor saw no light through their difficulties; and, hedgehog-like, frightened by the condition of affairs, merely rolled themselves up, and turned all their bristles towards the foreigner, contact with whom they knew was, in a measure, the cause of all their sorrow. Those Europeans who, standing aloof from commerce or official employment in China, desired to see their way through the difficulties of the question at that stage of Chinese intercourse with Europe, must have felt that there was but one solution, and that was to introduce a mediating influence between Eastern ignorance and Western knowledge—between Chinese officials and European communities,—one in which the former should have faith, and the latter a guarantee that their interests should not be lost sight of: an influence to guide and instruct the Chinaman how to deal with the foreigner, but to supple-

ment, not supersede, the native authorities; to raise the tone of the Chinese subordinate officials, yet act as a check upon them; and, lastly, to insure, by good administration, that the Imperial Government should learn that they had an immense financial interest in the progress and prosperity of their foreign relations.

The introduction, however, of any European, as an adviser or coadjutor to the mandarin, was looked upon with extreme jealousy by almost every section of society in Hong-Kong and the open ports; and we believe it was forced upon both parties, Chinese and Europeans, rather than adopted upon calm rational grounds. In 1854, affairs in the north of China came to a dead lock—China had to bend or break; and it was fortunate at that juncture that two such men as Mr. Alcock and Mr. Wade were consul and vice-consul at Shanghai. They availed themselves of an opening which occurred to introduce into the mysteries of the native custom-house three Europeans, to check and advise the Chinese controllers.

The history of the introduction of the Foreign Inspectorate of Chinese Customs is one so little understood, and yet forms so important an episode of European relations with the Empire of China, that we must describe its institution and progress. Upon it at present pivots our intercourse with the Government of three hundred millions of people. By it we have at last succeeded in making the officials of Peking recognise the value of our commerce as a source of prosperity to the Empire; for the imperial revenue from Shanghai, which did not exceed £260,000 in 1858, will amount in 1862 to one million sterling; and upon the Foreign Inspectorate must be based all farther reforms and civilisation, the steamship, the railway, and the telegraph.

By the summer of 1854, the accumulated vice and misery of sixty years of imbecile government, rush-

ed like an avalanche over the learning, wealth, and respectability of the fairest portion of China. A native ruffian—a strange mixture of Asiatic cunning, improved upon by having learned enough of Christianity to parody the Old Testament, and blaspheme the tenets of the Protestant faith—led a horde through blood, fire, and rape, into Nankin, the second city of the Empire, entrenched himself there, and at once gave a nucleus and *point d'appui* to the discontented and dishonest of a population as numerous as that of all Europe put together. The flood rose on every side, and it was only the inherent viciousness of the plunderers that saved the Manchow dynasty; the Taepings drove the better classes into the arms of a bad government, for they preferred injustice to anarchy. The city of Shanghai fell in turn into the hands of a local banditti, composed of vagabonds. They were headed by a scamp from Singapore, and a groom who was in the employ of an English firm. The foreign community did not at first regret the expulsion of the Imperial authorities; they already fancied that the millennium of the trader had been reached—“No customs dues, a cheap foreign market, and large profits at home;” a Quaker’s paradise! The gang of miscreants in Nankin pretended that the teachings of Gutzlaff and Hamberg had touched their souls; they had slain or done worse to the thousands of Roman Catholic converts they found in that city; but as they proclaimed the Divine Presence in Nankin, and promulgated the ten commandments, there were people weak enough to believe them. It tickled the vanity of the Protestant missionary, as well as the residents; and the rogues, anxious to secure British sympathy, and, what was equally important, plenty of powder and weapons, promised fair.

The Imperialists naturally claimed the duties on exports and imports. Our consciences would not allow us to pay either party; and, although

we had a treaty with the Emperor of China, a step was taken, which was one only of the many acts of injustice perpetrated by Europeans. Our merchants would pay neither party, but gave in to their own consuls bills made payable to the Government at some future day; but each merchant made a proviso with his consul that he was not to be called upon to pay until everybody else paid. Imagine, for example, foreigners trading with the United States refusing, because the South was in rebellion, to pay their customs dues, and merely giving bills, to be paid to the victorious belligerent, provided the merchants of all European states met their engagements, and not otherwise! This pleasant state of things at Shanghai was, however, too good to last long: and one day the Imperialists, aided by the French, recovered the city, and trade returned into its old courses.

Now, it so happened that the Taoutai, or intendant of circuit, in Shanghai, in addition to enormous pickings and stealings from the customs revenue, had gone into partnership with two of the leading foreign firms. Every one smuggled, but this coalition had advantages against which no smuggler could compete. The less influential and wealthy merchants learned that smuggling was not so profitable as they had anticipated, inasmuch as the coalition could smuggle ten times as much as they could, and undersell them in both markets, inflicting often actual loss, and at all times grievous uncertainty as to the issues of their consignments. There was a general outcry; and in June 1854, the European consuls were forced to apply a remedy to this system of wholesale smuggling. The intendant of circuit, Woo, then entered into a convention with Mr. Rutherford Alcock, and the French and American consuls, by which Europeans were to be introduced, “to secure an honest and efficient custom-house administration.” Each consul was to nominate one gentleman; they

were to be paid and to be treated as inspectors of foreign customs. His Excellency Woo, with charming candour, allowed that it was "impossible for him to obtain custom-house officials possessing the qualifications of probity, vigilance, and knowledge of foreign languages required for the close observance of treaty and custom-house regulations." Mr. Wade, now Secretary of Legation at Peking, was selected by Sir Rutherford Alcock as the British nominee, and a Mr. Carr and a Mr. Smith were nominated respectively on the part of the United States and France. A healthy tone was soon imparted to the customs administration of Shanghai. The native and foreign community were a little startled, and some of them, like the fisherman who let the great genius of knowledge out of the bottle, were anxious to get him corked down again and cast into the depths of the ocean. But to the credit, be it said, of our Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Home Government recognised the importance of the step that had been taken. They could not have initiated it, but they frankly supported the institution; and when Mr. Wade surrendered the post in 1855, Lord Clarendon approved of the appointment of Mr. Horatio Lay in his place. Mr. Lay was then Vice-Consul at Shanghai, and an application had been made for his nomination through Sir John Bowring, by Keih, Governor-General of Keang-soo Province. Of course, our Minister of Foreign Affairs was careful to let it be understood that the British Government would hold itself in no way responsible for the conduct of those lent as advisers to the Chinese Government. The European reactionists, however, became alarmed, and the Americans took steps to isolate the English representative, and endeavoured to bring back the customs to the old condition of speculation, smuggling, and confusion. It only required a due amount of management, in the lobbies of the Cap-

itol of Washington, to secure the introduction into a consular bill, then before the Senate, of a clause which forbade any citizen being recommended for employment under a foreign government. Mr. Lay soon found himself alone—a target for all the abuse it was possible to heap upon him, and upon the system of customs administration he was teaching the native authorities to introduce. Trade was declared by some to be falling off; but the returns of imports and exports, published half-yearly by the Foreign Inspectorate, triumphantly refuted such a fallacy. Against this opposition, and the covert hostility of natives as well as foreigners, the Inspectorate struggled on, until, by 1856, the Chinese authorities—having watched and tested the system in every possible way—recognised cordially its value. They then willingly assented to Mr. Lay's suggestions, and supported all the alterations that he advised; and one of the many beneficial results of the influence and guidance of the Foreign Inspectorate of Customs at Shanghai was shown, in 1857, in peaceful relations and a flourishing trade being maintained there, while at Canton, where there was no adviser to whom the Chinese could look, Governor-General Yeh floundered into a war with Great Britain, in his own unaided and stupid efforts to combat the piracy and smuggling fostered by Europeans.

Astonished at the result of the experiment, the Governor-General and other authorities of Keang-soo, in 1859, "placed the entire control of the Shanghai customs in Mr. Lay's hands, intrusted him with the selection of all European subordinates for the service, and pledged themselves not to remove any one without his sanction." This confidence upon the part of the Chinese Government, secured by the tact and high probity of our European representative, was maintained in spite of the loud outcries of the Europeans. They already

foresaw that a just observance of treaty engagements would eventually extend itself throughout China, and affect their illicit profits. "The new system" was attacked with a virulence known only in the outposts of civilization, and it required all the temper, perseverance, and tact which Mr. Lay eminently possesses, to bear up against the outcry; and what that ordeal was, few can appreciate who have not shared in colonial questions.

Our communities in China are formed, for the most part, of those who go there for a specific purpose—to make a fortune and return home as quickly as possible. They are composed of all grades of English society, from the highest to the lowest. Looking, therefore, to personal interest alone, unchecked by the criticisms of an independent press or circle of society, beyond the reach, so to speak, of public opinion, the standard of political morality amongst such colonies becomes debased. It was not to be wondered at, then, that they contemplated with alarm the loss, not only of smuggling, but of what was

equally hard to forego, the luxury of irresponsible action; and that they moved every means to subvert an institution whose greatest crime was that of instructing the Chinaman. Even our consular authorities, in some sort, abandoned the child they had created. They, it is true, had found the "mandarin" utterly incapable of enlightenment at their hands—a stolid obstinate mass of red-tape and paper—a bore, a nuisance, a nightmare, only to be bullied by rash threats, or the constant appeal to post-captains and men-of-war. Still, such was the weakness of poor human nature, that they feared the growth of an influence that would supersede the necessity for interference with native authorities and the exercise of force, which invariably insured a certain "*kudos*" amongst the communities on the spot, and often reward from home.*

We do not sufficiently impress upon our representatives the great truth that breaches of treaty by Orientals cannot justify similar breaches upon our part. The Foreign Inspectorate had, moreover,

* An excellent illustration of this line of conduct will be found in the 'London Gazette,' Oct. 31, 1862. In it Her Majesty's consul at Han-kow reports to our minister at Peking, that—

"On the 10th June, Messrs. Dent & Co.'s agent reported the stoppage of six boats, containing teas, at two barriers, Peh-how-kow and Tan-kow, on which the extra charge of four mace per chest was demanded. Certificates of the proper amount of transit duty having been paid on the teas in the Hoonan provinces were produced to me, and Mr. Evans further stated that he had given positive orders to the Chinese in charge of the teas on no account to pay the excess demanded; and as the officer of the station had declared that these boats should not be allowed to pass unless under this payment, there appeared but little probability of the teas reaching Han-kow. I had on so many occasions already addressed in vain both the Viceroy and the Superintendent of Customs on this same subject, that I resolved to place the matter in Lieutenant Poole's hands, and to request him to take such steps in the liberation of the boats as would more effectually impress the authorities of this port with the necessity of adhering strictly to the tariff rules."

And most energetically does the gallant commander of H. M. gunboat proceed to impress this important lesson upon the mandarins, as the following extract shows:—

"H. M. GUNBOAT 'HAVOC,' HAN-KOW, June 14, 1862.

"SIR,—I arrived at Tan-kaon the evening of the 12th instant. I there seized all the mandarin and war junka, as also the officer in charge of the custom-house. I have brought him, as also the gunboats and guns named in the margin, with me, to Han-kow. On the 13th I stopped at Lian-lien-kiu, and released the boats containing Messrs. Dent and Co.'s teas. The war-boats had all been taken about three miles up a creek. I went up in our boat and seized them. One of the boats seized at this place got adrift during the night; and this morning I found her at Peichow, scuttled, on shore, with everything taken out of her. There was a war-boat close to her, and, as I observed some of their men about her, I am sure that it was these men who had stripped her. I therefore seized their boat, which I have brought to Han-kow. Besides the

opponents to combat that exist against every enterprise—those solemn wisecracks who are always alarmed at any innovation, and dread lest the world may roll too fast—who deplore the stupidity of a Chinaman, but, the moment he moves, shout out, "have a care; pray be prudent;"—the men, in short, whom Stephenson had to reassure, by promising that locomotives should not travel faster than fifteen miles per hour, before they would say that railways were better than macadamised roads. With strange obtuseness, they ignored the fact that, if ever the Chinaman was to be improved, it would be by convincing him that it was for his material interest to be honest and truthful. They shook their heads ominously, talked twaddle about interference, and urged that they were not to be held responsible for certain terrible misfortunes which their imaginations conjured up. Nevertheless, Mr. Lay, supported by the integrity of his subordinates, gained on the confidence and esteem of the better portion of the Europeans residing in Shanghai, and still more so upon that of the native officials. The latter were fast being taught a great lesson—that legitimate profits were, in the end, better than stolen ones, and that salaries justly paid were the best security for the probity of subordinates. The governor-general of the immense province of Keang-soo could not already help observing that, amidst the anarchy and speculation pervading his government, the foreign customs department, as managed by a combined board of Eu-

ropeans and Chinese, stood unique. Everything in it was working admirably, in spite of great opposition, and every penny of income and expenditure was accounted for. The Taoutai acknowledged that the zeal and industry of the Europeans in Chinese employ astonished him. They not only drew their salaries, but worked to earn them. It was something quite new in his experience to see people doing anything more than they were obliged, and above all astounding that a foreigner should do so in the interests of the revenue of China. And when it was reported to him that Mr. Lay and his assistants had been seen at their duties as early as five o'clock in the morning, his Excellency threw up his hands, and said that, "indeed the foreigner from afar was a man of business, and one with whom a great matter must succeed." It was not, however, in the Asiatic temperament to accept the new customs system upon its own outward showing; and there is no doubt that some of the inferior officials fancied that, under all, there must be a deep-laid scheme for defrauding the Emperor. They could not understand how a European could be really just and honest towards them. They watched, spied, and intrigued to find out Mr. Lay's secret. It was very foolish and puerile, but they profited all the more by the result. Amongst other schemes was a well-laid plot, which we will relate. Just before the outbreak of the disturbances between Commissioner Yeh and Sir John Bowring, the Taoutai of Shanghai requested Mr. Lay to

custom-house officer, I have five men who were taken in the different junks. I will be glad if you will make arrangements to take these men out of the ship as soon as possible.—I have, &c.

(Signed) "G. POOLE, Lieutenant."

It is but fair to add that Mr. Bruce, writing from Peking, expresses his entire disapproval of the proceedings of Consul Gingell; reminds him that the custom-house officials were merely acting under superior orders; that the seizure of war-junks and imprisonment of mandarins was a warlike act which the detention of a boat-load of tea could not justify; and that "the important result to be gained by the establishment of direct relations with the Government of Peking is the avoidance of local acts of violence, which produce bad blood on both sides, and have been most prejudicial to general tranquillity by weakening the authority of the Chinese Government in the eyes of its people."

purchase a war steamer for the Chinese Government, and lodged some £30,000 in his hands. Circumstances rendered it unadvisable for Mr. Lay to place such a craft in the hands of the Chinese; he explained; the Taoutai concurred in the justice of the objection, and told Mr. Lay to make the purchase whenever he thought fit, and, in the mean time, to keep the money. It was duly lodged in a bank; and, as the war rolled on through 1857 and 1858, Mr. Lay alluded to the £30,000 as an Imperial credit; but whenever he urged that it should be taken back, he was met by his friend, smiling blandly, and telling him to consider it as an "*affaire finie*," that such a bagatelle was not worth talking about, that he had saved many times £30,000 to the Exchequer, and so on. The money, however, in spite of such Jesuitical offers, was kept intact. In 1858, Lord Elgin proposed to Mr. Lay to accompany the Embassy as Chinese secretary. In making the necessary arrangements for his absence from Shanghai, he had to press the attention of the Taoutai to the £30,000 which had been so long left in his hands. The Taoutai pretended to have quite forgotten about it. When it was recalled to his memory, he begged Mr. Lay to consider it his own. This was declined, and at last the Inspector of Customs insisted upon the sum being paid back into the Treasury. The authorities, driven into a corner, now owned that this sum had been merely left in his hands as a bait and temptation to test his probity. "O!" said the Taoutai, "I have had two men watching you and that money for years, by day and by night. It is our custom, but you have shown that your heart is sound, and henceforth you shall be trusted with everything." Mr. Lay could well afford to laugh at such suspicions, and perhaps does not regret that they took their own stupid way of satisfying themselves of his integrity; and, at any rate, his influence amongst the Chinese officials rapidly increased, and they

have never since then evinced any disposition to suspect his good faith or question his judgment. The moral influence acquired over Chinese officials, by constant and familiar intercourse, rendered the Inspector of Customs a valuable assistant to the ambassadors of Europe, assembled at Tientsin, in the framing of their treaties; and the best proof of the Foreign Inspectorate having really won the position that its well-wishers desired—that of being the mediating influence between Chinese and European officials—was proved, when, on their return to Shanghai, Mr. Lay was allowed by the Imperial Commissioners Kweiliang and Hwasana, to frame the tariff attached to the Supplementary Treaties with England, France, and the United States. And Lord Elgin said, in a despatch, No. 225 of 1859, to Earl Malmesbury, "As regards Mr. Lay more especially, I feel it difficult to express, in language sufficiently strong, my sense of the extent to which we are indebted to his tact and moral influence with the Chinese for the success of our negotiations at Tientsin and Shanghai." To this high testimony of the moral influence already acquired by the Foreign Inspectorate in China, Mr. Reed, the American Ambassador, as well as Baron Gros, likewise testified in equally strong terms.

Ho-kweitsing, Governor-General of Keangsoo, one of the most intelligent native officers we have ever seen, received about this time additional powers as Minister of Foreign Affairs; and he immediately consulted Mr. Lay upon the extension of the Inspectorate to the other ports opened to foreign trade, and gave him every facility for doing so, by urging its importance upon his brother officials in the provinces, and upon the consideration of the Treasury in Peking. On the 24th May 1859, Ho-kweitsing appointed Mr. Lay "Inspector-General of all the open ports," under the Great Seal of the Foreign Office. He was to take measures with

the high officers ruling the other provinces—Chekeang, Fokien, and Kwang-tung—for the gradual introduction of a uniform customs system, and the suppression of smuggling. This was the first time, for two centuries, that a foreigner had been allowed to hold an official position in China, and another great and peaceful revolution was thus effected! This step was cordially supported by Lau, Governor-General of the two provinces of Kwang-tung and Kwang-si, as well as by Kingtwan, Governor-General of Fokien and Chekiang provinces. They must have felt that there was a party of progress in the country, and especially at Peking, ready to support them, or they would not have dared to introduce such sweeping reforms. On the 25th October 1859, we find Lau, Governor-General of the two Kwang and a Vice-President of the Board of War, addressing the English Inspector-General.* He says he has been long aware of the vigilance and ability which characterised his administration at Shanghai, and he rejoices at the prospect of a similar reform in the customs of Canton, and feels sure that it must lead to an increase of revenue and a suppression of abuses. He assures Mr. Lay that he has ordered the local authorities of Canton to co-operate faithfully in the proposed reorganisation of the customs. Furthermore, this worthy wrote, in November 1859, to His Imperial Majesty, and graphically describes his difficulties.

"As regards the Canton customs, the revenue has not been flourishing, owing to the unsettledness of foreign affairs, and excessive contraband trade. The waters of Canton are a labyrinth of creeks, the people lawless. There is more smuggling there than in any other port of the Empire, and the difficulties of the preventive service immense—the more so that the dishonest native and foreign merchants combine to defraud the revenue; and the action of our executive

is hampered by the fear of misunderstandings with the foreigner. Your Majesty's servant sees no remedy for arresting this evil but the adoption of a system similar to that in force at Shanghai, under which foreigners are employed for the control of foreigners. Their thorough acquaintance with the language and comprehension of all customs questions, will put collusion out of the power of the dishonest natives, and while our revenue will benefit, we shall avoid causes of quarrel with foreign nations."

"There is, however, in this place," he says, "a very large class of dishonest dealers, ill-conditioned persons, and official hangers-on, who have an interest in smuggling, and these are now making the ways resound with their indignation at the contemplated swoop upon a preserve which, by many years' prescription, they had regarded as their own, and exclaim against the reversion to the public exchequer of funds hitherto flowing into their private purses. They are offering every hindrance, fabricating reports, cavilling in subordination, and even amongst the inferior officials and gentry there are some who side with them assuming that your servant has been imposed upon. Such persons will not comprehend that what has worked so well at Shanghai, is sure to succeed at Canton. It will, however, be for your servant simply to adhere unflinchingly to his opinion, and to aid in directing the necessary arrangements with such care as to render them satisfactory."

We think our readers will say with us, "Well said, Lau-ts'ung-kwang!" and rejoice that the Emperor did subsequently approve his proceedings. The memorial to the throne by the Governor-General of Chekiang and Fokien provinces was nearly to the same effect; and Kingtwan, writing in March 1860, adds that—

"Whereas a customs inspectorate has been established at Shanghai and Canton, there ought to be, for uniformity's sake, a corresponding arrangement at the three open ports within my jurisdiction, i. e., Fuh-chau, Amoy, and Tai-wan in Formosa. As soon as Mr. Lay shall arrive from Canton, your slave will direct

* See page 12 of 'Letters, Notices, &c., from the Imperial Commissioner Ho, and other Chinese Authorities, upon the General Extension of the Foreign Customs Establishment.' Published in Shanghai, 1860.

the necessary arrangements to be made, to the end that contraband trade may be suppressed, the customs revenue increased, and the virtuous influence (well-doers) be encouraged."

Thus the system of a Foreign Customs Inspectorate grew from one stage to another, until, in 1861, it embraced the whole of the open ports, and Mr. Lay appointed the following gentlemen to hold the important posts of Commissioners of Customs. We give their names; Mr. Tudor Davies, late Chief Magistrate of Hong-Kong; Mr. George Fitzroy, late attaché to the British Embassy; Mr. Glover, late United States Vice-Consul; M. Meritens, interpreter to French Mission; Mr. Ward, late United States Secretary of Legation; M. Giquel, late interpreter in French service; Messrs. Kleczkowski, Wilzer, Williams, and Leonard, and others of various European nations; and last, but not least, a very able and promising sinologue, Mr. Hart, who is discharging the duties of Inspector-General during Mr. Lay's temporary absence in England. As many inquiries have been made upon the point, we may add that these Commissioners draw from £1500 to £2000 per annum, and the Inspector-General £4000.

The foreign merchants, as well as their partisans in England, have contracted a notion that the Foreign Inspectorate of Chinese customs is intended simply to enforce regulations and restraints against Europeans. They are wrong. It is far more effectual in restraining the Chinese from infractions of the laws of honesty and of treaties; it is a most potent engine for introducing to the minds of the Chinese governing classes western ideas and practices, political and moral as well as commercial; and a perfect guarantee against any more Chinese wars with Europe. Similar views with respect to an Eastern Power much nearer home, seem to have prompted Sir Henry Bulwer to advocate recently the employment of competent Euro-

peans in the several administrative departments of Turkey. If France and England had taught the Turk to honestly collect his revenue, and develop the commercial resources of his country, as we are doing in China, instead of first teaching them to spend their money in soldiers and ships, contractors might have exclaimed, but the Ottoman Empire would have been in a far sounder condition to-day; and slow as Cathay may be said to be, we hold her progress to be the sounder of the two.

In 1861, the Council of Regency officially recognised the Inspectorate as a department of the State in the following Commission, which is so far curious as being the first addressed to a foreigner in China since the days of Marco Polo:—

"From H. I. H. the PRINCE OF KUNG,
&c. &c., to HORATIO NELSON LAY,
Esq.

(Translation.)

"Whereas the supplementary treaty, and tariff negotiated by England, France, and America, lays down in Article X. that, in order to the protection of the revenue, one system shall be adopted at every port, and that if it seem good to the officer deputed to administer the customs revenue, he shall employ foreigners to assist him, whom he shall procure without foreign recommendation or intervention, &c.; and whereas, it appears that while the Inspector of Customs, Mr. H. N. Lay, has aided in the collection of duties in the Kiang Hai Customs (Shanghai), there has been a satisfactory improvement therein, the Prince seeing that, with the additional number of ports now opened, strenuous exertion will be more than ever required, does now appoint Mr. Lay to aid therein, and to exercise a general surveillance over all things pertaining to the revenue or foreign trade.

"It will be the duty, therefore, of the Inspector-General aforesaid to aid the officers deputed to collect the revenue at the different ports, in accordance with the Treaty; proceeding with fidelity (or zeal); not allowing foreigners to sell goods for Chinese, or the goods of Chinese merchants to be clandestinely included in foreign cargoes,

with a view to the commission of frauds; also to distinguish carefully exports from imports, and to prevent the one being confounded with the other. And whereas it is impossible for the Chinese Government to form an estimate of the merits of the different commissioners and other foreigners engaged in the public service at the ports; the Inspector-General will be responsible for the misconduct (lit. unsatisfactoriness, unsteadiness) of any of these.

"Their salaries will be in proportion to the amount of revenue collected (or collectable) at each port, and will be settled by the customs authorities with the Inspector-General. There must be no excessive expenditure. It will be for the Inspector-General to see what men of what nation will do the duty well, and to charge them with it accordingly. His responsibilities are very serious. Mr. Lay has ever been found a diligent and trustworthy person, and it is for this cause that the Prince appoints him to do this service.

"Having accepted this serious responsibility, the Inspector-General must be just and energetic, enduring in pains. He must not allow the inspectors or the other *employées* to trade; and if there be anything unsatisfactory in their conduct, he must dismiss them.

"The Inspector-General must not disappoint the great confidence the Prince reposes in him.

"A special instruction addressed to the Inspector-General, Mr. Lay. Hien-Fung, 10th year, 12th moon, 11th day (21st January 1861.)"

Thus we have brought our narrative of progress in China to a point where the people, officials, and rulers are shown to be acting in unison, so far as their relations with the foreigner and his wants and necessities are concerned; and there can be no doubt that there is every desire at Peking to act up to their engagements with us, whilst reforming their financial

condition and customs arrangements; and more than that, the Regency, fully cognizant of the miseries under which the people of China are suffering, have recently permitted the provincial authorities to legalise the Emigration of the Chinese people. This act we believe to be fraught with the greatest importance at this critical period, and in itself sufficient, if carefully worked out by European aid and counsel, to contribute largely to the pacification of the Empire. Prince Kung and the Council of the Regency have likewise recognised the inefficient organisation of the executive forces and police of China. For the first time in the history of that self-sufficient and arrogant race, they turn to Europe, and say we are going to avail ourselves of your inventions and your knowledge. They have set aside a portion of the revenue derived from foreign commerce to purchase steam-vessels and have asked for officers and men of Western Europe to teach them how to handle them. They are ready to relieve us of the enormous expense of policing their coasts and waters; and, with our instruction and aid, it will be easy to open up fresh pathways for European commerce, and secure fresh guarantees for progress in civilization. How we think this should be done we will hereafter relate, but space only now admits of our again saying, that China is progressing, and will progress; and it only remains for England to say whether she will assist that Empire in its hour of need, or leave its government to throw themselves into the arms of non-treaty powers and filibusters, to the detriment of our enormous trade, and the prejudice of a promising future.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: SALEM CHAPEL.

CONCLUSION.—CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE next day dawned amid the agitations natural to such a crisis of affairs. Almost before it was daylight, before Susan had awoke, or the young stranger stirred upon her sofa, Miss Smith, troubled and exemplary, had returned to see after her charge. Miss Smith was in a state of much anxiety and discomfort till she had explained to Mrs. Vincent all the strange circumstances in which she found herself; and the widow, who had ventured to rise from Susan's side, and had been noiselessly busy putting the room in order, that her child might see nothing that was not cheerful and orderly when she woke, was not without curiosity to hear, and gladly took this opportunity, before even Arthur was stirring, to understand, if she could, the story which was so connected with that of her children. She ventured to go into the next room with Miss Smith, where she could hear every movement in the ante-chamber. The widow found it hard to understand all the tale. That Mrs. Hilyard was Mildmay's wife, and that it was their child who had sought protection of all the world from Susan Vincent, whom the crimes of her father and mother had driven to the very verge of the grave; was so hard and difficult to comprehend, that all the governess's anxious details of how little Alice first came into her hands, of her mother's motives for concealing her from Colonel Mildmay, even of the ill-fated flight to Lonsdale—which, instead of keeping her safe, had carried the child into her father's very presence—and all the subsequent events which Miss Smith had already confided to the minister, fell but dully upon the ears of Susan's mother. "*Her* daughter—and *his* daughter—and she comes to take refuge with *my* child," said the widow, with a swelling heart. Mrs. Vincent

did not know what secret it was that lay heavy on the soul of the desperate woman who had followed her last night from Grove Street, but somehow, with a female instinct, felt, though she did not understand, that Mrs. Hilyard or Mrs. Mildmay, whatever her name might be, was as guilty in respect to Susan as was her guilty husband—the man who had stolen like a serpent into the Lonsdale cottage and won the poor girl's simple heart. Full of curiosity as she was, the widow's thoughts wandered off from Miss Smith's narrative; her heart swelled within her with an innocent triumph; the good had overcome the evil. This child, over whom its father and mother had fought with so deadly a struggle, had flown for protection to Susan, whom that father and mother had done their utmost to ruin and destroy. They had not succeeded, thank God! Through the desert and the lions the widow's Una had come victorious, stretching her tender virgin shield over this poor child of passion and sorrow. While Miss Smith mandered through the entire history, starting from the time when Miss Russell married Colonel Mildmay, the widow's mind was entirely occupied with this wonderful victory of innocence over wickedness. She forgot the passionate despair of the mother whose child did not recognise her. She began immediately to contrive, with unguarded generosity, how Susan and she, when they left Carlingford, should carry the stranger along with them, and nurse her clouded mind into full development. Mrs. Vincent's trials had not yet taught her any practical lessons of worldly wisdom. Her heart was still as open as when, unthinking of evil, she admitted the false Mr. Fordham into her cottage, and made a beginning of all the

misery which seemed now, to her sanguine heart, to be passing away. She went back to Susan's room full of this plan—full of tender thoughts towards the girl who had chosen Susan for her protector, and of pride and joy still more tender in her own child, who had overcome evil. It was, perhaps, the sweetest solace which could have been offered, after all her troubles, to the minister's mother. It was at once a vindication of the hard "dealings" of Providence, and of that strength of innocence and purity, in which the little woman believed with all her heart.

The minister himself was much less agreeably moved when he found the governess in possession of his sitting-room. Anything more utterly vexatious could hardly have occurred to Vincent than to find this troubled good woman, herself much embarrassed and disturbed by her own position, seated at his breakfast-table on this eventful morning. Miss Smith was as primly uncomfortable as it was natural for an elderly single woman, still unconscious of the fact that she was unmarried, to be, in an absolute *tête-à-tête* with a young man. She, poor lady, was as near blushing as her grey and composed non-complexion would permit. She moved uneasily in her seat, and made tremulous explanations, as Vincent, who was too young and inexperienced to be absolutely uncourteous, took his place opposite to her. "I am sure I feel quite an intruder," said poor Miss Smith; "but your mother, Mr. Vincent, and little Alice—and indeed I did not know I was to be left here alone. It must seem so odd to you to find a lady—dear, dear me! I feel I am quite in the way," said the embarrassed governess; "but Mrs. Mildmay will be here presently. I know she will be here directly. I am sure she would have come with me had she known. But she sat up half the night hearing what I had to tell her, and dropped asleep just in the morning. She is wonderfully

changed, Mr. Vincent—very, very much changed. She is so nervous—a thing I never could have looked for. I suppose, after all, married ladies, however much they may object to their husbands, can't help feeling a little when anything happens," continued Miss Smith, primly; "and there is something so dreadful in such an accident. How do you think it can have happened? Could it be his groom, or who could it be? but I understand he is getting better now?"

"Yea, I believe so," said Vincent.

"I am so glad," said Miss Smith, "not that if it had been the will of Providence—I would make the tea for you, Mr. Vincent, if you would not think it odd, and I am sure Mrs. Mildmay will be here directly. They were in a great commotion at Grange Lane. Just now, you know, there is an excitement. Though she is not a young girl, to be sure it is always natural. But for that I am sure they would all have come this morning; but perhaps Mr. Fordham—"

"Not any tea, thank you. If you have breakfasted, I will have the things removed. I have only one sitting-room, you perceive," said the minister, rather bitterly. He could not be positively uncivil—his heart was too young and fresh to be rude to any woman; but he rang the bell with a little unnecessary sharpness when Miss Smith protested that she had breakfasted long before. Her words excited him with a touch beyond telling. He could not, would not ask what was the cause of the commotion in Grange Lane; but he walked to the window to collect himself while the little maid cleared the table, and throwing it open, looked out with the heart beating loud in his breast. Were these the bells of St. Roque's chiming into the ruddy sunny air with a confused jangle of joy? It was a saint's day, no doubt—a festival which the perpetual curate took delight in proclaiming his observance of; or—if it might

happen to be anything else, what was that to the minister of Salem, who had so many other things on his mind? As he looked out a cab drove rapidly up to the door—a cab from which he saw emerge Mrs. Hilyard and another figure, which he recognised with a start of resentment. What possible right had this man to intrude upon him in this moment of fate? The minister left the window hastily, and stationed himself with a gloomy countenance on the hearthrug. He might be impatient of the women; but Fordham, inexcusable as his intrusion was, had to be met face to face. With a flash of sudden recollection, he recalled all his previous intercourse with the stranger whose name was so bitterly interwoven with the history of the last six months. What had he ever done to wake so sharp a pang of dislike and injury in Vincent's mind? It was not for Susan's sake that her brother's heart closed and his countenance clouded against the man whose name had wrought her so much sorrow. Vincent had arrived at such a climax of personal existence that Susan had but a dim and secondary place in his thoughts. He was absorbed in his own troubles and plans and miseries. On the eve of striking out for himself into that bitter and unknown life in which his inexperienced imagination rejected the thought of any solace yet remaining, what malicious influence brought this man here?

They came in together into the room. "Mrs. Mildmay and Mr. Fordham"—not Mrs. Hilyard: that was over; and, pre-occupied as the minister was, he could not but perceive the sudden change which had come over the Back Grove Street needlewoman. Perhaps her despair had lasted as long as was possible for such an impatient spirit. She came in with the firm, steady step which he had observed long ago, before she had begun to tremble at his eye. Another new stage had commenced in her strange life.

She went up to him without any hesitation, clear and decisive as of old.

"I am going away," she said, holding out her hand to him, "and so I presume are you, Mr. Vincent. I have come to explain everything and see your mother. Let me see your mother. Mr. Fordham has come with me to explain to you. They think in Grange Lane that it is only a man who can speak to a man," she went on, with the old movement of her thin lips; "and that now I have come to life again, I must not manage my own affairs. I am going back to society and the world, Mr. Vincent. I do not know where you are going, but here is somebody come to answer for me. Do they accept bail in a court of honour? or will you still hold a woman to her parole? for it must be settled now."

"Why must it be settled now?" said Vincent. He had dropped her hand and turned away from her with a certain repugnance. She had lost her power over him. At that moment the idea of being cruel, tyrannical to somebody—using his power harshly, balancing the pain in his own heart by inflicting pain on another—was not unagreeable to the minister's excited mind. He could have steeled himself just then to bring down upon her all the horrible penalties of the law. "Why must it be settled?" he repeated; "why must you leave Carlingford? I will not permit it." He spoke to her, but he looked at Fordham. The stranger was wrapped in a large overcoat which concealed all his dress. What was his dress, or his aspect, or the restrained brightness in his eyes to the minister of Salem? But Vincent watched him narrowly with a jealous inspection. In Fordham's whole appearance there was the air of a man to whom something was about to happen, which aggravated to the fever-point the dislike and opposition in Vincent's heart.

"I will be answerable for Mrs. Mildmay," said Fordham, with an

evident response on his side to that opposition and dislike. Then he paused, evidently perceiving the necessity of conciliation. "Mr. Vincent," he continued, with some earnestness, "we all understand and regret deeply the inconvenience—I mean the suffering—that is to say, the injury and misery which these late occurrences must have caused you. I know how well—that is, how generously, how nobly—you have behaved—"

Here Mr. Fordham came to a pause in some confusion. To express calm acknowledgments to a man for his conduct in a matter which has been to him one of unmitigated disaster and calamity, requires an amount of composure which few people possess when at the height of personal happiness. The minister drew back, and with a slight bow, and a restraint which was very natural and not unbecoming in his circumstances, looked on at the confusion of the speaker without any attempt to relieve it. He had offered seats to his visitors, but he himself stood on the hearth-rug, dark and silent, giving no assistance in the explanation. He had not invited the explanation—it must be managed now as the others might, without any help from him.

"I have seen Colonel Mildmay," continued Mr. Fordham, after a confused pause. "If it can be any atonement to you to know how much he regrets all that has happened, so far as your family is concerned—how fully he exonerates Miss Vincent, who was all along deceived, and who would not have remained a moment with him had she not been forcibly detained. Mildmay declares she met with nothing but respect at his hands," continued the embarrassed advocate, lowering his voice; "he says—"

"Enough has been said on the subject," said Vincent, restraining himself with a violent effort.

"Yes—I beg your pardon, it is quite true—enough has been said," cried Fordham, with an appearance

of relief. Here, at least, was one part of his difficult mediation over. "Mildmay will not," he resumed, after a pause, "tell me or any one else who it was that gave him his wound—that is a secret, he says, between him and his God and another. Whoever that other may be," continued Fordham, with a quick look towards Mrs. Mildmay, "he is conscious of having wronged—him—and will take no steps against—him. This culprit, it appears, must be permitted to escape—you think so?—worse evils might be involved if we were to demand—his—punishment. Mr. Vincent, I beg you to take this into consideration. It could be no advantage to you; the innocent shall not suffer—but—the criminal—must be permitted to escape."

"I do not see the necessity," said Vincent, between his teeth.

"No, no," said Mrs. Mildmay suddenly. "Escape! who believes in escape? Mr. Vincent knows better. Hush, you are a happy man just now—you are not qualified to judge; but we know better. Escape!—he means from prisons, and such like," she continued, turning to Vincent with a half-disdainful wave of her hand towards her companion. "But you know, and so do I, that there is no escape—not in this world. I know nothing about the next," said the strange woman, curbing once more the flush of excitement which had overpowered her as she spoke—"nothing; neither do you, though you are a priest. But there is enough of retribution here. The criminal—Mr. Vincent—you know—will not escape."

She spoke these last words panting, with pauses between, for breath. She was afraid of him again; his blankness, his passive opposition, drove her out of her composure. She put her hands together under her shawl with a certain dumb entreaty, and fixed upon him her eager eyes. They were a strange group altogether. Miss Smith, who had still lingered at the door, notwithstanding Mrs. Mildmay's im-

perative gesture of dismissal—out of hearing, but not out of sight—suffered some little sound to escape her at this critical moment; and when her patroness turned round upon her with those dreadful eyes, fled with precipitation, taking refuge in Mrs. Vincent's room. The table, still covered with its white cloth, stood between that dismayed spectator before she disappeared finally, and the little company who were engaged in this silent conflict. Beside it sat Mrs. Mildmay, with a renewed panic of fear rising in her face. Fordham, considerably disturbed, and not knowing what to say, stood near her buttoning and unbuttoning his overcoat with impatient fingers, anxious to help her, but still more anxious to be gone. The minister stood facing them all, with compressed lips, and eyes which looked at nobody. He was wrapt in a silent dumb resistance to all entreaties and arguments, watching Fordham's gestures, Fordham's looks, with a jealous but secret suspicion. His heart was cruel in its bitterness. He for whom Providence had no joys in store, to whom the light was fading which made life sweet, was for this moment superior to the happy man who stood embarrassed and impatient before him; and generous as his real nature was, it was not in him, in this moment of darkness, to let the opportunity go.

"The innocent have suffered already," said Vincent, "all but madness, all but death. Why should the criminal escape?—go back into society, the society of good people, perhaps strike some one else more effectually? Why should I betray justice, and let the criminal escape? My sister's honour and safety are mine, and shall be guarded, whoever suffers. I will not permit her to go."

"But I offer to be answerable for her appearance," said Fordham, hastily. "I undertake to produce her if need be. You know me. I am a—*a* relation of the family. I am a man sufficiently known to satisfy

any magistrate. You have no legal right to detain her. What would you have more? Is not my guarantee enough for you?"

"No," said Vincent, slowly. The two men stood defiant opposite to each other, contending for this woman, whom neither of them looked at, for whom neither of them cared. She, in the mean time, sat still in an agony of suspense and concealed anguish, with her eyes fixed on Vincent's face. She knew very well it was not of her that either of the two was thinking; yet it was her fate, perhaps her very life, which hung trembling in the balance. A smothered sighing sob came from her breast. She was silenced for the first time in her life. She had escaped her crime; but all its material consequences, shame and punishment, still hung over her head. After God himself had freed her from the guilt of blood—after the injured man himself had forgiven her—when all was clear for her escape into another life—was this an indignant angel, with flaming sword and averted face, that barred the way of the fugitive? Beyond him, virtue and goodness, and all the fruits of repentance, shone before the eyes which had up to this time seen but little attraction in them—all so sweet, so easy, so certain, if but she were free. Her worn heart sighed to get forth into that way of peace. She could have fallen on her knees before the stern judge who kept her back, and held over her head the cloud of her own ill-doings, but dared not, in her paroxysm of fear and half-despair. A groaning, sighing sob, interrupted and broken, came from her exhausted breast. Just as she had recovered herself—as she had escaped—as remorse and misery had driven her to yearn after a better life, to be cast down again into this abyss of guilt and punishment! She trembled violently as she clasped her poor hands under her shawl. Composure and self-restraint were impossible in this terrible suspense.

Her cry went to Fordham's heart; and, besides, he was in desperate haste, and could afford to sink his pride, and make an appeal for once. He made a step forward, and put out his hand with an entreating gesture. "Do you hear her?" he cried, suddenly. "You have had much to bear yourself; have pity on *her*. Let her off—leave her to God. She has been ill, and will die if you have no mercy. You who are a minister——"

In his energy his overcoat fell back for a moment; underneath he was in full dress, which showed strangely in that grey spring morning. Vincent turned round upon him with a smile. The young man's face was utterly pale, white to the lips. The bells were jangling joy in his ears. He was not master of himself. "We detain you, Mr. Fordham; you have other affairs in hand," he said. "I am a minister only—a Dissenting minister—unworthy to have such an intercessor pleading with me; but you, at least," cried poor Vincent, with an attempt at sarcasm, "do not want my pity; there is nothing between us that requires explanation. I will arrange with Mrs. Mildmay alone." He turned away and went to the window when he had spoken. There he stood, with his back to them, listening to the bells of St. Roque's, as they came and went in irregular breaks upon the wind. His heart was bursting with wild throbs of bitterness and despair; it was all he could do to keep the tumult down, and contain himself in that flush of passion. He turned away from them, and stood gazing out at that tedious window into the blank world. What did it matter? Let her escape if she would—let things go as they might; nothing was of any further importance—certainly on earth—perhaps even in heaven.

"I will go away—I can do you no good—I should only lose my temper; and time passes," said Mr. Fordham, with a flush of resentment on his face, as he turned to

the anxious woman behind him. What could he do? He could not quarrel with this angry man in his own house on such a day. He could not keep happier matters waiting. He would not risk the losing of his temper and his time at this moment of all others. He went away with a sensation of defeat, which for half an hour materially mitigated his happiness. But he *was* happy, and the happy are indulgent judges both of their own conduct and of others. As for the minister, he was roused again when he saw his rival jump into the cab at the door, and drive off alone down the street, which was lively with the early stir of day. The sun had just broken through the morning clouds, and it was into a ruddy perspective of light that the stranger disappeared as he went off towards Grange Lane. Strange contrast of fate! While Fordham hastened down into the sunshine to all the joy that awaited him there, Tozer, a homely, matter-of-fact figure in the ruddy light, was crossing the street towards the minister's door. Vincent went away from the window again, with pangs of an impatience and intolerance of his own lot which no strength of mind could subdue. All the gleams of impossible joy which had lighted his path in Carlingford had now gone out, and left him in darkness; and here came back, in undisturbed possession, all the meaner circumstances of his individual destiny. Salem alone remained to him out of the wreck of his dreams, except when he turned back and discovered *her*—the one tragic thread in the petty history—this woman whose future life for good or for evil he held in his avenging hands.

Mrs. Mildmay was still seated by the table. She had regained command of herself. She looked up to him with gleaming eyes when he approached her. "Mr. Vincent, I keep my parole—I am waiting your pleasure," she said, never removing her eyes from his face. It was at this moment that Mrs. Vincent, who

had from the window of Susan's chamber seen the cab arrive and go away, with some curiosity, came into the room. The widow wanted to know who her son's visitors were, and what had brought them. She came in with a little eagerness, but was brought to a sudden standstill by the appearance of Mrs. Mildmay. Why was this woman here? what had she to do with the minister? Mrs. Vincent put on her little air of simple dignity. She said, "I beg your pardon; I did not know my son was engaged," with a curtsy of disapproving politeness to the unwelcome visitor. With a troubled look at Arthur, who looked excited and gloomy enough to justify any uncomfortable imaginations about him, his mother turned away somewhat reluctantly. She did not feel that it was quite right to leave him exposed to the wiles of this "designing woman;" but the widow's own dignity was partly at stake. All along she had disapproved of this strange friendship, and she could not countenance it now.

"Your mother is going away," said Mrs. Mildmay, with a restrained outcry of despair: "is no one to be permitted to mediate between us? You are a man and cruel; you are in trouble, and you think you will avenge yourself. No, no—I don't mean what I say. Your son is a—a true knight, Mrs. Vincent; I told you so before. He will never be hard upon a woman: if I had not known that, why should I have trusted him? I came back, as he knows, of my own will. Don't go away; I am willing you should know—the whole," said the excited woman, with a sudden pause, turning upon Vincent, her face blanching into deadly whiteness—"the whole—I consent; let her be the judge. Women are more cruel than men; but I saved her daughter—I am willing that she should hear it all."

She sat down again on the seat from which she had risen. A certain comfort and relief stole over her face. She was appealing to the

general heart of humanity against this one man who knew her secret. It might be hard to hear the story of her own sin—but it was harder to be under that stifling sway of one who knew it, and who had it in his power to denounce her. She ceased to tremble as she looked at the widow's troubled face. It was a new tribunal before which she stood; perhaps here her provocations might be acknowledged—her soul acquitted of the burden from which it could never escape. As the slow moments passed on, and the minister did not speak, she grew impatient of the silence. "Tell her," she said faintly—it was a new hope which thus awoke in her heart.

But while Mrs. Mildmay sat waiting, and while the widow drew near, not without some judicial state in the poise of her little figure, to hear the explanation which she felt she was entitled to, Tozer's honest troubled face looked in at the door. It put a climax upon the confusion of the morning. The good butterman looked on in some surprise at this strange assemblage, recognising dimly the haze of an excitement of which he knew nothing. He was acquainted, to some extent, with the needlewoman of Back Grove Street. He had gone to call on her once at the solicitation of the anxious Brown, who had charge of her district but did not feel himself competent to deal with the spiritual necessities of such a penitent; and Tozer remembered well that her state of mind had not been satisfactory—"not what was to be looked for in a person as had the means of grace close at hand, and attended regular at Salem." He thought she must have come at this unlucky moment to get assistance of some kind from the minister—"as if he had not troubles enough of his own," Tozer said to himself; but the deacon was not disposed to let his pastor be victimised in any such fashion. This, at least, was a matter in which he felt fully entitled to interfere.

"Good mornin', ma'am," said the worthy buttermilk; "good mornin', Mr. Vincent—it's cold, but it's seasonable for the time of year. What I wanted was a word or two with the pastor, ma'am, if he's disengaged. It ain't what I approve," continued Tozer, fixing his eyes with some sternness upon the visitor, "to take up the minister's time in the morning when he has the work of a flock on his hands. My business, being such as can't wait, is different; but them as are in want of assistance, one way or another, which is a thing as belongs to the deacons, have no excuse, not as I can see, for disturbing the pastor. It ain't a thing as I would put up with," continued Tozer, with increasing severity; "the charities of the flock ain't in Mr. Vincent's hands; it's a swindling of his time to come in upon him of a morning if there ain't a good reason; and, as far as I am concerned, it would be enough to shut my heart up again' giving help—that's how it would work on me."

Mrs. Mildmay was entirely inattentive to the first few words of this address, but the pointed application given by the speaker's eyes called her attention presently. She gazed at him, as he proceeded, with a gradual lightening of her worn and anxious face. While Mrs. Vincent did all she could, with anxious looks and little deprecatory gestures, to stop the buttermilk, the countenance of her visitor cleared by one of those strange sudden changes which the minister had noticed so often. Her lips relaxed, her eyes gleamed with a sudden flash of amusement. Then she glanced around, seeing with quick observation not only the absurdity of Tozer's mistake, but the infallible effect it had in changing the aspect of affairs. The minister had turned away, not without a grim, impatient smile at the corner of his mouth. The minister's mother, shocked in all her gentle politeness, was eagerly watching her opportunity to break

in and set the perplexed deacon right. The culprit, who had been on her trial a moment before, drew a long breath of utter relief. Now she had escaped—the crisis was over. Her quick spirit rose with a sense of triumph—a sensation of amusement. She entered eagerly into it, leaning forward with eyes that shone and gleamed upon her accuser, and a mock solemnity of attention which only her desperate strain of mind and faculties could have enabled her to assume so quickly. When the buttermilk came to a pause, Mrs. Vincent rushed in breathlessly to the rescue.

"Mr. Tozer—Mr. Tozer! this lady is—a—a friend of ours," cried the minister's mother, with looks that were much more eloquent of her distress and horror than any words. She had no time to say more, when the aggrieved individual herself broke in—

"Mr. Tozer knows I have been one of the flock since ever Mr. Vincent came," said the strange woman. "I have gone to all the meetings, and listened faithfully to the pastor every time he has preached; and would you judge me unworthy of relief because I once came to see him in a morning? That is hard laws; but the minister will speak for me. The minister knows me," she went on, turning to Vincent, "and he and his mother have been very charitable to a poor woman, Mr. Tozer. You will not exclude me from the Salem charities for this one offence? Remember that I am a member of the flock."

"Not a church-member as I know," said the sturdy deacon—"not meaning no offence, if I've made a mistake—one sitting, as far as I remember; but a—lady—as is a friend of Mrs. Vincent's—"

Here Tozer paused, abashed but suspicious, not disposed to make any further apology. That moment was enough to drive this lighter interlude from the vigilant soul which, in all its moods, watched what was going on with a quick

apprehension of the opportunities of the moment. All her perceptions, quickened as they were by anxiety and fear, were bent on discovering an outlet for her escape, and she saw her chance now. She got up wearily, leaning on the table, as indeed she needed to lean, and looked into Mrs. Vincent's face: "May I see my child?" she said, in a voice that went to the heart of the widow. The minister's mother could not resist this appeal. She saw the trembling in her limbs, the anxiety in her eye. "Arthur, I will see to

Mrs. Mildmay. Mr. Tozer has something to say to you, and we must not occupy your time," said the tender little woman, in whose gentle presence there was protection and shelter even for the passionate spirit beside her. Thus the two went away together. If there had ever been any revengeful intention in Vincent's mind, it had disappeared by this time. He too breathed deep with relief. The criminal had escaped, at least out of his hands. He was no longer compelled to take upon himself the office of an avenger.

CHAPTER XL.

"I hope, sir, as I haven't said anything as gives offence—it was far from my meaning," said Tozer; "not as the—person—is a church-member, being only a seatholder for one sittin', as is down in the books. I wouldn't have come over, not so early, Mr. Vincent, if it wasn't as I was wishful to try if you'd listen to reason about the meetin' as is appointed to be to-night. It ain't no interest of mine, not so far as money goes, nor nothing of that kind. It's you as I'm a-thinking of. I don't mind standing the expense out of my own pocket, if so be as you'd give in to make it a tea-meetin'. I don't know as you'd need to do nothing but take the chair and make yourself agreeable. Me and Brown and the women would manage the rest. It would be a pleasant surprise, that's what it would be," said the good betterman; "and Phoebe and some more would go down directly to make ready: and I don't doubt as there's cakes and buns enough in Carlingford, Mr. Vincent, sir, if you'd but bend your mind to it and consent."

"I am going out," said Vincent; "I have—something to do; don't detain me, Tozer. I must have this morning to myself."

"I'll walk with you, sir, if I ain't in the way," said the deacon, accom-

panying the young man's restless steps down stairs. "They tell me Miss is a deal better, and all things is going on well. I wouldn't be meddlesome, Mr. Vincent, not of my own will; but when matters is settling, sir, if you'd but hear reason! There can't nothing but harm come of more explanations. I never had no confidence in explanations, for my part; but pleasant looks and the urns a-smoking, and a bit of green on the wall, as Phoebe and the rest could put up in no time! and just a speech as was agreeable to wind up with—a bit of an anecdote, or poetry about friends as is better friends after they've spoke their minds and had it out—that's the thing as would settle Salem, Mr. Vincent. I don't speak, not to bother you, sir, but for your good. There ain't no difficulty in it; it's easier a deal than being serious and opening up all things over again; and as for them as would like to dictate——"

"I am not thinking of Salem," said the minister; "I have many other things to distract me; for heaven's sake, if you have any pity, leave me alone to-day."

"But you'll give in to make it a tea-meetin'?" said the anxious betterman, pausing at his own door.

Tozer did not make out the minister's reply. It is difficult to distin-

guish between a nod and a shake of the head, under some circumstances—and Vincent did not pause to give an articulate answer, but left his champion to his own devices. It seemed to Vincent to be a long time since Fordham left his house—and he was possessed with a fever of impatience to see for himself what was being transacted down yonder in the sunshine, where the spire of St. Roque's appeared in the distance through the ruddy morning haze. The bells had ceased, and all was quiet enough in Grange Lane. Quite quiet—a few ordinary passengers in the tranquil road, nursemaids and children—and the calm green doors closing in the concealed houses, as if no passion or agitation could penetrate them. The door of Lady Western's garden was ajar. The minister crossed over and looked in with a wistful, despairing hope of seeing something that would contradict his conclusion. The house was basking in the spring sunshine—the door open, some of the windows open, eager servants hovering about, an air of expectation over all. With eyes full of memories, the minister looked in at the half-open door, which one time and another had been to him the gate of paradise. Within, where the red geraniums and verbenas had once brightened all the borders, were pale crocuses and flowers of early spring—the limes were beginning to bud, the daisies to grow among the grass. The winter was over in that sheltered and sunny place; Nature herself stood sweet within the protecting walls, and gathered all the tenderest sweets of spring to greet the bride in the new beginning of her life. It was but a glance, but the spectator, in the bitterness of his heart, did not lose a single tint or line; and just then the joy-bells burst out once more from St. Roque's. Poor Vincent drew back from the door as the sudden sound stung him to the heart. Nothing had any pity for him—all the world, and every voice and breath therein, sided with

the others in their joy. He went on blindly, without thinking where he was going, with a kind of dull, stubborn determination in his heart, not to turn back in his wretchedness even from the sight of the happy procession which he knew must be advancing to meet him. A pang more or less, what did it matter? And for the last time he would look on Her who was nothing in the world to him now—who never could have been anything—yet who had somehow shed such streams of light upon the poor minister's humble path, as no reality in all his life had ever shed before. He paused on the edge of the road as he saw the carriage coming. It was one of those moments when a man's entire life becomes apparent to him in long perspective of past and future, he himself and all the world standing still between. The bells rang on his heart, with echoes from the wheels and the horses' feet coming up in superb pride and triumph. Heaven and earth were glad for her in her joy. He, in his great trouble, stood dark in the sunshine and looked on.

It was only a moment, and no more. He would have seen nothing but the white mist of the veil which surrounded her, had not she in her loveliness and kindness perceived him, and bent forward in the carriage with a little motion of her hand calling the attention of her unseen bridegroom to that figure on the way. At sight of that movement, the unhappy young man started with an intolerable pang, and went on heedless where he was going. He could not control the momentary passion. She had never harmed him—never meant to dazzle him with her beauty, or trifle with his love, or break his heart. It was kind as the sunshine, this sweet bridal face leaning out with that momentary glance of recognition. She would have given him her kindest hand, her sweet smile as of old had they met more closely—no moroseful consciousness was in her eyes; but neither the bells, nor

flowers, nor the sunshine, went with such a pang to poor Vincent's heart as did that look of kindness. It was all unreal then—no foundation at all in it? not enough to call a passing colour to her cheek, or to dim her sweet eyes on her bridal day? He went down the long road in the insensibility of passion—seeing nothing, caring for nothing—stung to the heart. No look of triumph, no female dart of conscious cruelty could have given the poor minister so bitter a wound. All her treasured looks and smiles—the touch of her hand—her words of which he had scarcely forgotten one—did they mean nothing after all! nothing but kindness? He had laid his heart at her feet; if she had trodden on it he could have forgiven her; but she only went on smiling, and never saw the treasure in her way. And this was the end. The unfortunate young man could not give way to any outbreak of

the passion that consumed him; he could but go on hotly—on past St. Roque's, where flowers still lay in the porch, and the open doors invited strangers, to the silent country, where the fields lay fallow under the touch of spring! Spring! everlasting mockery of human trouble! Here were the hedgerows stirring, the secret grain beginning to throb conscious in the old furrows; but life itself standing still—coming to a sudden end in this heart which filled the young man's entire frame with pulsations of anguish. All his existence had flowed towards this day, and took its termination here. His love—heaven help him! he had but one heart, and had thrown it away; his work—that too was to come to nothing, and be ended; all his traditions, all his hopes, were they to be buried in one grave? and what was to become after of the posthumous and nameless life!

CHAPTER XL.

When the minister fully came to himself, it was after a long rapid walk of many miles through the silent fields and hazy country. There the clouds cleared off from him in the quietness. When he began to see clearly he turned back towards Carlingford. Nothing now stood between him and the crisis which henceforward must determine his personal affairs. He turned in the long country road, which he had been pursuing eagerly without knowing what he was doing, and gazed back towards the distant roofs. His heart ached and throbbed with the pangs that were past. He had a consciousness that it stirred within his breast, still smarting and thrilling with that violent access of agony—but the climax was over. The strong pulsations fell into dull beats of indefinite pain. Now for the other world—the neutral-coloured life. Vincent did not very well know which road he had taken, for he had not been

thinking of where he was going; but it roused him a little to perceive that his homeward way brought him through Grove Street, and past Siloam Cottage, where Mr. Tufton lived.

Mrs. Tufton was at the window, behind the great geranium, when the minister came in sight. When she saw him she tapped upon the pane and beckoned him to go in. He obeyed the summons, almost without impatience, in the languor of his mind. He went in to find them all by the fire, just as they had been when he came first to Carlingford. The old minister, in his arm-chair, holding out his flabby white hand to his dear young brother; the invalid daughter still knitting, with cold blue eyes, always vigilant and alert, investigating everything. It was a mild day, and Mrs. Tufton herself had shifted her seat to the window, where she had been reading aloud as usual the 'Carlingford Gazette.'

The motionless warm air of the little parlour, the prints of the brethren on the walls, the attitudes of the living inhabitants, were all unchanged from the time when the young minister of Salem paid his first visit, and chafed at Mr. Tufton's advice, and heard with a secret shiver the prophecy of Adelaide, that "they would kill him in six months." He took the same chair, again making a little commotion among the furniture, which the size of the room made it difficult to displace. It was with a bewildering sensation that he sat down in that unchangeable house. Had time really gone on through all these passions and pains, of which he was conscious in his heart? or had it stood still, and were they only dreams? Adelaide Tufton, immovable in her padded chair, with pale blue eyes that searched through everything, had surely never once altered her position, but had knitted away the days with a mystic thread like one of the Fates. Even the geranium did not seem to have gained or shed a single leaf.

"I have just been reading in the 'Gazette' the report of last night's meeting," said good Mrs. Tufton. "Oh, Mr. Vincent, I was so glad—your dear mother herself, if she had been there, could not have been happier than I was. I hope she has seen the 'Gazette' this morning. You young men always like the 'Times'; but they never put in anything that is interesting to me in the 'Times.' Perhaps, if she has not seen it, you will put the paper in your pocket. Indeed, it made me as happy as if you had been my own son. I always say that is very much how Mr. Tufton and I feel for you."

"Yes, it went off very well," said the old minister. "My dear young brother, it all depends on whether you have friends that know how to deal with a flock; nothing can teach you that but experience. I am sorry I dare not go out again to-night—it cost me my night's rest

last night, as Mrs. Tufton will tell you; but that is nothing in consideration of duty. Never think of ease to yourself, my dear young friend, when you can serve a brother; it has always been my rule through life——"

"Mr. Vincent understands all that," said Adelaide; "that will do, papa—we know. Tell me about Lady Western's marriage, Mr. Vincent. I daresay you were invited, as she was such a friend of yours. It must have made an awkwardness between you when she turned out to be Colonel Mildmay's sister; but, to be sure, those things don't matter among people in high life. It was delightful that she should marry her old love after, all, don't you think? Poor Sir Joseph would have left a different will if he had known. Parted for ten years and coming together again! it is like a story in a book——"

"I do not know the circumstances," said poor Vincent. He turned to Mr. Tufton with a vain hope of escaping. "I shall have to bid you good-bye shortly," said the minister; "though it was very good of the Salem people not to dismiss me, I prefer——"

"You mean to go away?" said Adelaide; "that will be a wonderful piece of news in the connection; but I don't think you will go away; there will be a deputation, and they will give you a piece of plate, and you will remain—you will not be able to resist. Papa never was a preacher to speak of," continued the dauntless invalid, "but they gave him a purse and a testimonial when he retired; and you are soft-hearted, and they will get the better of you——"

"Adelaide!" said Mrs. Tufton, "Mr. Vincent will think you out of your senses: indeed, Mr. Vincent, she does not mind what she says; and she has had so much ill-health, poor child, that both her papa and I have given in to her too much; but as for my husband's preaching, it is well known he could have had

many other charges if his duty had not called him to stay at Salem; invitations used to come——”

“Oh, stuff!” said the irreverent Adelaide—“as if Mr. Vincent did not know. But I will tell you about Lady Western—that is the romance of the day. Mr. Fordham was very poor, you know, when they first saw each other—only a poor barrister—and the friends interfered. Friends always interfere,” said the sick woman, fixing her pale eyes on Vincent’s face as she went on with her knitting; “and they married her to old Sir Joseph Western; and so, after a while, she became the young dowager. She must have been very pretty then—she is beautiful now; but I would not have married a widow, had I been Mr. Fordham, after I came into my fortune. His elder brother died, you know. I would not have married her, however lovely she had been. Mr. Vincent, would you?”

“Adelaide!” cried Mrs. Tufton, again in dismay. The poor minister thrust back his chair from the table, and came roughly against the stand of the great geranium, which had to be adjusted, and covered his retreat. He glanced at his conscious tormentor with the contemptuous rage and aggravation which men sometimes feel towards a weak creature who insults them with impunity. But she did not show any pleasurable consciousness of her triumph; she kept knitting on, looking at him with her pale blue eyes. There was something in that loveless eagerness of curiosity which appalled Vincent. He got up hastily to his feet, and said he had something to do and must go away.

“Good-bye, my dear brother,” said Mr. Tufton, slowly shaking the young minister’s hand; “you will be judicious to-night? The flock have stood by you, and been indulgent to your inexperience. They see you never meant to hurt any of their feelings. It is what I always trained my dear people to be—considerate to the young preachers.

Take my advice, my beloved young brother, and dear Tozer’s advice. We do all we can for you here, and dear Tozer is a tower of strength. And you have our prayers; we are but a little assembly—I and my dear partner in life and our afflicted child—but two or three, you-know—and we never forget you at the throne of grace.”

With this parting blessing Vincent hastened away. Poor little Mrs. Tufton had added some little effusion of motherly kindness which he did not listen to. He came away with a strange impression on his mind of that knitting woman, pale and curious, in her padded chair. Adelaide Tufton was not old—not a great many years older than himself. To him, with the life beating so strong in his veins, the sight of that life in death was strange, almost awful. The despair, the anguish, the vivid uncertainty and reality of his own existence, appeared to him in wonderful relief against that motionless background. If he came back here ten years hence, he might still find as now the old man by the fire, the pale woman knitting in her chair, as they had been for these six months which had brought to the young minister a greater crowd of events than all his previous years. When he thought of that helpless woman, with her lively thoughts and curious eyes, always busy and speculating about the life from which she was utterly shut out, a strange sensation of thankfulness stole over the young man; though he was miserable, he was alive. Between him and the lovely figure on which his heart had dwelt too long, rose up now this other figure which was not lovely. He grew stronger as he went home along the streets in the changed light of the afternoon. Siloam Cottage interposed between him and that ineffable moment at the bridal doors; presently Salem too would interpose, and all the difficulties and troubles of his career. He had taken up life again, after

that pause when the sun and the moon stood still and the battle raged. Now it was all over, and the world's course had begun anew.

Mrs. Vincent was looking out for him when he reached his own door. He could see her disappear from the window above, where she had been standing watching. She came to meet him as he went up to the sitting-room. There was nobody now in that room, where the widow had been making everything smile for her son. The table was spread; the fire bright; the lamp ready to be lighted on the table. Mrs. Vincent had been alarmed by Arthur's long absence, but she did not say so. She only made haste to tell him that Susan was so much better, and that the doctor was in such high spirits about her. "After we come back from the meeting you are to go in and sit with your sister for an hour, my dear boy," said his mother. "Till that was over, we knew your mind would be occupied, and Susan would like to see you. Oh, Arthur! it will make you happy only to look at her. She remembers everything now; she has asked me even all about the flock, and cried with joy to hear how things had gone off last night—not for joy only," said the truthful widow, "with indignation, too, that you ever should have been doubted—for Susan thinks there is nobody like her brother; but, my dear, we ought to be very thankful that things have happened so well. Everybody must learn to put up with a little injustice in this world, particularly the pastor of a flock. If you will go and get ready for dinner, Arthur," said Mrs. Vincent, "I will light the lamp. I have taken it into my own hands, dear; it is better to put it right at first than to be always arranging it after it has been put wrong. Dinner is quite ready, and make haste, my dear boy. I have got a little fish for you, and you know it will spoil if you keep it waiting; and I have so much to tell you before we get out to the meeting to-night."

Vincent made no answer to the wistful inquiring look which his mother turned to his face as she mentioned this meeting. He went away with an impatient exclamation about that lamp, which seemed to him to occupy half her thoughts. Mrs. Vincent was full of many cares and much news which she had to give her son; she was also deeply anxious and curious to know what he was going to do that night; but still she spared a little time for the lamp to set the screw right, and light to a delicate evenness the well-trimmed wick. When she had placed it on the table, it gave her a certain satisfaction to see how clearly it burned, and how bright it made the table. "If I only knew what Arthur was going to do," she said to herself, with a little sigh, as she rang the bell for the dinner, and warned the little maid to be very careful with the fish; "for if it is not put very nicely on the table Mr. Vincent will not have any of it," said the minister's mother, with that feminine mingling of small cares and great which was so incomprehensible to her son. When he came back and seated himself listlessly at the table, he never thought of observing the light, or taking note of the brightness of the room. To think of this business of dinner at all, interjected into such a day, was almost too much for Arthur; and he was half disgusted with himself when he found that, after all, he could eat, and that not only for his mother's sake. Mrs. Vincent talked only of Susan while the little maid was going and coming into the room; but when they were alone she drew her chair a little nearer and entered upon other things.

"Arthur, I had a great deal of conversation with Mrs. Mildmay; she told me—everything," said the widow, growing pale. "Oh, my dear! when God leaves us alone to our own devices, what dreadful things a sinful creature may do! I said you would do nothing to harm her now when Susan was safe. Hush, dear! we must never breathe

a word of it to Susan, or any one. Susan is changed, Arthur; sometimes I am glad of it, sometimes I could cry. She is not an innocent girl now. She is a woman—oh, Arthur! a great deal stronger than her mother; she would clear herself somehow if she knew; she would not bear that suspicion. She is more like your dear papa," said the mother, wiping her eyes, "than I ever thought to see one of my children. I can see his high-minded ways in her, Arthur—and steadier than you and me; for you have my quick temper, dear. Wait just another moment, Arthur. This poor child dotes upon Susan; and her mother asked me," said poor Mrs. Vincent, pausing, and looking her son in the face, "if—I would keep her with me."

"Keep her with *you*? Let us be rid of them," cried the minister; "they have brought us nothing but misery ever since we heard their names."

"Yes, Arthur dear; but the poor child never did any one any harm. They have made her a ward in Chancery now. It should have been done long ago, but for the wickedness and the disputes; and, my dear boy," said Mrs. Vincent, anxiously, "I will have to leave Londale, you know; my poor child could not go back there; and we will not stay with you in Curlingford to get you into trouble with your flock," continued the widow, gazing wistfully in his face to see if she could gather anything of his purposes from his looks; "and with my little income, you know, it would be hard work without coming on you; but all the difficulty is cleared away if we take this child. I was thinking I might take Susan abroad," said the widow, with a little sigh; "it is the best thing, I have always heard, after such trouble; and it would be an occupation for her when she got better. My dear boy, don't be hasty; your dear father always took a little time to think upon a thing before he would speak; but

you have always had my temper, Arthur. I won't say any more; we will speak of it, dear, in your sister's room, when we come home from the meeting to-night."

"I think you had better not go to the meeting to-night; there will be nothing said to please you, mother," said the minister, rising from the table, and taking his favourite position on the hearthrug. His mother turned round frightened, but afraid to show her fright, determined still to look as if she believed everything was going well.

"No fine speeches, Arthur? My dear boy, I always like to hear you speak. I know you will say what you ought," said the widow, smiling, with a patient determination in her face. Then there was a pause. "Perhaps you will give me a little sketch of what you are going to say," she went on, with a tender artifice, concealing her anxiety. "Your dear papa often did, Arthur, when anything was going on among the flock."

But Arthur made no reply. His clouded face filled his mother with a host of indefinite fears. But she saw, as she had seen so often, that womanish entreaties were not practicable, and that he must be left to himself. "He will tell me as we go to Salem," she said in her heart, to quiet its anxious throbbing. "Perhaps you would like to have the room to yourself a little, dear," she said aloud. "I will go to Susan till it is time to leave; and I know my Arthur will ask the counsel of God," she added softly, just touching his hand with a tender momentary clasp. It was all the minister could do to resist the look of anxious inquiry with which this little caress was accompanied; and then she left him to prepare for his meeting. Whether he asked advice or not of his Father in heaven, the widow asked it for him with tears in her anxious eyes. She had done all that she could do. When the minister was left to himself, he opened his desk and took out the manuscript with which he had

been busy last night. It was the speech he had intended to deliver, and he had been pleased with it. He sat down now and read it over to himself, by the white-covered table, on which his mother's lamp burned bright. Sheet by sheet, as he read it over, the impatient young man tossed into the fire, with hasty exclamations of disgust. He was excited: his mind was in fiery action; his heart moved to the depths. No turgid Homerton eloquence would do now. What he said must be not from the lips, but from the heart.

CHAPTER XLII.

Mrs. Vincent was ready in very good time for the meeting; she brought her son a cup of coffee with her own hand when she was dressed in her bonnet and shawl. She had put on her best bonnet—her newest black silk dress. Perhaps she knew that device of Tozer's, of which the minister yet was not aware; but Arthur for once was too peremptory and decided for his mother. She who knew how to yield when resistance was impossible, had to give in to him at last. It was better to stay at home, anxious as her heart was, than to exasperate her boy, who had so many other things to trouble him. With much heroism the widow took off her bonnet again, and returned to Susan's room. There could be little doubt now what the minister was going to do. While she seated herself once more by her daughter's bedside, in a patience which was all but unbearable, her son went alone to his last meeting with his flock. He walked rapidly through Grove Street, going through the stream of Salem people, who were moving in twos and threes in the same direction. A little excitement had sprung up in Carlingford on the occasion. The public in general had begun to find out, as the public generally does, that here was a man who was apt to make disclosures not only of his opinions but of himself wherever he appeared, and that a chance was hereby afforded to the common eye of seeing that curious phenomenon, a human spirit in action—a human heart as it throbbed and changed—a sight more interesting than any other dramatic performance under

heaven. There was an unusual throng that night in Grove Street, and the audience was not less amazed than the minister when they found what awaited them in the Salem schoolroom. There Phœbe Tozer and her sister-spirits had been busy all day. Again there were ever-green wreaths on the walls, and the stiff iron gas-lights were bristling with holly. Phœbe's genius had even gone further than on the last great occasion, for there were pink and white roses among the green leaves, and one of the texts which hung on the wall, had been temporarily elevated over the platform, framed in wreaths and supported by extempore fastenings, the doubtful security of which filled Phœbe's artless soul with many a pang of terror. It was the tender injunction, "Love one another," which had been elevated to this post of honour, and this was the first thing which met Vincent's eye as he entered the room. Underneath, the platform table was already filled with the *élite* of the flock. The ladies were all in their best bonnets in that favoured circle, and Tozer stood glorious in his Sunday attire—but in his own mind privately a little anxious as to the effect of all this upon the sensitive mind of the minister—by the side of the empty chair which had been left for the president of the assembly. When Vincent was seen to enter, it was Tozer who gave the signal for a burst of cheering which the pleased assembly, newly aware of the treat thus provided for it, performed heartily with all its boots and umbrellas. Through this applause the minister made his way

to the platform with abstracted looks. The cheer made no difference upon the stubborn displeasure and annoyance of his face. Nothing that could possibly have been done to aggravate his impatient spirit and make his resolve unalterable, could have been more entirely successful than poor Tozer's expedient for the conciliation of the flock. Angry, displeased, humbled in his own estimation, the unfortunate pastor made his way through the people, who were all smiles and conscious favour. A curt general bow and cold courtesy was all he had even for his friends on the platform, who beamed upon him as he advanced. He was not mollified by the universal applause; he was not to be moved to complaisance by any such argument. He would not take the chair, though Tozer, with anxious officiousness, put it ready for him, and Phœbe looked up with looks of entreaty from behind the urn. In the sight of all the people he refused the honour, and sat down on a little supernumerary seat behind, where he was not visible to the increasing crowd. This refusal sent a thrill through all the anxious deacons on the platform. They gathered round him to make remonstrances, to which the minister paid no regard. It was a dreadful moment. Nobody knew what to do in the emergency. The throng streamed in till there was no longer an inch of standing-ground, nor a single seat vacant, except that one empty chair which perplexed the assembly. The urns began to smoke less hotly; the crowd gave murmurous indications of impatience as the deacons cogitated—What was to be done?—the tea at least must not be permitted to get cold. At last Mr. Brown stood up and proposed feebly, that as Mr. Vincent did not wish to preside, Mr. Tozer should be chairman on this joyful occasion. The Salem folks, who thought it a pity to neglect the good things before them, assented with some perplexity, and then the business of the evening began.

It was very lively business for the first half-hour. Poor Mrs. Tuf-ton, who was seated immediately in front of the minister, disturbed by his impatient movements, took fright for the young man; and could not but wonder in herself how people managed to eat cake and drink tea in such an impromptu fashion, who doubtless had partaken of that meal before leaving home, as she justly reflected. The old minister's wife stood by the young minister with a natural *esprit de corps*, and was more anxious than she could account for. A certain cloud subdued the hilarity of the table altogether; everybody was aware of the dark visage of the minister, indignant and annoyed, behind. A certain hush was upon the talk, and Tozer himself had grown pale in the chair, where the good buttermilk by no means enjoyed his dignity. Tozer was not so eloquent as usual when he got up to speak. He told the refreshed and exhilarated flock that he had made bold to give them a little treat, out of his own head, seeing that everything had gone off satisfactory last night; and they would agree with him as the minister had no call to take no further trouble in the way of explanations. A storm of applause was the response of the Salem folks to this suggestion; they were in the highest good-humour both with themselves and the minister—ready to vote him a silver tea-service on the spot, if anybody had been prompt enough to suggest it. But a certain awe stole over even that delighted assembly when Mr. Vincent came forward to the front of the table and confronted them all, turning his back upon his loyal supporters. They did not know what to make of the dark aspect and clouded face of the pastor, relieved as it was against the alarmed and anxious countenances behind him. A panic seized upon Salem: something which they had not anticipated—something very different from the programme—was in the minister's eye.

The Pigeons were in a back seat—very far back, where Mrs. Vincent had been the previous evening—spies to see what was going on, plotting the Temperance Hall and an opposition preacher in their treacherous hearts; but even Mrs. Pigeon bent forward with excitement in the general flutter. When the minister said "My friends," you could have heard a pin drop in the crowded meeting; and when, a minute after, a leaf of holly detached itself and fluttered down from one of the gas-lights, the whole row of people among whom it fell thrilled as if they had received a blow. Hush! perhaps it is not going to be so bad after all. He is talking of the text there over the platform, in its evergreen frame, which Phoebe trembles to think may come down any moment with a crash upon her father's anxious head. "Love one another!" Is Mr. Vincent telling them that he is not sure what that means, though he is a minister—that he is not very sure what anything means—that life is a great wonder, and that he only faintly guesses how God, being pitiful, had the heart to make man and leave him on this sad earth? Is that what he says as he stands pale before the silent assembly, which scarcely dares draw breath, and is ashamed of its own lightness of heart and vulgar satisfaction with things in general? That is what the minister says. "The way is full of such pitfalls—the clouds so heavy overhead—the heavens, so calm and indifferent, out of reach—cannot we take hands and help each other through this troubled journey?" says the orator, with a low voice and solemn eyes. When he pauses thus and looks them all in the face, the heart of Salem fails. The very gas-lights seem to darken in the air, in the silence, and there is not one of the managers who does not hear the beating of his own heart. Then suddenly the speaker raises his voice, raises his hand, storms over their heads in a burst of indignation not loud but grand. He says "No."

"No!" exclaims the minister—"not in the world, not in the church, nowhere on earth can we be unanimous except by moments. We throw our brother down, and then extend a hand to him in charity—but we have lost the art of standing side by side. Love! it means that you secure a certain woman to yourself to make your hearth bright, and to be yours for ever; it means that you have children who are yours, to perpetuate your name and your tastes and feelings. It does not mean that you stand by your brother for him and not for you!"

Then there followed another pause. The Salem people drew a long breath and looked in each other's faces. They were guilty, self-convicted; but they could not tell what was to come of it, nor guess what the speaker meant. The anxious faces behind, gazing at him and his audience, were blank and horror-stricken, like so many conspirators whose leaders was betraying their cause. They could not tell what accusation he might be going to make against them, to be confirmed by their consciences; but nobody except Tozer had the least conception what he was about to say.

The minister resumed his interrupted speech. Nobody had ventured to cheer him; but during this last pause, seeing that he himself waited, and by way of cheering up their own troubled hearts, a few feeble and timid plaudits rose from the further end of the room. Mr. Vincent hurriedly resumed to stop this, with characteristic impatience. "Wait, before you applaud me," said the Nonconformist. "I have said nothing that calls for applause. I have something more to tell you—more novel than what I have been saying. I am going to leave Carlingford. It was you who elected me, it is you who have censured me, it was you last night who consented to look over my faults and give me a new trial. I am one of those who have boasted in my day that I received my title to ordination from no

bishop, from no temporal provision, from no traditionary church, but from the hands of the people. Perhaps I am less sure than I was at first, when you were all disposed to praise me, that the voice of the people is the voice of God; but, however that may be, what I received from you I can but render up to you. I resign into your hands your pulpit, which you have erected with your money, and hold as your property. I cannot hold it as your vassal. If there is any truth in the old phrase which calls a church a cure of souls, it is certain that no cure of souls can be delegated to a preacher by the souls themselves who are to be his care. I find my old theories inadequate to the position in which I find myself, and all I can do is to give up the post where they have left me in the lurch. I am either your servant, responsible to you, or God's servant, responsible to him—which is it? I cannot tell; but no man can serve two masters, as you know. Many of you have been kind to me—chief among all," said Vincent, turning once round to look in Tozer's anxious face, "my friend here, who has spared no pains either to make me such a pastor as you wished, or to content me with that place when he had secured it. I cannot be content. 'It is no longer possible. So there remains nothing but to say good-bye — good-bye! — far, well! I will see you again to say it more formally. I only wish you to understand now that this is the decision I have come to, and that I consider myself no longer the minister of Salem from this night.'"

Vincent drew back instantly when he had said these words, but not before half the people on the platform had got up on their feet, and many had risen in the body of the room. The women stretched out their hands to him with gestures of remonstrance and entreaty. "He don't mean it; he's not going for to leave us; he's in a little pet, that's all," cried Mrs Brown, loud out. Phœbe Tozer, forgetting all

about the text and the evergreens, had buried her face in her handkerchief and was weeping, not without demonstration of the fact. Tozer himself grasped at the minister's shoulder, and called out to the astonished assembly that "they weren't to take no notice, Mr. Vincent would hear reason. They weren't a-going to let him go, not like this." The minister had almost to struggle through the group of remonstrant deacons. "You don't mean it, Mr. Vincent?" said Mrs. Tozer; "only say as it's a bit o' temper, and you don't mean it!" Phœbe, on her part, raised a tear-wet cheek to hearken to the pastor's reply; but the pastor only shook his head, and made no answer to the eager appeals which assailed him. When he had extricated himself from their hands and outcries, he hastened down the tumultuous and narrow passage between the benches, where he would not hear anything that was addressed to him, but passed through with a brief nod to his anxious friends. Just as Vincent reached the door, he perceived, with eyes which excitement had made clearer than usual, that his enemy, Pigeon, had just got to his feet, who shouted out that the pastor had spoken up handsome, and that there wasn't one in Salem, whatever was their inclinations, as did not respect him that day. Though he paid no visible attention to the words, perhaps the submission of his adversary gave a certain satisfaction to the minister's soul; but he took no notice of this nor anything else, as he hurried out into the silent street, where the lamps were lighted, and the stars shining unobserved overhead. Not less dark than the night were the prospects which lay before him. He did not know what he was to do—could not see a day before him of his new career; but, nevertheless, took his way out of Salem with a sense of freedom, and a thrill of new power and vigour in his heart. Behind he left a most tumultuous and disorderly meeting. After the

first outburst of dismay and sudden popular desire to retain the impossible possession which had thus slid out of their hands—after Tozer's distressed entreaty that they would all wait and see if Mr. Vincent didn't hear reason—after Pigeon's reluctant withdrawal of enmity and burst of admiration, the meeting broke up into knots, and became not one meeting, but a succession of groups, all buzzing in different tones over the great event. Resolutions, however, were proposed and carried all the same. Another deputation was appointed to wait on Mr. Vincent. A proposal was made to raise his "salary," and a subscription instituted on the spot to present him

with a testimonial. When all these things were concluded, nothing remained but to dismiss the assembly, which dispersed not without hopes of a satisfactory conclusion. The deacons remained for a final consultation, perplexed with alarms and doubts. The repentant Pigeon, restored to them by this emergency, was the most hopeful of all. Circumstances which had changed *his* mind must surely influence the pastor. An additional fifty pounds of "salary"—a piece of plate—a congregational ovation—was it to be supposed that any Dissenting minister bred at Homerton could withstand such conciliatory overtures as these?

CHAPTER XLIII.

But the deputation and the increased salary and the silver salver were all ineffectual. Arthur would not hear reason, as his mother knew. It was with bitter restrained tears of disappointment and vexation that she heard from him, when he returned to that conference in Susan's room, the events of the evening. It came hard upon the widow, who had invited her son to his sister's bedside that they might for the first time talk together as of old over all their plans. But though her heart ached over the opportunity thus thrown away, and though she asked herself with terror, "What was Arthur to do now?" his mother knew he was not to be persuaded. She smiled on Tozer next morning, ready to cry with vexation and anxiety as she was. "When my son has made up his mind, it will be vain for any one to try to move him," said the widow, proud of him in spite of all, though her heart cried out against his imprudence and foolishness; and so it proved. The minister made his acknowledgments so heartily to the good butterman, that Tozer's disclaimer of any special merit, and declara-

tion that he had but tried to "do his dooty," was made with great faltering and unsteadiness; but the Nonconformist himself never wavered in his resolve. Half of Carlingford sat in tears to hear Mr. Vincent's last sermon. Such a discourse had never been heard in Salem. Scarcely one of the deacons could find a place in the crowded chapel to which all the world rushed; and Tozer himself listened to the last address of his minister from one of the doors of the gallery, where his face formed the apex and culminating point of the crowd to Mr. Vincent's eyes. When Tozer brushed his red handkerchief across his face, as he was moved to do two or three times in the course of the sermon, the gleam seemed to the minister, who was himself somewhat excited, to redden over the entire throng. It was thus that Mr. Vincent ended his connection with Salem Chapel. It was a heavy blow to the congregation for the time—so heavy that the spirit of the butterman yielded; he was not seen in his familiar seat for three full Sundays after; but the place was mismanaged in Pigeon's hands, and regard for the connection

brought Tozer to the rescue. They had Mr. Beecher down from Homerton, who made a very good impression. The subsequent events are so well known in Carlingford, that it is hardly necessary to mention the marriage of the new minister, which took place about six months afterwards. Old Mr. Tufton blessed the union of his dear young brother with the blushing Phœbe, who made a most suitable minister's wife in Salem after the first disagreeables were over; and Mr. Beecher proved a great deal more tractable than any man of genius. If he was not quite equal to Mr. Vincent in the pulpit, he was much more complaisant at all the tea-parties; and, after a year's experience, was fully acknowledged, both by himself and others, to have made an 'it.

Vincent meanwhile plunged into that world of life which the young man did not know; not that matters looked badly for him when he left Carlingford—on the contrary, the connection in general thrilled to hear of his conduct and his speech. The enthusiasm in Homerton was too great to be kept within bounds. Such a demonstration of the rightful claims of the preacher had not been made before in the memory of man; and the enlightened Nonconforming community did honour to the martyr. Three vacant congregations at least wooed him to their pulpits; his fame spread over the country; but he did not accept any of these invitations; and after a while the eminent Disentling families who invited him to dinner, found so many other independencies cropping out in the young man, that the light of their countenances dimmed upon him. It began to be popularly reported, that a man so apt to hold opinions of his own, and so convinced of the dignity of his office, had best have been in the Church where people knew no better. Such, perhaps, might have been the conclusion to which he came himself; but education and

prejudice and Homerton stood invincible in the way. A Church of the Future—an ideal corporation, grand and primitive, not yet realised, but surely *real*, to be come at one day—shone before his eyes, as it shines before so many; but, in the mean time, the Nonconformist went into literature, as was natural, and was, it is believed in Carlingford, the founder of the 'Philosophical Review,' that new organ of public opinion. He had his battle to fight, and fought it out in silence, saying little to any one. Sundry old arrows were in his heart, still quivering by times as he fought with the devil and the world in his desert; but he thought himself almost prosperous, and perfectly composed and eased of all fanciful and sentimental sorrows, when he went, two or three years after these events, to Folkestone, to meet his mother and sister, who had been living abroad, away from him, with their charge, and to bring them to the little house he had prepared for them in London, and where he said to himself he was prepared, along with them—a contented but neutral-coloured household—to live out his life.

But when Mr. Vincent met his mother at Folkestone, not even the haze of the spring evening, nor the agitation of the meeting, which brought back again so forcibly all the events which accompanied the parting, could soften to him the wonderful thrill of surprise, almost a shock, with which he looked upon two of the party. The widow, in her close white cap and black bonnet, was unchanged as when she fell, worn out, into his arms, on her first visit to Carlingford. She gave a little cry of joy as she saw her son. She trembled so with emotion and happiness, that he had to steady her on his arm and restrain his own feelings till another time. The other two walked by their side to the hotel where they were to rest all night. He had kissed Susan in the faint evening light, but her

brother did not know that grand figure, large and calm and noble like a Roman woman, at whom the other passengers paused to look as they went on; and his first glance at the younger face by her side sent the blood back to his heart with a sudden pang and thrill which filled him with amazement at himself. He heard the two talking to each other, as they went up the crowded pier in the twilight, like a man walking in a dream. What his mother said, leaning on his arm, scarcely caught his attention. He answered to her in monosyllables, and listened to the voices—the low, sweet laughter, the sound of the familiar names. Nothing in Susan's girlish looks had prophesied that majestic figure, that air of quiet command and power. And a wilder wooder still attracted the young man's heart as he listened to the beautiful young voice which kept calling on Susan, Susan, like some sweet echo of a song. These two, had they been into another world, an enchanted country? When they came into the lighted room, and he saw them divest themselves of their wrappings, and beheld them before him, visible tangible creatures and no dreams, Vincent was struck dumb. He seemed to himself to have been suddenly carried out of the meaner struggles of his own life into the air of a court, the society of princes. When Susan came up to him and laid her two beautiful hands on his shoulders, and looked with her blue eyes into his face, it was all he could do to preserve his composure, and conceal the almost awe which possessed him. The wide sleeve had fallen back from her round beautiful arm. It was the same arm that used to lie stretched out uncovered upon her sick-bed like a glorious piece of marble. Her brother could scarcely rejoice in the change, it struck him with so much wonder, and was so different from his thoughts. Poor Susan! he had said in his heart for many a day. He could not say poor Susan now.

"Arthur does not know me," she said, with a low, liquid voice, fuller than the common tones of women. "He forgets how long it is ago since we went away. He thinks you cannot have anything so big belonging to you, my little mother. But it is me, Arthur. Susan all the same."

"Susan, perhaps, since you say so—but not all the same," said Arthur, with his astonished eyes.

"And I daresay you don't know Alice either," said his sister. "I was little and Alice was foolish when we went away. At least I was little in Lonedale, where nobody minded me. Somehow most people mind me now, because I am so big, I suppose; and Alice, instead of being foolish, is a little wise woman. Come here, Alice, and let my brother see you. You have heard of him every day for three years. At last here is Arthur; but what am I to do if he has forgotten me?"

"I have forgotten neither of you," said the young man. He was glad to escape from Susan's eyes, which somehow looked as if they were a bit of the sky, a deep serene of blue; and the little Alice imagined he did not look at her at all, and was a little mortified in her tender heart. Things began to grow familiar to him after a while. However wonderful they were, they were real creatures, who did not vanish away, but were close by him all the evening, moving about—this with lovely fairy lightness, that with majestic maiden grace—talking in a kind of dual, harmonious movement of sound, filling the soft spring night with a world of vague and strange fascination. The window was opened in their sitting-room, where they could see the lights and moving figures, and, farther off, the sea—and hear outside the English voices, which were sweet to hear to the strangers newly come home. Vincent, while he recovered himself, stood near this window by his mother's chair, paying her such stray filial atten-

tions as he could in the bewilderment of his soul, and slowly becoming used to the two beautiful young women, unexpected apparitions, who transformed life itself and everything in it. Was one his real sister, strange as it seemed? and the other——? Vincent fell back and resigned himself to the strange, sweet, unlooked-for influence. They went up to London together next day. Sunshine did not disperse them into beautiful mists, as he had almost feared. It came upon him by glimpses to see that fiery sorrow and passion had acted like some tropical tempestuous sun upon his sister's youth; and the face of his love looked back upon him from the storm in which it died, as if somehow what was impossible might be possible again. Mrs. Mildmay, a wandering restless soul as she was, happened to be absent from London just then. Alice was still to stay with her dearest friends. The Nonconformist went back to his little home with the sensation of an enchanted prince in a fairy tale. Instead of the mud-coloured existence, what a glowing, brilliant firmament! Life became glorious again under their

touch. As for Mrs. Vincent, she was too happy in getting home—in seeing Susan, after all the anguishes and struggles which no one knew of fully but herself, rising up in all the strength of her youth to this renewed existence—to feel as much distressed as she had expected about Arthur's temporary withdrawal from his profession. It was only a temporary withdrawal, she hoped. He still wore his clerical coat; and called himself "clergyman" in the Blue Book—and he was doing well, though he was not preaching. The Nonconformist himself naturally was less sober in his thoughts. He could not tell what wonderful thing he might not yet do in this wonderful elevation and new inspiring of his heart. His genius broke forth out of the clouds. Seeing these two as they went about the house, hearing their voices as they talked in perpetual sweet accord, with sweeter jars of difference, surprised the young man's life out of all its shadows—one of them his sister—the other——. After all his troubles, the loves and the hopes came back with the swallows to build under his eaves and stir in his heart.

MR. THOMAS TROLLOPE'S ITALIAN NOVELS.

MR. T. TROLLOPE'S novels, '*La Beata*' and '*Marietta*,' have an interest apart from their merit as works of fiction; they give an insight into Italian life, and more especially into the temper and domestic character of the lower stratum of society, and the manner in which the religious teaching of the Italian priesthood affects the morality of the people. We ourselves have always felt persuaded that, unless the present political movement in Italy is accompanied (as it probably will be) by some corresponding religious movement, it will come to nought. The existing priesthood will be always at variance with the constitutional monarchy—will be concealed or open enemies; will so preach and teach, that their flocks will believe that obedience to the Church is a righteous and necessary thing, but that obedience to the State is rather a policy than a duty. They will produce a popular opinion similar to what has been produced in Ireland, where rebellion is always considered as having a certain spice of religion in it: obedience to the laws being a temporising policy, which may be excused where the police are strong; but rebellion against the civil government having in it the true righteous principle of conduct. And even if the Italian Church keeps truce with the Government, the education it gives the people is not calculated to make them good and intelligent citizens. Not that we should accuse its clergy of neglecting to teach the ordinary rules of morality, but they advance superstitious practices into the high place these ought to occupy. And living in a period of transition, and being first of all anxious to preserve their own existence and influence in the world, they are quite as solicitous that the people should *not* be instructed in whatever knowledge would weaken that influence, as they are earnest in giving such in-

struction as tends to make them faithful disciples of the Church.

Mr. Trollope's novels have a bearing on this subject. Moreover, without wishing to disparage his previous writings, it appears to us that '*La Beata*' and '*Marietta*' show so great an advance in style, in skill, in tact, in all that conduces to literary success, that they may be paired off apart from the rest. On those previous compositions we have no censure to bestow; we have only to confess that they did not attract us—that, notwithstanding a certain measure of historical research, which ought to have kept our attention, we found the volume fall from our hands before it was completed. Perhaps a certain stiffness in the style, mingled very inharmoniously with sundry *Carlylisms*, helped to produce that effect. When you have confessed thus much of any work, that you broke down in reading it, you have incapacitated yourself for giving any grave and final judgment upon its merits, beyond such inference as may be drawn from the fact of your being so arrested in its perusal. But in these novels, '*La Beata*' and '*Marietta*,' there was no tendency whatever to let the book fall till the last page was read. There is a greater simplicity in the style, and though the subject may be slighter than the '*Decade of Italian Women*,' or other of his historical sketches, there is an improved tone of thought as well as of manner.

The novel '*La Beata*,' viewed as a work of art, might be described rather as a sketch than a finished picture; but it is a sketch in which one of the figures, at least, is both well conceived and beautifully drawn. The character of *La Beata* is simplicity itself, but it is a simplicity which might easily have been marred. The attempt, for instance, to unite her quiet, single, and unselfish love with a higher

standard of intellect, would have converted the conception into an impossibility. It must be added, too (and this gives to the novel a specific interest), that only in Italy could such a character have developed itself under the given circumstances. In Mr. T. Trollope's novels we have the Italian sky always about us—a southern atmosphere pervades the whole picture; La Beata is not only an Italian, but she is the product of a state of opinion peculiar to Italy, which, at all events, is unlike anything to be found in England: she is not only a Catholic, but Catholicism was necessary to her existence. She is no English girl transported to Florence—she is the very child of Florence.

La Beata loves the artist Pippo, and lives with him without the sanction of the marriage ceremony; but her conscience is not afflicted—she is doing no violence to her religious feelings; and the social opinion which has been brought to bear upon her—the opinion of her own neighbors, of the women of her own class—visits her with no censure. She loves, therefore, with simple, unhesitating, unproved passion; she has no feeling of disgrace or shame; her love mingles with her piety, and fills all her prayers. The apparition of such a character in England under similar circumstances would have been impossible: the English girl would have destroyed her own character as well as her own peace by throwing herself unprotected on the love of one who could desert her at any moment of her life. La Beata loves, and thinks all is said in that one word. She cannot read men's hearts—she believes that Pippo loves her. Has he not said it? She does not read men's hearts—she does not read her own; she simply *lives her love*; and, with her, love and life are one. She does not dream of its discontinuance; and when the hour of desertion arrives, and she sees herself alone in the world, it is a calamity worse than death, but it is a calamity only. She does not treat it as an injury or a wrong; it is a fatality, like death

itself—a cruel fatality, that kills everything—but her love.

This purity of heart, preserved, and in part fostered, by her very ignorance—this unlimited tenderness and constancy that *cannot* withdraw the love once given—constitute the whole character of La Beata. Love is with her its own sanction; it is duty as well as love—it stands in the place of reason. On the other hand, the man on whom she bestows this implicit, uncompromising affection is the very type of selfishness. A poor artist, he is greedy of success. The moment prosperity knocks at his door in the shape of patronage, and the possibility of marrying the only daughter of the rich wax-chandler, he prepares to dismiss his loving "Tina," as he is in the habit of calling her. Circumstances are propitious to his cruel design. The very lodging in which La Beata had formerly lived with her mother, and where during her mother's life she had occupied herself in making artificial flowers, is now occupied by another widowed old lady, who also pursues the same occupation of flower-making. What could be more opportune? To place La Beata, under some pretext, with this lone woman, whom she will assist in an art by which they will both obtain their subsistence, appears to him the most complete arrangement. La Beata resumes the life from which he took her—resumes it in the very locality where he first made acquaintance with her. There is but the substitute of one lone widow for another. The broken chain is reunited—that interval in which she lived with him can drop into oblivion conveniently for both. She is the poor artificial-flower maker, he is the rising young artist—to which several careers had not Providence originally called them?

The cruel design is executed with eager, unrelenting haste. On pretence of her own ill-health, which, indeed, is nothing but the result of the neglect he has already begun to practise, he conveys her, with her little bundle of clothes, weeping and bewildered, to the new, old home.

"The worthy widow Sappi manifested neither surprise nor curiosity at what

she saw. She had lived—maid, wife, and widow—more than fifty years in the world, and the entire plot, beginning, progress, and *dénouement* of the little drama, one scene of the last act of which was passing before her, was quite as perfectly intelligible to her as if she had witnessed the action of the entire piece.

"To the world-worn widow it was the old old story; a '*di grazia*,' not necessarily involving any moral turpitude on the part of any of the actors concerned in it—possibly admitting of mitigation by due use of candles and rosaries in the proper quarters, but evidently not calling for interference on her part. Though she felt, therefore, no indignation against the handsome young artist as she opened the door for him to depart, she was none the less anxious, as she returned on closing it after him, to say or do anything within the limits of her simple understanding and small power to alleviate the sorrows of the victim.

"And it is easy to imagine that consolations drawn from such a view of the case were more tolerable to La Beata's unswerving fidelity of affection, than any based on blame of her heart's idol could have been. It is true that Signora Sappi's first well-meant attempts to treat the case as one already arrived at the stage which, to her experienced eyes, it had already reached, were met by vehement and indignant protestations of Pippo's unalterable affection, and the temporary nature of their separation. But as soon as the widow perceived that her patient was in an earlier phase of her misfortune than she had imagined, she adapted her tone and treatment accordingly, only lamenting to herself that so much misery still remained to be developed from what she too well knew to be the inevitable future.

"And the next day Tina was in her old place, at her old occupation amongst the bits of painted calico and waxed paper—very wan, very silent, very miserable, anxiously endeavoring to do her utmost in the interest of her entertainer, but with the best part of her mind in her ear, painfully watching, during the long hours of the day, for the footstep on the stair, which came not."

Of course the visits of Pippo became rarer and rarer, till they altogether ceased. He changed his old studio on the fourth floor for one

better suited to his rising fortunes, so that she could not even follow him in imagination. Very pathetically is the utter desolation of the poor girl described. It is New-Year's Day:—

"Religion and custom forbade the widow Sappi and her assistant to occupy the hours with their accustomed labour. The materials of their craft had all been carefully gathered and put away. The poor, fireless, brick-floored room was swept and garnished, a fresh supply of oil was poured into the little lamp that hung in front of the old black picture of the Madonna; Tina had knelt in the solitude of her closet before the cherished coloured print of the '*Virgin of the Seven Sorrows*,' which had accompanied her in her migration to Pippo's home, and had been brought back to its old place on her return: she had poured forth all her simple tale of sorrows and passionate craving, with streaming eyes upraised to the serenely sad face of the picture, and the seven symbolical poniards planted in her maternal bosom. Then the two women attended mass in the little neighbouring church which Tina used to frequent, in the old, dull, and monotonous, but comparatively happy days with her mother. The mass, however, did not last very long, and when they returned from it to their dreary room, the holiday which '*all Florence*' was enjoying began to weigh upon them very severely.

"The regular course for the disposal of the afternoon, according to the fashion of their class, would have been to array themselves in the neat and becoming toilette which most Florentine women manage to possess, even if the acquisition of it cost them the half of their daily pittance of dry bread during many a month of saving, and then to have sallied forth to meet acquaintances in the course of a walk on the *Lungarno*. Or, as often occurs where poverty is so great as to have rendered the acquisition of the garments indispensable for a becoming appearance in the streets absolutely incompatible with the necessity scarcely recognised as more important, of keeping body and soul together, they might have arranged their hair with all the care and skill of a professional artist, limited their toilette ambition to rendering themselves presentable down to the

waist only, and thus have sat at the open window exposing to public gaze only as much of them as was fitted to meet the eye, and contenting themselves with such modicum of chat as could be enjoyed with neighbours and acquaintances in the street, prevented by the friendly window parapet from seeing that the '*mukier formosa superne*' ended in a ragged or dirty wrapper.

"But neither the widow nor her boarder were in a condition to enjoy even this mildest form of dissipation and holiday-making. The malaria produced by the results of the flood had penetrated to the poor widow's joints and muscles, and produced rheumatism, which had caused her much suffering for several days past. And Tina, on returning from mass, was attacked by violent shivering fits, and felt so unwell that she proposed to profit by the holiday to go to her bed. Partly for company's sake, and partly for kindness' sake, the widow, with the thin blanket from her own bed thrown over her shoulders, and a *scaldino* under her feet, established herself by her guest's bedside, and so these two kept their holiday-tide of welcome to the beginning year.

"At last the weary day wore to its early close, and at the 'twenty-four' the churches rung out the Ave Maria. They had been sitting in silence for some time past as the shadows deepened around them. Tina heaved a great sigh as the evening call to prayer was rung. She recited devoutly the Latin words of the formula prescribed in a whispered tone, and then said, 'I had been thinking, Marta, for the last ten days, that he might perhaps come on this day, when everybody sees their — all those they love. But the day is over.'

"'Everything is over!' she added, after a moment's pause; and then again, while the good widow was meditating how best to take advantage of the moment to fix in her mind the truth that such was indeed the case, she said — 'Should you hear the bell at the door, Marta, sitting here in this room?'

"Sure, I should hear it, my child, and so would you, if any hand were there to pull it. But, bless your dear heart, he you are thinking of will never pull that bell again.'

"Tina made no answer, but turned her poor thin face to the pillow, and her tears flowed fast and silently.

"'But, Marta,' she said again suddenly, after a while, 'suppose he were ill—too ill to come out or write.'

"'Poor little thing!' answered La Sappi, sadly, 'it is very hard to think that all is over even when one says it. But what would you have? The world is made so! Men don't love like we do. I knew, when he first came here, how it would be. My good man went to sea, and never came back any more. He was drowned. And you must think likewise of him that he is gone from you.'

"Marta Sappi's efforts failed to afford any consolation. Tina turned her face again wearily to the pillow, and another silence ensued. After a while she said, 'I wish I was quite sure, Marta, that it was for Pippo's good that he should leave me. But I know so little! Do you think that it is likely to be best for him?'

"'Well, I suppose, if he comes to be a famous painter, as they say, he will be wanting to marry some one who has got money and friends that would be likely to help him, you know,' responded the widow, like an experienced and judicious widow, as she was.

"'And I have neither money nor friends to give him,' said Tina, musingly; 'that is certain. But it has often seemed to me,' she added, after a pause, 'that money and friends are not the best of all things to have.'

"She had not the slightest idea, poor child, that she was plagiarising from doctors and teachers from Solomon downwards, still less that she was propounding a great moral truth. She was giving, with all diffidence, the result of her own unaided meditations on her own sorrows.

"'All the money and friends in the world,' she pursued, 'are nothing at all to me in comparison to being loved by him; why should they be so much more valuable to him than all the love I gave him?'

"'If I could only be satisfied that Pippo was really better off,' resumed Tina, after another long pause, 'and if I could but die, *Marta mea*, out of this weary, weary world, I would be content.'

And so passes the holiday with these two women in their poverty and their grief. The scene is brought before us with genuine pathos, but we

have made this rather long quotation, not only for itself, but because it will enable the reader, should he not have perused the work, to understand the consummate atrocity of the incident which is next recorded. It appears to us that, in the whole range of fiction, we have never encountered a position brought about so naturally, with so little apparent artifice or violation of probability, and which, at the same time, morally speaking, is so terrible and odious, as that which immediately follows. Through the influence of the wealthy wax-chandler, whose trade in tapers brings him into connection with many churchmen, Pippo is commissioned to paint a *Santa Filomena*, which is to be carried in procession through the streets of Florence. The picture is to be painted forthwith. There is but one model whom he knows of from whom to paint his *Filomena*—she to whose beauty, to whose angelic purity of expression, he has already owed the success of all his pictures. Whatever reputation he has gained beyond that of a skilful copyist, has been due to the perfect model he had living with him in his old studio. Could he but paint his *Filomena* from the sad, sweet, prayerful face of *La Beata*, all would be well. Her very sorrow, and the hectic flush that had stolen upon her cheek, would render her more than ever a fit representation of the pensive and prayerful saint he desired to portray.

Impossible, you would say, that any human being could have proposed such a thing, even to himself: but why not? Tina can refuse me nothing—so Pippo argues—she will be pleased to see me, even though I make it distinctly understood, as I shall not fail to do, that this is the *sole* object of my visit. And time presses, and there is no other suitable model in all Florence. He paints his *Filomena* from the deserted girl! Day after day (he has brought his easel into the widow's room)—day after day he paints the beauty and the agony of the woman whom he has betrayed—whom he is then and there killing by his cruelty. A situation more morally detestable it is impossible to conceive. The act is fiendish.

And yet we cannot say that to the coarse, callous nature of Pippo, bent only on his own success—it is impossible. We are not shocked by any sense of improbability, though the cold-blooded cruelty that the act implies is hardly human, and rises, or rather sinks, into the diabolic. A wild story is told of an artist who plunged a dagger into a man that he might catch the expression of agony and death, and transfer them faithfully to his canvass. Even if we read this story for truth, it does not produce so revolting an impression as that which is here narrated of Pippo. Day after day the loving girl, whom he is killing by his own cruelty, stands in a prayerful attitude before him: it is to him she is secretly praying—it is for him that her eye fills with tears: and he is sedulously engaged the while in transferring the pain, the sorrow, the hectic hue of death, the supplication, the tearful eyes, by careful stroke after stroke, most literally to the canvass.

No wonder the picture was a success. The clerical patron, the wax-chandler, and his handsome daughter Beppina, were all won. *La Beata* is left again in her complete desolation.

We hear with delight that while his new patrons applaud the converted artist for his return to the paths of morality, and respectability, and "right thinking," his brother artists look with disgust upon his desertion of *La Beata*. They turn the cold shoulder towards him. The opinion of his lax and lay companions was more essentially moral than that of his new orthodox and priestly friends. This is not, in Mr. T. Trollope, a mere casual observation, suggested to him as the story proceeds: the story itself has been partly written to show the discrepancy which there is, or may be, between a healthy moral judgment and the influence and teaching of an Italian priesthood. A clergy, which, in some measure, is fighting for its

own existence, will forgive much to those of the intelligent laity who take up its cause, or profess to be staunch and faithful disciples. Thus to the "right thinking" will be pardoned a little "wrong doing;" and in general there will be a tendency, as Mr. Trollope observes, among those who are "respectable" by virtue of their opinions, to wink at the shortcomings of their friends in the matters of vulgar morality. Pippo, on passing over to the ranks of the "respectable," is received without questions asked of the poor victim whom he had sacrificed for this "purification" of himself. Was it not necessary that he should break so illicit a bond? He almost persuades himself that it is a sense of duty which hardens his heart towards La Beata.

Presuming that such a state of opinion exists at Florence, we see in Pippo an instance of the manner in which it works. A man whom his fellow artists, of any generosity of temper, refuse to associate with, has but to wear a cloak of hypocrisy to be welcomed and patronised by the clergy, and by those whose distinction it is that they are supporters of the clergy.

But this is not the only phase of the subject which Mr. Trollope wishes to illustrate by his novel. He wished also to show that an immoral and selfish man might be indeed a genuine slave to the superstitions of the Catholic Church. This may be true, but Mr. Trollope's story breaks down here, and is a very bungling illustration of the truth. A man as selfish as Pippo may be seized on by the terrors of superstition, and carried off into the wildest asceticism; but, in the first place, we are not prepared to find in the dry, unimaginative, avaricious Pippo, any unusual aptitude for superstitious terrors; and, in the second place, there is not sufficient ground, in the circumstances given us, for the superstitious horror by which he is represented as being overpowered.

We are told at the commencement of the story "that Philipppo Lonari had been educated by an uncle in an ecclesiastical seminary with a view to the priesthood. But on the death of that relative, before the time had come for him to receive the first orders, he had deserted the cassock for the brush." What was there in this timely retreat from a profession for which he was not suited, that even a pious Catholic would greatly censure? What is there in this circumstance to lay the foundation for an overwhelming terror, so that if any disaster should occur to Pippo, he should not refer that disaster to the criminal incident which directly led to it, but should regard it as a punishment for this imaginary crime of deserting the sacred profession? If our renegade artist had really taken orders—if in some distant part of Italy he had taken the vow of celibacy, and (presuming that such a disguise were possible) had been living as a layman in defiance of his vow, we could very well understand the horror that might fall upon him—he might then very probably think that the violation of his oath was a far greater sin than his desertion of La Beata.

To make this criticism intelligible, we must proceed to the *dénouement* of the story. When Philipppo Lonari, or Pippo, as he is generally called, had taken his last sitting of his grief-stricken Tina, she had extorted from him some sort of promise that he would come to see her once more before she died. "If I send to you," said the poor girl, "and tell you it is for the last time, you will come to me?"

She does send to him; she writes to him a letter, which letter he receives as he is on the point of joining his future bride on some party of pleasure. He crumples up the letter, puts it away angrily into his pocket, and goes off to his holiday engagement. Of course he does not believe that Tina is dying. Men of this stamp never do believe

in any suffering that they are called upon to alleviate.

Now, amongst other measures to render himself quite "respectable," our artist had joined the brotherhood of the *Misericordia*. What are the functions of this brotherhood, and how they glide through the streets of Florence, bearing their black litters for the sick or the dead, themselves clothed from head to foot in a black gown with a black peaked hood, which has two holes in it for the eyes to look through, and which completely conceals the face of the wearer, is known to every one. Pippo, on the eve of his wedding-day, is sitting in the garden with his bride-elect, when he hears the deep bell of the *Misericordia*. It is his night of duty. He has to start off to the oratory to invest himself in his impenetrable black disguise, and to proceed with others, bearing the black litter, to the spot where their assistance is needed. They are, on the present occasion, to carry a dying person to the hospital. The dying person, it will be foreseen at once, is La Beata. She is dying of consumption. As they bear the litter with swift gliding steps through the still streets under the bright moonlight, a convulsive cough seizes the patient. They set the litter down, they raise the black cover, they find she has broken a blood-vessel. Life was ebbing fast away. Down the pure white dress, and amongst the auburn tresses that descended to her waist, a stream of blood was flowing. "To her, Pippo in his disguise was, of course, entirely undistinguishable from any other of the black figures around her; but no second glance through the eye-holes of his cowl was needed to flash on his brain the entire facts of the sight before him."

In this emergency Pippo might have acted either in strict accordance with the character he has hitherto sustained, and, congratulating himself on his complete disguise, kept his secret, and proceeded

with the rest of the brotherhood to bear their burden to the hospital or the burial-ground as the case demanded; or even his nature might have been melted at the moment—he might have forgotten the claims of prudence, and revealed himself that he might say one farewell to the dying girl. He does neither of these. We are told that he tears off his cowl, but it is not to utter one word of love or remorse to the poor girl before him. She recognises him, and stretches out her feeble hands. He flies in terror across the Piazza. He is conscience-stricken—but how? but why? These thin arms, these straining eyes, are "the embodiment of the curse which rested on him for having put his hand to the plough and looked back—for having sacrilegiously deserted his ecclesiastical career!" He flies across the Piazza, nor pauses till he finds himself in his own studio. Then, at earliest dawn, he rushes out of the city, and runs and climbs till he has hidden himself in the mountain monastery of Camaldoli. There he wears out the rest of his life in penance and ascetic practices of the severest description.

The *dénouement* has the merit, certainly, of being unexpected; but it is also unexplained. By all means let such men as Pippo be punished by their superstition, if they cannot be punished in any other way. We give ready acquiescence to the truth which Mr. Trollope desired to illustrate, coarse and brutal men, who would trample down, and trample to death, any fellow-creature who stood in the way of their selfish ends, are quite capable of being reached by a purely superstitious terror. They are not the minds most open to such fears, but still they are open to them. A man who shall feel no remorse for an injury done to his fellow-creature, may be conscience-stricken for some imaginary sin invented by his Church. We do no quarrel with the idea to be illustrated; we regret that the illustra-

tion is so imperfect. There is nothing in the past life or the developed character of Pippo to explain the singular remorse under which he falls.

One thing is clear, that, but for this accession of a quite clerical remorse, there was no motive to drive him out of Florence. His past connection with La Beata was known and had been forgiven by his new friends. This last unexpected encounter with her, and the emotion he manifested on the occasion, could add nothing to his past guilt. Interpreted as his friends would naturally have interpreted it, his distraction and grief would have redounded to his credit—would have proved his sensibility.

Mr. Trollope, however, carries him off by main force to the monastery of Camaldoli—carries him still higher to the *Sagro Eremo*, which is an appendage to the monastery, in which the severest asceticism is practised. Mr. Trollope's description of this religious retreat, and his remarks upon it, are worth reading, quite apart from any relation they bear to his detestable hero, whom we are very glad to dismiss from our minds.

"The *Sagro Eremo* is situated far up the mountain, very near the topmost crest of the Apennines, from which it is mid both seas, the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, are visible. The climate is most severe. The *Eremo* consists of a number of small isolated cottages, together with a church, surrounded by an enclosing wall, outside which the wind howls almost ceaselessly through the surrounding pine forests. The life there is as different from that of the lower community as is the nature of the locality. The inmates are not cenobites, but essentially hermits. There is no common life, no common refectory, no society, no communication of one recluse with his brother. All conversation is forbidden. The human voice is heard only in the constant sermons of the chapel. Even visitors are directed to speak below their breath while they remain within these dreary precincts. The wall in each isolated cell is furnished with a sort of trap-door, and through it is passed the inmate's daily ration of bread and vegetables—no animal food, except on one or

two days in the year, forming any portion of their diet.

"It should be mentioned that within the enclosure there is a very considerable library, well furnished with works of historical as well as ascetic theology. The books may be freely taken by the inmates to their cells, each one of which contains, in addition to a sleeping-room, an oratory and a 'study.' But the fact is—and it supplies a remarkably significant commentary on the results most likely to be produced on the human intellect by the life here led—that no use whatever is made of the volumes."

We are not surprised that the books are left unread; our wonder rather is, that a library should have found its way to such a place. The constant services of the church, the scanty food, the little sleep, would soon set to rest the reading capacity of even men trained to study; and few of these, we presume, enter the *Sagro Eremo*. The inmates of such an asylum have resigned, if they ever undertook, the task of cultivating their minds. They sink voluntarily into an utter indifference to everything but their routine of religious discipline. And very easy it is to sink. You may feed a man so low that his very appetite for food dies out; he has not strength to be hungry. You may keep him from all employment, from all vigorous exercise of body and mind, till effort is impossible or painful; he ceases to wish for anything; he has not strength of mind enough to enjoy or to desire. One need not be astonished that such men rarely manifest any disposition to escape from their prison-house; that when the doors have been thrown open they have refused to pass through them. Even if they did not cling with constancy to the purpose that brought them there, they would have become incapacitated for framing any purpose connected with the outer world. It is truly said of them, that they are dead to the world without. They are, indeed, dead men, who do not move because they cannot move.

"Marietta" is a more elaborate work than its predecessor, but is

less fortunate in one very important point: we have no sympathy with the chief character, the heroine who gives her name to the novel. She devotes herself to the restoration of her fallen house; her sole object in life is to save money enough to repurchase the family mansion, the Palazzo Lunardi. For such an object, she is supposed, while yet a young girl, to throw away every natural affection, to break her engagement with one whom she loved, to devote herself to single life, and to conduct all her affairs with the niggardliness of a miser. She acts as housekeeper to her kind old uncle, the Canon Giacomo de' Lunardi, and her only means for obtaining the requisite sum of money is to abstract it from his income; in short, to rob the old man of many of the comforts and luxuries to which he was fully entitled, in order to purchase back a palace for his great-nephew. It is a very false position, for one who dreams of nothing but the honour of her house, to have brought herself into: in her sublimity of self-devotion she borders very nearly on common dishonesty. The heir of the house is one Sebastian, who has formed an attachment to a fine-hearted girl, pretty and rich, but who is a plebeian. Of course Marietta, while she is doing all she can to give Sebastian a palace, does all she can to prevent this ignoble match. She does violence to every natural feeling in herself and others — has but one sentiment, that of family pride; but one duty, that of the restoration of the Lunardi. But it is in vain that, from time to time, she talks very loudly about the one great duty of her life; we have no sympathy with her mania; we do not even feel it to be a reality. From first to last we have no faith in the existence of Marietta.

And this effect is partly produced by a want of skill in the construction of the plot. Our heroine is not only an extremely unpleasing character, but the circumstances under which that char-

acter is supposed to be developed are such as to give to it an air of improbability.

Of modern novels it is sometimes said, the plot is nothing, the character is all. Very good; but the plot, or the circumstances, must be of such a kind as to justify the presence of the character they are supposed, in part, to form. If a person is depicted as yielding to a temptation, there must be an intelligible temptation offered: if a young and beautiful woman is described as foregoing all the usual interests of life for some very unusual project, there must be a rational probability presented to her mind for the accomplishment of such a project. Now, at the time when Marietta discards her lover to enter on her course of very questionable parsimony, no such probability could have presented itself.

The Lunardi have ruined themselves, not by any singular extravagance, but by a series of debts which have accumulated from generation to generation. The estate is eaten up, as we say in England, by mortgages. Field after field is sold, farm after farm, and at length the Palace itself—the last possession which a Florentine noble parts with. It is sold to "new men" of the name of Perini. When Marietta is a girl of eighteen, the family of Lunardi are reduced to herself, her cousin Sebastian, then a child, and her uncle the Canon. The Canon looks upon himself as a poor churchman, yet with a sufficiency to give a home to Marietta and Sebastian. Marietta is to be manager. She contrives to save something at the end of the year, and we are required to believe that from this moment she conceives the project of saving enough from the Canon's income to repurchase the Palazzo Lunardi and, moreover, we are required to believe that she actually executes the project, and becomes the mistress of thirty-five thousand scudi. This hoard was kept a profound

secret from the Canon, and from all the world beside, except Canon Guidi, her former lover, and still her friend and confidant. We naturally ask how could so large a sum have been saved—say in twenty years—out of the slender income of the Canon? If we are answered that the income was, in fact, not slender, then we as naturally ask, how happened it that the Canon submitted to many deprivations in the belief that his income did not permit him to live in a more generous and agreeable manner than Marietta permitted him to do? The Canon was not a fool or an idiot; he was a good-natured man, fond of his chicken and his glass of wine, and detesting money-matters; a man, therefore, very open to be imposed upon: but he and Sebastian (who grows up to be a young man in the course of these financial operations) must both have known what the Canon's preferences brought him in, must both have detected the needless parsimony of Marietta. Neither could she have had any reason for supposing, when she began her system of pious pilfering, that the present proprietor of the palace, Perini, would ruin himself, and be compelled to sell it.

This Perini, however, does ruin himself by gambling and other well-known resources of the spendthrift, and ruins himself so hastily that Marietta begins to fear that the palace will be offered for sale sooner than accords with her arrangements. Not but that she has the requisite funds, but her difficulty lies here: she cannot use this sum of money in the lifetime of her uncle. Her plans require that her uncle should first die, and then the Palazzo Lunardi be offered for sale. If she were to give over her hoard into the Canon's hand, he would inevitably bestow it upon Sebastian, and Sebastian would as inevitably contract this odious plebeian marriage with his beloved Laura. Her uncle dead, and she mistress of this money or the palace, terms could

be made with Sebastian; he might then be induced to look out for a noble as well as wealthy bride. So all would be fulfilled. And now is developed the tragical position of Marietta. She must needs desire the death of the kind old man who has been as a father to her. And, moreover, there is a devil at her ear whispering that the deaths of old men may be very easily hastened.

This devil at her ear is no other than her former lover, her friend and confidant, Canon Guidi, who is now a handsome courtly priest in the prime of life, and very ambitious of a cardinal's hat. Canon Guidi has his own design. He intends to be the possessor of these 35,000 scudi; they will forward his interests at Rome. He knows that the Palazzo Lunardi will never be offered for sale—that the usurer, Giuseppe Palli, has legally secured it for himself; he, nevertheless, leads Marietta to believe that in six months' time she must be prepared to make the purchase. If the uncle would but die a natural death within that six months! But Marietta does not adopt the suggestion of poisoning the old man. The Priest, therefore, is compelled to undertake this delicate affair himself. The uncle put out of the way, Sebastian persuaded to enter the church, Marietta, distracted, alone, disappointed in her great scheme, could then easily be dealt with. The 35,000 scudi would fall into his hands.

This Canon Guidi appears to us a quite melodramatic personage drawn after the type of the wicked priest that novels and plays have made familiar to us all. We are happy to say, however, that his diabolical designs are frustrated. He does not succeed in poisoning the uncle: Marietta is partly informed of his treachery to her; she makes confession of her hoarded treasure to the good Canon; Sebastian marries his plebeian Laura, but as she is the daughter of the very usurer who has secured to himself

the Palazzo Lanardi, he, by his marriage, becomes also the possessor of the house of his ancestors. All ends happily. We are even spared the execution of "poetical justice" upon the wicked priest. We are told that he obtains the goal of his ambition—that he wears the cardinal's hat. But, as the author very justly observes, men of this stamp are not the less punished because they succeed in the object of their ambition. They bear their punishment in their own nature—in their very dispositions and qualities which enabled them to obtain a nefarious success.

"Nothing could be more imposing," (this Mr. Trollope would conclude his story) "than more glorious, more majestic, than the splendid cardinal who stepped in and out of the arms of the admiring crowd. But as at what passed in the heart, beneath the mantle, and the thoughts that were busy under the skin, the reader, would accept the figure, and the hat, with all the pomp and circumstance that go with them, on the condition of accepting with them his Eminence's heart and his Eminence's thoughts—to those Right Reverend Fathers—why, that is another matter!"

This imperfect sketch of the story, presented by our remarks on the character of Marietta, would give a very erroneous notion of Mr. Trollope's novel. For we have touched only on the more tragic portion of it. The lighter parts, and those savouring more of comedy than tragedy, are very agreeably written. The character of Nanni (abbreviation for Giovanni,) and of his father Carlo Palli (the rich fattore, who has contrived to get into his possession one-half of the estate of the spendthrift Perini, while his brother the usurer has secured to himself the other half), are both very pleasantly sustained. Nanni never enters but he brings an air of quiet mirth and cheerfulness with him. He grows wiser and wittier as the story progresses. He manages his father

the fattore and his own little love affair with Caterina in the most delightful manner. As his father holds one-half the Perini property, and his uncle, the father of Laura, the other half, it stands to reason that Nanni is expected to marry Laura. But both Nanni and Laura refuse to take their parts in the drama as thus arranged. Laura has given her heart to Sebastian, Nanni to the pretty Caterina. The cousins understand each other, and forward each other's wishes.

Nanni has the reputation with his father of being a simpleton, who loses his chance with his cousin out of mere faint-heartedness. He is very willing to leave the old gentleman in this error: meanwhile, as the following little scenes will show, his wooing, when he sets about it of his own accord, is not likely to be marred by any false timidity. He has to extract a "yes" out of Caterina.

"Then you say yes! But say it with your own sweet lips!"

"Mind, Nanni," said Caterina in a grave manner, 'I said if all the others were agreed.'

"Well, so be it. If my father and yours consent, you will not say no?"

"No," said Caterina, laughing; 'will that do?'

"No; say yes, if it is only to show that you can say yes!" replied Nanni, who had by this time recovered the use of brains sufficient for the occasion, and who had got his great strong arm round Caterina's lithe little waist. 'Say yes,' he repeated, as, not seeking this time to escape from his arm, she held up her face towards his with lips tightly closed, as if to refuse the utterance of the desired word. That was certainly the meaning of their position; but it did also give them very much the appearance of inviting a kiss. Nanni bent his face slowly and gradually towards them—"Say yes!" he repeated, giving her a little shake with the arm which was round her waist, and still bringing his lips nearer to hers. 'Say it!' and when there was not above half an inch of distance remaining between them, so that the breath of the required money-lable was more felt than the sound heard, the 'yes' was uttered, and the deed instantaneously sealed and delivered in due form."

This is what Nanni called on a subsequent occasion, "screwing it out." It is certainly a novel application of the shake. The very pleasant manner in which he mystifies the burly, good-natured, but somewhat testy father, the rich fattore, would still better deserve quotation. But it would require too much explanation to make it easily understood. We must leave it in its place in the novel, where it has no doubt rejoiced the heart of many a reader.

Here, as in the preceding novel, we never forget that we are in Italy. Florence lies constantly about us. Whether he takes his stand on the Ponte Vecchio, or conducts us to the theatre, or mingles with the crowd, or descants on the police, we feel that with Mr. Trollope we are always under safe guidance. He contrives, without saying much, to leave on our minds a very favourable impression of the common people of Tuscany. Their patience, their good-nature, their love of talk, their urbanity to each other, are all brought pleasantly before us. That courtesy to each other is a trait which especially strikes an Englishman. It is the trait in which his own countrymen are most deficient. Our common people—those at least whom the eye falls upon in our public streets—treat each other with habitual rudeness; some annoyance to another is always the basis of their wit. Treating each other with rudeness, it necessarily follows that the show of courtesy they put on towards the wealthier classes is prompted only by some prospect of gain. Their civility is but another name for servility. The moment they suspect of a man that *he is no better than themselves*, they hold this to be a title for ill-using him. Returning into London from almost any Continental city, an Englishman is struck with the coarseness of manner towards each other of the mob about him. If he has the insignia of a gentleman—that is, the signs of wealth—he will personally be treated with respect enough. If he fails in these—if they are not

conspicuous to the discriminating cabman, and the like of the cabman—he will run the risk of receiving, perhaps not "a word and a blow," but certainly a word that will be as offensive as a blow.

The Italians need be, in general, a peaceful race, for by all accounts the police do little to preserve tranquillity: next to a thief a Tuscan fears the police. The whole administration of law is "suspect" to him. "Even in these days," writes Mr. Trollope, "a Tuscan rarely dreams, under any circumstances, of voluntarily having anything to say to the police. Bad indeed in their estimation, must the evil be, which would not be rendered worse to all parties concerned by letting the police have anything to do or to say in the matter."

And not only have we the observer of Italian manners before us in Mr. Trollope; we detect also running through his works a vein of quiet and subtle reflection. Often where the character appears but feebly sustained, or sketched with an uncertain hand, the remarks which the author makes *à propos* of his own creation are exceedingly good. He is not one of the most skilful of our novelists, but one of the most reflective. He will often suggest some higher conception than he himself has succeeded in portraying.

Amongst the historical sketches which Mr. T. Trollope has given us under the title of "A Decade of Italian Women," there is one—that of St. Catherine of Siena—which pleased or attracted us, and which bears on a topic prominent in these novels—the teaching of the Catholic Church. This historical study links itself with the interests of the present day by the fact, that the piety of St. Catherine is still upheld as an example which the good people of Italy are taught to imitate. Very lately a cheap and popular edition of the legend, with all its miracles, and, what is worse, with its distorted view of Christian morality and Christian piety, has been published for the express edification of

poorer readers. "The 'Life of St. Catherine of Siena, the Seraphic Spouse of Jesus Christ, forms volumes nine and ten of an 'Ecclesiastical Library,' brought out at a very cheap rate, as a means of supplying the people of Italy in the nineteenth century with wholesome and profitable mental food!"

As we have still a little space at our command, it may not be unprofitable to bestow a glance at this Catholic Saint, as she is represented to us in this edifying work. Catherine, the daughter of a dyer of Siena, had one of those disordered and exceptional constitutions which would have led a medical man of the present day to class her amongst his cataleptic patients, and which would have rendered her a much-coveted subject for the professors of mesmerism. In these persons, disease itself seems to bring with it a certain exaltation of the mental faculties, or, let us say, of the cerebrum. They may be, in general, very uneducated and very slow to learn, and yet in some direction, or in the exercise of some peculiar faculty, they may manifest extraordinary power—as, for instance, in the command of language or the exercise of imagination. In the minds of such persons there is a distressing limitation, accompanied by an equally distressing energy within that limitation. Catherine has fits; she has trances; she seems to herself to see what she may only *imagine*; and though an illiterate woman, she writes letters to the Pope, which are said to bring about his return from Avignon to Rome. That this last *fact* requires some explanation, cannot be doubted; but say that the Pope *pretended* to yield to the exhortation of a popular saint, say this influence on the Pope was altogether an invention of others, there must have been some letter-writing on the part of this uneducated woman, or invention would never have run in this direction. We have, therefore, an instance not only of great susceptibility and tenacity to a few impres-

sions, but also of abnormal activity of mind in some of its operations.

"At five years old," thus runs the narrative, "it was her practice in going up-stairs to kneel at each step to the Virgin. She habitually flogged herself, and induced other children to imitate her in doing so, at six years of age. At seven she deprived herself of a great portion of her food, secretly giving it to her brother, or throwing it to the cats. At the same age she would watch from the window to see when a Dominican monk passed, and as soon as ever he had moved on, she used to run out and kiss the spot on the pavement on which he had placed his feet."

All this may be very instructive as a psychological study. We see how omnipotent any one idea may become if it is not counteracted by others, or by a general cultivation of the mind. The poor girl had associated the idea of merit with self-infliction, and there grew up a positive *desire* to torture herself. The case of the poor girl is intelligible enough; if anything needs explanation, it is that a mania for self-torture should be still upheld in any part of Europe as a pre-eminent manifestation of Christian piety.

It was to be expected that the contemporary biographer, the 'Blessed' Raymond, should write in a laudatory strain of a Catherine of Siena. He himself was under precisely the same influences that produced such a saint. But is it really the case that everywhere else there shall be movement and progress, but never in the Catholic Church? Does it stand committed to unchangeableness? Must the present living priest see things, or pretend to see them, in the same light as the 'Blessed' Raymond, writing in the fourteenth century? We hope not. We would rather that the great Catholic institution should bend than that it should break—that it should submit to improvements—submit to *nationalise* itself—that it should consent to forget as well as to learn—so that it may become such organ of discipline and instruction as the age demands. The day for ascetic

piety is not passed—if by this is meant, that the tendency to find a merit in some species of self-torture is passed away—but the day is surely come when those who have the education of others committed to them, should withdraw them from such a tendency, and substitute for it a happy and happy-making love to God and man.

"At twelve years old, being then marriageable, her mother begged her to comb her hair and 'wash her face often.' But this she steadfastly refused to do, till her mother, having requested a married sister, for whom Catherine had the warmest affection, to use her influence with her, she yielded, and began to pay some attention to the cleanliness of her person and the neatness of her dress."

This transgression—not the disobedience to her mother, but the yielding to her sister's importunities—this washing herself she treats as a most heinous sin; brings it with sighs and tears to her confessor; and is manifestly disappointed that he does not view it in the same light, and does not impose on her some terrible penance. To call herself a great sinner, and to roll herself in dust and ashes, would be the glory of a saint of this description. But while one can feel nothing but compassion for the poor girl herself, one is justly indignant that an example of this kind should be put before susceptible young women as one for their imitation, or at least for their admiration. For although Father Raymond is reluctant to be severe to the saint, he is no better teacher on the occasion than the saint herself could have been.

"Her sister continued to persuade her to pay attention to her person. 'But,' continues Father Raymond, 'the omnipotent Lord not being able any longer to endure that His chosen bride should in any way be kept at a distance from Him, removed that obstacle that prevented her from uniting herself to God. For Bonaventura, the Saint's married sister who instigated her to vanity, being near to her confinement, died in childbirth, young as she was. Observe, O reader, how displeasing and hateful to God it is

to impede or divert those who wish to serve Him. This Bonaventura was, as has been said, a very worthy woman, both in her conduct and in her conversation; but because she endeavoured to draw back to the world her who wished to serve God, she was smitten by the Lord, and punished with a very painful death."

The verdict in favour of non-washing could not have been more distinctly given. There is no need for us to dwell on the folly and mischief of educating a Christian conscience after such a pattern as this. But are we to believe that the Church of Italy will continue to endure that a work like this should be read as a manual of piety?

From another point of view the life of Catherine is to the historian an interesting, and perhaps a perplexing, study. What makes it such is the close combination of the real and the imaginary in the narrative as it has descended to us. Catherine is an indisputably historic personage—she is the well-known dyer's daughter of Siena, and it is her own confessor, the blessed Raymond, who writes her biography. He, her contemporary, writes for her contemporaries; and yet, mingled with the real incidents of a human life, we have abundant miracles unhesitatingly recorded. For all this, no grave historian, whether he be Catholic or Protestant, gives credence for a moment to the miraculous part of the narrative. It is an historical fact that the contemporaries of Catherine believed in her supernatural gifts—in her effectual intercession with God—in her personal intercourse and communion with Christ—and in many events connected with her daily life of a quite miraculous order. It follows, therefore, that it is something more than contemporary evidence that an historian wants; he wants the evidence of men who will themselves require sufficient testimony before they believe and record—of men who have at least learned to distinguish between what is fact and what is mere *inference* from fact—of men whose devout feelings or purposes do not

carry them on, consciously or unconsciously, into exaggerated or fictitious statements.

In the biography of Catherine we have striking instances both how the *real* becomes, by exaggeration, transformed into the miraculous, and also how the purely *illusory* comes to be narrated as a real event. That Catherine's fasts were as prolonged as nature could sustain, is the actual fact; that "she remained wholly without food for many years" is the exaggeration of an age delighting in the miraculous. That Catherine saw visions from the age of six years old—that in one of these visions she was married to Christ himself—is the fact; that these visions were *objective realities* of some kind, and not the mere coinage of the brain, was the interpretation of an age that could believe that St. Paul and St. Peter, and Christ himself, would descend to earth and make themselves in some manner perceptible by her. It is not necessary, however, to suppose that *all* her contemporaries would listen with credulity to her dreams, or treat them as anything *but* dreams—it is quite enough to account for a biography such as Raymond's, that there were a certain number of such faithful disciples. We may be sure that during Catherine's life there were many mockers, many sceptics; but these would not prevent the biography from being written, from being read, from being preserved. The biography lives, the mocking sceptics die and are forgotten. We must not make the blunder of supposing that Father Raymond is a representative of all Siena.

Catherine was, no doubt, in the first instance, the sport of her own delusions; she detailed as fact what was mere imagination. But persons who find themselves objects of wonder, have an irresistible temptation to increase the wonder by deliberate inventions of their own. Thus to the two modes we

have already mentioned, in which the imaginary becomes mingled with the real, must be added this third—the wilful invention of one already accredited with some supernatural gifts and revelations. Catherine's account of the manner in which she learned to read and write must, even in the construction of the most charitable, be ranked amongst the inventions of her own mind.

But in the life of Catherine the miraculous events are really not the most difficult of explanation. It is this poor fanatical woman, "scourging herself three times a day till the blood streams from her," wearing a chain of iron round her body, which gradually eats its way into her flesh, fasting till the bewildered brain can no longer discriminate between reality and its own thought—to whom the government of Florence applies to negotiate a peace with the Pope! It is to this visionary person—to this somnambulist, as some might now be tempted to call her—that grave historians attribute the return of Pope Gregory from Avignon to Rome! Extraordinary as she may have been in some of her psychological developments, we cannot but suspect that she was made, in some measure, the tool of abler and more crafty minds. There must have been some secret history here that would alone enable us to understand these events as related to us. We have her letters, but what portion of the letters printed as Catherine's are really her composition we have no means of judging. Are all genuine? a few? none?

But we must not be led further into what is always a tempting problem—this mixed character of folly and of piety, of craft and delusion, of tool and artificer, of ignorance and ability. All we pray for is, that we may have only to study it in the past, and that it may no longer appear in any part of Christendom as a false exemplar of Christian excellence.



CHAPTER I.

8.12 P.M., a fine April evening. A hansom cab rattled up to the door of a "noble mansion" in Grosvenor Square.

The impetuous horse had scarce been jerked into a halt when a young gentleman emerged on the pavement, together with a gibus and white cravat. Slipping a shilling into the driver's hand, he gave a loud and hurried knock at the closed portal. The sound had not vanished when, the door opening widely, Mr. Augustus Bromley marched through rows of servants into the inner hall.

"Am I very late?" he inquired confidentially of the elderly valet who received his cloak, evidently no new acquaintance.

"Not very, sir, but dinner is served, and my master is coming down stairs."

Sure enough, as he spoke, the portly stomach of Sir Jehoshaphat was seen descending, his white waistcoat heading the goodly procession.

Slowly and mournfully did the procession proceed, as is the custom in this melancholy island. Sir Jehoshaphat smiled on the youth in the hall with grim hospitality, but without a word. The worthy man was not wont to utter before his soup.

Meanwhile Mr. Bromley stood near the baluster, "hat in his hand, and famine in his face."

Slowly and sadly did the guests troop in, while our Augustus stood watching the couples with a longing, inquiring look.

It was a great banquet this dinner of Sir Jehoshaphat. A new dining-room had been added to the "noble mansion" in Grosvenor Square, to celebrate the addition of another million or so to his fortune. A dinner was to be given in honour of the room, and my lady had culled the choicest names from her visiting-book.

Sir Jehoshaphat had insisted only on one guest. It was Mr. Augustus Bromley.

CHAPTER II.

No wonder, then, that Lady Coxe was rather reserved in her method of addressing the tardy arrival.

"*Où de do?*" she bowed terribly as she passed him, bringing up the rear of her splendid company.

Mr. Bromley bowed low, as with a look of mingled relief and disappointment he offered his arm to Letitia, Miss Coxe, who fluttered like an angel of thirty in the wake of her ample mamma.

As the company was being distributed round the table, the young man once more cast his eye over the party, lest peradventure, he should have missed, in the hurry, the features he was seeking.

But no; there he saw the dukes and privy councillors gathered together by Lady Coxe; elder sons and younger sons, dullards and wits; but nowhere could he find that one guest on whose presence he had counted. So, turning to Letitia, he joyfully addressed her.

"Well, Miss Coxe, have you been going out lately a good deal?"

"Not very much," answered Letitia curtly, as she elected for clear soup. Miss Coxe was of an age to appreciate the merits of that amphibious edible.

"Not very much, Miss Coxe?" rejoined Mr. Bromley, as he modestly chose the portion of turtle, the pendant of his neighbour's pottage.

"No, Mr. Bromley, not very much."
 "How's that?"
 "Why, really——"
 "I'm sure not from want of inclination."

"Oh dear, no!" answered Miss Coxe, although such was pretty much the fact.

"From want of inclination, perhaps."

Letitia smiled. Turbot was before her, and for the moment she could not speak. At length, she paused.

"You know I never go to balls," she said. "I think the eldest of four sisters should have done with such frivolities, and for the last ten days there has been nothing else."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure, Miss Coxe, to give them up to your sisters. But you are so kind."

Miss Coxe smiled again, and betook herself for consolation to a patty.

Thus far the wily Bromley accompanied her; and now, having seen her lips glued for some seconds to a pink and open glass, containing an effervescing fluid, he proceeded to cross-examine his neighbour with no slight skill and subtlety.

"What do you think made me late to-day?"

"I am sure I don't know."

"I don't think you can keep a secret, Miss Coxe."

A cutlet stifled the remonstrance.

"Indeed I can," murmured at length the virgin.

"Then I may tell it you later. But first you must tell me some secrets."

"I'm sure you're laughing at me, Mr. Bromley."

"Contrariwise blessing——"

"For shame, Mr. Bromley."

"I beg your pardon—very wrong, I know; the bad effects of a careful education. But first, is Lady Coxe very angry with me for being so late?"

"Not very."

"Oh, Miss Coxe, how roguish is that smile!"

Letitia was tackling the mutton.

"And now, do tell me how are your sisters."

"Which of them?" Miss Coxe did not inquire without a reason.

"All! why are they not here to-night?"

"Miesy is not out yet."

"But the others—Miss Florence and Miss Constance?"

"I will let you into a little family history. They are both going to-night to the ball at Conisbro' House. They were afraid of spoiling their dresses if they came down to dinner, as afterwards there would not be time to dress; so they will not make their appearance till later."

Mr. Bromley was not ill-pleased at the information. He himself was going to the ball. With due reticence, however, he suppressed all appearance of emotion.

"And are you not going to the ball? It will be nothing without you."

"Do you really think so?" murmured Letitia, with an anxious softness in her tones.

Bromley felt himself as on the verge of a precipice. Turning to his left, he opened fire on his other neighbour.

The neighbour was a stout gentleman, hitherto intent on the occupation of the hour. He was a celebrated physician, of great wealth, addicted to feel the pulse of the Stock Exchange as well as of patients, an old bachelor, director of assurance companies, a man of few words but of many meals.

Bromley knew the gourmand slightly, and with much plasticity addressed him.

"Very good mayonnaise."

"HEAR, HEAR!" answered the Doctor.

"Truly admirable," continued Bromley.

"HEAR, HEAR!——"

"We had a house dinner yesterday."

"Hear, hear! What did you have?"

"We began with a dozen of oysters each, which Lucullus might have envied."

"Too many; eight is quite enough before dinner. I hope you put a

little touch of cayenne in the pepper-castor."

"Of course we did." Bromley looked at his neighbour as though injured by the doubt.

"Hear, hear!" rejoined the latter, apologetically—"and what next?"

"A 'bisque' soup—admirable."

"Hear, hear! Does your chef understand that little invention of Careme's as to curing the tails? It is a wonderful art. Take of carrots sliced one ounce, of sugar one ounce, ordinary pepper one table-spoonful—"

"He told me that he had made a special study of that point," interrupted Bromley.

"Hear, hear!" the Doctor spoke but faintly. Bisque was a topic of constant heart-burning between himself and his cook.

At this moment Letitia, indignant at the desertion, interrupted her neighbour.

"Papa is speaking to Dr. Leadbitter," she remarked; and sure enough Sir Jehoshaphat was chanting to his customer from the centre of the table, where, by Lady Coxe's orders, he had taken up a position opposite herself.

"Do you recollect that piece of plate, Leadbitter?"

The middle of the table exhibited a perfect oasis of palm-trees and camels, with springs of water and turbaned figures.

"Hear, hear," answered the Doctor.

"What is it?" asked a duke, good-naturedly.

"That superb epergne," continued Sir Jehoshaphat, "was presented to me for my exertions on behalf of the new Bombay Steam Company."

"Hear, hear," from Dr. Leadbitter.

"And what is this?" asked a wit, mildly, and nodding towards another piece of plate exhibiting a vessel gradually sinking into the waves.

"That was given me by my brother Directors after twenty years'

constant attendance at the Rara Avis Marine Insurance Office."

"Ah, Sir Jehoshaphat, that's what you call making insurance doubly sure."

"Blagden's in luck to-night," whispered a fellow-wit to his neighbour; "and that's not always the case. I saw him reading the inscription round that silver sea. He's short-sighted, and couldn't conceal his exertions. Then he led the way to the plate, and brought out his little sentiment."

The second wit's neighbour—a young lady just out—felt awed at her companion's severity. In fact, Lady Coxe had made the usual mistake of inviting more than one wit. She had asked three, not including Dr. Leadbitter, who, by his own family, was considered to trench on that order. Dr. Leadbitter was, nevertheless, very good-natured. So apropos of the insurance office, he thought to tell a story redounding to the credit of his host.

"Do you recollect, Sir Jehoshaphat, what our worthy chairman said on that occasion? 'Well,' says he, 'now that you've got the ship, I hope you'll always keep your head above water.'"

"That's worthy of Blagden," whispered Whiting, the rival wit, to his frightened associate, while Dr. Leadbitter repeated the point—

"I hope you'll always keep your head above water."

A sickly smile passed round the table.

"Talking of Rara Avis," began Blagden, "I've heard a new interpretation of that well-known passage."

"Heaven help us!" gasped Whiting, "when he once begins on those philological discussions."

The fact is, that Blagden and Whiting are two deadly enemies.

Whiting is a man of some power in repartee, and of considerable information. He is very amusing and anecdotic. Some people go so far as to say that he prepares himself for dinners by a preliminary course of reading. Be this as it may, he

is very pleasant at a dinner-table, and makes the time pass pleasantly.

Blagden, on the other hand, is a man of very small powers, and entirely destitute of any humour soever. True, he reads much and amasses information; but his manner of retailing his goods is dreary in the extreme, and the effort is so evident to sustain a part into which he has been forced by a curious dispensation, that his jokes, except to the dullest, sound like a knell.

The third wit was completely in the background. He was one of those men who shine only in a choice society.

So Whiting and Blagden had it to themselves. The dukes and privy councillors, the dowagers and damsels, were content to listen, and the two wags reigned supreme in the new dining room.

Blagden had for the moment possession of the tribune. Rara Avis was being discussed with much acumen.

He had come to the words "nigroque," when Lady Coxe, with the temerity of ignorance, came to the rescue of her guests. The conversation rolled towards Whiting. He was to be the arbitrator of an appeal.

"Ho! I'm sure 'e can tell us," exclaimed Lady Coxe, "'e knows everything."

So the question was put to Mr. Whiting; and Bromley leant forward, not without some curiosity, to hear the wit's answer.

"Ho, Mr. Whitin', can you tell us, do now, 'oo is that delightful foreigner we met a month ago at Lady Moorpath's. Lady Moorpath says 'e's so delightful."

"As I had not the honour of being at the ball, I must first, as a lawyer, ask the name of the party." Lady Coxe was puzzled. She was conscious of a certain deficiency in French, and was reluctant to expose her vulnerabilities to the dinner-table.

A supernumerary kindly relieved her.

"We were talking of Count Rabelais de Chinon."

"Oh, now I have it. Well, I do know something of the gentleman—a very pleasant agreeable man."

"Yes, I wanted to ask him to-day, only some'ow or other I couldn't," retorted Lady Coxe, with a glance at Bromley, that partly revealed to him the cause of that lady's displeasure.

"But do you know anything of him?" inquired Sir Jehoshaphat, in a tone intended to be easy and careless. "Is he of a great family?"

"Why, yes," answered Whiting. "He claims a lineal descent from the author of 'Gargantua.'"

"Now that is a pretty mistake," interrupted Blagden, glad to have caught his rival tripping. "Rabelais was a priest, curate of Meudon."

Whiting cast a glance of compassionate scorn on the unfortunate wit.

"I was not aware that his priesthood need make any difference."

The answer created some sensation. Some of the elders smiled. Others looked grave. The young men grinned. The young ladies were unconscious—all except Letitia. Letitia blushed. But then she was thirty. As to Blagden, poor man, he was covered with confusion and distress at not being able to floor his antagonist.

"The clerical rule was very lax in those days, as you, as a student, ought to know, Mr. Blagden," continued Mr. Whiting, with severity.

"The Rabelais of the present day declare their ancestor to have been married, as were his friends the Cardinal Castillon and Bishop Montmorency. You must recollect, Sir Jehoshaphat, the celebrated epigram of the subject."

"Oh, very well, very well," answered Whiting, "the baronet gave a cool assurance worthy of the cause."

And Whiting felt a little fraud. He had a task of repeating

which he had forgotten the two beet lines.

But he was not to get off so easily.

"Can't you repeat it, Mr. Whiting?" asked one of the dukes.

"I am afraid that this is not exactly an audience suited for it," rejoined Whiting, with an expressive look. "I am sure Sir Jehoshaphat would not wish me to do so."

Sir Jehoshaphat smiled, throwing into his countenance an expression of much vivacity and inward satisfaction.

"But is the race then interrupted to its source?" interposed a peer, with some pretensions to

heraldic knowledge. "I do not recollect the name in French history."

"Nor does any one else, my lord. The fact being that a financier, one of the few who retained a fortune of Law's making, furnished up a pedigree, and by some inexplicable process obtained nobility from Louis XV. The present representative of the family died, I believe, some years ago, a quiet and harmless old man. As to the family, because I can say nothing, I know nothing. The present year, that is supposed to be the year of the French orange."

As he came to a pause, the duke bowed, and the ladies set to work

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"Lady Coxe sat back
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Augustus Bromley her whole
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CHAPTER III.

It will scarcely be necessary to reproduce the after-dinner conversation. The wine gave auspicious signs of their existence. The politicians talked politics, the younger men talked of their amusements, while Bromley, sitting between Whiting and Sir Jehoshaphat, listened to the sallies of the two, and enjoyed a little confidential dialogue with the other.

"Ah, well," muttered Whiting, as the gentlemen were about to follow the ladies, and in answer to a casual observation, "the world may turn and turn and twist for ever, it will never turn up anything new. Here we have had faringales and hoops recurring at certain periods, like an epidemic. Now they are again, and here they are likely to continue. Now the takes fashions from us—

take them from France
very pretty piece

Prince de Guermes
that benedictin a
private gentleman.

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with Mr. Bromley — as near as was compatible with the ladies' dresses.

"Second, Everything which forces nature beyond its due bounds, proceeds from a bad taste."

Sir Jehoshaphat looked triumphantly at his daughter.

"Thirdly, Everything which eclipses the beauties, or hinders the freedom of action, proceeds from a want of taste."

"Very true," remarked Sir Jehoshaphat, sentimentally.

"Hear, hear," chorused Mr. Leadbitter.

"Fourthly, Everything which constrains nature, or hinders the freedom of action, proceeds from a — I must say it, ladies — 'depraved taste.'

"Fifthly, Everything which loads nature with superfluous ornament, proceeds from an affectation of taste."

"And, lastly, 'Everything which is out of character is certainly out of taste.'"

"And now you have got it, girls," nodded Sir Jehoshaphat, contentedly. And as he turned towards Constance, his eyes lit up with pleasure. He could not conceal his paternal pride.

Constance was tall, and beautiful. Her fair complexion, her fine classic features, bore a stamp of refinement far above the status of her family.

Dignity and womanliness were well combined in the dark hazel eye, the finely chiselled nostril, the short upper lip, and the delicately rounded chin. Her movements were graceful. As her father looked, her small hand was arranging a flower in her hair, and the pose was eminently consolatory.

"At any rate I will say this of my girls," exclaimed the father; "although they may bedizen themselves out as they like, they never exceed their allowance."

"Hear, hear," responded Leadbitter.

"An admirable quality," added a duke. As these praises were being lavished, a slight cloud came

over the brilliant features of Constance. None perceived it — but Bromley.

"And may I ask how much is considered necessary for a young lady's pin-money?" inquired Leadbitter.

"I give them each two hundred and fifty pounds a-year, paid punctually and quarterly," answered Sir Jehoshaphat, pompously. "On the first of January, the first of April, the first of July, and the first of October each of my grown-up daughters receives the sum of sixty-two pounds ten shillings, income-tax not deducted."

"Hear, hear," burst out Mr. Leadbitter.

"That's the exact figure, my Lord Duke, two — five — ought," answered Sir Jehoshaphat, rattling in his pockets.

"Mais c'est princier," interrupted a strange voice, and the millionaire's countenance fell.

The little group turned, and before them stood the well-trimmed whiskers and handsome features of Count Rabelais de Chinon.

Lady Coxe advanced playfully.

"Oh, méchong 'ow de do? Where 'ave you been dining? You mush dine 'ere on Tuesday."

Lady Coxe turned reproachfully towards her husband and Bromley with a severe expression, as though but for them the Count would have been dining that day in Grosvenor Square.

They were talking to the girls, and were apparently unconscious of the mute appeal. A rapid glance between the girls and Augustus, however, showed that this was not the case. Meanwhile the guests had, one by one, departed, and there remained none but the family party, Mr. Bromley, and the Count. The latter approached Constance.

"What beautiful toilette," he began, with much truth; and, leaving him to finish his conversation with the daughter, Bromley led Lady Coxe to a neighbouring settee, and opened fire on that lady's heart.

"Lady Coxe, I was late to-day for dinner."

"Well, never mind, Mr. Bromley. It is not, perhaps, very civil to come late to a banquet like that of to-day. But perhaps you were engaged."

"I was engaged on your account."

"Indeed, and pray 'ow may that have been?" inquired the old lady, with much sarcasm.

"Why, I have heard you more than once express a desire to become acquainted with Lady Ilminster."

Lady Coxe began to feel interested in the conversation. Her dignity, however, did not allow her to show it. She answered slowly.

"Lady Ilminster is a person 'ose beauty and personal merits make her acquaintance undoubtedly desirable."

"You are not, perhaps, aware that she is nearly related to me."

"I am acquainted with that coincidence."

"And, perhaps, you know that she has been for some time very ill at her Richmond villa."

"Such rumour 'ad reached my ear."

"She is now better, and to-day I went to see her."

Lady Coxe was really becoming engrossed in her young friend's communications.

He continued—

"You hear everything, Lady Coxe; have you heard that she is going to give, in celebration of her convalescence, a very little *déjeuner* at the Villa?"

"I 'ad heard something of the kind. But it's to be very shwosy. Only one 'undered and twenty to be asked, so that they may all sit down and dine at the same time."

"Well, Lady Coxe, I thought you might like to go."

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Bromley; but do you think by the rules of etiquette that Lady Ilminster could send me a card without being presented to me? You know, though not members of the aristocracy, we are of a good fam'ly, and 'old our 'eads 'igh."

"Indeed you do. But Lady Ilminster desires me to say that

she hopes you will excuse her, as she has not been able, from her illness, to make your acquaintance, but that she takes the liberty of sending you this card, as her party would not be complete without you."

"We shall be very 'appy," answered Lady Coxe, with much self-possession, while secretly she could have hugged the young man to her heart. And, indeed, that organ beat with terrible velocity as she perused the magic cardboard. Lady Coxe, Miss Florence Coxe, Miss Constance Coxe. Bromley had taken care that the names should be specified, as he distrusted Letitia and her possible conduct on this occasion.

Lady Coxe was bent on giving her young friend an instantaneous proof of her gratitude.

"Can we give you a seat to Conisbro' 'Ouse?" she asked.

"Mamma!" said Florence, in a tone of admonition.

A cloud came over the face of Constance.

Bromley was full of tact.

"I am afraid your carriage is already over-full. Three are quite enough under existing circumstances."

"Voilà, miladi, l'inconvénient des modes d'aujourd'hui," interposed the Frenchman, with intention.

"Ho, Congte, I'm much afraid you're a *mourvy soujy*."

The Frenchman placed his hand on his heart.

"Then I will walk with this gentleman to the ball," continued the Count.

"Do you know the Duchess, Congte?" asked the Baronet's Lady.

"No, miladi, but you will present me."

Poor Lady Coxe sank back aghast, and had it not been for Mr. Augustus Bromley her whole evening would have been rendered wretched.

He interposed at this juncture.

"If the Count will honour me by placing himself under my chap-eronage, I think I can insure him

a hearty welcome. The Duchess has given me *carte blanche* for dancing men, and I suppose Count Rabelais comes under that category."

The Count seemed prepared to give an immediate evidence of his powers, when, the carriage being announced, Lady Coxe led the way to the door.

CHAPTER IV.

"My friend," began the Count, as he took Bromley's arm — "My friend, shall 'e jump into a 'ansomcab?"

"It's quite close, and the hour is not late: shall we walk?"

"All is equal. We can converse more at our ease walking, and I have much to say to you."

"You honour me, Count."

Bromley was somewhat surprised at the sudden confidence. He had never spoken to the Count but three times before that evening.

"I entertain an instinctive sympathy for you, my friend, not a little enhanced by the feeling that it is reciprocated."

"You flatter me, Count."

"From the moment I first saw your Anglo-Saxon face, I felt that we were destined to be friends for life, perhaps comrades."

"Really you overwhelm me."

"Nay, perhaps some day to be still more nearly connected."

"Indeed, Count, these anticipations of yours even outstrip my wishes."

"Believe me, I shall not dislike it. Foi de Rabelais."

"How can I express——"

"I have seen—yes, my little Bromley, I have seen it."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I have seen it—*polisson*—ah—*animal!*"

"I really do not understand."

"Ah, malin! do not you think I see the entente cordiale between Monsieur Bromley and la petite espiègle, the young Florence?"

"Really, Count Rabelais, you altogether mistake."

"Chut! I will not breathe the word; but I have seen what I have seen. Let me tap you on the stomach, *gussez!*" and the Count ex-

ecuted one or two steps lightly on the pavement, singing a refrain.

"Au diu d'amour il n'est rien d'impossible,
Donc il ne faut jamais désespérer,
Car toute femme a sa corde sensible,
Que tôt ou tard un amant sait toucher."

Bromley followed in silence, waiting for further disclosures.

"She is piquant, the fair Florence," continued the Count, as soon as this outpouring had subsided — "She is piquant, and some say she is rich, la petite—eh, *misérable?*"

"Why, indeed, I have never inquired. Not having the intentions you attribute to me, it has not been worth my while entering into the question."

"But she must be rich, la petite?"

"For her sake, I hope so."

"But they tell me that he is a millionaire, the bon papa."

"I fancy he must be very well off."

"But are there not half a hundred suitors for the daughters?"

"Why, you see the fair Letitia is not married, and if suitors were so plentiful, she would not be averse, I imagine, to the holy state."

"But I fancy that Whiting has little intentions towards that respectable young lady."

"Nonsense!"

"Then why ask him to the house?"

"He is a writer. In this country any man with the gift of putting two words together may be a thorn in your side for ever."

"But they tell me that old Jehoshaphat has no children but the four daughters."

"Not to my knowledge."

"Then you think him an old *vaurien*? Poor miladi Coxe!"

"No, I should think him the truest of husbands."

"Then he has only four daughters?"

"Ostensibly."

"And they the inheritors of his fortunes?"

"I should suppose so."

"Then, my little Bromley, we shall be brothers-in-law."

"You honour me; but how do you propose to effect this desirable result?"

"You shall marry your little love la Florence. I will espouse Con-

stance, who, after all, will make the best Countess of the two. We will mutually aid each other — la mère Coxe will be on my side, le Père on yours. Does that suit you?"

"With many thanks for the offer, not at all. I have no intentions with regard to Miss Florence; and here we are at the ball——"

"We must talk of this again," whispered the Count, as he bent a low bow to the Duchess, and left his companion to make the necessary explanations.

CHAPTER V.

Publius Syrus tells us that to deliberate on useful things is a prudent delay.

It may not be useless to deliberate for a short space on the causes that prevented Lady Coxe from giving a seat in her carriage to Mr. Augustus Bromley.

Dress has always been one of the weaknesses inherent in the British female.

Queen Elizabeth left three thousand dresses — Frenche gownes, rounde gownes, loose gownes, pantobles, saufegardes, and juppes.

The widespread farthingale was likewise in her day the cause of much extravagance. Large dresses are inevitably more expensive than those of more rational proportions, not only in the increase of size, but in the additional ornament necessary to relieve the wide expanse of colour. Queen Elizabeth likewise excelled in this department of extravagance. Embroidered with lions, tigers, nay, serpents, sea-horses, swans, and ostriches, her dress in quality was as luxurious as in quantity. Cloths of gold and of silver, rich Genoa velvets, silks, satins, and costly tissues, all contributed to demolish the fortunes of husbands under the virgin Queen. Rich laces completed the robes, when the substrata were not considered sufficiently ruinous for display.

The 'Weekly Journal' for January, 1717, is said to record the death of the celebrated mantua-maker, Mrs. Selby, the inventor, or probably the reviver, of the hoop-petticoat. Mrs. Selby was the first of "women's coopers."

Mrs. Selby was, therefore, the prime cause of Bromley's exile from the family-coach of the Coxes, and the readers should know the object of the invention. It was to conceal the pregnancy of a king's mistress — the shame of a faithless wife. A volume would scarcely contain all that has been said and written on the subject. One extract will suffice.

It was Madame de Montespan who invented the *robes battantes* to conceal her pregnancy; but when she wore them, it was precisely as if she had publicly announced what she affected to conceal, as people said — 'Madame de Montespan has put on her *robe battante*, therefore,' &c.

Yet this is the dress adopted by the Miss Coxes.

Oh! for the pen of Mrs. Stone to describe their costume at that luxurious ball! Or rather the costume of Constance; for Florence, with her "neutral face" — that is, neither ugly nor handsome, but with a little lively countenance — endeavoured to follow the precepts of the English philosophers, and to 'imitate in her

dress that conciseness, that spirit, and that point which ought to characterise the epigram."

But Constance, the tall, majestic Constance, demanded more dignified accessories.

In her costume she affected a magnificence and a gorgeous humility which seemed the intermediate link between the virgin and the matron, for, indeed, it partook of each.

A skirt of sumptuous pink silk descended circling to the ground, "armed with ribs of whale."

Flounces of rich lace covered the petticoat, scarcely allowing the first fabric to appear.

Here and there a bouquet of moss-roses, artistically wrought, looped up some portion of the dress, and a glitter occasionally betrayed a gem only half-concealed, which shone like a dew-drop.

Her bodice was covered with the same flowers. Art had outwitted nature in the frosted leaves, sun-burnt, or a tender green; nay, the scent of the rose had been added by the faithful artist.

Her head-dress consisted of a net of pearls, encircled by the rich diadem of her hair; while a fresh nosegay of moss-roses and lilies of the valley completed the illusion, to which neither taste nor expense had spared their help.

Still there was a cloud on that fair face, which told of hidden vexation or anxiety.

The classical features were not at rest, the movements of the graceful form were nervous.

A calm looker-on would have guessed the internal agitation of her who was universally proclaimed the beauty of that evening.

The walls had disappeared beneath a trellis-work, to which creepers and rare plants of every kind and country had been attached. Portable fountains, disposed in divers parts of the lofty rooms, cooled the atmosphere by their sparkling appearance and silvery sound. The chandeliers and lustres were also rich with flowers.

The orchestra was composed of eminent artists. Wealth and luxury had poured their treasures on the head of a thousand guests. Those guests were taking their pleasure in a thousand ways, suited to their different tastes—some with dancing till faint, others with slanders and backbiting; the more inoffensive, with listlessly looking on. Others, more benignant (and these formed the weakest number), lavished admiration.

Matches were supposed, made up, and again undone in the short space of an hour, and speculation under every shape went her nightly round.

None more speculating than. My Lady Coxe herself, as we may judge from the following conversation.

"It is, after all, a great thing and a grand privilege to 'ave the 'onor of a title."

"I should not care that my daughters should have titles," was the tart answer of a small red-faced lady, to whom the observation had been addressed, and whose red-faced daughters could never dream of aspiring above esquires.

"But now," resumed Lady Coxe, with a patronising air, "isn't it pleasant to 'ear announced the Count and Countess of So-and-So, or the Marchioness, instead of plain Mrs. Somebody."

This was another hit at the little woman, who bridled up and answered—

"Solid wealth and comfort for me and mine—none of those foreign Counts that don't count much in this country."

Lady Coxe blushed through her rouge.

"I didn't mean foreign Counts, but English nobility."

"But there is a whiskered foreigner paying mighty compliments to Miss Constance," pertinaciously continued the little woman. "Who is he?"

"Oh, a charming, clever man, the Count of Rabelais de Chinon, a very rich Frenchman."

"Oh!" answered the red-faced woman, as she bustled away to look after her own chubby daughters.

Waltz followed waltz, and quadrille followed waltz, and the fair Constance danced with many admiring partners, three times also with Achille de Rabelais.

The Frenchman danced, as he did everything, with audacity. As,

with a somewhat risqué pironette, he squeezed the young beauty's waist, and deposited her, breathless, on a divan, Constance looked up. Her eyes met those of Augustus Bromley, and a deep blush of consciousness covered her forehead.

"*Deliciense, parole d'honneur, you waltz like an angel. You would turn every head in Paris.*"

CHAPTER VI.

Constance Coxo was a very nice girl, though she looked nicer than she really was. She had, in fact, rather too much of what may be designated the financial manner to be pleasing to all persons. This Bromley perceived, and hoped hereafter to remedy.

The financial manner is the manner appertaining to the offspring of great fortunes made in trade. Constance could not be called vulgar, yet there was that about her which was not entirely opposed to vulgarity. The fact was, that she, like many of her class, had not partaken of that home education which instils manner with mother's milk and daily bread. She had been very carefully instructed. She played music of the high classical school. Nay, more, she was well grounded therein, and could discourse of Sebastian Bach, Beethoven, quartetts, symphonies, and fugues in any letter of the alphabet. She likewise understood geology, admired Kingsley's writings, was not averse to insects, was strong in German literature, and subscribed to ragged schools and Mudie's library. Nathless, there was a twang about her not as true as the sterling of her father's bank. Her manners had not that repose which marked the caste of Lady Ilminster and her set. She laughed so loud as though who should prevent her. There was too much gush about her in her lighter moments; too much affectation of doing the right thing socially and morally, added to the

apparent manifestation of a sentiment, which might or might not exist in reality, of conscious superiority over her fellow-women.

But though her manners were not really distinguished, it was difficult to discover where the flaw really existed.

They had been acquired second-hand from associates, and were not innate—so they had, perhaps, the appearance of second-hand goods. One or two stains were indelible, consequently covered over with an ornament not quite in place—but the rest was varnished up satisfactorily, and looked almost like new.

She was not very clever, but having overcome a giggle natural to finance, she was serious, and, in her height and beauty, looked dignified and wise. Moreover, she was very much in love with Augustus Bromley, accepted his lessons with gratitude, and his reproofs with humility. She believed in his future as firmly as himself, and piqued herself as much on her worldly wisdom as on her disinterestedness in loving a man whom her mother disapproved, through ignorance, but whom she preferred as much from ambition as passion.

But on this evening she had avoided him and danced with the Count. It was not till late that Augustus could take her aside for a moment. With her arm on his he led her through the long chain of rooms. At length they reached a conservatory, occupied by couples, who, like themselves, sought for

solitude. Secure in the absorption of others, he began—

"What is it, Constance, makes you avoid me to-night?"

"I do not avoid you. Unfortunately, nearly every time you have asked me to dance I have been engaged."

"Such has not generally been the case, Constance. You have, on other occasions, managed to secure me one or two dances in the course of the evening."

"But to night I could not."

"You seem to have exercised the power in favour of that distinguished foreigner whom I brought here."

"Augustus, you are jealous."

"Jealousy does not exist in official life—that is to say, jealousy of women."

Constance played with her skirts nervously.

"Mamma desired me to be very civil to the Count."

"And very uncivil to me, I suppose; but the order has been repeated more than once without the same effect."

"But I must obey her."

"Certainly. Obey her! Let her choose a husband for you, and, in her perspicacity, she will select the Count. He has already fixed his attentions on you, and she is favouring them."

"Never. I will never marry him."

"Then there has been a question of it."

"Augustus, I can stand this no longer. For heaven's sake spare me. If you only knew all, and would trust in me—I cannot, at this moment, offend mamma."

"I do not wish you to offend her—but tell me, dear Constance, whence all this fear and flurry? You seem afraid of some great evil."

The tears no longer glittered in her eye. They fell fast on her dress. They were quite alone. Augustus took her hand.

"Tell me, dearest Constance," he said, "what is . . . ?"

She threw aside his hand with a warning gesture, for Lady Coxe stood before them.

"Come, Constance," she said, severely. "It is time to go home."

"Thanks, my dear friend," whispered the Count to Augustus, as they were leaving the ball door. "You were pleading my cause, *Honneur et Amitié*."

And the Count disappeared in the distance, hopping.

"My dears," said Lady Coxe, as they drove home, tired and collapsed. "My dears, you 'ad better send for *Mélanie* to-morrow, to order dresses for Lady Ilminster's dejeuner!"

CHAPTER VII.

Augustus Bromley was of a character beyond the appreciation of the Lady Coxes of creation. To those who have made their way, none are acceptable whose way is not yet made, and for ought Lady Coxe knew, Bromley's might never carry him much further than the present stage.

Augustus Bromley was well connected. He possessed six hundred a-year of his own. He was private secretary to a cabinet minister. He was but five-and-twenty years of age; but he was not good enough for Lady Coxe, the daughter of an

upholsterer, whom Sir Jehoshaphat had married in perhaps the only weak moment of his life.

Lady Coxe had grand visions for her daughter. In these years of luxury and grandeur, where life is a burden under thousands, and where poverty starves on pine-apples, a humble Mr. Bromley was beneath the betting of a Lady Coxe.

She dreamt with pride of the gay weddings from her house, where Countess Constance, in the flowing Brussels, should step grandly into the coronetted brougham;

but Lady Coxe's dreams never descended to the interior of that daughter's household; nor could her convex mind descend to a beggarly domesticity of two thousand a-year, or to a bassinet containing any toothless original sinner below a viscount.

Yet perhaps Augustus Bromley may become all this. Coronets may drop upon his brow; and viscounts may hereafter acknowledge his paternity.

But Lady Coxe will not stoop to conquer. From her cradle she had soared at high game. She had ogled herself into the good graces of a banker, and she saw not why the adoption by her daughters of the same ocular process should not land them on a higher bracket of the social Walhalla. Better, according to her philosophy, marry a count and become a beggar, than marry the beggar on the chance of obtaining the higher dignity.

The prefix of Mrs. was odious to the dame who had begun life with no designation save Betsy. She had no more idea of station as apart from title, than of a bride-cake without its white sugar envelope—of dress without diamonds.

Nevertheless, Augustus Bromley was her best chance in life. He had already, for a year, been her guardian angel. To him she was indebted for many an invitation, and for many a little service which others would have hesitated to render.

There was nothing extraordinary in the appearance of Augustus Bromley; but in him there was that which is in men "who achieve what they wish to achieve." Who can define the quality which secures success? Those who possess it are not handsomer, richer, nay, often not cleverer than others. But speak with these men, young or old, and if you can boast knowledge of life to an amount no greater than a mustard-seed, you can predicate great things of them.

Bromley was tall, fair, reserved in manner, quaint in phrase when

he liked, but to the world commonplace. Conversational proficiency is a dangerous gift, to be used only when the prime of life is past and its object achieved. In youth, ambition, silence, and obscurity are motive force.

Excite not the jealousy of rivals by the useless exhibition of qualities. Seek not social success if you are a candidate for public honours. Society follows, it does not make, a reputation. Apparent frivolity with dogged determination, seeming modesty with undoubted audacity, deferential firmness with women, defiant conciliation with men, readiness to do kind turns, and power to resent slights, a smattering of universal knowledge, a power of cramming, and the gift of holding your own, are qualities which tend to success in the nineteenth century.

These endowments Bromley possessed in perfection, and Sir Jehoshaphat, that wily City banker, had found them out, and was turning them to account.

City bankers love to patronise young men of fashion. To patronise the son of a duke, they think, places them on a nearer equality with that duke. It annihilates the breadth of the counter, and sheds aristocratic essence, like mercy, on the giver as on the receiver.

O reader, struggling as you may be with your poverty, if you cannot be a man of wealth or of fame, pray to be a man of fashion.

If you cannot accumulate capital, accumulate the semblance of capital.

You would give your eyes to be director of an insurance company or a railway—become a man of fashion.

Does your banker ask you to dine—whom do you meet?—Men of fashion. He forms a new company—who form the direction?—Capital and fashion. With moderate abilities, the letters H.O.B. before your name are as valuable as the L.S.D. after it. Properly

managed, a good club is equal to an almighty dollar. Extend your acquaintance, and then place them unconsciously under contribution.

It was by means such as these that Augustus Bromley had imperceptibly attained in society a certain unacknowledged power.

Having first laboured to obtain the reputation of a man rising in material life, fashion soon followed in the wake of a nascent fame.

He despised no one, but, on the contrary, sought all. Equally at home at Devonshire House or Canterbury Hall—at the Surrey Gardens, whether with Spurgeon or Albani—at Cremorne, or Dr. Cumming's—he knew at once where to lay his hand on the particular man, woman, or child who would answer the purpose of the moment, however eccentric or unlooked for.

He could hunt up an entomologist in the City, or an actor at Lisson Grove—an astrologer at Brompton, a boatman at Wapping, or Lady Ilminster at Twickenham. Ministers of state were accessible to him as dentists; and few objects were beyond the circle of his determination.

He had met Constance some year and a half previously; and though she was then almost a child, he had determined to marry her.

His first step was no difficult one—to obtain her affections. His next, to superintend her education. In this task her youth assisted him, and his influence and counsels had saved her from that fast, pert tone and doubtful conversation which now contend with Puseyism, science, and prophecy in social life.

CHAPTER VIII.

Count Rabelais woke one morning at a hotel in Jermyn Street. Springing, he alighted on the floor; then, seating himself on the bed, called for his servant.

"Timoléon, my boots!" he cried.

To some readers it may appear unpleasantly natural that the Count should call for those articles of dress without any preliminary ablution. But far be it from us to cast any slur on his cleanliness. That essentially British institution, the tub, does not come within the scope of Continental ethics. Other expedients serve their purpose. A warm bath removes all spots on their cleanliness—a bath renewed, as occasion may serve the individual, daily, three times a week, weekly, fortnightly, monthly, or even yearly.

"Timoléon!" repeated the Count, in a still louder voice; but the valet answered not.

The Count was in a very light costume; nevertheless, while waiting for his servant's arrival, he proceeded to rouse himself by the

execution, before the looking-glass, of a free and graceful dance.

As he was thus employed, a knock at the door recalled him to a sense of decorum.

"Who's there?" he cried, in broken English, unnecessary to repeat: "Timoléon?"

A female voice responded.

"Diable! where is that terrible Timoléon? Like Fontenelle's, my one servant serves me as badly as if I had twenty."

Meanwhile he had approached the door, and proceeded to begin a dialogue.

"Who want me?"

"A letter, sir."

"Give it my servant, and tell him to come here directly."

"If you please, sir, he's talking to my mistress down-stairs, and told me to bring the letter up to you."

"Times are pretty changed," soliloquised the Count, "when the valet flirts with the mistress, and sends the maid to converse with his master."

"And who may be your mistress, Mees?"

"Madame Carron."

"Diable! Madame Carron downstairs! Does she wish to see me?"

"No; she only begs you to read this letter. She is giving Timoléon a message for you."

"Very well. Then will you have the goodness to stand near the hinges of the door, and to extend your hand while I make a little opening. You should not see me. I am not in a state for to be seen."

He opened a few inches of the door, and a small note was handed in. Tearing it open, he quietly read it. It was in French:—

"Come and dine with me to-day. I have something to communicate of importance, and that will assist your prospects. Yes or no will do. Can you lend me your servant to wait this evening?—Ever yours, ADELGONDE CARRON."

"Will you say to your mistress 'Yes,'" responded the Count; "and as you descend, desire that pig, Timoléon, to come up quickly."

And advancing again to the looking-glass with the same alacrity, the Count trod a light measure towards his razors. Scarcely had he begun to shave, however, when a thought flashed across his mind. He was engaged to dine with Lady Coxe.

"Diable!" he exclaimed; "here is a pretty mistake. Timoléon! Timoléon! Where is that bad citizen?"

But no answer was returned to his cries. He must still be talking to the *bonne* Carron.

"I must go and catch them before they have settled the dinner."

So, hastily clothing himself in a light jacket of embroidered silk, with trousers to match, a pair of slippers covered with gold, and a Turkish cap, he straightway coursed down the corridor towards the door.

As he reached the door of the hotel, who should be behold seated in a *barouche* with her daughter, but Lady Coxe.

"*Où de do, Congte!*" cried the lady, vehemently.

The Count did not hesitate to walk into the street, notwithstanding his costume.

"I hope you are well, *Miladi*, after the exertions of last night; and *Mademoiselle* Florence I see laughing at my *toilette*—*espiègle comme toujours*—and *Mademoiselle* Constance more beautiful than ever."

"We are in very good 'ealth, thank you, *Congte*. We came to remind you of your promise to dine with us to-day."

"I should not be a good Frenchman to forget the commands of the charming *Lady* *Cogues*."

"Oh, *Congte*, you are so complimentary."

"The subject is one to inspire the least poetical of mortals, *Miladi*."

"Well, I will not detain you, *Congte*. I see some one else is waiting for you. Gay man! A lady, I see."

"A compatriote, *Miladi*—most distinguished person, *Madame Carron*."

"What! *Madame Carron*, the great actress? What a charming person she must be. Every one is raving about 'er—so good—so clever, I am told."

"She is charming!"

"Well, I will not keep you any longer, *Congte*. Good-bye. To-night at eight o'clock—not later, pray."

"Who could delay longer than possible the pleasure of seeing *Miladi* *Cogues*?"

"Ah, *Congte*—"

The carriage drove off with the rest of the lady's sentence.

The little brougham that stood modestly behind contained a young and beautiful woman, dressed as none can dress but a native of Paris. She was small and delicately made. At first sight, however, she would not have attracted more than usual attention. But a close observer would soon perceive that she was no ordinary person. Her massive

forehead, her dark piercing eyes, and her sharply cut lips, betrayed a mind far above the level of daily mortality.

There was little, however, in her hurried conversation of more than everyday interest. Yet her words seemed to have for the Count an inexplicable charm. He bowed, as in deference to her commands, and infused into his manner a respect almost amounting to servility—very different from his ordinary manner.

"Achille," she said, "can you come and dine with me to-night?"

"No, Adelgonde. I ran down in this disguise to tell you it was impossible. I promised last night to dine with those people you have mentioned."

"Are you getting on well with them?"

"Passably. The mother, an impossible old woman, seems to encourage me, and I think I have obtained the co-operation of the young man who is paying court to one of the sisters."

"So you have fixed your thoughts on the tall and handsome one?"

"Precisely."

"It was the family, then, in that barouche?"

"It was so, Adelgonde."

"Hum, hum! We are not, then, getting on so badly after all?"

"By no means."

"Well, as you must dine with them, it cannot be helped; but I wished you to-day to dine with me,

as I think I have discovered an additional means of success."

"Indeed! What is it, Adelgonde?"

"I cannot tell you now. Later you will know. In fact, I myself do not know the secret; but I intended you to meet the original possessor, who might be induced to reveal it to you."

"Nay; do tell me what it is."

"I never tell an untruth, Achille. I do not know it," answered the actress, sternly. Then her features assumed a softer expression.

"Do you require anything else, Achille—any further supply?"

"No; thanks, belle Adelgonde; a thousand thanks. I was at piquet in the afternoon of yesterday."

"Then, *à ce soir*. I shall expect you after your dinner, and will try to retain my guest. Recollect, I shall keep the box free for the next two nights in case you wish to offer it. It will be no small gift, as every place is taken, and the house becomes fuller nightly."

"Thanks—a thousand thanks. The old lady is not very strong in French. But I will bring her. Oh yes, I will make her come. A box at a theatre is an admirable place to pay court to a young girl, *à l'Anglaise*."

Adelgonde smiled as she bent her head and desired the carriage to leave the hotel.

But the smile was one of pity, and also had in it much of contempt.

CHAPTER IX.

It was late when the Count reached the lodging of the actress in Belgravia. Up the narrow stairs he ran, two steps at a time, until he reached the landing-place.

The house occupied by Madame Carron was nothing very much out of the common. It was in fact, an ordinary London lodging-house, and showed every sign of its condition. The stairs were Belgravian, consequently of stone; but wherever wood was visible there was a want of paint that betokened a want of

capital; while the shabby paper, stained here and there with finger-marks, and disfigured by lumps of wax, dropped by the bed-going inhabitants, showed a carelessness that little harmonised with the enormous salary attributed to the actress by public rumour.

Nevertheless, as the visitor ascended to the apartment of the actress, he could perceive gradual indications of a higher civilisation. The floor of the little landing was covered with a piece of new Axmin

ster carpet. A neat looking-glass in a carved oak frame was fixed against the wall. A fleecy sheepskin opposed the progress of a draught, that, under normal circumstances, found a passage beneath the doorway. An alabaster lamp, swinging from the ceiling, cast a light sufficient to show the beauties and to conceal the deficiencies.

It was in this little corner that Count Rabelais stood for a moment. With all his frivolity and apparent carelessness of manner, he evidently felt some tremor at his approaching interview with the actress. Pausing, therefore, for a moment, he listened to discover the sound of any voice that might betray the presence of the actress's companion; while, to conceal his purpose from any possible spectator, he arranged his hair, his whiskers, and cravat.

At length he opened the door and found Madame Carron alone. She was seated near the fireplace reading a volume of Molière. And in the arrangement of the apartment was visible the same woman's hand that had cast a refining influence over the ante-chamber. White muslin curtains, evidently not the choice of a professional lodging-house keeper, added to the cleanliness, while not destroying the harmony of the furniture—a few tiger-skins and Cashmere shawls, thrown here and there, as though accidentally, over the chairs and sofas, concealed the original dinginess of the chintz coverings. A cloth of rich velvet was spread over the table, and covered with small objects collected from many countries. Rare flowers were placed in a stand near the window, while two alabaster lamps, matching with that we have already seen, cast the same furtive light. A small shaded lamp, placed near the actress on a small stand of Italian mosaic, illuminated the volume before her.

"Am I late, Leontine?" asked the actor, in a tone of voice very different from that in which he had begged the fancy of Lady Ooze.

"Too late and too early," re-

sponded the actress, laying aside the book.

"You are oracular to-night."

"With very little reason. The person I asked you to meet was obliged to go away, but has promised to return. I told her you might be of use to her. But she has been forced to attend the toilette of one of her best customers."

"You seem to have chosen a nice society for me, Adelgonde. A *couturière*, I suppose."

"A respectable person, Achille—more respectable, perhaps, even than yourself. She is opulent, Achille; you are not."

"I did not know you were worldly enough and English enough to measure respectability by wealth, Madame."

"Her livelihood is gained by her own exertions—yours is not." The actress spoke in a tone of some bitterness.

"And do you reproach me, Adelgonde?"

"No, Achille. I only remind you of what you are too apt to forget."

"Well, do not let us quarrel about terms," rejoined Rabelais, querulously. "Who is it that graces your salon this evening?"

"Madame Mélanie."

"And who is Madame Mélanie?"

"The first dressmaker in Europe."

"Belle position!"

"It is a position, Achille, to be the first in any line of life."

"And you have forced me away from a pleasant party to spend an evening with a dressmaker. Thank you, Adelgonde, you want me to marry *la petite Ooze*. I am making great game with Miladi, her mother, getting on famously. I rush away to keep an engagement to meet a person likely to assist my aim, and to fulfil your wishes; and I find that you bring me to exchange confidences with a *lingère*. Really, Adelgonde, you might have chosen some other occasion."

"Believe me, if you play your cards properly you will not repent it."

(To be continued.)

BELLIGERENT RIGHTS AT SEA, AND THE CHANGES PROPOSED IN THEM.

IN the existing dearth of interest in our domestic politics, some attention has been drawn to the agitation Mr. Cobden proposes to undertake. Its object is to alter the Law of Nations so as to prohibit the capture of the enemy's merchant ships or the blockade of his commercial ports. Philanthropic men, moved by the hardships and loss which war inflicts on peaceful industry, are apt to forget that our political arrangements are generally based upon a choice of evils, and that in seeking to escape from those of one class we may create others still more grievous. They become so possessed with their view of one side of a subject as to lose the power of seeing its other side. Nor will a prophet ever be long in this country without some believers. In this instance a few respectable shipowners, without giving themselves to much study of International Law, accept at once the assertion that the Declaration of Paris will be prejudicial if not ruinous to our commerce in time of war, and straightway implore a remedy for a disorder which we hope to prove has no existence except in their own imaginations.

To the treaty made in Paris at the close of the Crimean war, certain declarations were appended. They were brought forward unexpectedly, and decided with a haste that precluded any such deliberation as the subjects required. One of them, which practically denounced freedom of the press in Belgium, an independent State, was speedily rejected by public opinion, and fell stillborn to the ground. The clauses upon maritime rights, on which the present movement is founded, run thus:—

1. Privateering is and remains abolished.

2. The neutral flag covers enemy's goods, except contraband of war.

3. Neutral goods, except contra-

band of war, are not liable to capture under the enemy's flag.

4. Blockades in order to be binding must be effective—that is, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy.

These clauses embody the doctrines usually professed by each of the neutral Powers, except when it chanced to become a belligerent. It has been our own practice hitherto stoutly to maintain the principle of taking the enemy's property wherever found at sea. We adhered consistently to a national policy practised by other Powers, or disputed by them according to their position at the moment. Owning, however, to the considerable number of the neutral States and the great power of dispute to be found among them, the exercise of these ancient rights of war was maintained at the cost of much ill-will and inconvenience, and in view of this it was deemed expedient to abandon them. It has been asserted that we made the concession in apprehension of the increased power and authority of the neutral States. No assertion could be more groundless. We insisted on these rights, and made them good throughout a period of modern history when the maritime power of the neutrals was greatly beyond any they now possess. Spain had once great fleets; those of Holland have held even battle with our own; the Danes were formidable at sea; Sweden, Turkey, Venice, have all been naval powers of some consideration. These fleets have either passed away or are now but shadows of their former strength. It is easily to be proved that the naval power of this country was never so pre-eminent when compared with that of all the other States of Europe as at the present day. Hence the policy that dictated this concession was open to

no imputation of fear. But whilst the material strength of the neutrals had declined during the present century, the influence of moral force has extended—nations are drawn into much closer fellowship—a spirit more genial and considerate than that of old pervades the world; isolation and defiance, if not more difficult, have become more painful. These are the considerations that influenced our action. We made a concession to the spirit of the age.

As it is now proposed to inaugurate a new and untried system of warfare on the basis of this Declaration of Paris, we are led at once to ask if it be an agreement so certain to be respected by others that we can regard it as a safe foundation to rely upon. Its validity is exceedingly doubtful. It is doubtful whether the prerogative of the Crown, acting alone, can extend so far as to alter the law established and administered in this country by its courts. Phillimore speaks of it as "this anomalous Declaration, whatever may be its binding effect." It does not appear to have ever been ratified by the Crown. In the debates in Parliament Lord Derby expressed grave doubts of its validity, and Mr. Gladstone professed himself unable to determine whether it constituted a treaty, and if not, what it did constitute. As it only pretends to bind the States that were parties to it, it cannot be regarded as a law of nations, but only as a law of some nations, a thing of very different value. Though commonly called a Declaration, it does not really declare the existing law, but enacts a new one. This being done by a compact of several Powers, its nature is really that of a treaty, and nothing is more certain than that treaties are shattered by the first breath of war. None will dispute Lord Stowell's dictum, "war extinguishes treaties;" or that of Vattel, "the conventions made with a nation are broken and annulled by a war arising between the two contracting parties." It has been

argued, that though this be true with treaties in general, it cannot hold good in regard to those which are to regulate the conduct of war itself. Can any one point out such a treaty that did hold good when war tested it? There are certain rules which regulate the treatment of prisoners, flags of truce, and other details of warfare; these it is to the convenience of all belligerents to adhere to. But these changes are not in details of procedure, but in large questions of policy. A treaty has force, because you can punish a breach of it by going to war; but once you are actually at war, a treaty is as vain as a penal law, for which there is no penalty.

We shall find, as we proceed, that our shipping may derive great advantage from the abolition of privateering. When this is set off against any injury under the other clauses, the advocates of this movement reply thus,—“Do not deceive yourselves. France has indeed agreed not to employ privateers; but her merchants, instead of appearing in that form, will obtain commissions, and come against you as cruisers of the navy—a mere difference of name.” Now, taking the assertion as it is made, does it not prove the facility with which compacts of this nature can be evaded? Evaded by one belligerent, the other would instantly declare the compact at an end. Who can place reliance in an agreement when those who defend it point out to us how readily and surely it will be broken? International law is a record of the usage of the civilised Powers. Now, this Declaration is an agreement to depart from previous usage, one Power in the matter of privateering, another in its claims on neutrals. It has, therefore, no basis in that which is the essence of the Law of Nations, and is void of the power which gives efficiency to those laws—the power of established public opinion. This difference is very material, for there is no machinery to enforce the laws of nations, and the motive that

commands obedience to them is the reluctance of a belligerent to provoke the reprobation of other States. It is this moral force alone that gives effect to International Law. But a new arrangement to deviate from or abandon old usages of war, has not this support in the opinion or sentiment of the world, and therefore rests on no other than the frail foundation of the humour or interests of the parties.

And the efficiency of this Declaration of Paris has already been subjected to the test of experience. The ink was hardly dry in which was written, in another portion of it, the denial of freedom of the press in Belgium, to which we have alluded, when France found it inconvenient to invite action under it, and better to suffer matters to proceed as if no such Declaration had been filed. We too have followed the example. There is the clause declaring that a blockade to be respected must be effective. On the outbreak of the American war, the Federals proceeded to declare a blockade of the entire coast of the South, and this without having at the time in commission a single squadron of ships of war. It was obvious to all the world that such a blockade could not be effective. Each of our consuls in the Southern ports, and several of our naval commanders, reported to Government that it was not an effective blockade. Yet we shut our eyes to the fact; no word, argument, or remonstrance escaped our lips. The Foreign Office deemed it the highest duty of this country to avoid giving offence. It is true that the people of the South had a right to expect that we should enforce the rules so recently laid down. It is true that the livelihood of our operatives hung upon the balance. What are these things to a quiet life and the convenience of the hour? Nor is this a fate peculiar to this Declaration. No compact of this nature was ever so solemn as that of the armed neutrality of 1780, upon which Phillimore remarks, that

"Every one of these Powers departed from the obligations they had contracted as neutrals as soon as they became belligerents, and returned without shame or humiliation to the practice of the ancient law." As Sir William Molesworth observes, "During peace men's minds have a tendency to conform to what ought to be the rule of international law. But in war, passion, hatred, and the fancied interest of the moment are apt to determine the actions of powerful belligerents." Hence ample experience past and present teaches that a compact of this nature is no more to be relied upon than a quicksand. Let us see whether the structure to be raised upon it be in any wise more stable than the foundation.

Of the two alterations proposed we will take first the question of terminating the right of commercial blockade. The arguments in favour of this change are plainly set forth by Mr. Cobden in the lucid language of which he is so perfect a master. We take his Manchester address as published, and accept the challenge it contains. We shall examine his arguments with no other desire than to arrive at sound conclusions, and if we are compelled to pronounce them, as a whole, utterly fallacious, it will be with a feeling of regret that one so competent to benefit his country by practical measures should waste time and rare natural gifts in pursuit of visionary schemes, adapted only to the circumstances of the millennium, and unlikely to be realised until the date of that remote event.

The first position taken by Mr. Cobden is, that the suffering now endured by our operatives results from our having declined the overtures which the American Government made, in 1859, to abolish commercial blockades. A powerful description of that suffering leads to an *ad captandum* argument, that if the change proposed had then been made in the law of nations, we should have escaped all our dis-

tree. Now we appeal to all who have studied the course of this deplorable war—we appeal to the judgment of every man who has the slightest knowledge of American affairs, when we affirm that, if such an alteration had been made, our sufferings would not have been diminished one jot or one tittle. The Federal Government would have blockaded the Southern ports; we should have called their attention to the compact, and the reply would have been this:—"True, we assented to that change in international law—indeed we proposed it, as being greatly to our interest—and, further, we mean to keep it. When next we are at war with you we shall abstain from blockading your ports, and you will leave ours open. But where is the application to the present case? We are not at war with a party to that convention, with a separate power or nation of any kind; we are engaged in putting down certain pirates, rebels, and malefactors who mock at our authority. What place have you between us and our criminal subjects? We act under our municipal law within ourselves, which stands wholly apart from the law of independent nations. If your sepoys had obtained possession of a port, and if you had blockaded that port, we should not have pleaded this compact in order to interfere." This is the answer, every one knows, we should have received. In truth, Mr. Cobden suspects it; for he meets the case by saying, "If they had attempted to establish such a blockade, in violation of their international engagements, they would have involved themselves in hostilities with the rest of the world." How so? They would have involved themselves in a dispute whether international law embraced or excluded the case—nothing more. As to hostilities, so long as the sole rule of our foreign policy is that of meek subserviency and amiable avoidance of offence—except in the case of some weak, respectable Power like Denmark—why should

we have acted under a clause open to dispute, when we had ample undisputed ground in the original inefficiency of the blockade, and declined to act upon it? Plainly, then, this—the first position we encounter—is untenable, and opposed to the knowledge of every observer of recent events.

The next argument, and the main one, assumes that it is to the interest of England to abolish these commercial blockades. If this be proved, we join hands at once, and rejoice over a discovery that, at the same time, will advance our own interests and remove an evil from other Powers. But we must examine the proofs. Let us take each of them fairly in the order in which they appear. The first case given is that of France, and here we are told that the introduction of railways has caused the power of blockade to lose its force. In former times, when France was blockaded, she obtained supplies from other parts of the Continent by means of roads, canals, rivers. She can now do so with much greater facility by railways. Unquestionably, in this particular, there is a diminution of the effects of blockade. But in another direction it will be more effective than of old. In the last war it was found impossible to prevent a large coasting trade in vessels that crept along the shore, using sweeps during a calm. This will be wholly impossible against the steam gunboat of the present day. Again, our blockading fleet was frequently blown off in heavy weather, leaving the port open, or fell to leeward of the port, and failed for a time to stop the entrance or exit of vessels. Steam, though it lessens the power of naval blockade as against steamships of war, greatly increases its efficiency as against sailing merchant ships. The argument that one change lessens the effect of blockade, is neutralised by the fact that another increases it. And apart from this, it has but a limited force. It is not the chief object of

blockade to render merchandise as costly in France as in the days of highroads. There are other objects untouched by this argument—to paralyse the mercantile marine of the country, and bring the pressure of its suffering and loss to bear upon the enemy's Government. The ships of France cannot navigate the seas by virtue of the railway system; and the sailors of a country disappear when its flag is swept from the seas, as that power discovered after the first years of the war. Again, the main object of blockade is the ship of war, not the merchantman; and to command the one, you must command both. You blockade a fleet of steamers that cannot come out for want of coal; will you allow a crowd of colliers to enter? They want provisions; will you permit a fleet of grain-ships to go in? They are ill-manned; and any sort of vessel you suffer to pass will lessen this deficiency. Upon matters of this kind may turn the coming out of a fleet, and the fate of an engagement, on which hangs the welfare, nay, the safety, of the nation.

The next case is that of Russia—apparently a very triumphant, in reality a very lame one. We are reminded that during the Crimean war we abstained for some time from blockading the ports of Russia, and further, that when we did blockade them, her tallow and hemp came out through other ports of the Baltic. Now the argument here rests upon oblivion of a most important fact, that the right of blockade is an optional right. We exercise it when it benefits us, and when it does not we abstain from it. We allowed the produce of Russia to come through other ports because it was to our advantage to do so. We could have prevented it at any time by an Order in Council prohibiting the indirect importation. We have said that this case is a particularly lame one, because in the case of Russia our power of blockade gives a peculiar advantage.

Suppose we go to war with Russia, how are we to carry it on? Are we to send an army, unaccompanied by that of France, to enter into a contest with her 700,000 men? Are we to send fleets to shatter themselves against granite walls? One mode of warfare at present we possess—blockade her ports, extinguish her commerce, and seal up the country from all communion by sea with the outer world. How long would she endure this dismal position without suing for peace? Here is a right that defeats at once her 700,000 men; they cannot reach us, we can imprison them. Is it to our interest of our own accord to throw away such a right, or is Russia the country in which we could substitute for it a more convenient means of warfare?

The third case given is that of America, which, for the purpose of meeting the argument as set forth, we assume to be still the United States. We are told "nobody supposes that if we were at war with the United States we should blockade their ports." We beg pardon; somebody does suppose it, and feel an absolute conviction that it would be one of the very first steps we should take. Here, again, the whole argument is answered in a word. The right is an optional one. We may pick and choose. If we want grain we can leave the Northern ports open; if we want cotton, those of the South. Nay, we might even blockade the ports of the South though we wanted cotton, for the suffering we endure for the purposes of other people, we could also, perhaps, endure for our own. It is certainly true that we import grain from the North, but surely if every port of the North were closed, we could find grain were we found it but three or four years ago—in the Baltic, the Black Sea, Egypt, and France. In 1858 and 1859 the harvests in America were bad, and their shipments altogether inconsiderable, so we imported grain from other countries. During the present war they have

sent to us what formerly supplied a district of the South, and the increased quantity has given us the benefit of low prices. But the idea that we are in any sense dependent on the North for grain, is an idle delusion. Europe is able to supply all we can eat and to spare. And now, with regard to this case of America, we desire to ask a very simple question. We go to war with America (for the whole agitation assumes that some day there will be another war), and when we are at war with America, how are we to fight—what is our navy to do? As the American navy is so entirely disproportioned to our own, we may assume without any disparagement, that it will take shelter sooner or later within her ports as in 1814. Our ships will then have no ships to fight. True, but they can still capture the enemy's merchantmen. This right is to be taken away. Another remained; they could blockade his ports. That too is to be denied. What, then, are our ships to do? We have a weak point, Canada—a strong point in our naval power. And so effective, so crushing is that naval power in its present integrity, that it would be virtually an act of lunacy for that country to provoke a contest with it. How will it be if the weak point remain and we paralyse the strong arm? We pray Mr. Cobden to answer this plain question,—how, under your system, will you conduct a war with the United States? Can you alter your laws expressly to provide against future wars, and omit from consideration the very Power with which you were on the brink of war but a year ago? Is there evidence before us of such moderation, justice, and love of peace in that country, that we may omit it from our reckoning; or is this change proposed for the real purpose of placing us, as it would do, entirely at the mercy of that people?

We will not follow Mr. Cobden's hypothetical view of what would be done, if in America there were now

"men of the grasp of mind of a Franklin, a Jefferson, an Adams, or a Washington." No such men exist nowadays. Those men were all of them trained as British subjects. We have now before us the result of a democratic training, and it speaks for itself. Our business is to deal not with the departed, but the present rulers of that distracted country, and when invited to entangle ourselves with changes in International Law, let us consider what encouragement is offered by the most recent experience. Mr. Cobden appends to his address a very able paper by Mr. Cass. In this we find a denunciation of the evils and wrong of blockading a whole line of coast. Yet, on the outbreak of the war, the first thing the Federals do, is to pursue the very line of action they so forcibly denounced. Another part of this state paper describes with equal force the rights of neutrals. But the Trent affair is hardly remote enough for us to forget that, when America found herself a belligerent, all the old lofty, sacred rights of neutrals were forgotten in a moment. Nay, did not Mr. Sedgwick tell us how that people interpret international law purely as a matter of convenience—to be adhered to if advantageous—if disadvantageous, to be despised? Is it likely to be to the benefit of this country to enter into compacts, when a Power that must be included in them informs us so plainly how they are to be kept?

Let us now consider some of the difficulties that would arise from the proposed alteration. The right to be abandoned is that of blockading "commercial" ports. Military ports are expressly exempted. But what constitutes a commercial port? There are few that are not defended by fortifications. New York is a very great commercial port—so is Boston—so is Philadelphia—but each of them is strongly fortified, and has a naval arsenal. Are we on the latter account to class them as military, or on the former as commer-

cial? Perhaps this difficulty might be removed by selecting certain ports to be declared commercial, and razing their fortifications. Let this be proposed to any people with a secondary naval power—ask, for instance, the people of Boston to blow up their forts and throw their guns into the sea, in reliance upon the new system. Their reply would be, “We have not such implicit faith in human virtue in time of war, and if some accident should mar the working of the new order of things, our naked position would be rather awkward. If you will begin by burning all your ships, we will follow with our forts.” Again, if a commercial port were to be undefended, what would prevent the enemy from entering and seizing it, and making it a base for operations? This alone will compel all people to keep every first-class position defended. And suppose a port to be declared commercial and exempt from blockade, is the enemy to permit us to watch inside, that he is not building forts or fitting out ships of war, to take us by surprise? Are stratagems in war to be forbidden as well as blockades?

Another point may deserve some little consideration. The power of blockade is really our only means of reaching several States. Take Brazil, and suppose an injury inflicted on our commerce, for which we require redress. That empire has no ships for us to fight, and few to be captured. We cannot attempt to send land forces to such a country, but we have, by means of blockade, a cheap and effective mode of obtaining redress for wrong. Take Chili, Peru, Buenos Ayres, Mexico, Spain, as you have already taken Russia and Brazil, and you will find that blockade is practically, in many cases, not only the best but the only mode we possess of righting injury if committed on our commerce. And if we consider how great are the interests we have in these countries, how intricate and continuously increasing, and how feeble the reliance to be placed on the

moderation or justice of some of them, when unrestrained by any apprehension of consequences, we shall find it a monstrous proposal that we should make them a gratuitous present of the only means we possess of keeping them in order.

The advocates of these changes tell us they have no desire to lessen the supremacy of our naval power. But power that cannot make itself felt upon the earth might as well be in the moon. There is but one country—France—that could attempt a contest with us in great battles on the ocean. With all the other States our supremacy presents itself to their minds, not as a means of defeating them, for they are not in a condition to fight, but as a means, when provoked, of destroying their commerce and sealing up their ports. The rights it is proposed to abandon are, therefore, the very rights that give effect and practical value to our supremacy in the case of every Power in the world except one.

And let us suppose that when these changes are made they should prove disastrous—who is to bear the consequences? We try experiments upon vegetable, on animal life, that we shrink from trying upon man, because human life is too precious a thing to be exposed to the hazard. And is our naval strength so small an element of our wellbeing, that we can afford to expose it to the risk of crude experiments? Not only has it to maintain the defence of these islands against great military Powers, but the different members of the empire, scattered far and wide, and divided by the seas, by it are reunited. Let that bond once be broken, they disintegrate as grains of sand. Our navy has not with us the use or purpose which the army serves in France. It is not with us an instrument of ambition, or a means to gratify a passion for the phantom—glory. Our position is purely non-aggressive; we envy no prosperity, we seek no wars, we covet no province. Our flag has not a

character to earn; it stands above the need of another victory. But we have something to treasure and defend, and we must retain the means of attack as the safest method of defence. Nor are changes to be made incautiously amidst the roots of old traditions. There is no money in which to measure the value of renown; yet it has a value. There are no scales in which to weigh great names and achievements; yet they have a weight. What is the bond that unites men into a nation? It is the binding influence of traditions that makes the glorious past a living and continuous portion of the national life, and that links us together with the power of memories and thoughts, in which pride, or joy, or sorrow is common to us all, and cements all into one. The day may come to dismantle our ships of war—to rest our defence on the clauses of paper articles—to place our reliance in the virtue of mankind; but it will not come in our time. Nor will it be in our time that we shall be persuaded to present such a boon to a future antagonist, and inflict so suicidal a wound on our own strength, as to abandon the right in time of war of blockading the ports of our enemies.

Let us now consider the other branch of the subject—the proposed abolition of the right to capture merchant ships. We shall find the arguments for this change more numerous and specious, some of them possessing, indeed, considerable force; but in the end we shall be brought to the conviction that the evils and dangers of the change outweigh any advantages to be obtained by it. The first argument—the basis of the whole, indeed—is, that private property ought to be protected on sea by international law, because it is so protected on land. The logic of this is not perfectly clear. The land and sea are so widely different, that it may be quite reasonable to apply to them different rules of war. But the root of the argument, the asserted

fact, is not a fact. Private property is not protected on land by international law or compact. The protection it enjoys is derived from very different sources—humanity and expediency. An invading army abstains from pillage which, inflicting ruin on individuals, would have small influence on the result. Rapine of this nature would draw down the opprobrium of the world. It would be wanton; for, owing to the cost of transport, the benefit obtained would be trivial as compared with the injury inflicted. Of all forms of pillage, the most terrible is, indeed, sanctioned by the law of nations in the case of cities taken by storm. The real defence of private property on land is expediency. The invader has a sufficient opponent in the hostile army, and has no desire to add another, by driving the people to take up arms. He pays for what he requires, not out of respect for any rights of property, but in a wholesome view of his own interest. When his needs are more urgent than the fear of consequences, he seizes whatever he requires. If he wants food, he takes and eats; if fuel, he cuts it down. The destruction of houses, bridges, canals, roads, are everyday incidents of war; nor would international law forbid, if, in retreating before a greater force, the invader should lay waste and utterly ruin the country behind him, private property of course included.

Now, it will readily be seen that these considerations, which protect property on land, have no existence on the ocean. There is no necessary cruelty in the capture of a merchant ship; there is no surrounding population to arouse. Your business in war is to damage the enemy; and you are able to inflict a blow which, so far from endangering your position, yields you, at once, unalloyed advantage. There is, too, an important difference of a practical nature between the two cases. Property on land is not locomotive, and is dispersed

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opposing Government.
Does not benefit us by
the number slain or
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the defeat on the oppo-
Government. Now, this de-
pendency may be as surely caused
by a number of continuous, though
small disasters, as by one great
catastrophe. Every ship captured
has as effect as an item in the
series of depression you desire to
prevent. In some cases—America,
for instance—it is obvious that
any military injury is small, when
compared with the amount of com-
mercial suffering we could inflict.
Is it not operations of the
army, or battles at sea, but the
loss of the shipping interest and
mercantile community, that led the
New England States to threaten
secession, and brought the Govern-
ment to seek for peace through the
mediation of Russia. Now, if of
these two modes of pressure we
must needs abandon one, we should,
in an American war, abandon with

the right of capture by far the
more effective of the two. And if
we are to attack the enemy, either
through the lives or the property of
his people, surely the philantrop-
ist should rather urge us to give
up that branch of warfare in which
we stir up black passions, and shed
warm blood, and waste human life,
than that in which we act only upon
insensible property.

Again, the shipowners urge, or
rather their advocates—for this is
only in a very small degree a
shipowner's movement—that it is
a great hardship and injustice
that their property alone should
bear the brunt of hostilities. The
same might be pleaded, with greater
force, by the inhabitants of a fron-
tier province on the Continent; it
is the accident of their position.
And it is the fault of the shipowner
that he is a shipowner; the country
did not condemn him to that lot.
He buys or builds a ship with the
foreknowledge that, in the event of
war, she will be liable to capture,
and that against this risk he can
insure. And is it not possible to
find a harder fate? His property
is movable; he can trade beyond
the scene of the warfare; freights
will rise with his risk or beyond it;
and in war times there are great
prizes in the transport service.
Now, take a manufacturer employed
for the market we go to war with.
His works are not movable; his
knowledge and connection are sud-
denly paralysed; his machinery is
adapted to, and his men are skilled
in, work or styles suddenly extin-
guished. Surely his position is in
every respect worse than that of
the shipowner; and if laws are to
be changed and adjusted to the
position of the one, why not of the
other?

Another argument, put forward
with much confidence, is this—that
we are the largest shipowners in
the world, and so, having the great-
est amount of property exposed to
capture, it is directly to our interest
to end the present system. Now,
it cannot be intended to argue that

the amount of our wealth or tonnage is an evil; and we take the meaning to be, not that we have more tonnage, but that it is less protected than that of other Powers. Here the position of the Americans stares us in the face; for if our tonnage be ill protected, how is it with theirs? A comparison has been drawn between our ratio of naval power to tonnage in the last war and the ratio at the present day. Such a comparison is quite delusive. When again at war, we shall soon have a war, and not a peace navy. Our steamers of the present day are very different in power and efficiency from the old seventy-four's; our frigates from those known as the forty thieves; and our gunboats from the floating coffins of the last war. But it is said, "Why dispute so plain a fact, our shipping is to that of France as five to one; surely, then, we are exposed to five times the risk of loss, and gross is the folly of those who cannot see what is so obvious?" No people are more positive than the short-sighted. The risk is not as the measure of the tonnage, but that of the relative protection. It may so happen that we should again blockade the ports of France and prevent her cruisers getting out, whilst we covered every sea with our own; and that our shipping would be well-nigh unmolested, whilst hers was swept away. In the old war a great disparity of this kind existed; yet, so far from being ruinous to shipowners, every one knows that they flourished greatly. And we cannot allow the special case of France to be selected, and our national system to be altered, in reference to it or to any other single Power. We must take a comprehensive view of all; and, if we take the average tonnage and naval force of all other Powers, we shall find that the protection enjoyed by our commerce is greatly beyond that average, and, therefore, that the risk of capture is in our favour, not against us.

We are not going to deny that

whenever war break out there will at first be some heavy losses and much anxiety and confusion. Such things are inevitable in so violent a change. Much has been made of the case of the *Alabama*, and insurance-brokers of morbid imagination have had their sleep broken by dismal visions of such disasters in a future war. Now, if we ever begin a war by attempting to blockade a coast of three thousand miles before we have a squadron fit for sea—if we ever go to war in the belief that it is to be all profit and no wounds, and, relying that the enemy can do nothing, leave our commerce entirely unprotected—we too may suffer an unexpected blow. But what does this case of the *Alabama* really show? That so terrible a weapon is the power of blockade, that at the end of two years a people full of vigour, and fighting successfully on land, have been able at sea to do no more than destroy nineteen of the enemy's merchantmen. This advantage of blockade will be in our hands, and we shall be very different from the men of the last generation if the loss of nineteen ships lead us to whine, and moan, and fume, and flury ourselves, or indeed be regarded as anything more, in time of war, than a trifle to be smiled at. War is matter of inevitable loss to some one, and the issue greatly turns upon endurance. If we are to abandon war in the form of capture because some loss will befall ourselves, why not forego battles on the same rule? We enter into an engagement with the full knowledge that many of our own men will be killed or wounded; we face certain and severe loss, but we assume that the enemy will suffer more, or can endure it less, and that so the balance will be in our favour. Precisely the same with ships; we must lose and suffer, as we do in battle, but we have hitherto contrived to have the balance on the right side, and there is no reason to doubt but the old manner of warfare will produce the

old result again. But we have not yet touched the main argument of those who advocate these changes. At first view it appears singular that our shipowners should have suddenly grown so timorous. There was a time when they stood boldly out as the very backbone of loyal and national spirit, and this in the midst of captures and blockades, the mere thought of which so alarms them now. Have our ships grown sluggish, or our sailors degenerate? is our capital diminished, or is the mind of the age enfeebled by the influences of a long peace? No one of these; there is a reason for it—that terrible Paris Conference, those mysterious changes, that competition of neutrals—here is the hobgoblin that affrights us all, and is to overwhelm our shipping with ruin.

At this moment we have a remarkable proof of the small value of such prognostications. Of all the calamities that could befall our mercantile marine, none can be conceived so great as to be suddenly deprived of the American cotton trade, and this by an event that should leave the tonnage of the Northern States in the market. A war, if it shut off their cotton, would also shut out the competition of their ships, whilst here there is nothing to compensate. Any one would have been justified in predicting the most extreme depression from such an event. Yet, strange to say, our ships have been and are better employed, and at higher freights, in the midst of this calamity, than they were when the war broke out. If, then, we are to attach any value to experience as a guide, we shall expect to find that most of this excited apprehension will prove to be "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Under the Declaration of Paris it was agreed to grant full immunity to the neutral, to his flag and his property. It is said that we cannot stop here, that we must either go backward or forward.

Why should this be the case? A question, distinct from all others, is finally disposed of. A clear principle—respect for the neutral—is perfected. We are now invited for this reason to bestow the same boon upon the belligerent. But surely, in time of war, there is some difference between a friend and an enemy. The neutral is a friend, and one whose friendship it is important to retain; surely the same reasoning will not apply to the foe whom we are striving to destroy. What can be more illogical than the argument founded on this point?

It has been taken very much for granted, on both sides, that the effect of these changes will be prejudicial to our shipping if carried out. Our opinion is, that, taking them, in conjunction with the abolition of privateering, they can have no prejudicial effect of any real importance, and that in spite of them the shipowner will find his occupation more lucrative in war than in peace. There are but two nations, a maritime war with which could be of the slightest concern to this country. Let us take each of these, and endeavour to work out the practical results of these changes. First, in the case of a war with France. It is doubtful whether, as regards action on the part of France against the neutral, the Declaration will make any change whatever. The probability is that she would have acted in this direction without the Declaration as she now engages to do. If this be so, what has been said as to neutrals coming into our ports to sweep our freights, owing to their exemption from capture, has no force whatever if put forward as a result of these changes. As regards action on our part, we abandon the right of seizing French property if found under a neutral flag. This is really the whole of the matter; for the third clause, which insures neutral property under the enemy's flag, was our previous rule. And is there anything so very formidable in this? At first view, it would follow that

France could carry on her commerce by means of neutrals. But here steps in the right of blockade. The moment we blockade her ports, we shut out the neutral, and with him every right or immunity granted to him. This power of blockade keeps in our hands, unless we choose to throw it away, an effectual remedy against any detriment from the Paris changes. It matters not whether it be neutral goods under the enemy's flag, or the enemy's goods under the neutral flag, all alike are stopped by blockade.

There would, indeed, remain one branch of trade still open. Neutral ships would carry cargoes to the nearest Continental ports for the supply of France indirectly. Of this trade only a portion would be affected by the Paris Declaration—that portion in which the cargo should be French, such as the sugars of Guadaloupe and Bourbon, the wool and grain of Algeria. Now this trade could also be stopped by blockading the colonial ports as well as those of continental France; and if this step should not be taken, this is a trade that could not injure our shipowners, for it would allure and employ those neutral ships which imagination depicts as coming into our ports to ruin our own.

But we are told that neutral ships will come, a Dutchman, say, to load for Bombay—that the war premium on the British ship would amount to more than the freight, and that the Dutchman, in consequence, would sweep the trade. As in other directions, this belief is the victim of gross exaggeration. At the outbreak of war there would be great confusion and heavy war-premiums, but soon the measure of the risk would be ascertained, and the war premium would probably come down, assuming that we blockaded the enemy's ports, to a very small percentage. It is asserted that convoys are not practicable now—a very rash assertion. Surely the ships of the present day are better fitted to sail in convoy than the old tubs that did manage to do so in the last war.

Surely such craft as the Alabama, which we could produce in hundreds, are better fitted to protect convoy than the sailing ships of the last war. And in war with France the shipowner will be protected now more or less from privateers. In the old wars they inflicted greater loss on our commerce than the cruisers of the enemy. But to return to the Dutch ship that is to load for Bombay. That Dutch ship could have done the same if the Declaration of Paris had never been made. The grievance lies in this, that the repeal of the navigation laws permits foreign vessels to enter our colonial trade, from which they were previously excluded, and that in the next war their exemption from risk of capture will give them a greater range of employment. Now, as this springs entirely from the change in the navigation laws, the logical remedy is to repeal that change in time of war—an easier thing to accomplish than to reverse our national policy. But on examination we shall find here again that no real ground exists for alarm.

There is a certain amount of tonnage in the world to perform the business of the world, and that business requires the whole of that tonnage. Now, the first effect of war is to exclude the tonnage of the enemy from the ocean. Here is at once a great abstraction from the shipping in the market; but there is no such abstraction from the demand for that shipping. The enemy will still require sugar and coffee, though his own ships cannot bring them. War itself creates a new and great demand for shipping—a demand much in excess of any diminution in special branches of trade. Those who know anything of the transport service are well aware of this, and how enormous will be the amount of tonnage required in the next war for the supply of our fleets with the single article, coal. We come, therefore, to this point, that tonnage is reduced without reducing the demand for it, and every shipowner knows, or ought

to know, that this means profitable freights to all parties. We have five millions of tons of merchant ships. Whence are the neutrals to come that will displace them? Will they spring up like mushrooms in a night, or descend in rain? Holland has a certain amount of shipping, which is required for the Dutch trade. Suppose half that shipping to come over to this country to compete with us, the other half would no longer suffice for the Dutch trade. Immediately freight would rise in Holland, and rise inevitably to a point sufficient to cure the evil by rendering it as profitable to remain in the home trade as to enter ours. Undoubtedly some neutrals will be employed in the next war for special purposes, where the goods are of extreme value in proportion to the freight; and this will not be an injury but a benefit to us, if in this country there be other interests besides that of the shipowner. To him it will be no detriment, because it will not bring into the market a quantity of tonnage equal to that which the war takes out of it. There will be employment for both, for all. The trade of the shipowner will be more profitable in time of war than it is in time of peace. It will be more anxious—men of timorous spirit will be better out of it; but on the average, including the transport service, it has ever been the rule that war times were good times for shipping and it will be so again.

Having considered the effect of war with France, let us take the other case—that of America. That country is not a party to the Paris Declaration, but, indirectly, we should feel it in our relations with the neutral Powers. The disadvantage of this to the shipowner is, however, small when compared with the gain to him of removing from the commerce of the world so large a proportion of its tonnage as that under the American flag. In this case the void created would be so great, that no shipowner will dispute the general rise in freight

that must follow, over and above the amount of advance required to cover the war risk. Let it be assumed that there would be the loss of the cotton trade; but we have already shown that the loss of that trade may, as it does now, coincide with improvement in shipping property. The truth is, in all changes of this kind there are compensating influences. Stifle commerce at one point, and it breaks out, with redoubled force, at another. We see at once the evil we apprehend; the rectifying influences are less obvious, but ample experience has proved that they never fail to appear.

Having thus seen that the evils anticipated are, for the most part, coinage of the brain, let us look at some of the consequences of the change we are invited to make. Even where a disorder exists, there is a possibility that the remedy may be worse than the disease. Let us take a brief view of the new class of evils we should provoke, and consider other objections to this movement. We shall then, by weighing both sides, be able to arrive at a sound conclusion. We submit the following difficulties.

Firstly, That the whole foundation of the movement is hollow, seeing that the Declaration of Paris is of doubtful validity—has not been accepted by all the leading Powers—has already been discarded by its chief authors—and would probably break down under the strain of actual warfare, as all others of this nature have done.

Secondly, That although it be an easy matter to abolish the right of capture by a stroke of the pen, it would prove impracticable to prevent it. The immunity of the merchantman is not to extend to contraband goods. It follows that our cruisers would have to chase and overhaul every enemy's ship in order to ascertain whether she had contraband goods on board. It is not clear that, amidst the passions of war, this would always be

done in the most gracious manner. We have had sailors in days gone by who did not wear white kid gloves, and as these changes would not be very popular in the navy, common sense tells us that many months of war would not elapse without a collision. We had a captain once whom battles had shorn of an arm and bereft of an eye. There was an occasion when he was recalled by his superior officer out of a very desperate and doubtful struggle. He held up the glass to his blind eye and swore he could not see the signal, and the battle which that recall would have made a terrible disaster, he turned into a day of triumph. Nelson did never a better service to the State with the eye that had sight than he did that day with the eye that was blind. It may be that none of that spirit is left amongst us now—that our sailors will be deep in political economy, profound in the niceties of law, and anxious to treat the enemy with scrupulous politeness. But there would be some exceptions; and, before long, an enemy's merchantman would be sent to the bottom by accident. The crew, put on shore, would loudly declare that the accident was the result of design. On this the enemy would order reprisals; we of course should reply to them, and this well-intended compact is at once so much waste paper.

Thirdly. To abolish the right of capture inevitably leads to the abolition of blockades. It is true there are those who argue that one change might be effected without involving the other. In this belief the motion in the House of Commons was brought forward by Mr. Horsfall, who has stated that he would not touch the right of blockade, and who is the last man wilfully to inflict a blow on the welfare of the country. The question has moved from its original position. It is one of those which, introduced with moderate and rational views, are soon swept onward by other influences. On this point there can

be no better authority than Mr. Cobden, who speaks thus—

“When I heard of the intention of the Hon. Member for Liverpool to bring before the House the subject of the exemption of private property from capture at sea, I observed that he was mooted a question so intimately connected with that of commercial blockades, that the two could not be kept apart. . . . He was told, of course, that if you exempt private property at sea from capture during war, you must also consent to give up the system of commercial blockades. There is no doubt about it. To exempt a cargo of goods from capture on the ocean, but to say that it may be captured when it gets within three miles of a port, is to propose that which cannot be practically carried into effect, in negotiations or treaties with other countries.”

A little consideration will show that Mr. Cobden's view on this point is perfectly sound. At present the rights of war have the priority during war over those of commerce. It is proposed to reverse this, and to give the supremacy to the rights of commerce over those of war. Now, if this change of principle be adopted, it must be carried out to its legitimate end. A man on the top of a wall should never jump down unless willing to reach the bottom. It is in the nature of such a change as this that it cannot stop in mid air. Indeed, the arguments against blockade are stronger than the arguments against capture. If you capture a ship, you injure only the enemy whom it is, at the time, your business to injure. But if you blockade a port you injure every country that trades there, many of them being your best friends. Your enemy has done you wrong, but they have not, why then involve them in the punishment? Again, it is proposed to invest private property at sea with a sort of sacred character which shall command the respect of passionate men. Why should this character suddenly depart at an imaginary line three miles from land? And if we maintain blockades and the enemy break through them to sea, are we not to pursue and capture him?

not, our blockade becomes a farce. If we do, then we deny the right of capture at one moment and practise it at another. Let us suppose that a neutral break the blockade; we pursue and capture him. But surely his sin, for which we capture him, is no greater than the original sin of the enemy, for which we decline to capture him. In short, it is practically impossible to sever these interwoven questions. To the minds of men of business this is abundantly clear. The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce had discussed the question of capture. Its council, on taking up that of blockade, saw so clearly that the one inevitably followed the other, that they deemed it superfluous to consult the Chamber on a point so very obvious, and prepared a petition for the abolition of blockade, without a thought that any person in favour of the one change could object to the other.

Fourthly. Capture is still to be permitted if the vessel carry contraband of war. What then is or is not contraband? So vague and elastic is the present state of international law on this point, that at least half of all the leading articles of commerce may, or may not, be contraband, according to circumstances. In a war with America coal would rightfully be contraband if going to Charleston, where it might be, as it is now, sorely needed for the purposes of the enemy. At Philadelphia its nature would no more be contraband than that of salt water, being a common product of the district. What, indeed, may not be contraband, if we are to follow General Butler and appropriate people's silver spoons? Have not quiet passengers, civilians, on board of a mail steamer, been converted into articles contraband of war by the ingenious device of beholding in them "embodied despatches?" Has it not become a common practice with the Federals to designate a human being "a contraband?" If we consider the interminable difficulties that would

arise upon this single point, we shall see how impracticable the measures proposed to us really are. It is true they now exist as a consequence of blockade; but their number and complexity would be increased tenfold by permitting the enemy's ships to traverse the ocean, every one of them to be subject to search and disputation on such a point as this. How long would it continue without one of the belligerents declaring that the new compact was infringed by the other, and therefore at an end?

Fifthly. A new class of difficulties would result under the new system. A French merchantman is to be at liberty, in time of war, to sail unmolested along our coast, to come up the Channel, and appear off one of our ports; and suppose, after arriving off one of our ports, laden with grain, of which we are in need, she come into it, what is to be done? Of course, having given up the right to capture the cargo, you buy and pay for it. If you invite commerce to travel the globe, you cannot shut your door right in her face. If "free trade in war" mean anything, it means that your traffic with the enemy shall go on undisturbed, although you are doing your utmost to destroy him in another direction. Views like these may direct a game of chess, in which the pieces are of wood, but not the game of war, in which the pieces are men of human infirmity and passion. Free trade in war is free trade in nonsense. The two things are inherently antagonistic, and can no more be brought to live together side by side than heat and cold. We could not, and would not, have one part of our people full of national spirit, and ready to make any sacrifice for the safety and honour of the country, and another part trading with the enemy in the accustomed forms of friendship. We should be apt to say to such men, "I would that thou wert cold or hot; but because thou art neither cold nor hot, therefore will I spew thee out of my mouth." Hitherto, as a people,

though often divided in time of peace, we have ever been one in time of war. Evil will be the day when this shall be reversed—when we shall be of one mind during peace, and in war two people,—the one fighting the enemy, the other trading with the enemy. To bring a nation into this condition would be to reduce the body politic to the state of a man smitten with paralysis—half the trunk quick with life, the other half cold and torpid. We see this day, in another country, what are the fruits of disunion, of divided interests within a people. Does not that sad spectacle warn us to forbid any principle that might work out a similar result?

And after all is not the whole foundation of this movement unsound? The object is to remove or lessen the evils of war. Is it to the real interests of humanity that they should be removed? At present war is the exception, but if it could be rendered beneficial to some and injurious to none, it would come to be the rule, to be the constant condition of nations. How, indeed, would a war be brought to an end? From the day it begins there is a large class interested in its continuance—naval and military officers thirsting for promotion; contractors making fortunes by it; even the public finding in it the charm of excitement. On the other hand, there is a class which suffers, whose trade is interrupted, whose losses are depressing; this class grows under the effects of war taxation, until at length the public mind is swayed in the direction of peace. But if commerce proceed as usual, with the stimulus, too, of Government expenditure—if none are to suffer and many to gain, there would really be nothing to prevent wars being interminable. And a great preventive power would also be removed. Thrice, at least, within the last fifty years, we should have gone to war with the United States, but for the enormous interests to be jeopardised. This compelled states-

men to pause and hold back, and so the calamity was escaped. Under the new system we should always be ready to enter into strife, and should never know how to end it. Wars but rarely end by physical exhaustion; that which ends them is moral exhaustion, weariness and depression of the public mind; and the losses and suffering that tend to produce this condition are the real peacemakers. It is a question if it might not be better to render its losses so overwhelming, its sufferings so intolerable, and its instruments so fatal, that men would be forced to abandon it by sheer dismay, and adopt some other mode of adjusting the disputes of nations.

There are those who, in arguing these questions, assert that we have no right to judge of the future by the past, or to take it for granted that we shall again be able to exert the power of blockade as we have done. If there be reason for doubt on this point, it would seem the proper course rather to seek the strengthening of our navy than the means of crippling its efficiency. But, in truth, there exists no ground for the distrust. The change that has come over naval affairs in the introduction of steam is a change wholly to our advantage. Our maritime supremacy was attained under many drawbacks, in the days of wooden ships. Much of our timber had to be imported; for the hemp that made our ropes, the flax of our canvass, the very tar we used, we were dependent upon other countries. This is not so now, when war is to be a question of money, iron, and coal. If we had expressly devised a change to tell in favour of this country, we should have selected these elements. Where is the country or combination that can compete with us in financial resources, in building ships of iron, in constructing steam-engines, in supplying coal, in the number of private establishments that in case of need could produce a navy per annum? And a point generally un-

observed is the singular value now given to our foreign possessions as coaling stations for the fleets. In future wars that Power will possess an enormous advantage whose fleets can replenish their coal in every sea.

There are other elements of strength of no mean importance. If we look back to the political condition—to the laws prevailing—to the discontent brooding in this country at the commencement of the century—it is really marvellous how, with half our present population, and a tithe of our present resources, we should have been able to effect what was accomplished. The spirit of sedition, the benighted laws, the unjust monopolies, the religious distinctions, remnants of darker ages, have passed away, and in their place unbroken contentment and loyalty pervade the land. Surely there is strength in this against the day of need. Not that too great a confidence becomes any people. In the midst of so many disturbing elements, both in Europe and America, it is plainly our duty to hold ourselves prepared for any event. Such a period is ill chosen for emasculating our naval power. It is, indeed, our policy to avoid embroiling ourselves in anybody's quarrel, but the other extreme of inaction would be still more injurious. The day has not arrived for this country to abdicate the duties of a great Power, and meekly resign itself to the position of a permanent neutral. Forty years of peace had thrown a spell over the mind of Europe, but that spell is broken. There is a spirit abroad which is not that of peace. On all sides we hear of armour-plates forging, of cannon being rifled, of frontiers to be rounded, of treaties that need amendment. At such a time it behoves us to keep intact, in all its vigour, that naval power which is the sheet-anchor of our safety. None need be told that such it is—every

Englishman knows it by his instinct. It must be kept prepared to strike as well as to resist. If we have consented to abandon one of its former rights, is not this rather a reason to hold on the more firmly by the rest than to strip it of a second and a third? The eagle that cleaves the air with piercing eye and sweeping wing, none behold without admiration or feel a disposition to affront; strip it of its pinions, and you have a poor, tame, pitiful bird. Such a change is that now proposed. Having given up one right, we are to obliterate another, and cast away a third. The next thing should be, having clipped its wings and tamed down its ancient spirit, to sell the navy for old timber, and compound with other Powers to treat us with decency and let our trade go on untroubled. Those who desire this position for our country, let them support these changes.

We conclude that no ground really exists for the apprehensions that have excited this movement; that the Paris Declaration is of no binding force, and, if carried out, that its results can have no serious importance; that the right of capture cannot be abolished without extinguishing that of blockade; that the deprivation of these rights would at once incapacitate us in dealing with the majority of commercial States, and would jeopardise our means of bringing maritime war to a successful issue; that these changes are utterly opposed to our interest as the chief naval Power, and that compacts of this nature cannot endure amidst the passions of warfare; finally, that the principle of the movement is erroneous at its root, as, instead of promoting peace, it would remove the chief barrier to war; and that this agitation can have no other result than to waste time far better employed in some pursuit useful to those who move in it, or of some practical service to the country.

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PROGRESS IN CHINA.

PART II.

THE TAIPINGS AND THEIR REMEDY.

It would have required many cycles of Oathay to bring to the councils of the Court of Peking the enlightenment we have alluded to in our last number, if the populations over which it ruled had not threatened to outstrip the Government in the adoption of European ideas. Petty sedition, which had always been acknowledged in China as the expression of the will of the people, suddenly assumed an alarming form, and threatened to subvert not only the present dynasty, but, what was of far greater importance, a much venerated constitution, the result of the collective wisdom and experience of twenty-five centuries.

The two Kwang provinces, Kwang-tung and Kwang-si, were the first affected by the leaven of European example, and were so the more readily because our violent acts, irrespective of any question of justification, were congenial to the predatory tastes of the inhabitants of that portion of China. That region, which contains from twenty-six to twenty-eight millions of

Chinese, has always been the last to submit to the rule of a new dynasty, and the first to revolt. Six centuries ago, the Mongol conquerors of China had no easy task in mastering these southerners; and Arab historians, never very nice in their estimate of the value of human life, write in strong terms of the terrible means by which the subjection of Kwang-tung was accomplished. "The blood of the people flowing in sounding torrents," was a strong metaphor applied to the Mongol conquest; yet, four centuries afterwards, the Manchous had to repeat the same frightful lesson before they could say that they ruled over the cities and plains of Kwang-si. Even then, large bodies of the disaffected fled to the mountains on the north, and to the sea on the south, and, as banditti or pirates, have never been entirely reconciled to any form of government. In the lawless seafaring population of Kwang-tung, our armed smugglers found willing allies against a weak executive, and the leaven of our example at length

...a rebellion, which
...of Teednashu. In
...the most appalling scourge
...ever let upon a nation. It
...endeavour to trace the origin
...the character of the rebels
...from the evidence of
...witnesses. But this
...has done in our
...years is but a small

The elements of the rebellion were,
as we have seen, very early to
hand in the hands of our
before the rebellion of our
there
Canton
are wicked
sea pirates,
they were
like sub-
severity on the
and the
We stepped
prestige of Im-
and our
merchantmen
brought into
the police of the
showed the natives of
to evade the pay-
or taxes. Smug-
they were divided by too
distinction for the appre-
the Cantonese, and their
the Government was
supported by the opium-
The visitors to our settle-
Hong-Kong might have
of heavily-armed native
loading with salt, opium,
other goods, all of which were
in the teeth of mandarins,
or forts. Fast boats, each
with a hundred men, flaunt-
their flags, and beat their gongs.
became quite as ready to fight
European as their own rulers.
these ruffians had no other
in hand, they cut off their
lawful traders, or the little
under European flags. Gra-
daily increasing in numbers and
valour, they attacked outlying
towns; and when their own
Government offered a sufficiently
pecuniary reward, they were
ready to assist Governor-
Yeh to exterminate us.

We do not care to pass any opin-
ion upon the iniquity or otherwise
of the opium trade. It may have
been a political and commercial ne-
cessity; but we should be false to
history if we failed to trace much
of the evil under which China is
now suffering to that melancholy
source. Owing to the enormous
profits made upon the drug as a
contraband article, the native trad-
ers formed themselves into power-
ful guilds, with ramifications at
Hong-Kong, Macao, and Canton,
which actually guaranteed the suc-
cess of smuggling ventures—a smug-
gling assurance company, so to
speak, against the lawful tax-gath-
ers of China; and the writer
has heard the officers and crew of
more than one English opium-clip-
per boast of having protected these
ruffians, and beaten off the Govern-
ment boats. This defiance of the
native authorities extended itself
to the interior. Bands of armed
men were led by opium-brokers
through the provinces, fighting their
way with smuggled goods. To
this fact we have the testimony of
the Roman Catholic missionaries;
and indeed Monsieur Chauveau,
the head of the Catholic mission in
Yunnan, insists—and we believe
him—that the Taeping rebellion was
inaugurated by a large band of six
hundred opium smugglers forcing
their way from Yunnan to Canton,
and compelling some influential per-
sonages in Kwang-si to assist them.
After the smugglers had retired,
the authorities naturally called
the gentry to account. The mob
took part with their neighbours; a
secret society gave its aid; sedition
spread, and, like a ball of snow,
gathered weight as it rolled through
a turbulent province. Hitherto has-
tened, as official reports state, the
soldiery and braves that had been
disbanded after the first war with
us; hitherto went the disaffected of all
classes, the ruined opium-smokers
and *roués* of Canton; in short, the
rowdies of a population equal to
that of the French empire in ex-
tent soon collected at the base of
the Kwang-si mountain-ranges, and

devastated the best part of that province. In the year 1850, these troubles assumed the distinct phase of rebellion. After shirking the difficulty for as long a time as possible, the 'Pekin Gazette' began to publish reports of the state of Kwang-si. It told how vast districts had been swept over by banditti, how the entire eastern circuit of the province "had been atrociously dealt with by bands, who carried banners inscribed with the information, 'We are dealing justice on behalf of Heaven.'" These justice-dispensing robbers "fired the villages wherever they came, violated the women, murdered the well-disposed, and took care to carry off all guns, horses, and arms."

Directly the 'Pekin Gazette' officially recognised the rebellion, the European residents, instead of sympathising with the Government and the well-disposed Chinese, at once testified their interest in the movement, and openly favoured a hope that by the swords of these rebels China would be reformed and converted. Each one had his reason for adopting what at first sight seemed so unfair a course. The European official was sick of mandarin arrogance; the missionary was wearied with the slowness of his progress in dealing with the stolid self-sufficiency of the Chinese character, and in trying to establish breaches in the obstinacy of his belief in Confucius and Mencius; the trader longed for extended commerce or larger profits; and our smugglers were at war, as well as the Kwang-si rebels or Canton pirates, with all law and order.

The Taepings were speciously represented as men battling for religious and political freedom; and a Swedish missionary, Mr. Hamberg, claimed for our reputed converts the credit of having organised and guided the rebellion. Himself deceived by the cunning of the Asiatic, he put forth a strange fable, called the 'Revelations of Hung-siu-tien,' and was thus mainly instrumental in enlisting on behalf of

an organised system of land-piracy the religious sympathy of this country. Hordes of armed robbers, ravaging the interior of a distant country, because they said they believed in Heaven, were forthwith pronounced Christians, engaged in war upon heathenism. And, forgetting the first principle of our faith, that it is not to be propagated by the sword, we shut our ears and hearts against the wail of perishing multitudes, and dreamed that the light of the Gospel had dawned on Cathay. Years have elapsed since our credulity was thus imposed on, and from the experience gathered we are now able, we think, to tear the veil from the monstrous imposition.

The rebellion in Kwang-si first obtained political importance when it secured the adhesion of a few literary expectants for office, who had been rejected at the competitive examinations in Canton. By those examinations, every man in China may hope to reach the highest posts in the empire. The necessities of the Court of Peking during the reign of the last three inefficient monarchs had compelled it to dispose of certain appointments by purchase. Every disappointed candidate at the provincial examinations traced his failure to this abuse, and a formidable body of ambitious, half-educated enemies to the State was thus formed. This was exactly the class needed by the hard-fighting brigands of Kwang-si and pirates of Kwang-tung to bind them together under a common banner, and they were not long in finding their way to a theatre where they might play at being kings, ministers, and generals to their hearts' content.

For one of these disappointed candidates for office, named Hung-siu-tien, and for a society of reputed converts at Hong-Kong, known as the Christian Union, Mr. Hamberg claims the credit of the Taeping movement. They are perfectly welcome to the honour; but we, in the first place, impeach the testimony of the Chinaman who

persuaded Mr. Hamberg that the leader of the Taepings was a Christian convert; and, in the next place, we declare that the members of the "Christian Union" were as arrant knaves as ever imposed upon the good-nature of a confiding clergyman.

The Christian Union at Hong-Kong was instituted for the purpose of training Chinese in Protestant Christianity, and sending them as missionaries into the interior of the country. Mr. Gutzlaff had the charge of this Union, and seems to have been utterly deceived by them; for we are assured by one who was immediately brought up amongst them as an Englishman studying the Chinese language, that they were dissolute characters, pretending to be converts for the sake of a livelihood. There was no duplicity they did not practise, and no lie they did not invent. Our informant one day entered the study of one of these missionaries, as he was poring over a long and well-written Chinese letter. His face was lit up with joy and interest, and he exclaimed, "Ah, when you are able to compose like that!" The young English student took up the letter, and found it to be from a convert named Wang-pin, giving an account of a mission upon which he had been despatched into the interior. It described his adventures and difficulties, his hopes and anxieties; how some officials had maltreated him; how he had escaped: it recounted labours amongst his brethren, and, lastly, the conversion of two women and a youth, and the joy with which he had welcomed by baptism such and such persons into the fold. The imposition was perfect; but, unfortunately, the writer had allowed himself to be seen very recently in Hong-Kong. Search was made for him. Aided by a policeman, the task of discovering Wang-pin was not difficult. He was dragged out of a brothel, where, no doubt, he had penned his interesting report.

Such profligacy was the rule rather than the exception amongst the Christian Union. At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Lay related another instance of moral turpitude. It appears that the Union was supposed to consist of men from various provinces of China, and a number of Bibles adapted for circulation in their respective districts were regularly issued to these natives when they were despatched upon their tours of duty. As there was reason to suppose that these Bibles were often returned to the office, and had to be paid for as new ones supplied from the Chinese publisher at Hong-Kong, a number of them were secretly marked with the names of the converts who were supposed to distribute them gratis in remote parts of the empire. Before many days, every one of these marked Bibles returned to the hands of Mr. Hamberg, and it was then discovered that they had been sold to the Chinese publisher, who had again presented them as new Bibles. Of course this system of pillage was put a stop to, but we leave the reader to guess how many more frauds were daily perpetrated by such a set of scamps upon innocent-minded missionaries. We might fill a volume with further details of the tricks of the Christian Union, but we forbear.

Amongst these reputed converts to Christianity was one who can at any rate claim the credit of having so thoroughly deceived us, that even so recent a writer as Commander Lindsay Brine, of the Royal Navy, did not succeed in discovering the wolf under the skin of the oily Hung-jin. Mr. Hamberg first met Hung-jin (or, as he now styles himself, Kan-wang) in 1852, at a time when the minds of our residents in China were much excited. Mr. Hamberg was full of curiosity, Hung-jin all ready to gratify it. Hung-jin quite delighted the missionary "with the interest he displayed in Christianity, and his acquaintance with its precepts." The

rogue, be it known, had actually studied Christianity *for two entire months*, some years previously, under Mr. Roberts, an American missionary in Canton. As a near connection of two out of three of the most prominent leaders in Kwang-si, Hung-jin could give information about them; and, still more to delight Mr. Hamberg, he invented a fable he knew would be very palatable to the outer barbarian, and promote the fortune of himself and family. Hung-jin, having converted us to Taepingism, was much treasured by our religious societies in China, and every care and expense were lavished upon him to render him a fit instrument for keeping up the connection between us and the leaders of the Taeping movement. He and his brother, we know, were in the employ of two missionaries in Hong-Kong about the year 1853. Hung-jin was above the average of his countrymen in ability; and, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Chalmers for three years, made considerable progress in secular studies. In 1854 he was baptised, and repeated unsuccessful attempts were then and subsequently made to send him back to his friends in Kwang-si and Central China. Our missionaries were almost hysterical over their treasure; they declared he had quite established himself in the confidence and esteem of the Shanghai missions; that he exhibited "much talent, evinced much sweetness of disposition, and, above all, had given undoubted proofs of the sincerity of his attachment to the Christian faith." Early in 1859 he contrived at last to rejoin his relative in Nankin: a relative whom he had left years before as a mere conspirator in Kwang-si, he now found self-installed as an incarnation of the Deity in a yamun of Nankin. The discontented and unsuccessful candidate for literary honours of Canton was now the King of Heaven, the Tien-wang of Nankin. Hung-jin was welcomed as he deserved, for he had well served the King of Heaven by throwing

dust in the eyes of the much-feared foreigner; and Hung-jin, the Christian impostor, stepped into royal robes as the "Kan-wang," "Shield King," or, in other words, the ptop and stay of Taepingism; and, having shown such ability in bamboozling the foreigner, his especial province appears to have been to feed us with hopes of a general conversion and extension of trade, but to take care that we did not test their sincerity. Feeling that it was not yet time to throw off the cloak of piety which had hitherto served him so well, Commander Brine tells us that the Kan-wang wrote to the Rev. Mr. Edkins, deploring his unfitness for the high post to which his distinguished relative had appointed him; expressing his own anxiety "to promote the diffusion of true religion;" adding, that he was more than ever impressed with the superhuman wisdom of the Tien-wang, or King of Heaven! Just after he had thus given utterance to these expressions of diffidence and zeal, our late pupil, now an assistant-king in Nankin, started on an expedition into Ngan-hwuy province, to spread the knowledge of Perfect Peace. A traveller who happened to be on the river Yangtze at that time, tells us that it was easy to trace the path of the mission by "the smoking and flaming villages." Every impostor must, however, eventually be exposed, and so it was with the Kan-wang; for the missionaries, taking him and his relative at their word, thrust themselves into Nankin. Mr. Roberts, the quondam instructor in divinity of the Taeping rulers, had preceded the Kan-wang, and the latter found Mr. Roberts clad in regal robes, and holding some sort of office. About this time also (1860), the Rev. Mr. Holmes visited Nankin; he came away shocked at what he had seen and heard. We shall avail ourselves presently of his testimony as to the character of the Taeping rebellion; but for the present we shall confine ourselves to the career of Hung-jin, or Kan-wang. In

the 'North China Herald' of October 18, 1861, under the signature "Inquisitive Expectans," we next hear of the scamp. The anonymous writer turns out, by the evidence of Captain T. W. Blakiston, to be Mr. Forrest, an interpreter in the British consular establishment.* Mr. Forrest draws a vivid picture of the houses of the different Taeping-wangs. He tells us of his Excellency Lo, who was building a gorgeous yamun, "upon which upwards of a thousand workmen were engaged—some building, some carving stone and wood, and not a few standing with a bundle of rattans in their hands ready to inflict blows on any one shirking his work. A great portion of the building is already completed, and the whole will be a good specimen of a Chinese yamun of the old style, with its network of beams at the gables, its large wooden columns, and fantastic carvings. Asking what the workmen were paid, Lo laughingly replied,—'You English pay for work; we Taepings know better. Is not ours a truly great Empire?'"

In front of the Kan-wang's palace were two orchestras, painted over with dragons, diablerie, Chinese characters, and the beatitudes from St. Matthew! The Kan-wang is, it seems, a hearty fat individual, forty years of age, and very intelligent. He can shake hands like an Englishman, and say, "How do you do?" Mr. Chalmers's care in his education was evinced by his knowledge of geography especially, and the number of books of reference by which he was surrounded.

"His sanctum is quite a museum in its way: a fine cheerful room facing a garden of flowers, with a large bed of Soochow manufacture for its principal article of furniture. The bed is covered with jade ornaments, and hung with rich yellow curtains. Tables line the sides of this chamber, and they are loaded with the strangest conglomeration of articles: a telescope on a moving pedestal, a gun-box, three Collyer's revolvers useless from rust, a box of percussion-caps, ditto of vesicae, Windsor

soap, a Woolwich manual of fortification, and a Holy Bible; any amount of Chinese books, five clocks, broken barometers, ink-stones, and dirty rags, fans mounted in silver, jade-stone drinking-cups, gold and silver platters, chopsticks, English port-wine bottles, and Coward's mixed pickles. About the apartment were suspended an English naval sword, some dragoon-caps, a couple of Japanese knives, two French plates, an engraving of the Holy Well in Flintshire, and lying on the bed was a mass of silver ingots tied up in a cloth."

Amidst this collection of loot, the Kan-wang could give a neat dinner and plenty of wine, for which he had an especial dispensation. Our informant then adds that Kan-wang is "a good fellow, and merely accommodates his Christianity to his tastes and habits"—an opinion in which we agree, only substituting the words arch-knave for good fellow. Hear, for instance, what Mr. Roberts says of him, in January 1862:—

"From having been the religious teacher of Hung-siu-tsen in 1847, and hoping that good—religious, commercial, and political—would result to the nation from his elevation, I have hitherto been a friend to his revolutionary movement, sustaining it by word and deed, as far as a missionary consistently could without vitiating his higher character as an ambassador of Christ. But after living among them fifteen months, and closely observing their proceedings—political, commercial, and religious—I have turned over entirely a new leaf, and am now as much opposed to them—for good reasons, I think—as I ever was in favour of them. Not that I have sought personally against Hung-siu-tsen; he has been exceedingly kind to me. But I believe him to be a crazy man, entirely unfit to rule without any organised government; nor is he, with his coolie kings, capable of organising a government of equal benefit to the people, of even the old Imperial Government. He is violent in his temper, and lets his wrath fall heavily upon his people, making a man or woman 'an offender for a word,' and ordering such instantly to be murdered without 'judge or jury.' He is opposed to commerce, having had more than a dozen of his own people murdered since

I have been here, for no other crime than trading in the city, and has promptly repelled every foreign effort to establish lawful commerce here among them, whether inside of the city or out. His religious toleration and multiplicity of chapels turn out to be a farce—of no avail in the spread of Christianity—worse than useless. It only amounts to a machinery for the promotion and spread of his own political religion, making himself equal with Jesus Christ, who, with God the Father, himself, and his own Son, constitute one Lord over all!! Nor is any missionary who will not believe in his divine appointment to this high equality, and promulgate his political religion accordingly, safe among these rebels, in life, servants, or property. He told me soon after I arrived, that if I did not believe in him I would perish, like the Jews did for not believing in the Saviour. But little did I then think that I should ever come so near it, by the sword of one of his own miscreants, in his own capital, as I did the other day.

"Kan-wang, moved by his coolie elder brother (literally a coolie at Hong-Kong) and the devil, without the fear of God before his eyes, did, on Monday the 13th instant, come into the house in which I was living, then and there most wilfully, maliciously, and with malice aforethought, murder one of my servants with a large sword in his own hand in my presence, without a moment's warning or any just cause. And after having slain my poor harmless, helpless boy, he jumped on his head most fiend-like, and stamped it with his foot; notwithstanding I besought him most entreatingly from the commencement of his murderous attack to spare my poor boy's life.

"And not only so, but he insulted me myself in every possible way he could think of, to provoke me to do or say something which would give him an apology, as I then thought and think yet, to kill me, as well as my dear boy, whom I loved like a son. He stormed at me, seized the bench on which I sat with the violence of a madman, threw the dregs of a cup of tea in my face, seized hold of me personally and shook me violently, struck me on my right cheek with his open hand; then, according to the instruction of my King for whom I am ambassador, I turned the other, and he struck me quite a sounder blow on my left cheek with his right

hand, making my ear ring again; and then, perceiving that he could not provoke me to offend him in word or deed, he seemed to get more outrageous, and stormed at me like a dog, to be gone out of his presence. 'If they do these things in the green tree, what will they do in the dry?'—to a favourite of Tien-wang's—who can trust himself among them, either as a missionary or a merchant? I then despaired of missionary success among them, or any good coming out of the movement—religious, commercial, or political—and determined to leave them, which I did on Monday, January 20, 1862."

We may add, that subsequent to the departure of Mr. Roberts, the Taeping leaders signified that they had no further need of missionaries at Nankin.

Let us now trace the career of the head of Taepingism, Hung siu-tsuen, from the 'Pekin Gazette' and other documents.

In the year 1837, a man twenty-three years of age, whose family resided near Canton, went up for his literary examination—a competitive examination for office under his Government. He was plucked—it was not the first time. Perfectly satisfied with his own merits, he had assumed the title Siu-tsuen, or "Elegantly perfect," in addition to the family name of Hung. As Siu-tsuen we shall speak of him. Between 1837 and 1843, Siu-tsuen was again repeatedly unsuccessful at the examinations; disappointment brought on brain fever, and for some years he was a dangerous lunatic. Recovering from this attack, he accidentally obtained possession of a number of tracts on Christianity by a native convert called Leang-Afah. They were in style and translation enough to puzzle a stronger brain than Siu-tsuen's. Naturally excitable, he was now seized with a religious mania, and fancied he had personal interviews with the Trinity. He had witnessed the proceedings of Western nations against the Government of his country; and our combination of civilisation, religion, and war no doubt struck him as the right means for gratifying his spleen and his ambition. From a crack-brained enthusiast, Siu-

tsuen sobered down into a conspirator against his sovereign and the order of the State. From 1843 to 1846, he was, we are told, busy inoculating a small circle of his immediate friends with his views. His disciples believed that he was in direct communication with the Deity, and he appears at first to have merely contented himself with the character of a second Moses. He formed a society which he called the "Congregation of the Worshipers of God" (or "Shangti"). Hung-jin, or Kan-wang, and another relative of Siu-tsuen's, named Fung, likewise joined it. As the society increased, Siu-tsuen bound the members by oaths "to live or die with him, and to exert all their efforts to assist him;" and in return he promised to ascertain from heaven for the members "wherein lay their respective interests and profits,"* an essentially Chinese way of looking at Christianity. They soon worshipped Siu-tsuen as an incarnation of Shangti, or God. Both he and his relative Fung had ecstatic fits. The latter performed miracles; and like other arch-impostors, they passed unconsciously from deluding others into deceiving themselves. The disordered condition of Southern China favoured the propagation of any doctrines, however wild and bizarre; and the mountains and secluded valleys of Kwang-si afforded the necessary hiding-places for a sect whose first article of faith was disobedience to the Emperor. In either 1846 or 1847 Mr. Roberts, residing in Canton, was so interested in the doings of Siu-tsuen that he invited him to stay at his house, and promised a kind welcome on the part of his brethren. Siu-tsuen, accompanied by his relative Hung-jin, accordingly went to Mr. Roberts, and stayed two entire months studying Protestantism. Their conduct was exemplary, but Mr. Roberts did not feel justified in baptising the worthies before they left, which is just

as well, for, in "the 3d month of 1848," Siu-tsuen announced to his flock that "our Heavenly Father had come down into the world," and on "the 9th month he was followed by the Saviour, who wrought innumerable miracles!"

About this time the plot of sending Hung-jin to the Europeans, and intrusting him with the office of misleading us as to the real character of the intended insurrection, must have been decided upon, for we now find him in communication with Mr. Hamberg. What occurred between 1850 and 1853, when Hung-jin rejoined his relative at Nankin, we will condense in a few words. Siu-tsuen and Fang, aided by another disappointed candidate for office named Tai-tsuen, or Tien-teh, raised the standard of revolution, and declared openly their intention of subverting the present dynasty. Siu-tsuen styled himself the King of Perfect Peace, or "Tae-ping-wang," and nominated the other two as subordinate kings. They sacked several cities in Kwang-si, but finding the province getting too hot to hold them, they decamped with the loss of Tien-teh, their best leader, and crossed into Honan province, so as to strike the great water-communication which circulates through Central China. The Taeping leader, then captured, made a full confession, which, tested by the experience of to-day, is a most truthful account; and though vaunting the courage of his brother rebels, he distinctly says that, after all, Siu-tsuen was a mere profligate and winebibber, rejecting in no less than thirty-six mistresses.

In June 1852, we find that the Taipings, ten thousand strong, had reached a large river flowing through Honan into the Yang-tsze. The water-communication once reached, they had but to embark, and the current would waft them to Nankin, and as far north as Tien-tsin.

* *Vide* the confession of one of the Taeping leaders, named Tien-teh, published in the 'Pekin Gazette' of May 1852.

By Christmas 1852 they had reached the commercial heart of the Empire in the great emporiums which lie about the confluence of the rivers Han and Yang-tze. Two centuries of peaceful industry, of buying and selling, giving and taking in marriage, without one thought of a sudden and bloody awakening from a dream of luxury, were here ready for the strong-handed. The writer met a man who witnessed the destruction of the three great cities of Wuchang, Han-kow, and Han-yang, the slaughter of the ill-starred inhabitants, and the conflagration of the vast fleets of junks and trading-boats there assembled. For eight days and nights the place was, he said, wrapt in flames—a perfect hell upon earth. The horrors of this scene were sufficient to frighten all the inhabitants of the lower valley of the Yang-tze into subjection, but it did not save them from pillage and rapine. The officials were everywhere slaughtered when they dared to remain at their posts, and the Manchou garrisons, with their children and women, perished to a soul. Wherever the current of the river would float these Taepings, they conquered, unopposed. Nankin in its turn fell into their hands with frightful slaughter, and Chin-Keang, at the entrance of the Grand Canal, shared the same fate. Still aided by the water-communication, they aimed a blow at Peking, and actually advanced to the head of the canal. Directly, however, the water-communication failed them, their progress was arrested, and they sustained a defeat that deterred them from a second attempt on the capital. There can be no greater fallacy than the notion that the stability of the dynasty has been really jeopardised, or that the raid of the Taepings towards Peking was the result of organisation or military skill, instead of being entirely due, as we have said, to the immense water facilities at their command, from the very mountains of Kwang-si to the Tong-ting Lake, and from the lake to the Yang-tze,

and from it to Tien-tsin by the Grand Canal.

Siu-tsuen, *alias* Tien-wang, or King of Heaven, now sat (in 1853) in Nankin, and Taepingism was thoroughly established as an evil which it would require years to extirpate; and what was worse, damage had been done to the extension of Protestant Christianity in the minds of the better classes in China, from the artful manner in which Siu-tsuen had succeeded in dragging us in as his allies against the Government and peaceable classes of China.

That he and his emissaries did not confine themselves to converting sanguine and anxious missionaries, is well attested in the Blue-Book of 1853. There we find one of our consular 'body officially reporting:—

"All I have heard tends to strengthen my previously expressed conviction that the insurrectionary movement is a national one of the Chinese against the continued rule, or rather misrule, of the Manchous; and that the power of the latter is already *irrevocably subverted in the southern half of the Empire*. The interference of foreigners in their behalf would now only have the effect of prolonging hostilities and anarchy for an indefinite period; while, if they abstain from interference, it is highly probable that the valley of the Yang-tze, with the southern provinces, *will speedily come under the rule of a purely Chinese dynasty as one internally strong State*, governed according to the old national principles of administration."

Ten years have elapsed since that prophecy. The Manchou has had during that period two wars with Great Britain and France, and rebellions in every one of the eighteen provinces of China. Yet Peking rules while Nankin plunders. The dynasty was not quite so sick as Mr. Meadows supposed.

Following the weak example of the United States representatives in 1853, our authorities actually put themselves into official communication with the Taeping kings. The insolence of their communications was as gross as their mendacity.

Take the following extract for example, written by two subordinate rulers, Lo and Woo, who perhaps had formerly been of the Christian Union:—

"Well do we remember how, in conjunction with Bremer, Elliot, and Wanking, in the province of Canton, we together erected a church, and together worshipped Jesus, our Celestial Elder Brother; all these circumstances are as fresh as if they had happened but yesterday. We are grieved to hear that Bremer has met with a misfortune, and we can never forget the nobleness of his character. As to Elliot and Wanking, we hope they have enjoyed health since we last met—we feel an irrepressible anxiety to meet our old friends."

So much for the dodge of Christianity, for the whole idea of building a church with Sir Charles Elliot and "Wanking" was evidently coined with the aid of one Mang, the teacher of Mr. Meadows, and who, like all these teachers, was handing his master over as a sheep to be shorn by his countrymen. Then in another place a sop is held for the commercial interest:—

"Our Royal Master has received the command of Heaven to show kindness to foreigners, and harmonise them with the Chinese." [Mr. Roberts's testimony, dated ten years afterwards, to wit], "not restricting commercial intercourse, or levying transit duties upon merchandise."

We may have done right, after all, in allowing these Taepings time to show by their acts how little they intended to fulfil their promises. In ten years they have utterly wrecked the richest portion of China. All the wonders of Chinese art and industry are levelled with the dust and destroyed. The Porcelain Pagoda—the Iron Tower—the Ming Cemetery of Nankin—the beautiful temples and valuable libraries of Golden Island, exist no longer. A district once teeming with hamlets and farms, rich in silks and teas, and all the products of the Flowery Land, is now a wilderness; and the Englishman who looked upon the wondrous scene of Asiatic civilisation

and industry, as spread before him in the valley of the Yang-tze in the year 1842, would never recognise it again in the famine-stricken desolation of to-day. Lest we should allow our indignation at such unchecked barbarism to carry us away, we will quote from two recent visitors, the one a soldier, the other a clergyman. Colonel Wolseley, in 1862, says: "Having had some little experience of the imbecility of the Imperial Government, I went to Nankin strongly prejudiced against it, and only too anxious to recognise any good which we might discover in its rival. . . . The Imperial Government, with all its weakness, is as far removed above that established at Nankin, as the true religion of our Saviour is above that set up by the impostor Tien-wang." He confirms the fact that no man of worth or station in China has joined the movement; and after describing all the ruin, crime, and nastiness of the interior of the Taeping stronghold, he urges his countrymen to assist the better classes of Chinese in sweeping away the abomination, because it is the barrier to true progress in China.

Mr. Holmes, whose zeal for the spiritual welfare of the Chinese subsequently led to his being slain by some rebels in Shan-tung, bears the following testimony to the hopelessness of anything good from Taepingism. After visiting Nankin in the end of 1861, he says:—

"I went to Nankin predisposed to receive a favourable impression; indeed, the favourable impressions of a previous visit to Suchau led me to undertake this journey. I came away with my views very materially changed. I had hoped that their doctrines, though crude and erroneous, might notwithstanding embrace some of the elements of Christianity. I found, to my sorrow, nothing of Christianity but its names, falsely applied—applied to a system of revolting idolatry. Whatever there may be in their books, and whatever they may have believed in times past, I could not escape the conclusion that such is the system which they now promulgate, and by which the character of their people is being moulded. Their idea of God is

distorted until it is inferior, if possible, to that entertained by other Chinese idolaters. Their willingness—if indeed they are willing to receive Christian missionaries among them—is doubtless founded upon a misapprehension of their true character. They suppose that the missionary will prove an instrument which they can bend to suit their own purposes. Exceptions might, perhaps, be made in favour of individuals: it is of those who hold the reins of power that I speak.

"The city of Nankin is in a ruinous condition. It would be no exaggeration to say that half the houses have been destroyed. The country around is not half cultivated. Provisions are very scarce and expensive. Their trade is very limited. We observed instances in which workmen were compelled to labour without compensation. All indicates a policy that has little regard to the welfare of the people, or to any interests other than those immediately connected with war, and with the indulgence of their rulers.

"The present state of their political affairs would indicate that Hung-siu-tsen's career must close before the present dynasty can be supplanted. His horrible doctrines, which have served to break down every distinction between right and wrong in the minds of his soldiers, and send them forth to perform every enormity without remorse, have secured him the lasting hatred of the masses of the people. The scenes of internal discord which so nearly proved their destruction a few years since, would doubtless be enacted again, and upon a large scale, when, with their enemies vanquished, they came to a final division of the spoils."

And if any farther testimony were necessary, we might, in the pages of the last Blue-Book for 1862, find evidence enough to convince the most sceptical that the people, as well as the Government, are hostile to the robbers who pretend to be inaugurating a new rule.

This Taeping movement has never had at any time a national character. It has not been joined by any influential class. The Taepings have never organised any sort of government, and they have never held any ground but that on which their camps stood. Had they shown any disposition to gain the suffrages of the Chinese

people, already dissatisfied with their mandarins, their chances of subverting the dynasty would have been great. They have not done so, and the consequence is, that the popular feeling is strongly against them. Hear, for instance, what thirty-two of the representative elders of the districts between Soochow and the Yangtze river say in a petition to our Minister, and then decide on which side our humanity should be enlisted:—

"Living to the east of the river, we have the misfortune to be visited by the murderously ferocious rebels, who have burnt our dwellings, carried off our people, dishonoured our wives and daughters, robbed us, and murdered innumerable of us, till the land is covered with corpses, and the roads run with tears and blood. We ourselves have suffered so in our persons, and our families overwhelmed with bitterness, refugees from our homes, that there is no name for our misery; our lives can scarcely be called our own. It seems that not one of us will escape. In desperation, therefore, we piteously implore the Minister, that in his great goodness, surpassing all things, he will pity us, and speedily rescue us, and will despatch his energetic soldiers to sweep the abomination out of the land, that our death may be turned to life, our gratitude be unimaginable; and unless his goodness does rescue us, there will be no escape for and the people and property on the east of the river will be destroyed, and the land left a desert, without hope of recovery. We implore him, therefore, the more earnestly, that millions of the poor are lying, leaning on each other, in this deep snow, in misery unspeakable, waiting for his will."

Could any words be more expressive? And it is not only the Imperialists who suffer, but there are tens of thousands who have joined the Taeping ranks from compulsion and to save their lives. These poor creatures are, if possible, more to be pitied than any other class. They stand between two fires,—the sword of the Taeping and the Imperial executioner. On their behalf we ought as soon as possible to place the Imperial Government in such a position that an amnesty could be safely granted, or arrangements made for allowing

these compromised people to emigrate to Borneo, the Straits settlements, to Burma, and elsewhere. The compromised might embark with their wives and families, and in less populated regions found colonies as creditable to their mother country as they would be profitable to European civilisation and commerce. This would be a triumphant solution of the Taeping difficulty; and we feel justified in hoping that the Court of Peking may be persuaded to temper justice with mercy, inasmuch as one of its highest officers has recently recognised the evils of overpopulation, and legalised emigration from the provinces under his jurisdiction.

Our collision with the Taepings has been denounced as if it had been sought by the British authorities in China. But this is by no means the case. In 1858, when Lord Elgin ascended the Yang-tze, the escorting squadron was deliberately attacked, although the smallest vessel was sent considerably in advance with a flag of truce flying, and a person was expressly sent in her to afford every explanation of our Ambassador's motive in desiring to pass Nankin.

Both then and subsequently the Taeping chiefs were told that we entertained no hostile feeling towards them, and that so long as they respected British property we should be strictly neutral. In spite of these warnings and the promises of their leaders, the Taepings, not satisfied with the sack of the great cities in the districts around Shanghai and Ningpo, actually attacked our settlements. Necessity has compelled us to act upon the defensive. We had to drive them from the neighbourhood; and in order to prevent their starving out the vast numbers of Chinese who had taken shelter in Shanghai, we had to mark certain limits within which we would not suffer their presence. Such is the history of our "war" against the Taepings. Troops have been sent for from India, and Shanghai and Ningpo are virtually

under the protection of the British and French forces. As a temporary measure this may answer, but it is beset with inconveniences and risks if prolonged. Temporary protection, as our Indian experience abundantly teaches us, leads to permanent occupation, and ultimate absorption of territory. The foot of a vigorous European nation, once placed firmly on the soil of an Eastern state, cannot be withdrawn.

Yet the present state of China leaves us no alternative. There are other important considerations upon which our space forbids us entering, but there is one we will allude to in passing—the evils inflicted upon the country by the influx of adventurers now swarming thither, who are amenable to no law, with no fortunes or characters to lose, but abundance of appetite to acquire. The misdeeds of these miscreants are a great obstacle to friendly intercourse with the Chinese people; and to watch and keep them within bounds, the operation of a high and powerful police is absolutely necessary. Our trade and property must be protected by some Power, or be sacrificed. How that protection shall be afforded is the problem to be solved.

This country is decidedly opposed to direct intervention, while the assumption of a protectorate over China by any other Power would be directly opposed to our interests.

It might be well, if it were possible, to leave the Chinese to work out their own regeneration; but unfortunately our commercial interests and revenue are so interwoven with the wellbeing of China, that we cannot afford to wait the time that might elapse before the restoration of order.

In respect to ourselves, were we disposed to look on and abide the issue, other Powers whose interests differ, and whose risks are by no means as great, would not refrain with such a temptation before them. We have already a glut of territory in Asia; it is quite natural

that other European powers should crave an India likewise. In respect to China herself, she is fully alive to the necessity of calling in European vigour and intelligence, and has made up her mind to procure it; a step the natural consequence of contact with Europeans, and over which we have no control.

If the Governments of Europe were to agree to withhold the service of their troops, this would not prevent the employment of private individuals from Europe or America, and we have seen only recently how easy it is to evade the jurisdiction of the foreign consul by the simple process of hailing for a Chinaman, or from any State not represented on the spot. The Chinese Government can command foreign aid if so disposed, but irresponsible enlistment of foreigners is on all grounds objectionable and dangerous. It has been tried, and the results have been what might have been anticipated—waste, peculation, and danger to the State. What indeed is the experience of those European Powers who have at different times independently raised foreign legions?

The Taoutai of Shanghai long since tried the experiment upon his own responsibility of forming a European-Chinese fleet, and utterly failed, after spending millions of dollars. He bought up in 1853 a number of vessels, manned and officered them with all the dregs of our settlements; without proper status or discipline they were sent up to fight Taepings at Nankin, and of course ran away. Other mandarins hired lorchas under European flags to protect trade on the coast; these likewise turned upon their employers, and, instead of fighting pirates, frightened their employers. The last item of news from China is, that the crews of some hired lorchas had passed over in a body to the pirates, and that one of Ward's regiments had mutinied after his death, and looted the yamun of a high official.

In our opinion, there is, in view

of the interests of all European Powers, but one mode of giving aid to the Chinese Government—to wit, encouraging officers of character and respectability, subjects of those Powers, to enter the service of the Chinese Government.

We have with China an enormous and profitable trade; we want it guaranteed and developed. This duty properly devolves upon China, but she is as yet unable to discharge it. It is by the aid of men who possess both character and status, the guarantee of good behaviour, that she will acquire strength and knowledge to fulfil her obligations, and through their influence be induced to adopt the results of European science and skill—the steamship, railways, and electric telegraph—thus insuring progress profitable to herself and the world at large. This end, we take it, should be our object in giving help to China. She should not be strengthened out of hand, but by a slow process with a small force, whose action should be spread over a period sufficient to enable us to open the country, throughout its length and breadth, to Christianity and commerce.

Views in consonance with the foregoing remarks appear to have found favour at Peking, but owing, doubtless, to the different views entertained by the Ministers of England, France, Russia, and America, the Regercy has been dragged first in one direction and then in the other. Russia is evidently ready for direct intervention. In 1860 she persuaded the Emperor of China to barter square miles of territory for old rifles, and we hear that the Czar's ships are ready to retake Nankin. The capture of that city is just now worth a province to the Court of Peking. The French and ourselves have been flirting with the question, watching and checkmating each other, rather than promoting the real interests of China. Not, perhaps, because Sir Frederick Bruce has not been aware of what was really essential, but because he was apprehensive, probably, of

compromising our Ministry in any direct line of policy. The result has been that small bodies of Imperialists have been drilled by English and French officers upon totally different systems, in spots scattered all over the sea frontier of China. Every one of these half-trained braves will be as dangerous as a Taeping, unless he be under efficient discipline and thorough control. No regular organisation has been attempted, and we cannot but fear that such trifling with a very serious question will lead to great evils.

As an instance, permission has just been given to all our military officers, of any stamp, to accept commissions in China. The officer of repute is thus placed on a footing with discharged seamen and marines now holding the rank of Colonels and Majors in the Chinese army, while the Chinese Government is unfairly left to discriminate between the good and the worthless. A surer method of bringing discredit upon ourselves, and involving us eventually in direct intervention, could scarcely be devised.

Surrounded with difficulties, Prince Kung appears to have rightly turned his first attention to the organisation of a maritime police, and given a willing ear to the counsels of the Acting Inspector-General, Mr. Hart, supported by our able Minister. Instructions have been issued for a certain sum to be set aside from the customs revenue, and the chief of that department has been authorised to take such steps as would accomplish the desired object. These instructions are interesting, and evince a real desire to master the subject; whilst the admission that a departure from ancient custom is necessary, is highly significant of the dawn of progress in China. Prince Kung writes from Peking in February last as follows:—

“The Foreign Office repeat the instructions they have already given the Inspector-General, to give effect to the arrangement for the purchase of foreign steamers with the utmost despatch.

The orders to the various customhouses to get ready their quota were issued some time back; and these orders have been repeated, coupled with a caution against delay, as it is the Emperor's particular wish that not a day should be lost. The Board understand that there are several classes of foreign steamers—the mail steamer, the merchant steamer, and the war steamer; that the first is very small, the second the reverse of handy, and that neither are available like the third for warlike purposes. They are further informed that the mail and merchant steamers are paddle-wheel steamers, while the war steamers are ‘secret wheel’ (screw) vessels. This is a point of great importance, to which they would draw the special attention of the Inspector-General. The money being now ready for transmission, there is no reason why there should be any, the slightest, delay.”

The despatch gives instructions upon other points, and concludes with again urging the Inspector-General to lose no time, closing with the words, “Hasten! hasten!!”

The Inspector-General, obliged by ill health to return to England, was the better able to work out the desires of the Emperor's Council, and put himself in communication with Her Majesty's Government, with a view to obtain their necessary sanction before he could legally purchase a vessel or employ a British subject. He was, above all, desirous to insure the thorough respectability and good character of the European force destined to guide as well as aid the Chinese—at the same time, to take care that the help should be granted in a way to insure real progress at Peking, and thus guard against a return to the old policy of exclusion as soon as the officials were relieved from the fears and difficulties of their present position—and to effect this in such a manner as should not supersede, but merely supplement, the action of the Chinese themselves. This maxim should ever be borne in mind in our dealings with China. To supersede the native authority, besides humiliating him, brings about no beneficial result.

Her Majesty's Government met the proposals of the Inspector-General on behalf of the Emperor of China in an enlightened spirit, guarding themselves, however, carefully against any risk of being charged with intervention. Mr. Lay offered the post of Commander-in-Chief of the European-Chinese naval force to Captain Sherard Osborn, C.B., which office, under the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and the Board of Admiralty, he gladly accepted. The necessary authority from Her Majesty in Council was issued, authorising the Inspector-General Horatio Lay and Captain Sherard Osborn to purchase such vessels and enter such British subjects as might be necessary, without an infringement of the Foreign Enlistment Act. With the permission of the Admiralty, Captain Osborn selected the following officers:—Captain Hugh Burgoyne, V.O., as second in command; Commander C. S. Forbes; Lieutenants Arthur Salwey, Noel Osborn, F. O. Vincent, H. M. Ommanney, Allen Young, and G. Morice; Mr. Henry Collins in charge of the Paymaster's and Storekeeper's Departments; and Doctors John Elliot, F. Percy, Fegan, and others, of the hospital arrangements. Officers of the highest stamp have been likewise selected from the mercantile marine, and no seamen or marines have been entered except such as could show years of good conduct.

It is, moreover, Mr. Lay's intention to enlist presently in this force the subjects of the other Treaty Powers, so as to render it a *European* Chinese force, in accordance with the principle successfully carried out in the customs administration.

As the funds arrived from China the vessels and stores were purchased. The Admiralty afforded the same facilities from our arsenals as would have been conceded to any other friendly Power. From the superabundant ships in our navy the Emperor of China was

allowed to purchase the Mohawk, Africa, and Jasper, and they were re-named respectively the Pekin, China, and Amoy. There being no others available, and the private yards having been swept by the Federals of such vessels as could carry guns or serve for warlike purposes, it became necessary, in spite of the delay it would entail, to enter into contracts for the construction of three other vessels, which will be launched in March. The six vessels—three of them despatch-vessels fit to cope with the stormy seas of the Chinese seaboard, and the other three for river service—form as small a force as it is safe to begin with. It is intended that they shall carry about 40 guns, and be manned by 400 European officers and seamen, of the very best character. During the interval occupied in the building of some of the vessels and equipment of the others, there has been abundant occupation in arranging the details necessary for a sound organisation. A code of laws for the good order and comfort of all, based upon the customs of a European navy, has been compiled, so that Prince Kung's seal may render it the future naval law of China. The scale of pay, rations, prize-money, and pensions for wounds, has been carefully considered, to meet the requirements of the special service. A signal-book has been adapted for intercommunication; and, strange as it may sound, even an ensign—green ground intersected by two yellow diagonal bands, and bearing the Imperial crest—had to be improvised, inasmuch as in China every armed native vessel flies her own colours according to the whim of her master,—an irregularity to which it is very necessary a stop should be put.

No one will deny that the task about to be undertaken is an arduous one; yet, after having carefully weighed all its difficulties, we cannot help feeling sanguine of a successful issue. A good maritime police is the secret of government in China. If the water-ways of

China are in a state of security and order, peace will re-establish itself everywhere. The rivers, the seas, and lakes and canals, within the area of the Empire, cut it up into such sections that rebellion will be destroyed in detail, or rather starve, directly a strong executive is placed upon the Emperor's waters. The Taepings and other banditti spread over the area they have devastated, by availing themselves of the extensive water-communication. The Government of Peking, if it is wise, will pursue the same course in its measures of repression. The steam gunboat and the electric telegraph, by their very appearance in the disturbed districts, will re-assure those who have almost ceased to believe in any government, and frighten away the evil-doers; whilst the fall of Nankin will break the neck of a scourge which is on its last legs. The fleets of piratical junks which now infest the coasts of China, and whose depredations are known only to the natives, will, we hope, disappear before the vigorous operations of a steam flotilla under the Imperial flag. These "vikings" of the East occupy every creek between Canton and the borders of Cochin-China; they have quite cut up the native trade of the whole seaboard, and occasionally pirate even European traders. It is mainly owing to these gentry that we have been unable as yet to establish relations and open a customhouse at Kiung-Chow in the island of Hainan, a point which we hope one day to see the centre of an enormous trade. Lastly, we see every reason to expect most important results from the information the officers of the European-Chinese flotilla will be able to gather of the interior of the Chinese Empire, and of the commercial advantages likely to flow

therefrom. As employes, though merely temporarily so, of the Emperor, they will have access to every part of that vast country, and excite no fears or jealousy; their opportunities will be immense, and we have reason to believe that they will bear well in mind the duty they owe to their fellow-men of gathering and storing well every crumb of information, geographical and otherwise. What they may effect for the benefit of our commerce, we may estimate from the fruits that have already followed in the wake of their brethren of the navy of England who first penetrated to Shanghai in 1842, and to Hankow in 1858. There are cities as rich as the former, rivers as large as the Yang-tze, and lakes equal to those of Canada, to be re-discovered. Those almost unknown provinces of the interior are not wastes profitable only to the geographical enthusiast, but countries equal to the states of Europe, thickly dotted with cities, and densely populated, with a people second only to ourselves in commercial energy and respect for law and order. England for years has spent wealth, energy, and precious lives in opening China to Western influence and civilisation. To-day, her success is certain. The Government and people of China both ask us to aid them in their hour of trouble, and in return they will assuredly grant us that access and commercial freedom for which we have so long laboured and so often fought. The portals of ignorance and heathenism are opening. Shall we, who are in the vanguard of nations, hesitate? No—assuredly not! Our motto must ever be "Forward;" and will not all enlightened Christendom join us in wishing "God speed" to those about to put forth in this fresh enterprise to the land of Cathay?

CAXTONIANA :

A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON LIFE, LITERATURE, AND MANNERS.

By the Author of the 'Caxton Family.'

PART XIII.

NO. XIX.—MOTIVE POWER (*continued*).

THE next morning the sun shone into my windows so brightly that I rose at an earlier hour than I had been accustomed to do for months, and strolled into the gardens, interesting myself in considering the painter's charge against dressed ground and Tracey's ingenious reply to it. The mowers were at work upon the lawns. Perhaps among rural sounds there is none which pleases me more than that of the whetting of the scythe—I suppose less from any music in itself, than from associations of midsummer, and hay-fields, and Milton's 'Allegro,' in which the low still sound is admitted among the joyous melodies of Morn. As the gardens opened upon me, with their variety of alleys and by-walks, I became yet more impressed than I had been on the day before, with the art which had planned and perfected them, and the poetry of taste with which the images of the sculptor were so placed, that at every turn they recalled some pleasing but vague reminiscence of what one had seen in a picture, or in travel; or brought more vividly before the mind some charming verse in the poets, whose busts greeted the eye from time to time in bowery nook or hospitable alcove, where the murmur of a waterfall, or the view of a distant landscape opened from out the groves, invited pause and allure to contemplation.

At last, an arched trellis overhung with vine leaves led me out into that part of the park which fronted the library, and to which the Painter had given his preference over the grounds I had just quitted. There, the wildness of the scenery came on me with the suddenness of

a surprise. The table-land, on which the house stood on the other side of the building, here abruptly sloped down into a valley through which a stream wound in many a maze, sometimes amidst jagged rocklike crags, sometimes through low grassy banks, round which the deer were grouping. The view was very extensive, but not unbrokenly so; here and there thick copses, in the irregular outline of natural groves, shut out the valley, but still left towering in the background the wavy hill-tops, softly clear in the blue morning sky. Hitherto I had sided with Tracey; now I thought the Painter right. In the garden, certainly, man's mind forms a visible link with Nature, but in those scenes of Nature not trimmed and decorated to the book-love of man, Thought takes a less finite scope, and perhaps from its very vagueness is less inclined to find monotony and sameness in the wide expanse over which it wanders to lose itself in reverie.

Descending the hillside, I reached the stream, and came suddenly upon Henry Thornhill, who, screened behind a gnarled old pollard-tree, was dipping his line into a hollow where the waves seemed to 'calm themselves, and pause before they rushed in cascade, down a flight of crags, and thence brawled loudly onward.

As I know by experience how little an angler likes to be disturbed, I contented myself with a nod and a smile to the young man, and went my own way in silence; but about an hour afterwards, as I was winding back towards the house, I heard his voice behind me. I turned; he showed me, with some pride, his

basket already filled with trout; and after I had sufficiently admired and congratulated, we walked slowly up the slope together. The evening before, Captain Thornhill had prepossessed me less than the other members of the party. He had spoken very little, and appeared to me to have that air of supreme indifference to all persons and things around him, which makes so many young gentlemen like—so many young gentlemen. But this morning he was frank and communicative.

"You have known Sir Percival very long, I think?" said he.

"Very long. I knew him before I had left Cambridge. In my rambles during a summer vacation, chance brought us together; and though he was then one of the most brilliant oracles of the world of fashion and I an unknown collegian, somehow or other we became intimate.

"I suppose you find him greatly altered?"

"Do you mean in person or in mind?"

"Well, in both."

"In person less altered than I could have supposed; his figure just the same—as erect, as light, and seemingly as vigorous. In mind I cannot yet judge, but there is still the same sweetness, and the same cheerfulness; the same mixture of good-tempered irony and of that peculiar vein of sentiment which is formed by the combination of poetical feeling, and philosophical contemplation."

"He is a very fine fellow," returned Henry Thornhill, with some warmth; "but don't you think it is a pity he should be so eccentric?"

"In what?"

"In what? Why, in that which must strike everybody; shirking his station, shutting himself up here, planning gardens which nobody sees, and filling his head with learning, for which nobody is the wiser."

"His own friends see the gardens and enjoy them; his own friends may, I suppose, hear him talk, and become the wiser for his learning."

"His own friends—yes! a dozen or two individuals; most of them undistinguished as—as I am," added the young man, with visible bitterness. "And, with his talents and fortune, and political influence, he might be, or at least might have been, anything; don't you think so?"

"Anything is a bold expression; but if you mean that he might, if he so pleased, have acquired a very considerable reputation, and obtained a very large share of the rewards which ambitious men covet, I have no doubt that he could have done so, and very little doubt that he could do so still."

"I wish you could stir him up to think it. I am vexed to see him so shelved in this out-of-the-way place. He has even given up ever going to Tracey Court now; and as for his castle in Ireland, he would as soon think of going to Kamtschatka."

"I hope, at all events, his estates, whether in the north or in Ireland, are not ill-managed."

"No, I must say that no estates can be better managed; and so they ought to be, for he devotes enormous sums to their improvement, as well as to all public objects in their district."

"It seems, then, that if he shirks some of the pomps of wealth, he does not shirk its duties?"

"Certainly not, unless it be the duty which a great proprietor owes to himself."

"What is that duty?"

The young man looked puzzled; at last he said—

"To make the most of his station."

"Perhaps Sir Percival thinks it is better to make the most of his mind, and fancies he can do that better in the way of life which pleases him, than in that which would displease; but he is lucky in stewards if his estates thrive so well without the watch of the master's eye."

"Yes, but his stewards are gentlemen—one, at Tracey Court, is a Mr. Aston, an old schoolfellow of Sir

Percival, who was brought up to expect a fine property at the death of an uncle; but the uncle unluckily married at the age of fifty, and had a large family. Sir Percival heard he was in distress, and gave him this appointment; it just suits him. The Irish steward, Mr. Gerrard, is also a capital fellow, who travelled in the East with Sir Percival. Being half Irish himself, Gerrard understands how to make the best of the population; and being half Scotch, he understands how to make the best of the property. I have no doubt that the estates are better managed in Sir Percival's absence than if he resided on them, for you know how good-natured he is. A bad tenant has only to get at his heart with a tale of distress, in order to renew his lease for whipping the land on his own terms."

"So then," said I, "we have come at last to this conclusion, that your wise relation, knowing his own character, in its merits and its failings, has done well in delegating to others, in whose probity and intellect he has a just confidence, the management of those affairs which he could not administer himself with equal benefit to all the persons interested. Is not that the way in which all states are governed? The wisdom of a king in absolute governments, or of a minister in free ones, is in the selection of the right persons for the right places; thus working out a wise system through the instrumentalities of those who best understand its details."

"Yes; but, talking of ministers, Sir Percival makes nothing of his political influence; he shuns all politics. Can you believe it?—he scarcely ever looks into the leading article of a newspaper!"

"To a man who has been long out of the way of party politics, there is not the interest in leading articles which you and I take."

"I rather think that Sir Percival does not like to be reminded of politics, for fear he might be induced to take an interest in them."

"Ah, indeed! Why do you think so?"

"Because, three years ago, Lady Gertrude was very anxious that he should claim the old barony of Ravenscroft, which has been in abeyance for centuries, but to which the heralds and lawyers assured him there could be no doubt of his proving his right. Lady Gertrude was so intent upon this that at one time I thought she would have prevailed. He looked into the case, invited the lawyers here, satisfied himself that the proof was clear, and then suddenly forbade all steps to be taken. Lady Gertrude told me that he said to her, 'For my family this honour is nought, since the title, if revived, would again die with me; but for myself it is a temptation to change, to destroy the mode of life in which I am happiest, and in which, on the whole, I believe I am morally the least imperfect. If I once took my seat in the Lords, a responsible legislator, how do I know that I should not want to speak, to act, to vie with others, and become ambitious if successful—and fretful if not?'"

"So he declined. Well, after all a life most in harmony with a man's character is that in which he is probably not only the happiest, but the best man. Ambition is but noble in proportion as it makes men useful. But, from your own account, Tracey's private life is useful already, though its uses are not obtrusive. And for public life, three parts of the accomplishments, and perhaps of the virtues, which make his private life beautiful, would not be needed."

I uttered these defensive suggestions on behalf of my host somewhat in rebuke of the young relation whose criticisms had called them forth, though in my own mind I felt a sort of melancholy regret that Percival's choice of life should be in walks so cool and sequestered, and the tenour of his way so noiseless: And did not his own fear to be tempted into more active exertions of intellect, if once brought

under the influence of emulative competition, indicate that he himself also felt a regret, on looking back to the past, that he had acquired habits of mind to which the thought of distinction had become a sensation of pain?

When our party assembled at breakfast, Tracey said to me, "I had no idea you were so early a riser, or I would have given up my ride to share your rambles."

"Are you too, then, an early riser?"

"Yes, especially in summer. I have ridden twelve miles with Bourke to show him the remains of an old Roman tower which he has promised to preserve a few ages longer—in a picture."

Here the entrance of the letter-bag suspended conversation. The most eager for its opening was young Thornhill; and his countenance became at once overcast, when he found there was no letter for him; as mine, no doubt, became overcast when I found a large packet of letters forwarded to me. I had left town long before the post closed; and two or three hours suffice to bring plenty of troublesome correspondents upon a busy Londoner. My housekeeper had forwarded them all. I think Lady Gertrude was the only other one of our party for whom the postman sped the soft intercourse from soul to soul. When I looked up from my letters, Henry Thornhill had already glanced rapidly over the panorama of the world, displayed in the 'Times' newspaper, and, handing it to the Librarian, said disdainfully, "No news."

"No news!" exclaimed Caleb Danvers, after his own first peep—"no news! Why, Dr. ———'s great library is to be sold by auction on the 14th of next month!"

"That is interesting news," said Tracey. "Write at once for the catalogue."

"Any further criticism on the Exhibition of the Royal Academy?" asked the Painter, timidly.

"Two columns," answered Mr. Danvers, laconically.

"Oh," said the Painter, "that is interesting too."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Danvers," said Lady Gertrude, "but will you glance at the foreign intelligence? Look to Germany;—anything about the Court of —?"

"The Court of —? yes, our minister there is convalescent, and going to Carlsbad next week."

"That's what I wanted to know," said Lady Gertrude. "My letter is from his dear sister, who is very anxious about him. Going to Carlsbad—I am glad to hear it."

Meanwhile Clara, who had possessed herself of the supplementary sheet, cried out, joyously—"O dear Henry, only think—Ellen has got a baby. How pleased they will be at the Grange! A son and heir at last!"

"Tut," growled Henry, breaking an egg-shell.

"So," said Tracey, "you see the 'Times' has news for every one except my friend here, who read in London yesterday what we in the country read to-day; and Captain Thornhill, who finds nothing that threatens to break the peace of the world to the promotion of himself and the decimation of his regiment."

Henry laughed, but not without constraint, and muttered something about civilians being unable to understand the interest a soldier takes in his profession.

After breakfast, Tracey said to me, "Doubtless you have your letters to answer, and will be glad to have your forenoon to yourself. About two o'clock we propose adjourning to a certain lake, which is well shaded from the sun. I have a rude summer pavilion on the banks; there we can dine, and shun the Dogstar. Clara, who happily does not know that I am thinking of Tyndaris, will bring her lute, Aunt Gertrude her work, Bourke his sketch-book; and the lake is large enough for a sailing excursion, if Henry will kindly exchange, for the day, military repose for nautical activity."

All seemed pleased with the pro-

posal except Henry, who merely shrugged his shoulders, and the party dispersed for the morning.

My letters were soon despatched, and my instincts or habits (which are, practically speaking, much the same thing) drew me into the library. Certainly it was a very noble collection of books, and exceedingly well arranged. Opening volume after volume, I found that most of those containing works of imperishable name were interleaved; and the side-pages thus formed were inscribed with critical notes and comments in my host's handwriting.

I was greatly struck with the variety and minuteness of the knowledge in many departments, whether of art, scholarship, or philosophy, which these annotations displayed, and the exquisite critical discrimination and taste by which the knowledge was vivified and adorned. While thus gratifying my admiring curiosity, I was accosted by the Librarian, who had entered the room unobserved by me.

"Ay," said he, glancing over my shoulder at the volume in my hand—"Shakespeare; I see you have chanced there upon one of Sir Percival's most interesting speculations. He seeks first to prove how much more largely than is generally supposed Shakespeare borrowed, in detail, from others; and next, to show how much more patently than is generally supposed Shakespeare reveals to us his own personal nature, his religious and political beliefs, his favourite sentiments and cherished opinions. In fact, it is one of Sir Percival's theories, that though the Drama is, of all compositions, that in which the author can least obtrude on us his personality, yet that of all dramatists Shakespeare the most frequently presents to us his own. Our subtle host seeks to do this by marking all the passages of assertion or reflection in Shakespeare's plays which are not peculiarly appropriate to the speaker, nor called for

by the situation—often, indeed, purely episodic to the action; and where in such passages the same or similar ideas are repeated, he argues that Shakespeare himself is speaking, and not the person in the dialogue. I observe in the page you have opened, that Sir Percival is treating of the metaphysical turn of mind so remarkably developed in Shakespeare, and showing how much that turn of mind was the character of the exact time in which he lived. You see how appositely he quotes from Sir John Davies, Shakespeare's contemporary—who, though employed in active professional pursuits, a lawyer—nay, even an Attorney-General and a Serjeant; a member of Parliament, nay, even a speaker, and in an Irish House of Commons—prepared himself for these practical paths of life by the composition of a poem the most purely and profoundly metaphysical which England, or indeed modern Europe, has ever produced: at this day it furnishes the foundation of all our immaterial schools of metaphysics. You will see, if you look on, how clearly Sir Percival shows that Shakespeare had intently studied that poem, and imbued his own mind, not so much with its doctrines, as with its manner of thought."

"Tracey was always fond of metaphysics, and of applying his critical acuteness to the illustration of poets. I am pleased to see he has, in the tastes of his youth, so pleasing a resource in his seclusion."

"But it is not only in metaphysics or poetry that he occupies his mind; you might be still more forcibly struck with his information and his powers of reasoning if you opened any of the historians he has interleaved—Clarendon, for instance, or our earlier Chronicles. I cannot but think he would have been a remarkable writer, if he had ever acquired the concentration of purpose, for which, perhaps, the idea of publishing what one writes is indispensably necessary."

"Has he never had the ambition to be an author?"

"Never since I have known him; and he never could conceive it now. You look as if you thought that a pity."

"Well, is it not a pity?"

"Sir," quoth the Librarian, taking snuff, "that is not a fair question to put to me, who have passed my life in reading books, and cherishing a humane compassion for those who are compelled to write them. But permit me to ask whether a very clever man, himself a voluminous writer, has not composed a popular work called the 'Calamities of Authors'?—did you ever know any writer who has composed a work on the 'Felicities of Authors'? Do you think, from your own experience, that you could write such a work yourself?"

"Rhetorically, yes; conscientiously, no. But let us hope that the calamities of authors lead to the felicities of readers."

Thus talking we arrived at the Librarian's own private sanctuary, a small study at the end of the library, looking on the wilder part of the park. Pointing to doors on the opposite side of a corridor, he said, "Those lead to Sir Percival's private apartments—they are placed in the Belvidere Tower, the highest room of which he devotes to his scientific pursuits; and those pursuits occupy him at this moment, for he expects a visit very shortly from a celebrated Swedish philosopher, with whom he has opened a correspondence."

I left the Librarian to his books, and took my way into the drawing-room. There I found only Clara Thornhill, seated by the window, and with a mournful shade on her countenance, which habitually was cheerful and sunny. I attributed the shade to the guilty Henry, and my conjecture proved right; for after some small-talk on various matters, I found myself suddenly admitted into her innocent confidence. Henry was unhappy! Un-

reasonable man! A time had been when Henry had declared that the supremest happiness of earth would be to call Clara his! Such happiness then seemed out of his reach; Clara's parents were ambitious, and Henry had no fortune but "his honour and his sword." Percival Tracey, *Deus ex machina*, had stepped in—propitiated Clara's parents by handsome settlements. Henry's happiness was apparently secured. Percival had bestowed on him an independent income, had sought to domicile him in his own neighbourhood by the offer of a charming cottage which Tracey had built by the sea-side as an occasional winter residence for himself; had proposed to find him occupation as a magistrate—nay, as a commanding officer of gallant volunteers—in vain—

"He was all for deeds of arms;
Honour called him to the field."

The trophies of Miltiades would not suffer him to sleep.

Henry had been moving heaven and earth to get removed into a regiment which was ordered abroad, not exactly for what we call a war, but for one of those smaller sacrifices of human life which are always going on somewhere or other in distant corners of our empire, and make less figure in our annals than they do in our estimates. Such trivial enterprises might at least prepare his genius and expedite his promotion.

"Mox in reluctantæ dracones," &c.

Percival, who was in secret league with Clara against this restlessness for renown which it is to be fervently hoped the good sense of Europe will refuse to gratify, had done his best, by a pleasant irony and banter, to ridicule Henry out of his martial discontent. In vain—Henry only resented his kinsman's disapproval of his honourable ambition, and hence his regret that Sir Percival did not "make the most of his station." Surely, did he do so, a word from a man of such political importance in

point of territory would have due effect on the War Office. Henry thought himself entitled not only to a chance of fighting, but to the dignity of Major. All this, by little and little, though in her own artless words, and in wifelike admiration of Henry's military genius as well as ardour, I extracted from Clara, who (all women being more or less, though often unconsciously, artful in the confidences with which they voluntarily honour our sex) had her own reason for frankness; she had seen Sir Percival since breakfast, and he had sought to convince her that it would be wise to let Henry have his own way. The cunning creature wished me to reason with Tracey, and set before him all the dangers to limb and life to which even a skirmish with barbarians might expose a life so invaluable as her Henry's. "I could see him depart without a tear, if it were to defend his country," said she, with spirit. "But to think of all the hardships he must undergo in a savage land, and fighting for nothing—I can comprehend, against a people I never heard of—that is hard! it is so reckless in him—and, poor dear, his health is delicate, though you would not think it!"

I promised all that a discreet diplomatist under such untoward circumstances could venture to promise; and on the Painter entering the room, poor Clara went up-stairs, trying her womanly best to smile away her tears.

Left alone with the artist, he drew my attention to some pictures on the wall which had been painted by Sir Percival, commended their gusto and brilliancy of execution, and then said, "If our host had begun life on fifty pounds a-year, he would have been a great painter."

"Does it require poverty in order to paint well?"

"It requires, I suppose, a motive to do anything exceedingly well; and what motive could Sir Percival Tracey have to be a professed painter?"

"I think you have hit on the truth in his painting, and perhaps in his other accomplishments: all he wants is the concentration of motive."

"Is it not that want which makes three-fourths of the difference between the famous man and the obscure man?" asked the Painter.

"Perhaps not three-fourths; but if it make one-fourth, it would go a long way to account for the difference. One good of a positive profession is, that it supplies a definite motive for any movement which the intellect gives itself the trouble to take. He who enters a profession naturally acquires the desire to get on in it, and perhaps in the profession of art more ardently than in any other, because a man does not take to art from sheer necessity, and without any inclination for it, but *with* a strong inclination, to which necessity gives the patient forces of labour. I presume that I am right in this conjecture."

"Yes," said the Painter, ingenuously. "So far back as I can remember, I had an inclination, nay a passion, for painting; still I might not have gone through the requisite drudgery and apprenticeship; might not have studied the naked figure when I wished to get at once to some gorgeous draperies, or fagged at perspective when I wanted to deck out a sunset, if I had not had three sisters and a widowed mother to think of."

"I comprehend; but now that you have mastered the fundamental difficulties of your art, and accustomed yourself to hope for fame in the fuller and freer developments of that art, do you think that you would gladly accept the wealth of Sir Percival Tracey, on the condition that you were never to paint for the public, and to renounce every idea of artistic distinction? or, if you did accept that offer for the sake of your sisters and mother, would it be, with reluctance and the pang of self-sacrifice?"

"I don't think I could accept

such an offer on such conditions even for them. I am now, sir, utterly unknown—at best one of those promising pupils, of whom there are hundreds; but still I think there is a something in me as painter, as artist, which would break my heart if, some day or other, it did not force itself out."

"Then you would not lose your motive for becoming a great painter, even did you succeed to the wealth and station which you say deprive Sir Percival of a motive, supposing that, in accepting such gifts of fortune, you were *not* required to sacrifice the inclination you take from nature?"

"No. I should not lose the motive. Better famine in a garret than obscurity in a palace!"

Our conversation was here broken off by the entrance of Lady Gertrude. "It is just time for our expedition," said she. "I think it is about to strike two, and Percival is always punctual."

"I am quite ready," said I.

"And I shall be so in five minutes," cried the Painter; "I must run up-stairs for my sketch-book."

"Oh, I see what is keeping my nephew," said Lady Gertrude, looking out of the window; and as I joined her she drew my attention to two figures walking slowly in the garden; in one I recognised Tracey, the other was unknown to me.

"He must have come by the early train," said Lady Gertrude, musingly. "I wonder whether he means to stay and go with us to the lake."

"You mean the gentleman in black?" said I; "I think not, whoever he may be, for, see, he is just shaking hands with Tracey like a man who is about to take leave. By his dress he seems a clergyman."

"Yea, don't betray me—Percival's London almoner. My nephew has employed him for seven years, and it is only within the last year that I discovered by accident what the employment is. He comes here

when he likes—seldom stays over a day! One of those good men who are bored if they are not always about their work; and indeed he bores Percival by constantly talking of sorrow and suffering, which Percival is always wishing to relieve, but never wishes to hear discussed. You don't know to what a degree my nephew carries his foible!"

"What foible?"

"That of desiring everybody to be and to look happy. A year ago, his valet, who had lived with him since he came of age, died. I found him another valet, with the highest character—the best servant possible—not a fault to find with him; but he had a very melancholy expression of countenance. This fretted Percival; he complained to me. 'Dolman is unhappy or discontented,' he said. 'Find out what it is; remedy it.' I spoke to the poor man; he declared himself most satisfied, most fortunate in obtaining such a place. Still he continued to look mournful. Percival could not stand it. One day he thrust a bank-note into the man's hand, and said, 'Go, friend, and before sunset look miserable elsewhere.'"

I was laughing at this characteristic anecdote, when Percival entered the room with his usual beaming aspect and elastic step. "Ready?" said he; "that's well: will you ride with me?" (this addressed to myself). "I have a capital sure-footed pony for you."

"I thought of giving your friend a seat in my pony-chaise," said Lady Gertrude.

Percival glanced at his aunt quickly, and replied, "So be it." I should have preferred riding with Tracey; but before he set off he whispered in my ear, "It makes the dear woman happy to monopolise a new-comer—otherwise——" He stopped short, and I resigned myself to the pony-chaise.

"Pray," said Lady Gertrude, when we were fairly but slowly in movement along a shady road in the park,—*"pray, don't you think it is*

very much to be regretted that Percival should be single—should never have married?"

"I don't know. He seems to me very happy as he is."

"Yes, happy, no doubt. I believe he would make himself happy in a dungeon; and——" Lady Gertrude rather spitefully whipped the ponies.

"Perhaps," said I, as soon as I had recovered the first sensation of alarm, with which I am always seized when by the side of ladies who drive ponies and whip them—"perhaps," said I—"take care of that ditch—perhaps Percival has never seen the woman with whom it would be felicity to share a dungeon?"

"When you knew him first, while he was yet young, did you think him a man not likely to fall very violently in love?"

"Well, 'fall' and 'violently' are two words that I should never have associated with his actions at any time of life. But I should have said that he was a man not likely to form a very passionate attachment to any woman who did not satisfy his refinement of taste, which is exquisitely truthful when applied to poems and statues, but a little too classically perfect for just appreciation of flesh and blood, at least in that sex which is so charming that every defect in it is a shock on the *beau idéal*."

"Nevertheless," said Lady Gertrude, after acknowledging, with a gracious smile, the somewhat old-fashioned gallantry conveyed in my observations—"nevertheless, Percival has loved deeply and fervently, and what may seem to you strange, has been crossed in his affections."

"Strange! Alas! in love nothing is strange. No one is *loved* for his merits any more than for his fortune or rank; but men, and women too, are *married* for their merits, and still more for their rank and their fortune. I can imagine, therefore, though with difficulty, a girl wooed by Percival Tracey not returning his love, but I cannot conceive her refusing his hand. How was it?"

"You see how I am confiding in you. But you are almost the only friend of his youth whom Percival has invited as his guest; and your evident appreciation of his worth at once opens my heart to you. In the course of that lengthened absence from England—on the eve of which you took leave of him nearly thirty years ago—Percival formed a close friendship with a fellow-traveller in the East: Percival considers that to the courage, presence of mind, and devotion of this gentleman, a few years younger than himself, he owed his life in some encounter with robbers. Mr. Gerrard (that is this friend's name) was poor and without a profession. When Percival was about to return to Europe, he tried in vain to persuade Mr. Gerrard to accompany him—meaning, though he did not say so, to exert such interest with Ministers as he possessed, to obtain for Gerrard some honourable opening in the public service. The young man refused, and declared his intention of settling permanently at Cairo. Percival, in the course of his remonstrances, discovered that the cause of this self-exile was a hopeless attachment, which had destroyed all other objects of ambition in Gerrard's life, and soured him with the world itself. He did not, however, mention the name of the lady, nor the reasons which had deprived his affection of hope. Well, Percival left him at Cairo, and travelled back into Europe. At a German spa he became acquainted with an Irish peer who had run out his fortune, been compelled to sell his estates, and was living upon a small annuity allowed to him either by his creditors or his relations; a man very clever, very accomplished, not of very high principle, and sanguine of bettering his own position, and regaining the luxuries to which he had been accustomed, through some brilliant marriage, which the beauty of his only daughter might enable her to make. Beauty to a very rare degree she possessed—nor beauty alone; her mind was unusually cul-

tivated, and her manners singularly fascinating. You guess already?"

"Yes. Percival saw here one with whom he did not *fall* in love, but for whom he *rose into love*. He found his ideal."

"Exactly so. I need not say that the father gave him all encouragement. Percival was on the point of proposing, when he received a letter from Mr. Gerrard (to whom he had written some weeks before, communicating the acquaintance he had made, and the admiration he had conceived); and the letter, written under great excitement, revealed the object of Gerrard's hopeless attachment. Of Irish family himself, he had known this young lady from her childhood—and from her childhood loved her. He had been permitted to hope by Lord —, who was at that time in a desperate struggle to conceal or stave off his ruin, and who did not scruple to borrow from his daughter's suitor all that he could extract from him. Thus, when the final crash came, Lord —'s ruin involved nearly the whole of Gerrard's patrimony; and, of course, Lord — declared that a marriage was impossible between two young persons who had nothing to live upon. It was thus that Edmund Gerrard had become an exile.

"This intelligence at once reversed the position of the rivals. From that moment Percival devoted himself to bless the life of the man who had saved his own. How he effected this object I scarcely know; but Lord — gave his consent to Gerrard's suit, and lived six years longer with much pomp and luxury in Paris. Gerrard settled with his wife in Percival's Irish castle, and administers Percival's Irish estates, at a salary which ranks him with the neighbouring gentry. But Percival never visits that property—I do not think he would trust himself to see the only woman he ever loved as the wife of another, though she is no longer young, and is the mother of children, whose future fortunes he has, doubtless, assured."

"What you tell me," said I, with

emotion, "is so consistent with Tracey's character that it gives me no surprise. That which does surprise me is, not the consent of the ruined father, but the consent of the accomplished daughter. Did Percival convince himself that she preferred his rival?"

"That is a question I can scarcely answer. My own belief is, that her first fancy had been caught by Gerrard, and that she had given him cause to believe that that first fancy was enduring love; but that if her intimate acquaintance with Percival had continued longer, and had arrived at a stage at which his heart had been confessed to her, and her own heart frankly wooed, the first fancy would not have proved enduring love. But the acquaintance did not reach to that stage; and I have always understood that her marriage has been a very happy one."

"In that happiness Tracey is consoled?"

"Yes, now, no doubt. But I will tell you this, that as soon as all obstacles to the marriage were removed, and Gerrard on his way from the East, Percival left Germany, and reached Lausanne, to be seized with a brain fever, which threatened his life, and from the effects of which it was long before he recovered. But answer me candidly one question, Do you think it is too late in life for him to marry yet?"

Poor Lady Gertrude asked this question in so pleading a tone of voice, that I found it very difficult to answer with the candour which was insisted on as the condition of my reply. At length I said, bravely—

"My dear Lady Gertrude, if a man hard upon sixty chooses to marry, it becomes all his true friends to make the best of it, and say that he has done a wise thing. But if asked beforehand whether it be not too late in life for such an experiment, a true friend must answer 'Yes.'"

"Yet there have been very happy

marrriages with great disparity of years," said Lady Gertrude, musingly, "and Percival is very young for his age."

"Excellent after-reflections, if he do marry. But is he not very happy as he is? I know not why, but you all seem to conspire against his being happy in his own way. One of you wants him to turn politician, another to turn Benedict. For my part, the older I grow, the more convinced I am of the truth of one maxim—whether for public life or for private—'Leave well alone.'"

By this time we had arrived into the heart of a forest that realised one's dreams of Ardennes; a young man would have looked round for a Rosalind, a moralising sage for a Jacques. Many a green vista was cut through the mass of summer foliage, and in full view before us stretched a large wild lake; its sides, here and there, clothed with dipping trees or clustered brushwood. On the opposite margin, to which, in a neck of the lake, a rustic bridge gave access, there was a long and picturesque building, in the style of those quaint constructions of white plaster and black oak beams and rafters, which are still seen in Cheshire, but with ruder reliefs of logwood pilasters and balconies; a charming, old-fashioned garden stretched before it, rich in the genuine English flowers of the Elizabethan day; and scattered round, on inviting spots, were lively-coloured tents and awnings. The heron rose alarmed from the reeds as we drew near the water; but the swans, as if greeting the arrival of familiar friends, sailed slowly towards us. Tracey had already arrived at the cottage, and we saw him dismounting at the door, and talking to an old couple who came out to meet and welcome him.

"I believe," said Lady Gertrude, "that Percival's secret reason for building that cottage was to place in it these two old servants from Tracey Court. They had known him there when he was a boy, and are so attached to him that they

implored him to let them serve him wherever he resided. But they were too old and too opinionated to suit our moderate establishment, which does not admit of supernumeraries, so he suddenly found out that it would be very pleasant to have a forest lodge for the heats of summer, built that house, and placed them in it. The old woman, who was housekeeper at Tracey Court, is, however, as I hope you will acknowledge, a very good cook on these holiday occasions; and her husband, who was butler there, is so proud and so happy to wait on us, that— But no doubt you understand how young it makes us old folks feel, to see those who remember us in our youth, and to whom we are still young."

Our party now assembled in front of the forest lodge, and the grooms took back the ponies, with orders to return before nightfall. Tracey carried me over the lodge, while Henry Thornhill and the Painter busied themselves with a small sailing vessel which rode at anchor in a tiny bay.

This rustic habitation was one for which two lovers might have sighed. Its furniture very simple, but picturesquely arranged, with some of those genuine relics of the Elizabethan age, or perhaps rather that of James I., which are now rarely found, though their Dutch imitations are in every curiosity-shop. As in the house we had left there was everywhere impressive the sentiment of the classic taste, so here all expressed the sentiment of that day in our own history which we associate with the poets, who are our most beloved classics. It was difficult, when one looked round, to suppose that the house could have been built and furnished by a living contemporary; it seemed a place in which Milton might have lodged when he wrote the 'Lycidas,' or Izaak Walton and Cotton have sought shelter in the troubled days of the Civil War, with a sigh of poetic regret as they looked around, for the yet earlier age when Sidney

escaped from courts to meditate the romance of 'Arcadia.'

"I have long thought," said Tracey, "that if we studied the secrets of our English climate a little more carefully than most of us do, we could find, within a very small range, varieties of climate which might allow us to dispense with many a long journey. For instance, do you not observe how much cooler and fresher the atmosphere is here than in the villa yonder, though it is but five miles distant? Here, not only the sun is broken by the forest-trees, but the ground is much more elevated than it is yonder. We get the bracing air of the northern hills, to which I have opened the woods, and here, in the hot relaxing days of summer, I often come for days or weeks together. The lodge is not large enough to admit more than two, or at most three other visitors, and therefore it is only very intimate friends whom I can invite. But I always look forward to a fortnight or so here, as a time to be marked with the whitest chalk, and begin to talk of it as soon as the earliest nightingale is heard. Again, on the other extremity of my property, by the sea-side, I have made my winter residence, my Tarentum, my Naples, my Nice. There the aspect is due south—cliffs, ranged in semi-circle, form an artificial screen from the winds and frosts. The cottage I have built there is a sun-trap. At Christmas I breakfast in a bower of geraniums, and walk by hedge-rows of fuchsia and myrtle. All this is part of my philosophical plan, on settling down for life—viz., to collect all the enjoyments this life can give me into the smallest possible compass. Before you go, you must see my winter retreat. I should like to prove to you how many climates, with a little heed, an Englishman may find within a limit of twenty miles. I had thought of giving Bellevue (my sea-side cottage) to the Thornhills, and delighted in the thought of becoming their guest in the winter, for

aunt Gertrude does not fancy the place as I do, and wherever I go cannot live quite alone, nor quite without that humanising effect of drawing-room scenery, which the play-writers call 'petticoat interest.' But when a man allows himself to be selfish, he deserves to be punished. Henry Thornhill disdains Bellevue and comfort, and insists on misery and bivouacs."

"Ah, my dear Tracey," said I, mindful of my promise to Clara, "Henry Thornhill is much too fine a young fellow to be wasted upon ignoble slaughter, and still more ignoble agues and marsh fevers. I hope you do not intend to gratify his preposterous desire to plant laurels at the other end of the world, and on soil in which it may be reasonably doubted whether any laurels will grow—"

Tracey's brow became clouded. He threw himself on a seat niched into the recess of a lattice window, looked out at first abstractedly, and then, as the cloud left his brow, observantly.

"See, my dear friend," said he—"see, how listlessly, for a mere holiday pleasure, that brave lad is running up the sails. Do you think that he would be thus indifferent if he were clearing decks for a fight, if responsibility, and honour, and duty, and fame were his motive powers? No. If he stayed at home inactive, he would be miserable the more Clara and I tried to make him happy in our holiday way. That which a man feels, however unphilosophically (according to other men's philosophy), to be an essential to the object for which he deems it noble to exist—that the man must do, or at least attempt; if we prevent him, we mar the very clockwork of his existence, for we break its mainspring. Henry must have his own way. And I say that for Clara's sake; for if he has not, he will seek excitement in something else, and become a bad man and a very bad husband."

"Hem!" said I; "of course you

know him best; but I own I do not see in him a genius equal to his restlessness or his ambition; and I think his wife very superior to himself in intellect. If, besides giving him your sea-side villa, you gave him a farm, surely he might become famous for his mangold-wurzel; and it is easier for all men, including even Henry Thornhill, to grow capital wurzel than it is to beat Hannibal or Wellington."

"Pish!" said Tracey, smiling, "you ought to know mankind too well to think seriously what you say in sarcasm. Pray, where and what would England be if every sharp young fellow in the army did not set a Hannibal or a Wellington before his eyes; or if every young politician did not haunt his visions with a Pitt, a Fox, or a Burke? What Henry Thornhill may become, Heaven only knows; but if you could have met Arthur Wellesley before he went to India, do you think you would have guessed that he would become the hero of England? Can any of us detect beforehand the qualities of a man of action?—Of a man of letters, yes, to a certain degree, at least. We can often, though not always, foresee whether a man may become a great writer; but a great man of action—no!! Henry has no literature, no literary occupation, nor even amusement. Probably Hannibal had none, and Wellington very little. *Bref*—he thinks his destiny is action, and military action. Every man should have a fair chance of fulfilling what he conceives to be his destiny. Suppose Henry Thornhill fail; what then? He comes back, reconciled to what fate will still tender him—reconciled to my sea-side villa—to his charming wife—reconciled to life as it is for him. But now he is coveting a life which *may* be. A man only does that which fate intends him to do, in proportion as he obeys the motive which gives him his power in life. Henry Thornhill's motive is military am-

bition. It is no use arguing the point—what man thinks, he is."

I bowed my head. I felt that Tracey was right, and sighed aloud, "Poor little Clara!"

"Poor little Clara!" said Tracey sighing also, "must, like other poor dear little loving women, take her chance. If her Henry succeed, how proud she will be to congratulate him! if he fail, how proud she will be to console him!"

"Ah, Tracey!" said I, rising, "in all you have said I recognise your acute discernment and your depth of reasoning. But when you not only concede to, but approve, the motive power which renders this young man restless, pray forgive so old a friend for wondering why you yourself have never found some motive power which might, long ere this, have rendered you renowned."

"Hush!" said Tracey, with his winning, matchless smile—"hush, look out on yon woods and waters. Has not the life which Nature bestows on any man who devoutly loves her a serener happiness than can be found in the enjoyments that estrange us from her charms? How few understand the distinction between life artificial and life artistic! Artificial existence is a reverence for the talk of men; artistic existence is in the supreme indifference to the talk of men. You and I, in different ways, seek to complete our being on earth, not artificially, but artistically. Neither of us can be insincere mouthpieces of talk in which we have no faith. You cannot write in a book—you cannot say in a speech—that which you know to be a falsehood. But the artificial folks are the very echoes of falsehood; the noise they make is in repeating its last sounds. An artist must be true to nature, even though he add to nature something from his soul of man which nature cannot give in her representations of truth. Is it not so!"

"Certainly," said I, with warmth. "I could neither write nor speak what I did not believe to be, in

the main, truthful. A man may or may not, according to the quality of his mind, give to nature that which clearly never can be in nature—viz., the soul or the intellect of man. But soul or intellect he must give to nature—that is, to everything which external objects present to his senses as truthful—or he is in art a charlatan, and in action a knave. But then truth, as Humanity knows it, is not what the schoolmen call it, One and Indivisible; it is like light, and splits not only into elementary colours, but into numberless tints. Truth with Raffaele is not the same as truth with Titian; truth with Shakespeare is not the same as truth with Milton; truth with St. Xavier is not the same as truth with Luther; truth with Pitt is not the same as truth with Fox. Each man takes from life his favourite truth, as each man takes from life his favourite colour."

"Bravo!" cried Tracey, clapping his hands.

"Why bravo?" said I, testily. "Can the definition I hazard be construed into a defence of what I presume to be your view of the individual allegiance which each man owes to truth as he conceives it? No; for each man is bound to support and illustrate, with all his power, truth as truth seems to him. Raffaele as Raffaele, Titian as Titian, Shakespeare as Shakespeare, Milton as Milton, Pitt as Pitt, Fox as Fox. And the man who says, 'I see truth in my own way, and I do not care to serve her cause;' who, when Nature herself, ever moving, ever active, exhorts him to bestir himself for the truth he surveys, and to animate that truth with his own life and deed, shrugs his shoulder, and cries '*Cui bono?*'—that man, my dear Tracey, may talk very finely about despising renown, but in reality he shuffles off duty. Pardon me; I am thinking of you. I would take your part against others; but as friend to friend, and to your own face, I condemn you."

To this discourteous speech Tracey was about to reply, when Lady Gertrude and Clara Thornhill entered the room to tell us that the boat was ready, and that we had less than two hours for aquatic adventure, as we were to dine at five.

"I am not sorry to have a little time to think over my answer to those reproaches which are compliments on the lips of friends," said Tracey to me, resting his arm on my shoulder; and in a few minutes more we were gliding over the lake, with a gentle breeze from the hills, just lively enough to fill the sail. Clara, bewitchingest of those womanliest women who unfairly enthrall and subdue us, while we not only know that their whole hearts are given to another, but love and respect them the more for it,—Clara nestled herself by my side. And I had not even the satisfaction of thinking that that infamous Henry was jealous. He did indeed once or twice pause from his nautical duties to vouchsafe us a scowl; but it was sufficiently evident that the monster was only angry because he knew that Clara loved him so well, that she was seeking to enlist me on her side against his abominable ambition of learning the art of homicide.

"Well," whispered Clara to me—"well, you have spoken to Sir Percival!"

"Alas, yes! and in vain. He thinks that for your sake Henry must fulfil that dream of heroism, which perhaps first won your heart to him. Women very naturally love heroes; but then they must pay the tax for that noble attachment. Henry must become the glory of his country, and the major of a regiment in active service. My dear child—I mean, my dear Mrs. Thornhill—don't cry; be a hero's wife! Tracey has convinced me that Henry is right; and my firm belief is that the chief motive which makes Henry covet laurels is to lay them at your feet."

"The darling," murmured Clara.

"You see your parents very naturally wished you to make a better worldly marriage. That difficulty was smoothed over, not by the merits of Henry, but the money of Sir Percival Tracey. Could you respect your husband if he were not secretly chafed at that thought? He desires to lift himself up to you even in your parents' eyes, not by a miserable pecuniary settlement effected through a kinsman, but by his own deeds. Oppose that, and you humiliate him. Never humiliate a husband. Yield to it, and you win his heart and his gratitude for ever. Man must never be put into an inferior position to his help-mate. Is not that true? Thank you, my child—(come, the word is out)—for that pressure of my hand. You understand us men. Let Henry leave you, sure that his name will be mentioned with praise in his commanding officer's report after some gallant action, looking forward to the day when, in command himself, Parliament shall vote him its thanks, and his sovereign award him her honours; and your Henry, as you cling in pride to his breast, shall whisper in words only heard by you—'Wife mine, your parents are not ashamed of me now! All this is your work! all results from the yearning desire to show that the man whom you had singled out from the world was not unworthy of your love!'"

"But Henry does not say those pretty things," sighed Clara, half smiling, half weeping.

"Say them? In words, of course not. What man, and especially what Englishman, does say pretty things? It is only authors, who are the interpreters of hearts, that say what lovers and heroes feel. But a look says to the beloved one more than authors can put into words. Henry's look will tell you what you, his own, his wife, have been to him in the bivouac, in the battle; and you will love and reverence him the more because he does not say the pretty things into which I mince and sentimentalise

the calm Englishman's grand, silent, heartfelt combination of love with duty and with honour. My dear Clara, I speak to you as I would to my own daughter. Let your young soldier go. You and I indeed—the woman and the civilian—may talk as we will of distinctions between the defence of the island and the preservation of the empire. But a soldier is with his country's flag wherever it is placed—whether in the wilds of Caffaria or on the cliffs of Dover. Clara, am I not right? Yes! you again press my hand. After all, there is not a noble beat in the heart of man which does not vibrate more nobly still in the heart of the wife who loves him!"

Just at this time our little anchor dropped on a fairy island. There was as much bustle on board as if we had discovered a new Columbia. We landed for a few minutes to enjoy a glorious view of the lake, to which this island was the centre, and explore a curious cave, which, according to tradition, had been the dwelling of some unsocial anchorite in Gothic days. The rocky walls of the cell were now inscribed with the names or initials of summer holiday visitors from provincial towns.

"See," said the Painter, "how instinctive to man is the desire to leave some memorial of himself wherever he has been."

"Do you acknowledge then," said Tracey, "that the instinct which roused Joseph Higgins to carve on the rock, for the benefit of distant ages, the fact, that in the year 1837 he visited this spot in company with 'Martha Brown,' is but a family branch of the same instinct which makes genius desire to write its name on the *'flammanitia mœnia mundi'*?"

"Perhaps," replied the Painter, "the instinct is the same; but if it be so, that truth would not debase and vulgarise the yearning of genius—it would rather elevate and poetise the desire of Joseph Higgins."

"Well answered," said I. "Has any one present a knife that he will not mind blunting? if so, I should like to carve my name under that of Joseph Higgins. It is something to leave a trace of one's whereabouts twenty years hence, even in the rock of this lonely cave."

Henry produced the knife, and I carved my name under that of Joseph Higgins, with the date, and these words—"A Summer Holiday." "I have not had many holidays," said I, "since I left school; let me preserve one from oblivion." I passed the knife to Tracey.

"Nay," said he, laughing, "I have no motive strong enough to induce me to take the trouble. I have no special holiday to record—my life is all holiday."

We re-entered our vessel, and drifted along the lake—the Painter jotting down hints of scenery in his sketch-book, and Percival reading to us aloud from a volume of Robert Browning's Poems which he had brought with him. He was a great admirer of that poet, and was bent upon making Clara share his own enthusiasm. Certainly he read well, and the poems he selected seemed in harmony with the scene; for there is in Robert Browning a certain freshness and freedom of music, and a certain suggestiveness of quiet thought reflected from natural images, which fit him to be read out of doors, in English landscapes, on summer days.

When we returned from our cruise, we found our rural banquet awaiting us. We were served under an awning suspended from the trunks of two mighty elms, whose branches overhung the water. Lady Gertrude had not exaggerated the culinary skill of the *ci-derant* house-keeper. What with the fish from the lake, various sorts, dressed in different ways, probably from receipts as old as the monastic days in which fresh-water fishes received the honours due to them—what with some excellent poultry, which, kept in that wild place, seemed to have acquired a finer flavour than

farmyard coops bestow—and what with fruits, not rendered malefic by walls of pastry—the repast would have satisfied more refined epicures than we were. Cool, light, sparkling wines, innocent as those which Horace promised to Tyndaris, circled freely. All of us became mirthful, even Clara—all of us except Henry, who still looked as if he were wasting time; and the Painter, who became somewhat too seriously obtrusive of his art, and could with difficulty be kept from merging the whole conversation into criticisms on the landscape effects of Gainsborough contrasted with those of Claude.

After dinner we quietly settled ourselves to our several amusements—Lady Gertrude to some notable piece of female work. Clara, after playing us a few airs on her lute, possessed herself of Tracey's volume of Browning, and pretended to read. The Painter flung himself on the grass, and contemplated with an artist's eye the curves in the bank, and the lengthening shadows that crept over the still waters. Henry, ever restless, wandered away with a rod in his hand towards a distant gravelly creek, in which the old man at the lodge assured us he had seen perch of three pounds weight.

The Librarian alone remained seated at the table, finishing very slowly his bottle of claret, and apparently preparing himself for a peaceful slumber.

Tracey and I strolled along the margin of the lake, the swans following us as we walked: they were old friends of his.

"So," said Tracey at last, "you think that my course of life has not been a wise one."

"It all men lived like you, it might be very well for a paradise, but very bad for the world we dwell in."

"Possibly; but it would be very bad for the world we dwell in if the restless spirits were not in some degree kept in check by the calm ones. What a miserable, unsafe,

revolutionary state of society would be that in which all the members were men of combative ambition and fidgety genius; all haranguing, fighting, scribbling; all striving, each against the other! We sober fellows are the ballast in the state vessel: without us, it would upset in the first squall! We have our uses, my friend, little as you seem disposed to own it."

"My dear Tracey, the question is not whether a ship should carry ballast, but whether you are of the proper material for ballast. And when I wonder why a man of great intellect and knowledge should not make his intellect and knowledge more largely useful, it is a poor answer to tell me that he is as useful as—a bag of stones."

"A motive power is as necessary to impel a man, whatever his intellect or knowledge, towards ambitious action, as it is to lift a stone from the hold of a vessel into the arch of a palace. No motive power from without urges me into action, and the property inherent in me is to keep still."

"Well, it is true, yours is so exceptional a lot that it affords no ground for practical speculation on human life. Take a patrician of £60,000 a-year, who only spends £6000: give him tastes so cultivated that he has in himself all resources; diet him on philosophy till he says, with the Greek sage, 'Man is made to contemplate, and to gaze on the stars,' and it seems an infantine credulity to expect that this elegant Looker-on will condescend to take part with the actors on the world's stage. Yet without the actors, the world would be only a drop scene for the Lookers-on. Yours, I repeat, is an exceptional case. And those who admire your mind, must regret that it has been robbed of fame by your fortune."

"Flatterer," said Tracey, with his imperturbable good-temper, "I am ashamed of myself to know that you have not hit on the truth. If I had been born to £200 a-year, and single as I am now—that is, free to

choose my own mode of life—I should have been, I was about to say as idle as I am, but idle is not the word; I should have been as busy in completing my own mind, and as reluctant to force that mind into the squabbles of that mob which you call the world: in fact, I am but a type—somewhat exaggerated by accidental circumstances, which make me more prominent than others to your friendly if critical eye—of a very common and a very numerous class in a civilisation so cultivated as that of our age. Wherever you look, you will find men whom the world has never heard of, yet who in intellect or knowledge could match themselves against those whose names are in all the newspapers. Allow me to ask, Do you not know, in the House of Commons, men who never open their lips, but for whose mere intellect, in judgment, penetration, genuine statesmanship, you have more respect than you have for that of the leading orators? Allow me to ask again, Should you say the profoundest minds and the most comprehensive scholars are to be found among the most popular authors of your time; or among men who have never published a line, and never will? Answer me frankly."

"I will answer you frankly. I should say that, in political judgment and knowledge, there are many men in the back benches of Parliament, who are the most admirable critics of the leading statesmen. I should say that, in many educated, fastidious gentlemen, there are men who, in exquisite taste and extensive knowledge, are the most admirable critics of the popular authors. But still there is an immense difference in human value between even a first-rate critic who does not publish his criticisms, and even a second or third-rate statesman or author who does contribute his quota of thought to the intellectual riches of the world."

"Granted; but the distinction between man and man, in relation to the public, is not mere intellect,

nor mere knowledge; it is in something else. What is it?"

"Dr. Arnold, the schoolmaster, said, that as between boy and boy the distinction was energy, perhaps it is so with men."

"Energy! yes: but what puts the energy into movement? what makes one man dash into fame by a harum-scarum book full of blunders and blemishes, or a random fiery speech, of which any sound thinker would be heartily ashamed; and what keeps back the man who could write a much better book and make a much better speech?"

"Perhaps," said I, ironically, "that extreme of elegant vanity, an over-fastidious taste; perhaps that extreme of philosophical do-nothingness, which always contemplates and never acts."

"Possibly you are right," answered Tracey, shaming my irony by his urbane candour. "But why has the man this extreme of elegant vanity or philosophical do-nothingness? Is it not, perhaps, after all, a physical defect? the lymphatic temperament instead of the nervous-billions?"

"You are not lymphatic," said I, with interest; for my hobby is—metaphysical pathology, or pathological metaphysics—"You," said I, "are not lymphatic; you are dark-haired, lean, and sinewy; why the deuce should you not be energetic! it must be that infamous £60,000 which has paralysed all your motive power."

"Friend," answered Tracey, "are there not some men in the House of Lords with more than £60,000 a-year, and who could scarcely be more energetic if they lived on 4d. a day and worked for it?"

"There have been, and are, such instances in the Peerage, doubtless; but, as a general rule, the wealthiest peers are seldom the most active. Still, I am willing to give your implied argument the full benefit of the illustration you cite. Wherever legislative functions are attached to hereditary aristocracy, that aristocracy, as long as the State to

which they belong is free, will never fail of mental vigour—of ambition for reputation and honours achieved in the public service. It was so with the senators of Rome as long as the Roman Republic lasted; it will be so with the members of the House of Lords as long as the English Constitution exists. And in such an order of men there will always be a degree of motive power sufficiently counteracting the indolence and epicurism which great wealth in itself engenders, to place a very large numerical proportion of the body among the most active and aspiring spirits of the time. But your misfortune, my dear Tracey, has been this (and hence I call your case exceptional)—that, immeasurably above the average of our peers, both in illustration of descent and in territorial possessions, still you have had none of the duties, none of the motive power, which actuate hereditary legislators. You have had their wealth—you have had their temptations to idleness; you have not had their responsible duties—you have not had their motives for energy and toil. That is why I call your case exceptional."

"Still," answered Tracey, "I say that I am but a very commonplace type of educated men who belong neither to the House of Lords nor the House of Commons, and who, in this country, despise ambition, yet in some mysterious latent way serve to influence opinion. Motive power—motive power! how is it formed? why is it so capricious? why sometimes strongest in the rich and weakest in the poor? why does knowledge sometimes impart, and sometimes destroy it? On these questions I do not think that your reasonings will satisfy me. I am sure that mine would not satisfy you. Let us call in a third party and hear what he has to say on the matter. Ride with me to-morrow to the house of a gifted friend of mine, who was all for public life once, and is all for private life now. I will tell you who and what he is.

In early life my friend carried off the most envied honours of a university. Almost immediately on taking his degree, he obtained his fellowship. Thus he became an independent man. The career most suited to his prospects was that of the Church. To this he had a conscientious objection; not that he objected to the doctrines of our Church, nor that he felt in himself any consciousness of sinful propensities at variance with the profession; but simply because he did not feel that strong impulse towards the holiest of earthly vocations, without which a very clever man may be a very indifferent parson; and his ambition led him towards political distinction. His reputation for talents, and for talents adapted to public life, was so high, that he received an offer to be brought into Parliament at the first general election, from a man of great station, with whose son he had been intimate at college, and who possessed a predominant influence in a certain borough. The offer was accepted. But before it could be carried out, a critical change occurred in my friend's life and in his temper of mind. A distant relation, whom he had never even seen, died, and left him a small estate in this county: on taking possession of the property, he naturally made acquaintance with the rector of the parish, and formed a sudden and passionate attachment for one of the rector's daughters, resigned the fellowship he no longer needed, married the young lady, and found himself so happy with his young partner and in his new home, that before the general election took place, the idea of the parliamentary life, which he had before coveted, became intolerable to him. He excused himself to the borough and its patron, and has ever since lived as quietly in his rural village, as if he had never known the joys of academical triumph, nor nursed the hope of political renown. Let us then go and see him to-morrow (it is a very

pretty ride across the country), and you will be compelled to acknowledge that his £600 or £700 a year of wood and sheepwalk, with peace and love at his fireside, have sufficed to stifle ambition in one whose youth had been intensely ambitious. So you see it does not need £60,000 a-year to make a man cling to private life, and shrink from all that, in shackling him with the fetters and agitating him with the passion of public life, would lessen his personal freedom and mar his intellectual serenity."

"I shall be glad to see your friend. What is his name?"

"Hastings Gray."

"What! the Hastings Gray, who seventeen or eighteen years ago, made so remarkable a speech at some public meeting (I own I forget where it was), and wrote the political pamphlet which caused so great a sensation!"

"The same man."

"I remember that he was said to have distinguished himself highly at the university, and that he was much talked of in London, for a few weeks, as a man likely to come into Parliament, and even to make a figure in it. Since then, never having heard more of him, I supposed he was dead. I am glad to learn that he only sleepeth."

Here we heard behind us the muffled fall of hoofs on the sward; our party was in movement homeward, Lady Gertrude leading the van in her pony chaise. I had to retake my place by her side; Clara and the Librarian followed in a similar vehicle, driven by Henry Thornhill, who had caught none of the great perches; I suspect he had not tried for them. Percival and the Painter rode. The twilight deepened, and soon melted into a starry night, as we went through the shadowy forest-land.

Lady Gertrude talked incessantly and agreeably, but I was a very dull companion, and, being in a musing humour, would much rather have been alone. At length we saw the moon shining on the white

walls of the villa. "I fear we have tired you with our childish party of pleasure," said Lady Gertrude, with a malicious fling at my silence.

"Perhaps I am tired," I replied, ingenuously. "Pleasures are fatiguing, especially when one is not accustomed to them."

"Satirist!" said Lady Gertrude. "You come from the brilliant excitement of London, and what may be pleasure to us must be *ennui* to you."

"Nay, Lady Gertrude, let me tell you what a very clever and learned man, a Minister of State, said the other day at one of those great public ceremonial receptions which are the customary holidays of a Minister of State. 'Life,' said he, pensively, 'would be tolerably agreeable if it were not for its amusements.' He spoke of those 'brilliant excitements,' as you call them, which form the amusements of capitals. He would not have spoken so of the delight which Man can extract from a holiday with Nature. But tell me, you who have played so considerable a part in the word of fashion, do you prefer the drawing-rooms of London to the log-house by the lake?"

"Why," said Lady Gertrude, honestly, and with a half-sigh; "I own I should be glad if Percival would consent to spend six months in the year, or even three, in London. However, what he likes I like. Providence has made us women of very pliable materials."

"Has it?" said I; "that information is new to me—one lives to learn." And here, as the pony

stopped at the porch, I descended to offer my arm to the amiable charioteer.

Nothing worth recording took place the rest of the evening. Henry and the Painter played at billiards, Lady Gertrude and the Librarian at backgammon. Clara went into the billiard-room, seating herself there with her work: by some fond instinct of her loving nature she felt as if she ought not to waste the minutes yet vouchsafed to her—she was still with him who was all in all to her!

I took down 'The Faithful Shepherdess,' wishing to refresh my memory of passages which the scenes we had visited that day vaguely recalled to my mind. Looking over my shoulder, Percival guided me to the lines I was hunting after. This led to comparisons between 'The Faithful Shepherdess' and the 'Comus,' and thence to that startling contrast in the way of viewing, and in the mode of describing rural nature, between the earlier English poets and those whom Dryden formed upon Gallic models, and so on into the pleasant clueless labyrinth of metaphysical criticism on the art of poetic genius. When we had parted for the night, and I regained my own room, I opened my window and looked forth on the moonlit gardens. A few minutes latter, a shadow, moving slow, passed over the silvered ground, and, descending the terrace stairs, vanished among the breathless shrubs and slumbering flowers. I recognised the man who loved to make night his companion.

(To be continued.)

HENRI LACORDAIRE.

THERE are few of the leaders or servants of the public who interest the general mind so profoundly as the great preachers, whose fame reaches the humblest as well as the most exalted, and within the reach of whose influence, more or less, an entire generation passes. Not to reckon the secondary class of preachers, whose biography is as inevitable as their decease, and whose lives are studied as a matter of religious duty by vast sections of the population who lie in a kind of underground out of the reach of ordinary literature, it is enough to instance such a life as that of Chalmers, to prove how wide a hold upon the public interest is taken by a man with whom, for once in their lives, most people of his generation have come in momentary contact in the slight but often momentous relation of hearers to a speaker. Only a very limited number can or do hear a great speaker in any other kind, compared with those who think it indispensable to hear the notable preacher of their day; and multitudes who have the most visionary conception of their rulers and statesmen, and all other public notabilities, have a certain personal knowledge of the orator whose sphere is the pulpit, which makes them as eager to hear his life as if their own history were somehow involved in it. The life which we have now to unfold to our readers is, however, one with which in this country we are unfamiliar. It is a religious existence of a fashion unknown to us. A strange atmosphere breathes out of its acts and sentiments; its strength and its feebleness are alike novel to our experience; but under all these puzzling distinctions, the life itself is very remarkable—interwoven with the entire history of its country and period—and opens to us so strange yet so instruc-

tive a glimpse of a Christianity not less fervent, pure, and true, than anything in our Protestant records, but couched in terms so different from ours, and wearing an aspect so unlike, that the mingled resemblance and dissimilarity add a charm to its own merits. The life of Henri Lacordaire, priest, preacher, and monk, told by his eloquent countryman and loving friend, M. de Montalembert, is for us not only a religious biography, but a novel study of character and life. The picture is fascinating but strange. Stranger than the eremites in the ancient wilderness, or those early followers of Benedict and Francis, with whom the same hand has lately made us familiar, is the apparition of the monk of the nineteenth century as he appears in these pages. For it is no picturesque lay figure which rises in the white Dominican tunic before our unaccustomed eyes, but a modern Frenchman, acute, brilliant, unimpassioned—full of sound sense and inexorable logic—a politician, a liberal, a man of his day, no less than a great preacher and a pious Catholic. The story of his life is without private events, for he was a priest, and debarred from any private life save that which makes a passion of friendship and finds an outlet there; but his career is that of a man strong in personal identity, who acts and thinks for himself, and throws his entire being into his occupation, whatever that may be. M. de Montalembert, always eloquent, is perhaps too rhetorical and declamatory for biography, at least in narrating a life which to a great extent he shared, and the vicissitudes of which, as he records them, naturally rouse his enthusiasm, his indignation, and grief, and tempt him into many digressions. The volume which he has dedicated to the memory of his friend is more

of an *éloge* than a biography, and the lines of the picture are vague in consequence, and want the distinctness of portrait-painting; nevertheless the figure rounds out of its dim background into unquestionable individuality, and the English reader who has not already heard of the great French preacher will herein meet with another man well worthy the remembrance of the world.

Henri Lacordaire was born in the beginning of the present century, almost a contemporary of our own great preacher Edward Irving, in whose life one remarkable point of resemblance shows only the full force of the contrast between the French priest and the Scotch pastor. He was of moderate origin, undistinguished either in his birth or training, without any brilliant prognostics to mark the beginning of his career. It is thus that his biographer sums up the simple story of his early days:—

‘Nothing could be more simple or ordinary than the life of this young priest. Those who seek romances or stormy passages in the lives of historical personages, or at least in their youth, must find them elsewhere. No adventure, no stroke of fate or of passion, troubled the course of his early years. The son of a village doctor, educated by a pious mother, he had, like almost all the young men of the time, lost his faith at college, and did not regain it either in the school of law or at the bar, where he ranked for two years among the advocates. In appearance nothing distinguished him from his contemporaries. He was a Deist, like all the youth of the time; he was, above all, liberal, like all France, but without excess. He shared the convictions and the generous delusions which we all breathed in the air which had been purified by the downfall of imperial despotism, but he desired only a liberty strong and legitimate; and without having yet been enlightened by the lights of faith, he already foresaw the supreme danger of modern society, for at twenty he wrote ‘Impiety leads to depravity,’ ‘Corrupt morals produce corrupt laws,’ and ‘Licence carries the nations on to slavery.’ He himself remained always virtuous and regular in his morals, without any other passion than for glory.

Even before he became a Christian he respected himself.”

Life, however, soon quickened into warmer bloom, in the heart of this virtuous young heathen. Providence had other occupation for him than the practice of the French bar, and the excitement of those politics which present such a fantastic succession of revolution and stagnation, violence and apathy. He woke up out of his classic convictions into Christian life, and with characteristic promptitude, as soon as he believed, devoted himself to the service of religion. “Neither man nor book was the instrument of his conversion,” says his biographer. “A sudden and secret touch of grace opened his eyes to the nothingness of irreligion. In one day he became a Christian, and the next, being a Christian, determined to become a priest.” This prompt and clear spirit, swiftly logical, unimpassioned, and master of itself, pervaded his entire life. It was not argument or exhortation that convinced him. He perceived in his rapid young soul—aware as he was of forces in himself which must have work to occupy them, and of unspeakable want in the world around him—“the nothingness of irreligion”—a notable and significant discovery. That elegant, classic, unproductive blank of Pagan virtue—could anything ever come of it, even in its highest development? Swiftly the alternative presented itself to the young Frenchman. Out of this “nothingness” he did not come by halves. From the first freedom of his young manhood and accomplished education, he went back again steadily to the rules and studies of a new training. After three years at the seminary of St. Sulpice he became a priest, at a time when priests had little honour and no popularity in France. The young advocate, glowing with all the inspirations of undeveloped eloquence—a man destined to play so notable a part in his generation, and no doubt aware in his heart of the genius which nobody else as yet suspected—fell, in

the flush of his youth, into obscure priestly offices, such as doubtless demonstrated to him a "something" in the Christian faith enough to exercise and employ all the helpful energies of man. He became the almoner of a convent, then of a college, following the common order of the youthful priesthood. Except the fact that he had thus suddenly, by prompt exercise of will, joined himself to that unpopular class, nothing as yet appeared to distinguish him from his brethren. "The only thing singular in him was his liberalism," says M. de Montalembert. "By a phenomenon then unheard of, this convert, this seminarist, this almoner of nuns, was steadfast in remaining a liberal, as in the days when he was only a student and advocate." This was, to bystanders, the one remarkable feature in him—he was a priest, and yet he was a liberal—to wit, a radical, a democrat, all but a republican. From his convent he wrote like any other enthusiastic young man, in the days when men found a gospel in political privileges, of "the imprescriptible rights of the human race." His dream was to place these imprescriptible rights under the protection of the Church—to ally the old religion with the new freedom. "Christianity is not a law of slavery," he wrote, in youthful boldness, from his "little convent of the Visitandines," when Paris surged with the subterranean heavings of the Revolution of July. "She has not forgot that her children were free when all the world groaned under the iron of so many horrible Cæsars; and that they created, underground, a society of men who spoke of humanity under the palace of Nero." "In his youth and his solitude," he who had forsaken the bar and its triumphs, the world and its ways, for the humble offices of the priesthood, arrived at this conclusion which nobody else had dreamed of. It is a conclusion which, since then, has been tried on a sufficiently large scale and found impracticable, but

it is not the less an idea which must have been full of charms and of inspiration to the young priest, whom a higher call than that of political right or wrong had drawn within the bosom of an institution supposed, and with justice, to be the foe of liberty.

Across this calm and soft perspective—from which the young priest, palpitating with all the impulses of youth and genius, looked forth with hopes that seem Utopian, and warm ideal conceptions of good and glory yet to be attained—a light more brilliant suddenly streams. This path of life, as yet so humble, enveloped in profound personal obscurity, unknown to man, is suddenly crossed by a dazzling meteoric radiance, and thrown into strong illumination before the world. It is the Abbé de Lamennais, strange Quixote of French religious history, who suddenly appears upon the scene, without introduction or description, with a suddenness somewhat confusing to an English reader, who is less instructed in the notable facts and persons of Gallican ecclesiastical history in recent years, than the audience which M. de Montalembert especially addresses. The point of junction between the distinguished ecclesiastic of La Chenaie and the young almoner of the Visitandines, is this same belief common to both, that the Church, so far from being the enemy, ought to be the chief supporter of political freedom. M. de Lamennais, "then the most celebrated and the most venerated of French priests," had started from the opposite ground of high ultramontane Papalism, but, by dint of the lofty view taken by a lofty and visionary, though wilful and uncertain mind, of that unique spiritual despotism, had come to the conclusion—a conclusion falsified by all experience, but not inconceivable in theory—that the Holy Father of Christendom ought to be the guardian of all men's liberties. It was 1830, a year of Revolution,—another violent crisis had

come in the fortunes of France. The freedom, the boldness, the bewilderment of such a sudden change of affairs, excited and stirred up all questions and spirits. This new theory of the small but enthusiastic religious band, which aimed at nothing less than re-conquering for the Church the love and heart of the country, came into the field with many others. It is at this point that M. de Montalembert, who for some little time has been pre-luding tenderly in strains of love and lamentation, suddenly dashes into his story, and introduces us, with an affectionate abruptness, into this agitated society, to the beginning of his friendship with Lacordaire, and to the person and character of his friend.

"It was in November 1830 that I saw him for the first time in the cabinet of the Abbé de Lamennais," he writes, "four months after a revolution which seemed for a moment to confound in a common ruin the throne and the altar, and one month after the beginning of the journal '*L'Avenir*.' The motto of this journal was — *Dieu et la liberté!* It was intended by its founders to regenerate Catholic opinion in France, and to seal its union with the progress of liberalism. I hastened to take part in this work, with the ardour of my twenty years, from Ireland, where I had just seen O'Connell, at the head of a people whose invincible fidelity to the Catholic faith had worn out three centuries of persecution, and whose religious emancipation had just been won by the free press and freedom of speech. A very small number of laymen shared the convictions of M. de Lamennais, with a still more limited number of priests. Among the latter, the Abbé Lacordaire, whom as yet no one knew, was named to me. Not only was he not of those who had made themselves a name by reproducing the doctrines of the celebrated author of '*L'Essai sur l'Indifférence*,' but he could not even be called his pupil. . . . There needed nothing less than the revolution of July and '*L'Avenir*' to engage in a common work two natures so profoundly distinct. I saw them both for the first time; dazzled and swayed by the one, I felt myself more sweetly and more naturally drawn towards the other. If I could but paint him such as he appeared then, in all the radiance and the charm of youth? He was twenty-eight. He was dressed as a layman, the state of Paris not

then permitting priests to wear their proper costume. His graceful figure, his fine and regular features, his sculptural forehead, the commanding carriage of his head, his dark and sparkling eye, an indescribable something of pride and elegance, as well as of modesty, in all his person—all this was but the cover of a soul which seemed ready to pour itself forth, not only in the free encounters of public speaking, but in the overflowing of affectionate intercourse. The flash of his eye disclosed gleams at once warlike and tender; it sought not only enemies to combat and to overthrow, but hearts to fascinate and conquer. His voice, already so nervous and energetic, frequently assumed accents of an infinite sweetness. Born to fight and to love, he already bore the seal of the double royalty of the soul and talent. He appeared to me charming and terrible, as a type of the enthusiasm for good—virtue armed for the support of truth. I saw in him one of the elect, predestined to all that youth adores and desires the most—glorious and glory. Yet he, still more attracted by the gentle joys of Christian friendship than the distant echoes of fame, made us understand that the greatest struggles moved us only by half—that they still left us power to dream, above all, of the life of the heart—that the days began and ended according as a loved remembrance had risen or had been silent in the soul. It was he who spoke to me thus; and he added immediately, 'Alas! we ought to love only the infinite, and this is the reason why that which we love is so complete in our soul.' The morning after this first meeting he took me to hear his mass, which he said in the chapel of a little convent of the Visitandines in the *Pays Latin*, and already we loved each other as men love in the pure and generous impulses of youth and under the fire of the enemy. He condescended to rejoice over that meeting which he had desired, and upon which he congratulated himself in terms which expressed his classic and democratic thought. He wrote, some time before, 'My soul, like Iphigenia, awaits its brother at the foot of the altar.' Afterwards, speaking of his new friend to an older one, he said, 'I love him like a plebeian.'"

Such was the fervent young man with whom, in the year of the Revolution, in the warmth of their youth, the young Montalembert formed an everlasting friendship. They lived henceforward

is a union close as that of the classic models of amity, and effusive as is natural to young Frenchmen. The two had hard enough work in hand in those brilliant, agitated, youthful days, over which M. de Montalembert lingers with a natural fondness. In the reign of utter prose which had begun, this Young France stood all glowing and poetic—believing in a new beginning as youth always believes—hoping everything grand, exalted, and generous from the new era and its own toils. They had their journal, choice vehicle of assault upon the world and all its wrongs; and from that little battery thundered, day by day, at all the injustice and oppression which came under their quick observation, taking summary vengeance upon the offenders. To-day it was a petty official, "*lui, ce sous-préfet!*" whom the young Abbé tossed in the air on the point of that dazzling spear of youthful scorn and beautiful indignation—to-morrow it was the new Government itself which felt the diamond point of their virgin weapons. Young ardour, daring hardihood, wild rushes at conclusions, grand assumption and display of wisdom, mixed with a thorough enjoyment and relish in the dangerous sport, shine through the tale. The young men were in the flush of youth and conscious power, exercising a censorship which somehow comes natural to youth, and which, in its brilliant impertinence and freshness of life, earns its own excuse almost from its victims. Lamennais, though not young, was of that character of genius—generous, susceptible, and wilful—which commends itself to the young, and leads without controlling them. He who, in the wild retirement of La Chenaie amid the Breton woods, made for himself a little family of the youths whom he had devoted himself to train for the service of the Church, and attached them to him with a kind of passion, seems to have exercised no subduing influence over the young men whom he associated with himself in the work of '*L'Avenir*.' They

tilted frankly at the world with an inexhaustible delight in their work. "Neither the old clergy nor the new Government were disposed to receive this new doctrine," says M. de Montalembert, with unconscious humour, in explanation of this work; "but the violence and mistakes of the latter might be counted upon to enlighten, little by little, and bring back the former. It was necessary, then, at once to point out the arbitrary acts of certain functionaries against religion, and to teach Catholics to draw, from liberal institutions and ideas, arms which the fall of a dynasty could no more break in their hands. This was the double task to which the young Henri Lacordaire devoted his untiring, and till then unknown, talent."

Into this enterprise the young Abbé rushed with all his joyous youthful forces. Violent Radicalism and lofty High-Churchism, both the one and the other of a more fiery character than are known in our tamer atmosphere, here took hands together and defied the world. The young champion went to the wildest extremities in his vivid and rash eloquence. The French priest even, in the inspirations of his genius, antedated the equally fiery priests of Scotland, and loftily suggested to his brethren of the clergy—while discoursing to them of the sacrilege committed by a *sous-préfet*, who had forced an entrance into a country church for the corpse of a man who had been refused the rites of burial—an expedient which has only been adopted on the northern side of the Tweed. "You will make him grow pale" (to wit, the *sous-préfet*), cries the young orator, "if, taking your dishonoured God, with staff in hand and hat on head, your bear Him into some hut made with fir planks, swearing not to expose Him a second time to the insults of the State-temple." "These words," says Montalembert, "indicate the extreme, unjust, and dangerous conclusion from which '*L'Avenir*' drew not back. It said

to the clergy that they should be prepared to renounce the *budget du culte*, sole remnant of their ancient and legitimate patrimony, sole guarantee of their material existence, to give up even the churches of which the State assumed to be owner, to enter into full possession of the invincible powers and inexhaustible resources of modern liberty." Nor did these bold assaults end in mere words. "A series of contests," continues the biographer, "the details of which would encumber this narrative, but which were all designed to promote the emancipation of the priests and the Catholic citizens, took him more than once to the court of the *police correctionnelle*, sometimes as the accused, sometimes as client, sometimes even as advocate; for until he was interdicted by a decision of the Council of Discipline, he still retained the right to plead in that capacity; and I remember the surprise of a president of the Chamber, in discovering one day at the bar, in the robe of an advocate, the priest whose name already began to be famous."

Into these encounters the young man entered with a certain relish and delight which sometimes amazed his friend. "I know not what attraction drew him to those combats," says M. de Montalembert; "one would have said that he was trying the temper of his arms, and endeavouring to render his blows more sure." "I am convinced," he wrote, in issuing from one of his skirmishes, "that the Roman senate would not have frightened me." And not only did he find enjoyment in the fight for itself, but occasional triumphs rewarded the young orator—triumphs of his frank and open youth over the big popular spectator that loved not the name of priest. One day, in answering an *avocat du roi* who had ventured to say that the priests were the ministers of a foreign power, Lacordaire cried, "We are the ministers of one who is nowhere a stranger—of God." Upon which the audience, "composed of

that people of July 'so hostile to the clergy," applauded, exclaiming, "My priest, my curé, what do you call yourself? you are a brave man!" He was not less frank nor less successful when he appeared as the defendant in a Government prosecution along with Lamennais, on account of some of the plain-speaking of the '*Avenir*' touching an appointment of bishops. In his speech before this tribunal, Lacordaire defended himself, in his capacity of priest, with a touching simplicity and dignity. "I rise," he says, "with a recollection that will not leave me. When the priest in former days rose amid the people, something which excited a profound love rose at the same time with him. Now, accused as I am, I know that my name of priest is mute for my defence, and I am resigned to it. The people deprived the priest of that ancient love which they bore him, when the priest deprived himself of an august part of his character—when the man of God ceased to be the man of freedom. . . . I never knew freedom better," he continues, with a burst of professional enthusiasm, "than the day when I received, with the sacred unction, the right of speaking of God. The universe opened before me, and I learned that there was in man something inalienable, divine, eternally free—speech! The message of the priest was confided to me, and I was told to bear it to the ends of the world without any one having the right to seal my lips a single day of my life. I went out of the temple with these grand doctrines, and I met upon the threshold, law and bondage!" After this brilliant address, M. de Montalembert comes in with a tender touch of description—a little sketch which in a word or two makes us of the party, and reveals the entire scene in all its agitation and triumph.

"The two accused were acquitted. The verdict was not given till midnight. A numerous crowd surrounded

and applauded the victors of the day. When they had dispersed we returned alone, in the darkness, along the quays. Upon the threshold of his door I saluted in him the orator of the future. He was neither intoxicated nor overwhelmed by his triumph. I saw that for him the little vanities of success were less than nothing; but I saw him eager to spread the contagion of self-devotion and of courage, and delighted by the evidences of mutual faith and disinterested tenderness, which in young and Christian hearts burn with a purer and dearer light than all the victories."

Generous and tender dreams! but who could refuse to believe that the young companion, more intoxicated with his triumph than him-elf, who wandered along those dark banks of Seine in the cool midnight, in the silence, so grateful after that day's toil, by his side, affectionate and rejoicing, gave a dearer and more flattering homage to the young orator than all the applauding crowds? This single sentence is one of the most perfectly distinct touches of human personality and affection in the book.

These pious young revolutionaries, "young and Christian hearts," continued for some time longer to get themselves into all kinds of trouble. From freedom of speech they proceeded to contend for freedom of teaching—constituted themselves into an *agency for the defence of religious liberty*—and set up, at their own hand, a free school, taught by three of themselves, in Paris. A curious scene followed. The three young teachers, of whom Lacordaire was one and Montalembert another, began their volunteer labours with twenty children to each. Next morning an officer of the university appeared to stop this irregular assembly. He addressed himself first to the children. "In the name of the law, I summon you to depart," cried this functionary to the assembled urchins. "In the name of your parents, whose authority I have, I command you to remain," immediately answered Lacordaire. The

small citizens, doubtless charmed to be able to rebel so soon against law and government, immediately gave their shrill suffrage in his favour. "We shall remain," cried the little rebels, with one voice. The result, of course, was, that scholars and teachers had equally to succumb to the power of the law, and that once more there ensued a trial, and brilliant appearance of the eloquent Abbé, which this time was before the Chamber of Peers, the most illustrious assemblage in France, one of the culprits, M. de Montalembert himself, being a member of that august body. We have no room to quote this speech; but the prosecution, like the former, seems to have ended in nothing.

"I will be pardoned for lingering upon the events of that year, so memorable for us," says Montalembert, with touching grace. "There is no one, however obscure and useless may have been his life, who, at the decline of his days, does not feel himself drawn by an irresistible current towards the moment when the first fires of enthusiasm were lighted in his soul and on his lips—no one who does not breathe with a sort of intoxication the perfume of these recollections, and who is not tempted to boast beyond measure their charm and their brightness,—"days at once happy and sad," he says—"days devoured by labour and by enthusiasm—days such as occur but once in a life."

The apology is beautiful, but it is unnecessary. Few will read the history of those young days and friends, differing so totally from ourselves, yet so entirely in accord, without feeling their hearts warm to the historian, whose own youth rises so fair before him as he writes, and of whom the world is fully advised that his maturer days have well borne out the promise of that youth.

We, too, are tempted to linger, but must not, space and time preventing. 'L'Avenir' came at last to a sudden check, as was inevitable.

After it had affronted the clergy, the bishops, and the Government, united its own little band of retainers in such bonds as unite men "under the fire of the enemy," and fought its way for thirteen months through all manner of prosecutions and oppositions, the daring little journal came to a close in a manner as remarkable and Quixotic as had been its career. "In announcing the suspension," says M. de Montalembert, "we announced at the same time the departure of the three principal editors for Rome, in order to submit to the Pope the questions in controversy between us and our adversaries, promising beforehand an absolute submission to the Pontifical decision." Strange mission of the three—two of whom only had youth to excuse them in this mad embassy—to persuade wise Rome to embroil herself, and compromise her infallibility, in the decision of questions so complicated, for the satisfaction of the editors of 'L'Avenir'! The two young men went lightly upon their mission, not without natural excitement in the prospect of visiting the sacred city; but matters were different with Lamennais, whose genius and lofty intention seem to have been shipwrecked by that spirit of unmaturing youthfulness, always sanguine of its own triumph, expecting everything to yield to its will, absolute and petulant, and incapable of contradiction, which is as undignified as it is unnatural in a man of mature age. The confidence which led Lacordaire and Montalembert to state their difficulties to his Holiness, and beg his decision upon them, was sufficiently romantic and high-flown. "But how explain or excuse it," says our author, "in a distinguished priest, already mature in age, as was the Abbé de Lamennais, who was then more than fifty, and who had already lived at Rome, where the Pope had received him with the greatest distinction?" The pilgrims were received with paternal kindness and unresponsive civility. They got

no reply, as was natural. Lacordaire, always prompt and clear-sighted, with a native vein of good sense and practical wisdom running through all the fiery impulses of his genius, was the first to perceive how great a mistake they had made. He remained more than two months in Rome endeavouring to reconcile Lamennais to the failure of their mission, and, for his own part, refreshing his soul in that wonderful shrine of all memories and thoughts. "I can see him still," says his affectionate biographer, "wandering for long days among the ruins and the monuments, pausing, as overpowered, to admire, with that exquisite feeling of true beauty which never forsook him, all that Rome presents of the profound and the antique—fascinated, above all, by the tranquil and incomparable charm of her horizons; then returning to the common hearth to preach reserve, resignation, submission—in a word, reason—to M. de Lamennais." At last the young priest announced to his fretful and rebellious senior his intention of returning to France, to await there in silence, but without remaining idle, the verdict of authority. "Silence," said he, "is, after speech, the second power in the world. They parted so; and although they again met after an interval, the erratic and devious career of Lamennais had no further influence worth noting upon the clear, straightforward course of his young associate. 'L'Avenir' and such brilliant follies were over. Life, serious and grave, now awaited the young priest and orator, whose time for trying the temper of his weapons and the steadiness of his strokes was past.

After this agitating and fruitless journey, Lacordaire returned to Paris, where he lived in seclusion, in duty, and silence, for three years. Immediately after his return the cholera broke out, and he gave himself up with grave enthusiasm to the necessities of the time, attaching himself to one of the temporary hospitals. "The

prejudices against the clergy were still in full force," says M. de Montalembert; "the authorities refused the help of the Archbishop of Paris, and priests could not show themselves in the streets *en solitaire*." But the attendance of Lacordaire and a few of his more zealous brethren was tolerated. "Each day I make a little harvest for eternity," he writes. "Most of the patients do not confess, and the priest is here only a deputy of the Church, coming timidly to seek, if there may happen to be some soul which belongs to the flock. Here and there one or two confess—others are dying without ear, and without voice. I put my hand upon their forehead, and, trusting in divine mercy, I say the words of absolution. It is seldom that I go away without a feeling of satisfaction in having come." But amid these unappreciated labours, and in the loneliness, deeper than actual solitude, of a great town, the young priest amused his lonely heart with dreams of the tranquil country and a secluded life. He thought of becoming a rural curé, and in imagination chose Franche Comté, the country of his friend. "I would bury myself in the depths of the country," he writes again, with an effusion of visionary yet profound sadness. "I would live only for a little flock, and find all my joy in God and in the fields. It should be manifest that I am a simple man and without ambition. Adieu, great works! adieu, fame and great name! I have known their vanity, and I desire nothing more than to live obscure and good. Some day when Montalembert shall have grown gray in the midst of ingratitude and celebrity, he will come to see upon my forehead the remains of our common youth. We shall weep together at the hearth of the *presbytère*—he will do me justice before we die. I shall bless his children. . . . For me, a poor Catholic priest, I shall neither have children growing up under my eyes to survive me, nor domestic hearth, nor Church brilliant with

knowledge and sanctity. Born in degenerate times, I shall pass from the earth among things unworthy of the memory of man. I shall endeavour to be good, simple, pious,—hoping disinterestedly in the future, since I shall not see it—working for those who perhaps will see it—and not accusing Providence, which might weigh down with heavier evils a life which deserves so little."

Such were the sad thoughts of the young man thus stopped short in the beginning of his career. He was not, however, permitted to leave Paris; he returned to his little convent of the Visitandines, where he lived, strengthening himself "in prayer and labour, in charity, in solitude—in a life grave, simple, unknown, truly hidden in God;" but where that sadness and wistful uneasiness which so often tries to persuade itself into contentment by dwelling upon the advantages of solitude, betrays itself in his utterances. "How happy are they," he writes, who are born and die under one roof without ever having quitted it." Then he congratulates himself on his retirement. "I have always needed solitude, if only to say how much I loved it. . . . My days all resemble each other. I work regularly in the morning and afternoon. I see no one, save some country ecclesiastics, who come to see me now and then. I feel with joy the solitude which encircles me—it is my element, my life. Nothing can be done but with solitude—it is my great axiom. . . . A man makes himself from within and not from without!" "Nevertheless," adds the biographer, "a certain instinct of the future which awaited him combined with this passionate inclination for solitude, and disclosed itself now and then in his soul like a gleam in the night. "To speak and to write, to live solitary and in study, this is my whole desire," he wrote. "However, the future will justify me, and still more the judgment of

God. "A man has always his hour; he must wait for it, and do nothing contrary to Providence."

All this was the natural language of a young and exuberant life, whose hour had not yet come, and which was fully occupied in the endeavour to content and satisfy itself in its compulsory calm. During this interval he preached his first sermon, which, after all the brilliant orations which he had made at the bar and before the public courts, was a failure. "He is a man of talent, but he will never be a preacher," said his disappointed friends; and he acknowledged and tried to reconcile himself to the fact. "But I may one day be called to a work which requires youth, and which will be devoted solely to youth," says the preacher, with a sigh of disappointment, yet hope. But soon the skies opened, and the work for which he longed presented itself at last.

It was as lecturer to the pupils of the College Stanislas, "the most humble in Paris," that he recommenced in 1834 his public work. After his second lecture the chapel could not contain the crowd of hearers who joined his young auditory. At once without any interval, he seems to have vindicated his own gifts and flashed into immediate popularity. But the shadow of 'L'Avenir' and all its combats was still upon him. After two winters occupied thus, the Archbishop, who was his friend, and had sanctioned his lectures, changed his mind and forbade him to continue them. Lacordaire obeyed without a murmur. "Obedience is hard," he wrote, "but I have learned by experience that it is sooner or later rewarded, and that God above knows what is best for us; light comes to him who submits, as to a man who opens his eyes."

Shortly, however, his reward came. The heart of the Archbishop melted; at the repeated petition of a deputation of law students,

headed by the celebrated Ozanam, he called the preacher of the College Stanislas to the pulpit of Notre Dame, to a lectureship which had been established a year before for the students of the metropolis. Here Lacordaire rose at once to the height of fame as a preacher. His genius had been maturing in the silence and disappointment of the past. Now there were no longer two opinions on the subject. The venerable walls of Notre Dame had never seen such an audience, says M. de Montalembert; and the highest applause, the applause of his gratified, diocesan, crowned the triumph. The Archbishop, "who was present at all the sermons, and who for the first time since the violence of which he had been the victim after the Revolution of July, found himself in the presence of the crowd, was transported by a success which avenged him so nobly by associating him with the popularity of this new-born glory. One day, rising from his archiepiscopal throne before that immense audience, he bestowed on his young disciple the title of *the new prophet*."

Around this new prophet a circle of young and fervent souls occupied the closest place. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, newly formed, and in all the ardour of its first love, whom the preacher apostrophised as "that chivalry of youth, purity and brotherhood," formed the nucleus of the congregation; and looking back upon the image of his friend triumphant amid such a surrounding, it is not wonderful that M. de Montalembert breaks sharply off with a cry of indignation over the downfall of that admirable Society, "the most beautiful work of the nineteenth century," as he exclaims, with natural fervour, "the most pure and spontaneous fruit of Christian democracy." "Imagine Lacordaire in his strength, and with the liberty of the press, before such an act!" says his biographer, recalling the days of 'L'Avenir'; "imagine the justice which he would have done with

that pen which of old had stigmatised much smaller culprits by burning invectives, the echo of which still vibrated in the pulpit of Notre Dame: *Lui, ce sous-préfet!*"

When he had thus reached the height of popularity, and attained the sphere of labour for which he had longed, Lacordaire stopped short in a manner which cannot fail to amaze the English reader. Here terminated the first chapter in the life of the great preacher. In the midst of his triumphant success, and of this work so congenial to his mind and satisfactory to his highest ambition, he came of his own will to a sudden pause in his career. "By one of those marvellous intuitions, of which he had more than any one else the secret, he recognised," says M. de Montalembert, "that self-examination, labour, silence, and solitude were still necessary to him." He paused at the height of his triumph. "I leave in the hands of my bishop this pulpit of Notre Dame, founded by him and by you, by the pastor and by the people. This double suffrage has shone for a moment on my head; suffer me to remove it, and to find myself again alone for a time with my weakness and my God." With these words he concluded his second Lent in 1836. "After he had left the pulpit, he declined, notwithstanding the repeated entreaties of the Archbishop, to re-enter it, and departed for Rome."

No outward circumstances accounted for this sudden pause. It was an internal need to which he responded by such a simple and actual withdrawal from life as seems unprovided for, even in the conceptions of Protestant piety. The spirit of Lacordaire, says one of his closest companions, his maternal friend, Madame Swetchine, required only the power of "subduing and containing itself in obscurity," to become sublime; a great and general necessity of all others the least easily attainable. To accomplish such a victory over

ourselves, we, in our heretical pride of reason and self-command, have no external aids. What we can do towards this greatest of conquests we must do under the cover of ordinary circumstances and labour, and few and happy are the men who do not find this perennial conflict recur in their disengaged moments all through their lives. But the Catholic Church has ordained a system of helps and stimulants in the great work of ruling their own spirit, which is harder to most men than taking cities. When the young Father Lacordaire felt the reins gliding out of his hands, in whatever way that occurred—for we have no information on the subject—the expedient of flight suggested itself to him, as it would have been very unlikely to do to an Englishman in similar circumstances. The Catholic priest thought it no shame to acknowledge to himself that his spirit stood in need of discipline. All the saints and holy men of his Church had at some period of their lives fled from the attractions of the world, and used sharp methods of subduing the flesh, which they did not hesitate to acknowledge was too strong for them. Lacordaire, too, withdrew to get the mastery of his own spirit. This was his object in going to Rome. He was in the height of manhood, thirty-four years old—the very noon of life. He was no superstitious or visionary priest, but a man already versed in the ways of the world, who had acquitted himself with intuitive good sense in more than one difficult crisis. He had passed through scepticism, through criticism, to that dutiful and steadfast faith which knew both how to reason and how to obey. He was not disappointed or unfortunate, but, on the contrary, glowing with success and triumph of the kind most gratifying to such a man. He was not even of an archæological type of mind, nor romantically prejudiced in favour of the antique institutions of Christendom; he was a liberal, a man of his day, an educated modern

mind — able, surely, if ever priest or Catholic was, to form his opinion freely. He had arrested himself by his own will in a career abundantly flattering to all his tastes and vanities, and now stood thoughtful in the mid-current of his life to determine how he should best perfect and utilise that existence still in its highest force and power. Wandering about Rome, among its monuments and relics, praying to God, as he himself says, in its basilicas, he pondered this great question. Nowhere could have been found a fitter scene. Amid the ruins of many a grand ambition, over the traces engraven in the earth by many a haughty and undisciplined spirit, the thoughtful priest wandered, meditating the highest uses of his own life. His thoughts came to a conclusion which, to our eyes, seems the most inconceivable and astonishing ever made by man. He decided upon becoming a monk. Aware by many a mortifying experience that the very name of priest was still suspected and disliked in his own country, where all his power and influence lay, this man, so sensible, so moderate, so dutiful, whose genius had not made him eccentric, and whose sympathies were all with his own age, decided that the best thing he could do for France and the glory of God was to clothe his own vigorous life and personality in the obsolete dress of the cloister. It was not the cloistered indolence of an Italian convent to which he looked forward. In the strength of his life and genius he felt no need of that repose, which would but have chafed him. Eager for work, conscious of his own powers, devoted to his own country, and seeking to qualify himself for renewed and advancing labour, this was the decision to which Lacordaire came; a decision altogether inexplicable and amazing, which we are unable to account for at this distance, much less to explain.

Nor was this resolution adopted by any capricious impulse, or in any flash of imaginative ardour.

It was a conclusion obtained not without pain and resistance of the flesh. "I persuaded myself then," he explains, in one of his latest productions, quoted by M. de Montalembert, "while wandering about Rome, and praying God in its basilicas, that the greatest service which could be rendered to Christendom in the times in which we live, was to do something for the restoration of the religious orders. But this persuasion, though it was for me the very light of the Gospel, left me undecided and trembling, when I came to consider how unfit I was for such a great work. My faith, thank God, was profound. I loved Jesus Christ and His Church above everything created. I had loved glory before I loved God, but nothing else. Besides, in descending into myself, I found nothing there which seemed to me to answer to the idea of a founder or even restorer of an order. When I contemplated these Colossi of Christian strength and piety my soul fell under me, like a horseman under his horse — I was struck to the ground discouraged and wounded. The mere idea of sacrificing my liberty to a rule and to superiors overwhelmed me. The son of an age which scarcely knew how to obey, independence had been my couch and my guide. How could I transform myself suddenly into a docile heart, and henceforward trust only in submission for the light of my conduct?" The question was hard to answer. Of all men the young editor of 'L'Avenir' might have seemed the least likely to attain such a height of virtue; but from this difficulty he escapes, after much further self-argument, by the following conclusion:—

"I encouraged myself by these thoughts, and it occurred to me that all my previous life, and even my faults, had prepared for me certain access to the heart of my country and my time. I asked myself if I should not be guilty if I neglected these openings by a timidity which was good for nothing but repose, and if the greatness even of the sacrifice was not a reason for attempting

*? . . . Urged by the situation, and solicited by a grace stronger than myself, I at last made up my mind; but the sacrifice was terrible. It had not cost me nothing to leave the world for the priesthood, but it cost me everything to add to the priesthood the burden of monastic life. However, in the second case as in the first, as soon as I had consented to it I knew neither weakness nor repentance, and went forward courageously to meet the trials which awaited me."

It is not difficult to recognise in this second great decision of his life the same prompt and steadfast spirit which, having convinced the young advocate of the nothingness of irreligion, bore him at once, without pause or lingering, into the service of that faith in which there was something, a power owned by all human hearts. It is the same principle which again moves him. Common means and modes of working this power have been sadly unsuccessful of recent years. What is this grand, unused, obsolete instrument, the traces of which are marked all over that Roman soil among the vines and the ruins? Who can tell if perhaps *that*, restored to efficient working, and new-tempered and polished, might accomplish, as of old, those prodigies of labour and service, for which the usual tools seem no longer practicable? As soon as he settles in his mind the undoubted duty of trying this forgotten weapon, and restoring it to the armoury of the Church, no further pause is necessary. In the height of his fame and strength, the great preacher returns upon the new preparations and training necessary for his new life. He disappears into "the depths of an Italian cloister" for his novitiate, assured that he is thus doing his highest duty to God and his country. "I believe that this act is the *dénouement* of my life—the result of all that God has done before—the secret of His graces, of my trials and experiences," he writes. "I am like a man who has gained some credit, and who can apply it to some use-

ful and generous work. Without the past I could do nothing; by continuing only the past, it would be a life of which the effect was not proportioned to the grace which God has given me." This was the strange result of his retirement and pondering. In Notre Dame, amid the throng of impressed and admiring hearers, the preacher felt that he was not doing enough, nor making sufficient use of God's gifts. A noble discontent had seized him—he had to make better use yet, and greater, of his talent. To see him, after all his questioning, disappear into that Italian cloister, is to us the strangest anticlimax—the most wonderful apparent contradiction; but it was the calm conclusion of his mind—a mind ripe and well able to judge, unimpassioned and sensible. We do not attempt to offer any explanation of the act, nor do we profess ourselves competent to understand the convictions that led to it; but strange as it is, here is the fact, let us draw what conclusions we will. According to Lacordaire's deliberate and thoughtful decision, he could serve God best as a monk, and a monk accordingly he became.

Five years afterwards he reappeared in the pulpit of Notre Dame, "with his shaven head and his white tunic." He preached with his usual eloquence upon *La Vocation de la Nation Française*, and spoke only in passing of his own monastic vocation. He made but one appearance, contenting himself apparently with "inaugurating in France," as M. de Montalembert says, "the monastic frock, which she had not seen for fifty years." He disappeared from Paris after this for two years more, dividing his time between the Italian cloister and the southern provinces of France, until in 1843 a new war began to rage in the French world, on that old question of liberty of teaching, for which the young *L'Avenir*, years ago, had fought so stoutly, and for which its editors had made their appearance at the bar of the Chamber of Peers. Under

the influence of this strife, and just as the Government awoke to alarm, and began to regard with apprehension the appearance of the Dominican frock in the pulpit and in the streets, the new Archbishop invited Lacordaire to resume his lectureship in Notre Dame. The Frère Prêcheur took his place again in the Metropolitan pulpit: it was at once a defiance of the alarmed Government, and a re-proclamation of those principles of religious liberty on which the preacher had long ago taken his stand. For this question "de la liberté d'enseignement" involved also the question of liberty of association, the power of forming communities—a power nominally accorded to the French nation by its charter, but which had never been actually granted to it. The Church, wise as a serpent, seized upon this public right. She, too, had bethought herself of the long disused and valuable instrument of monasticism. Without monks no thorough hold could be got upon popular educational institutions; but without the power of forming corporations and organising bodies of men, the invasion of a new race of monks was impossible. On the other hand, alarmed statesmen and the public in general foresaw, with this power in the hands of the Church, an immediate inroad of the dreaded Jesuit and his brethren, to lay insidious hold upon the education of the people. "While the bishops and Catholic publicists," says M. de Montalembert, "claimed the liberty promised by the charter with all its consequences, the numerous orators and writers of the University party defended its monopoly, and made use especially against the Jesuits of that unpopularity which the heirs of the perverse doctrines and cruel persecutions of the eighteenth century could everywhere re-awaken against the religious orders. *We owe them nothing but expulsion!* this cry of a deputy too famous for his interruptions, seemed to the world of so-called liberals the best response to the claims raised for religious associations in the name of liberty and equality." The Church mustered her forces gallantly, and went into the conflict with might and main. With cunning boldness she placed two of the feared and suspected monks in the pulpit of Notre Dame—Lacordaire, in his white Dominican robe, and the Jesuit De Ravignan—to fire between them the new-born enthusiasm of French Catholics, and show what voices were these which the timidity of the State and the prejudices of the vulgar would banish from France. Into that pulpit politics did not enter—but an instrument more efficacious was there. "Lacordaire did not himself enter into the controversy," says M. de Montalembert, "and not the least allusion to it is to be found in all his discourses. . . . But the universal popularity of his preaching, the immense audiences which everywhere collected around the pulpit in which he appeared, were arguments much more eloquent than discussions of politics or public law. It sufficed him to establish his victory by preaching in Paris and throughout France, and by assuming the right of living in a community, and attiring himself as he pleased, which no one dared to contest with him, in the different places where he lived with his brethren." Such was the unquestionably potent line of argument set up by the Gallican Church. Here was the greatest preacher of the age, a man pure and pious, incapable of self-aggrandisement, full of ardour for God's service, known to have hazarded his life in hospital and public pestilence, a champion of popular liberty, altogether of spotless reputation and well-deserved fame; was the order to which such a man belonged, by free will and choice, to be feared and banished? were such as he to be interrupted in their great work because they preferred to wear a certain garb and conform to certain rules? No, in the name of liberty! A more effective plea could scarcely

be imagined. Lacordaire's colleague, the Père de Ravignan, claimed for himself, as M. de Montalembert tells us, "as a citizen, and in the name of the charter, and of the liberty of conscience guaranteed to all, the right of being and of calling himself a Jesuit." But the Frère Prêcheur does not seem to have done even so much as this. Never abandoning the idea for which others were now fighting as he had once fought, he devoted himself to his duties in the midst of the strife—made his monkish frock splendid with the eloquence of a voice worthy the old renown of the French pulpit—made it familiar to all eyes as he travelled through the country collecting crowds of eager hearers everywhere; finally, with quiet resolution, established here and there, in different quarters, houses of his order, assuming for himself, in the strength of his character and fame, the very right for which his colleagues were struggling, and giving calm intimation, as he did so, that he would defend this right, if attacked, before the tribunals of his country. Nobody ventured to attack Lacordaire. The white Dominican went all over France, leaving behind him here and there a little nucleus of monks. Public opinion melted before the great preacher. If men's minds did not change, at least their opposition was hushed and put down by the unquestionable eminence of the man. "Henceforward," he himself says, "in all the pulpits, and upon all the roads of France, the monastic robe has recovered the right of citizenship which it lost in 1790." He restored the credit of the monks, and gained a certain degree of toleration for the Jesuits themselves, and thus won what is in the eyes of M. de Montalembert "the great victory which shall immortalise his name."

This struggle, which Lacordaire himself calls "the most perilous and the most decisive of all his campaigns," was brought to a conclusion by the renewed political

agitations of 1848. In that strange hubbub and overthrow of existing affairs, the tide of public commotion, by way of demonstrating the hold he had obtained on the public mind, drew the monk from his retirement to plunge him into the newly-formed Assembly of France. His appearance there did not, in the excitement of the time, shock the sensibilities of any; his election even "charmed and reassured all religious men;" and the preacher himself was sufficiently sanguine to believe that the mild Lamartine sway was to maintain the constitution of France, and that great charter for which he had fought so long, and to introduce a new era in the history of the nation. He obeyed the voice of the people, like other great Elects, and took his seat always in his Dominican frock in the revolutionary parliament—and he assisted in founding another paper, '*L'Ère Nouvelle*,' which was neither so long lived nor so brilliant as '*L'Avenir*' of his youth. But the natural good sense of the man shortly interposed. His parliamentary career lasted but ten days, and ere long he retired also from the newspaper, and withdrew to one of his new convents to recover himself and throw off the excitement of this renewed essay at politics. Then having shaken himself free of this interruption, he went back to his beloved pulpit, where he preached and laboured as before for three years. But in April, 1851, when concluding his lectures, he took an unlooked-for and unintended farewell—some subtle shadow of coming events, which, however, he denies to be a presentiment, having moved him to special tenderness and pathos—of the pulpit in which, more or less, he had laboured for twenty years. "Oh, walls of Notre Dame! sacred arches which have borne my words to so many intelligences deprived of God! altars which have blessed me! I will never separate from you!" he cries, his heart moving within him as he recalls his past life, and all that

has happened there, since, young and in the dawn of his fame, he made his first appearance in the metropolitan church. But he never again entered the pulpit thus endeared by the labours of a life; once more only he preached in Paris, and once again, in 1854, delivered, at the request of the Archbishop, six discourses in Toulouse. His career as a preacher had come to an abrupt and unexpected conclusion: for in the mean time that virtuous republic, which Lamartine and his brethren had begun so mildly, had fallen into desperate troubles, and the sharp and sudden stroke of the *coup d'état* had shocked society in France into a new mood. Freedom of speech, eloquence itself, went suddenly out of fashion. Silence was best when there was so little to say that could be anyhow consolatory to the people or satisfactory to the ruler. With a delicate but indignant reticence, M. de Montalembert indicates thus the reason of his friend's sudden withdrawal from the pulpit:—

"I do not think that any formal interdiction emanating even from the temporal authorities had ever been pronounced against him; but there was a general sentiment that this bold and free language which he had used for twenty years, under all changes, without meeting any obstacle, without recognising any curb but that of orthodoxy, was now out of date. Evil days had come for the struggles and the triumphs of eloquence. It was universally repudiated, and made responsible for all the misfortunes of the country, for all the dangers of society, by a triumphant revenge of those who had never been able to make any man listen to them. The prince of sacred eloquence had thus to be silent. He said afterwards, 'I left the pulpit in a spontaneous fear of my liberty before an age which was no longer free. I perceive,' he added, 'that in my thoughts, in my language, in my past, in what remains to me of future, I also was a king of freedom, and that my hour had come to disappear like the others.'"

He preached no more. He was not yet fifty—still in the full vigour of his powers—but the day of dis-

cussion, of agitation, of eloquence was over, and Lacordaire, with instinctive wisdom seems to have perceived the expediency of submission. It is a strange conclusion to a singular career. After the chivalrous pugnacity of his earlier years; after his steady struggle all his life through, by every possible means to link together democracy and Catholicism, the old unmoving Church and the new ever-varying world; after 'L'Avenir' of his youth, with its daring hopes and efforts—the brilliant youthful future which he and his colleagues were to work out of revolution and anarchy—and 'L'Ere Nouvelle' of his later years, which had less of the future, less of hope, yet was still a new beginning;—it is a strange sight to see the champion suddenly drop his arms and stand silent, arrested for ever before this new, strange, silent figure of absolutism which has suddenly erected itself against the agitated firmament. When this unlooked-for apparition rises between him and the skies, the great preacher has nothing more to say. All is over in a moment. "I have never feared but one thing—the absolute triumph of an individual," said his friend, Madame Swetchine. And when, at last, after a world of controversy and discussion, that dreaded event arrived, the public life of the great orator came to an almost instantaneous conclusion. He retired not by compulsion, but by some internal sense of necessity. "He had no violence, no persecution to complain of," says his biographer, "and I only render homage to truth by declaring that I have never seen in him the least trace of bitterness or of animosity against the new power. This power inspired him only with the sentiment of neutrality, dignified and a little disdainful, which existed in his nature in respect to all powers." But whatever his sentiment might be, the fact is certain. Before all other developments of power the orator had held up bravely the banner of the Church, and kept his place. Before this new potency he

gave way and yielded. It is one of the strangest acts of homage ever done to an unquestionable strength—"Le prince de la parole sacrée dût donc se taire." He gave up that right over which he had rejoiced in the fervent days of his youth as "something inalienable, divine, eternally free"—the right of speaking of God. He made neither resistance nor public protest. The shadow of the new Empire fell over him in sudden chill and silence, and the words died upon his fervid lips. He who had spoken so freely, laboured so hard, spent himself so liberally for the service of his Church and country, was in himself, as he expresses it, "a kind of liberty"—a personified freedom; and, as with other freedoms, the day was over for him. He saw by intuition that resistance was useless. The silent despot overawed, as by a species of fascination, the eloquent priest, who, in his heart, was "a little disdainful" of all kinds of powers. This new kind of power, personal, self-concentrated, standing alone in an inexorable mute mystery over the destinies of France, silenced the preacher as if by force of instinct. His voice died out of the country, which had fallen into a sudden paralysis, half of fear, half of admiration, before this basilisk Emperor. The spell was upon Lacordaire as upon France. He never opened his lips again in public after that one series of provincial lectures, which were themselves broken off and left imperfect, because one of them contained "some outbursts of truth, of grief, and of boldness, which were no longer in season. He had to renounce public speaking definitively," says M. de Montalembert, with significant reserve; and here, according with the beginning of the imperial power, ended his public life.

He withdrew after this to Soraye, an ancient abbey, first of the Benedictines, then of the Dominicans, to which order he himself belonged, and where there now flourished a

large public school. He devoted himself to the regeneration and perfection of this institution, to "the teaching of youth, which had always been the supreme vocation of his life." Here he consoled the sadness and disappointment of his heart, wounded as it was by the sudden overthrow of all the work of his life, and by the sad and rapid change of affairs which had taken place in France, among the children whom he loved. But though he made no public complaint, and manfully devoted himself to the favourite occupation which Providence had still left to him, the lamentable downfall of all his hopes went to the heart of the liberal monk. His country, his age, "which scarcely knew how to obey," had become all at once eager "not only to accept but to implore a master." His Church and religious party, "clergy and Catholics, who had so long applauded the masculine independence of his eloquence, had fallen all at once a prey to a delusion without excuse, and to a prostration without example in all the history of the Church." Names which had been honoured to appear beside his own in the memorable manifestoes by which Christian liberty had invoked the sole shelter of public freedom, appeared all at once affixed to harangues and mandements which borrowed the forms of Byzantine adulation to salute the mad dream of an orthodox absolutism. "Till the last day of his life," adds M. de Montalembert, "the grief and indignation with which the sight of this great moral catastrophe inspired him was not weakened. But his affliction, his magnanimous wrath, breathed forth in his letters. This treasure remains to us, thank God! it will be preserved for posterity; and when the time shall come when all may be said, it will appear as the most brilliant and most necessary of protests against those who have so miserably divided, disarmed, and discredited Catholicism in France."

We have no space to quote, as the biographer does, those melancholy and indignant letters. Whilst thus breathing forth to his friends the disappointment which consumed his soul, Lacordaire lived on in his southern seminary, far from the busy world which had deceived him, a life of usefulness and silence. It was a "retreat laborious and animated" in which he now found himself; and, with a true Christian philosophy, the great orator bent all his faculties to his work. "One of the consolations of my present life," he writes, with touching sadness, "is to live only with God and children: the latter have their faults, but they have still betrayed nothing and dishonoured nothing." He made Soraye "the most flourishing and popular scholastic establishment in the south;" he formed a tender paternal friendship with many young souls, over whom he had immense influence. With the same eloquence which he had displayed in Notre Dame he preached to his pupils in their provincial chapel. In short, he accepted his position like a true man; and, hiding his mortification, his profound disappointment, his injured heart in his own breast, devoted himself to the important but obscure position in which he was to end his life. Here another great event happened to him in his seclusion. It was from Soraye he came, in his Dominican frock, to receive from the French Academy "the noblest recompense which can, in our days, crown a glorious and independent life." He sat one day only in that illustrious assembly, where he appeared, as he himself said, as "the symbol of freedom accepted and fortified by religion." This last honour was the last public event which occurred in his life. He went back laureated for his dying, and ended his life in Soraye, after a painful illness—so far as we are able to make out, for M. de Montalembert is indistinct in the matter of dates—in the winter of 1861.

"It is the first time that my body has resisted my will," he said, with a half-playful melancholy, in the midst of his sufferings; and died exclaiming, "My God, open to me, open to me!" with a sublime simplicity. God opened to him, and his agitations were over. Whether on the other side of that wonderful gateway he might discover that his monkish frock was less worth fighting for than it appeared, who can inquire? He lived a life full of worthy labour and service, and doubtless found his reward.

Our space does not permit us to follow M. de Montalembert, in his quotations from the letters and sermons of his friend, though there are in these letters many snatches of brilliant and tender eloquence on which we are much tempted to linger. It is not, however, in his productions that Lacordaire is most remarkable; it is in his character and career. "The principal thing is to *have a life*," he himself said, when deprecating the overproduction of modern literature; and no man has more exemplified the saying. He had a life, this man of conflict and strife, of self-denial and silence, of independence and duty—a life too human to make any formal anatomical consistency over-visible in its flesh-and-blood details—broadly contradictory, yet always in a harmony with itself more true than consistency. With his heart full of the agitations and the hopes of his time, he lived in his cloister in the practice of self-mortifications and punishments as severe as those with which any antique son of Dominic had subdued the flesh. "When all the events of this generous life shall be known, the orator will disappear before the monk," says his sympathetic and admiring biographer, "and the *prestige* of that eloquence which has moved, enlightened, and converted so many souls, will seem a less marvel than the formidable austerity of his life, the severity with which he chastised his flesh, and his passionate love for Jesus Christ." This is the side

of his character and existence least comprehensible to the English spectator. How he, so unimpassioned, so temperate, so sensible—he who had only loved glory, and nothing else, before he loved God—should have needed “excessive macerations” to subdue that flesh which, so far as appears, was far from exercising any despotic sway over the spirit, is a curious question, and one which perhaps never can be answered to the satisfaction of our practical understandings; but the interest, the individuality, and sincere nobleness of his life seem unquestionable. From his little convent he passes to the bar and public tribunal, where even the unwilling crowd applauds; to the pulpit, where admiring multitudes surround him; yet returns to his Visitandines and his almonry, obedient and silent, when the hour of his triumph is over. From the height of popular fame and success, driven by that noble intuition in his heart that he is not sufficiently using the talent God has given him, he withdraws to take up the monk’s frock, most despised of habits, not to hide a mortified life or wounded heart, as a sentimental bystander might suppose, but for the sake of the labour and use of which he believes it still capable. Deeply contradictory as such a proceeding is of all our convictions and theories, it is far from our thoughts to blame Lacordaire for this singular vestment in which he enwrapped all his later life. It may be that to the eyes of this languid and over-refining age, the forcible type and symbol which antedate all arguments, is, after all, the thing most wanted; and that the apparition of the monk, self-denuded of all possessions, even of his own will, for the glory of God and the service of his neighbour, may startle the confused intelli-

gence into a belief of that work and its importance, which no philosophy could give. Such at least seems to have been the conviction of Lacordaire. Like his great contemporary Irving, the French preacher felt the inefficacy of common means for the work on which his heart was set. To both the world came open-mouthed, wondering and admiring; but neither in the London modern church, nor under the noble arches of Notre Dame, was the report of the prophet believed as he felt in his heart it ought to be. This uneasiness in the passionate heart of our great countryman gave rise, by some subtle magnetic influence, to a wild dream of miraculous aid and voices from heaven; and in the self-controlled and unimpassioned soul of the French priest it wrought an issue almost as strange—the restoration, to some extent, of monasticism in his country, and the dedication of his own life to that disused and discredited vocation. No two men could be more unlike, but here both met in a strange concord and agreement. Something had to be done beyond the ordinary routine of evangelism to seize upon the dull ear and sluggish heart of the time. Supernaturalism, or monasticism, or any other martyrdom—what matter, so it did but startle that slumbering generation to some thought of its evil ways? Let us build the sepulchres of those prophets whom our fathers, by their apathy and indifference, drove into such a noble desperation. We, too, doubtless, will do our share of the same work. Yet it is a kind of penitence of humanity for its ever-recurring mistakes and misconceptions, which prompts one generation to decorate the tombs into which the sins of a former generation have urged and driven the not perfect yet noble dead.

LADY MORGAN'S MEMOIRS.

IN a small house furnished in the tawdry - brilliant style, in a small street adjoining Lowndes Square, there dwelt, between the years 1828 and 1859, a small woman, who, though very old, persisted in believing herself to be young, and dressed and spoke and acted as if she were the observed of all observers. She was not handsome; she never could have been, for there were defects both in face and form at variance with beauty; but she was bright, or rather brisk, in the expression of her countenance, and her air was jaunty, though neither graceful nor elegant. The career of this little woman had been a remarkably busy, and, on the whole, a successful one. She was a voluminous writer, and had made a good deal of money out of her publishers. By a process which is perhaps better understood on the other side of St. George's Channel than here, she succeeded in making her way into what is called "society," and she never loosened her hold, having once made it fast, upon man or woman, whom, for any reason of rank, worth, or talent, she considered it worth while to cultivate. It is curious to observe likewise the skill with which she makes it appear that the balance of advantage in the matter of acquaintance was always on the side of her friends, especially when they happened to be gentlemen; for she laboured under the happy delusion of believing that she was not only the cleverest, but the most beautiful woman of the age, and that no man, young or old, married or single, ever approached except to fall in love with her.

Time, however, overtook her as he overtakes other people, and beat her in the race. Latterly she went out little in search of society, either because invitations came sparsely

in, or that the fatigue was too great for her, or that she grudged the fly-hire. But she had weekly receptions in her own little drawing-room, and moved heaven and earth, and a variety of penny-post men, to get them attended. A few old Whigs, including the Marquess of Lansdowne and good-natured Lord Carlisle, when he happened to be in town, looked in occasionally at her soirées. Now and then a Tory man of genius—Sir E. B. Lytton, for example—would make his appearance; and it has even been whispered, though we doubt the truth of the story, that a learned divine, sometimes two, might occasionally be seen in the throng. But the bulk of her guests consisted of fashionables of a second or third order, with a few small celebrities, literary, musical, and artistic. The little woman was very great on these occasions. She dispensed her weak tea and weaker conversation with equal fluency; she flattered and received flattery to any conceivable amount. Every man his own trumpeter, and every woman too, was with her an article of religious belief; and she did what religious professors are suspected of not always doing—she carried her faith into practice. A judicious application of rouge to the cheeks, the frocks and furbelows of a girl, a mincing gait, and a perpetual smile, set her forth to the best advantage. At eighty-three years of age she was still a butterfly; and if she could not flit, she floundered from flower to flower.

One day it became known, through a paragraph in the 'Morning Post,' that Lady Morgan was dead. London was not thrown into a state of consternation by the announcement, neither did any of its leading habitués array themselves in mourning; on the con-

¹Lady Morgan's Memoirs: Autobiography, Diaries, and Correspondence.
London: W. H. Allen & Co.

trary, we are afraid that, having read the brief sketch which accompanied the notification, and commented upon it, most people forgot within five minutes or less that such a person as Lady Morgan had ever existed. But this was a consummation which, though common enough where others were concerned, her ladyship had made up her mind should not occur in her case. Having engrossed, as she believed, a large share of public attention while living, she determined that she should not cease to be talked about when dead. Accordingly, she conceived the brilliant idea of immortalising herself in a posthumous work, and occupied herself, early and late, in preparing the materials. She availed herself of the assistance of kind-hearted Miss Jewsbury in this work, and appointed by will that Mr. Hepworth Dixon should be the guardian of her literary reputation. We never heard whether in her lifetime she made Mr. Dixon aware of the honour which was intended for him: we think it probable that she did not; because Mr. Dixon is reputed to be a man of sense; and it strikes us that, knowing his woman, he would have got out of the scrape had the chance of doing so been afforded him. But it is one thing to object to a proposed arrangement before it is completed, and quite another to refuse carrying into effect the last wish of a relative or dear friend. The struggle was doubtless severe; but sentiment prevailed with Mr. Dixon over the remonstrances of good taste and good feeling. He took home the box which contained the precious documents; and now, at an interval of three years from the old lady's death, the results are before us.

But Mr. Dixon, though a pious executor, is not the less a wise man. He seems to have read her ladyship's papers through, and arrived at a just appreciation of their merits. They would not bear handling in any shape; they must come before the public exactly as they came before him, or he at

least could have nothing to say to them. Here is his preface:—

“Lady Morgan bequeathed her papers and journals to me, with a view to their publication. The collection was large, as she had preserved nearly every line written to her from the letters of princes, and statesmen, the compliments of poets, of exiles, and heroes, down to the petitions of weavers, chimney-sweeps, and servant-girls—even the invitations sent her to dinner, and the address cards left at her door. Many of these trifles of the day have no value now; a hundred years hence, if kept together, they may serve to illustrate with singular brightness and detail the domestic life of a woman of society in the reign of Victoria. My duty in the matter of their publication was clear enough. Lady Morgan had not only proposed to write her own memoirs, but had made a considerable progress in her task. A good part of a volume had been prepared under her own eyes for the press. Much of the correspondence to be used had been marked, and the copious diaries, in which she had noted the events of her life and the course of her thoughts, supplied nearly all the additions which could be desired. Under these circumstances, it appeared to me that Lady Morgan could be judiciously left to tell her own story in her own way.”

If Mr. Dixon had followed any other course, he would have done great injustice both to himself and to Lady Morgan. Her ladyship's story, as told by herself, is indeed a literary curiosity: had it been told by him, or by anybody else, we doubt whether it would have found a dozen readers. It is probable, for example, that Mr. Dixon would have endeavoured to settle the dates of events as they occurred. Possibly, too, he might have narrated these events exactly as they befell: we are pretty sure that he would have done his best to draw a faithful portraiture of his heroine—coloured, perhaps, with the tints which biographers are apt to shed over the objects of their laudation, but not absolutely blazing. Lady Morgan knew a great deal better than this. She starts with the frank avowal, “that she never means to be trammelled by attend-”

ing to dates. . . . What has a woman to do with dates?—cold, false, erroneous, chronological dates! New style, old style, procession of the equinox; ill-timed calculation of comets long since due at their stations, yet never come." Don't let the reader suppose that this is a mere empty flourish of trumpets. Lady Morgan was never more earnest in her life than when she wrote these sentences. It formed part of her plan to be considered as enjoying a perpetual youth, and she took the readiest, and as she believed, the surest means of effecting that purpose. In like manner, Lady Morgan had resolved that from beginning to end, her career, as the world was to follow it, should be a romance. She throws an air of mystery, therefore, not only over the date of her birth, but over all the incidents of place and condition into which she fell; till circumstances as wonderful as they are fortunate, combined to plant her in the foremost ranks of literature and fashion. This gives her an immense advantage over autobiographers in general. She is free to say what she pleases, and to say it as she pleases; and if the public be perverse enough to discredit her statements wholly or in part, what is that to her? The public will read her book and talk about it, and the subject of it; and her manes, if she have any manes, will for a while be gladdened.

There are two ways of telling the story of Lady Morgan's infancy and girlhood. The first, or poetical, which is her own, describes her as descended from an old Irish family—as the daughter of a man of brilliant genius and the highest sense of honour—as coming into the world at a moment when this great and good man's affairs happened, unfortunately, to be in confusion; and as thus forced, without any fault of his or her own, to make a too early acquaintance with poverty and its attendant evils. The other or prosaic, which has no foundation to rest upon except vulgar fact, says that Sydney Owenson was the daughter of a

strolling player, who could never clearly distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*—who was always rollicking, light-hearted, and merry—who spent every farthing which he earned faster than it came in, was often in prison, and perpetually in debt. The poetic, or Lady Morgan's reading, further shows that the Owensons or M'Owens came from one of the great houses of Connaught, which at some remote period, date unknown, had lost or forfeited their enormous estates; that her grandfather, a handsome young yeoman, ran away with her grandmother, and that, though very poor, they lived, upon the whole, comfortably and respectably together. The other, or prosaic version, seems to say that it was Miss Owenson's grandmother who ran away with her grandfather; that she fell in love with his *illigant* Hibernian proportions on the occasion of a great curling-match, and never let him alone till he had made her his wife. It is not, however, so easy, as we advance in this interesting history, to follow the line which separates the ideal from the real; but this much at least is certain, that before the end of a year the *ci-devant* Miss Crofton became the mother of Robert M'Owen, and that Robert M'Owen became in due course of time the father of Sydney Lady Morgan.

There is nothing to show very clearly under what circumstances the patronymic M'Owen made way for the more euphonious Owenson. We are inclined to believe that the change must have occurred at the time when young M'Owen became a dependant upon the Blakes, and hereby hangs a tale. Mrs. M'Owen, it appears, was a sweet singer, and played skilfully on the Irish harp. She possessed likewise a large share of that inventive faculty which descended to her granddaughter, for she managed to get up such a story, and to tell it so effectively, as to induce a rich neighbour to become the patron of her son. A Mr. Blake, a man of enormous wealth, had purchased the property on which

M'Owen's cabin stood. He called one day on the inmates, and was struck, of course, with the ladylike manners of one of them, who soon made him aware of the gentility of her own descent, and got up a pedigree still more startling for her husband and son. Mr. Blake was assured, with great solemnity and perfect effect, that at some period indefinitely remote a Blake had diddled a M'Owen out of his estate. The millionaire's sympathies were awakened, either by the tale, or by the manner of telling it; and as he had previously been struck by the boy's exquisite voice (for young M'Owen sang like a thrush, and formed one of the choir in the morning at the chapel, and in the afternoon at the church), Mr. Blake forthwith proposed to take him into his family and do for him. It was too good an offer to be refused. Young M'Owen, henceforth to be spoken of as Owenson, left the cabin for the hall, and received just such an education as a horribly selfish bachelor with some fine tastes considered would suffice to render the boy useful to himself, and amusing to other people.

We hear nothing after this of Grandfather M'Owen, and not much of Grandmother. They probably continued to live, the rest of their days, the cat-and-dog life which usually falls to the lot of persons circumstanced as they were; but the son goes with his patron to Dublin, where for the first time he is present at a play. By-and-by, after exchanging his frieze for broadcloth, he removes to London. There wits and beauties flock about him. He is very clever—he sings divinely. Oliver Goldsmith is his first cousin, five times removed, and Madame Weichsel takes a fancy to him. This is too much, and the lad's head gets turned. Mr. Blake has occasion to visit Ireland, or says that he has, and goes away, after charging young Owenson to keep at home and look after his property. In particular, he charges the lad not to go to the theatre in his absence, or to any other place of

public amusement; but no sooner is the patron's back turned, than the protégé hurries off to Vauxhall, and is easily persuaded to take part in the duet of 'Fair Aurora' with his friend Madame Weichsel, who has an engagement there. He little knows what eyes are upon him all the while. Mr. Blake has not gone to Ireland; he has come to Vauxhall to be amused, and after listening to the duet, and probably applauding it, he goes straight back to his house in Russell Street. We are not prepared to say what might have happened had young Owenson returned home to sleep. But he did nothing of the sort; he was out on a spree for three days and three nights, and found, when the fun was over, that his trunk stood ready roped in the hall, and that a letter from Mr. Blake, containing a bank post-bill for £300, requested him to go about his business.

On the whole, we are inclined to believe that this is a not incorrect statement of the case. Some allowances must of course be made for over-colouring. Probably Owenson was not quite the accomplished gentleman whom his daughter represents him to have been, nor Mr. Blake the sybarite and the brute she describes. At all events, we think he did perfectly right in getting rid of a scapegrace whom he could not trust out of his own sight. Such, however, were not young Owenson's views of the matter. He indignantly re-enclosed the bank-note to Mr. Blake (we have some doubts about that fact), and marched off, proud and penniless, to Oliver Goldsmith. The upshot was that he took to the stage, and sang and acted with moderate success. He accepted an engagement at Shrewsbury, and there persuaded the mayor's daughter to marry him privately. It was a decided *mésalliance* on both sides, for the good blood of old Ireland got contaminated by intermixture with that of a provincial magnate; while the magnate took so little to the honour conferred upon him, that he refused

to make any settlement on the young couple, or even to see them.

Miss Hill, now Mrs. Owenson, was a follower of Lady Huntingdon, and hated the stage. She prevailed upon her husband, great as he was in such characters as Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Major O'Flaberty, to abandon it, and he confined himself to singing at oratorios. This continued for a while, very much to the singer's discontent; but by-and-by Richard Daley, Esq. of Castle Daley (let us not withhold the title), persuaded the facile Owenson to violate his pledge, and to connect himself with the Theatre-Royal, Crow Street, Dublin, of which he Castle Daley was the patentee. There followed upon this a removal to Drumcondra, where the deputy-manager—for such was Mr. Owenson's rank—took a "pretty villa," and Mrs. Owenson bore as she best might her banishment to the land of Papists and potatoes. And here, in passing, we would venture to point out, that when Lady Morgan speaks of "pretty villas," "elegant cottages," "lovely villages," and suchlike, she does not always intend that we should believe her *au pied de la lettre*. The "pretty villa" in the "lovely village" was, we suspect, in the present instance, a tumble-down, half-ruinous house on the outskirts of a dirty lane, much frequented by long-legged swine and half-naked children. And we arrive at this conclusion from recollecting a little incident in her ladyship's after-history, which may be worth recording. She went out of town on one occasion, to write, as she said, "in quiet," a book on which she was engaged. Her correspondence with her fashionable friends was not, however, intermitted; and in a letter to Lady Charleville, not given in this collection, she describes herself as "sitting beside a glass door, which opens upon a velvet lawn, and commands a lovely view over one of the fairest landscapes that ever delighted the eye of a painter." Lady Charleville,

happening not long after to be near the place of "Glorvina's" retreat, had the curiosity to go and see the spot which had been thus delineated, and found it to be a small and rather dirty room in a cottage, with a single window looking out upon a cabbage-garden, beyond which, at about ten yards' distance, uprose a stiff quickset hedge, impervious to the vision!

We must pass lightly over what remains to be told of the family history of the Owensons. It is rather confusedly narrated, and seems to imply that the circumstances of the household were generally straitened, and that they either shifted their habitat very frequently, or were often in two places at the same time. We have just ascertained, for example, that on the arrival of Mrs. Owenson in Ireland, "my father took a pretty villa for her at Drumcondra." Yet the authority for this fact relates: "I was born on Christmas Day, in that land where all holy days are religiously celebrated, as testimonials to faith, and are excuses for festivity in ancient old Dublin." And here again there is a blank, which we are left to fill up as we please. On the Christmas Day of what year might this memorable event occur? Taking collateral circumstances into account, it might not unfairly be assumed that some Christmas Day about the middle of the last century witnessed the remarkable occurrence. But the inference, we suspect, would be erroneous. Having taken a good deal of pains to settle the matter, we are glad that it is in our power to save Lady Morgan from the reproach of having lived many years beyond eighty. She was born in 1776. "Bells tolled, carols were intoned—the streets resounded with joyous sounds; an uproarious party sat about the board of as fine a type of the Irish gentleman as Ireland ever set forth, when another birth" (another than what?) "was announced by a joyous gossip to the happy father, who instantly disappeared."

We cannot too much commend the taste, not to say the piety, of this whole sentence. No wonder that the guests, waiting, "not with empty glasses," till the happy father's return, should have considered the event a "reason fair to fill their glass again," or that they were with difficulty dispersed on the assurance "that they should all meet again that day month, to be present at the christening of the young heathen."

The christening of the "young heathen" took place in due time. The ceremony is well described, and the style eminently characteristic, for it is light, airy, graceful, and considerably profane. Then comes a pause, extending, as it would appear, over some years — and after that a graphic account of the lumbering of a post-coach, "on the evening of a dreary winter's day, up the ill-paved hill of an old street in the oldest part of Dublin, called Fish Shambles Street." Where the coach came from we are not told, but it conveyed Mrs. Owenson and her two daughters (for by this time Olivia likewise had been born, and both she and Sydney were able to take their share in conversation) to the new home which Mr. Owenson had prepared for them. And here comes another mystery. The house is evidently a ruin — but why a ruin, and how, if ever, repaired, we never learn. It is enough for us to know that Mr. Owenson, in breach of his engagement with Mr. Daley of Castle Daley, had taken the National Theatre Music Hall, and that it was opened with the representation of three pieces, — "The Carmelite," 'The Brave Irishman,' and 'The Poor Soldier.' A medley of Irish airs made up the overture, which ended with the Volunteers' March, and my father wrote and spoke the prologue in his own character of an Irish Volunteer." Now, if we recollect aright, the Irish Volunteers were in their glory about 1782, and as we learn that Miss Sydney, when the "post-coach" set down its burden, had held an interesting conversation with her mother about Handel,

it appears to us that on this eventful night she could not have been less than six years old at the least.

Mr. Owenson's theatrical adventure was not a fortunate one. The Government went against him, by granting to Mr. Daley a patent for the exclusive performance of the regular drama; and the Dublin gentry, though they took plenty of boxes at the Music Hall, objected or forgot to pay for them. Neither was he more successful in trade. His cousins, the Ffrenches, an old family, of course, exiled on account of their religion, or for some other cause, made him their agent for the sale of wines which they grew at Bordeaux; and though he certainly managed to get rid of large quantities, he was never able to remit to them negotiable bills for the same. He went, in short, to the dogs, his course thither being a good deal accelerated by the death of his amiable but gloomy and Calvinistic wife. And now began in earnest the education of the two Misses Owenson. They were placed under a French *émigrée*, a Mme. Terson, who kept school first at Portarlinton, and afterwards at Clontarf, and learned from her imperfectly a good deal, living at the same time with "many girls of rank, and some of distinguished talent." How Mme. Terson got paid we are left to conjecture. Probably she never got paid at all; but being a benevolent person, and a sort of sister of mercy, she allowed the player's daughters to remain with her for four years, and then handed them over to a Mrs. Anderson in order to be finished. Mrs. Anderson, however, was a different sort of person from Mme. Terson. Her pupils "were the daughters of wealthy mediocrities; their manners were coarse and familiar;" and Mrs. Anderson herself had a vulgar desire to receive *quid pro quo*. The young ladies could not, under such circumstances, remain long with her. Yet "the school in Earl Street had its advantages too, for it brought us constantly in contact with our

dear father, who walked out with us every Sunday on the Mall in Sackville Street, where the fashionables of Dublin most did congregate, who seldom passed us without the observation, 'There goes Owenson and his two dear little girls.'

Having thus early established for herself an interest in the esteem and admiration of "the fashionables," it is not to be wondered at that Sydney Owenson's after-career should have been brilliant. She went with her father to Kilkenny, where he built "a beautiful little theatre," and mortgaged it, before it was roofed in, "to a wealthy and fashionable attorney." The usual results followed — Mr. Welch, the wealthy and fashionable attorney, "foreclosed his mortgage suddenly" (we have heard that he never could get a farthing of interest), "and bills to an enormous amount were presented. They were accepted as a notice to quit. Mr. Owenson carried his daughters back to Dublin, where he placed them in lodgings under the care of their faithful maid Molly, and then bolted. The truth seems to be, that everybody came down upon him. The players were clamorous for their salaries; the workpeople insisted upon having their accounts settled; the attorney claimed the amount of his mortgage; and the Ffrenches required that some portion at least of the value of the wine which Mr. Owenson had undertaken to sell for them should be accounted for. What could the poor manager do under such circumstances? He hid himself till a commission of bankruptcy could be taken out, and then, like many a wiser if not better man, walked at large again, as if nothing particular had happened.

From this date, about 1794, Mr. Owenson ceases to be the prominent figure in the family tableau. His daughter Sydney assumes her proper place. Though barely eighteen, she has already had lovers without end at her feet. The first is a poor scholar called Dermody (a thorough scamp, by the by, who abused everybody's patience, and

died at last of *delirium tremens* in the purlieus of Westminster), to whom her father had been kind. It is by no means certain that he ever seriously proposed, but he wrote many letters full of nonsense, most of which are printed in this collection. Then came the officers of the garrison of Kilkenny, two of whom at least fairly died because beautiful Sydney was cruel.

"Captain White Benson and Captain 'Earl' (says Miss Jewsbury, writing from Lady Morgan's memoranda) "were two young officers quartered in Kilkenny during the period when Mr. Owenson had his daughters with him, while his theatre was being built. She refers to the young men in one of her Dublin letters to her father, telling him that they had called.

"Molly was a very dragon of discretion, and the two girls might have had a worse guardian. Lady Clark often told of the Kilkenny days, when she, an unformed lump of a girl, whose greatest delight was to go rambling about the fields, armed with a big stick and followed by a dog, once returned from her rambles covered with mud, and her frock torn from scrambling over hedges and ditches, her hair all blown over her face (she had the loveliest long golden hair that ever was seen), and found her sister Sydney and these two young officers sitting in the parlour, talking high sentiment, and all three shedding tears. Molly came in at the same moment to lay the cloth for dinner, and thinking they had stayed quite long enough, said, in her most unceremonious manner, 'Come, be off wid yez! an' the master will be coming in to his dinner, and what will he say to find you here fauldangoing with Miss Sydney?' Sydney, who the moment before had been enjoying her sorrows, burst out laughing at this sally, and, shaking her black curly head, danced away like a fairy."

What an exquisite piece of word-painting! What a charming scene! Who can wonder that the results should have been so serious? Of Captain Earl, to be sure, we hear nothing more, but Captain Benson wrote two letters at least to his lady-love, both of which, dated in 1798, are given *in extenso*. Miss Jewsbury's remarks concerning them are edifying:—

"These two letters," she says, "are much worn and torn, as though from frequent reading and handling. On the back of the latest of them is written, 'This elegant-minded and highly-gifted young man drowned himself near York a few months after I received th's letter.'"

Tender as her heart was, Miss Owensson had something else to do than to indulge its weaknesses. She determined, as soon as she became acquainted with the real state of her father's affairs, to earn her own livelihood; and however ridiculous her vanity may be, however gross her many breaches of truth and common propriety, we are bound to acknowledge, and we do it with hearty goodwill, that she went gallantly through with that purpose. Her first impulse was to turn authoress; her next and wiser, to go out as a governess, or companion, if any lady, young or old, would have her. She was now about twenty-one, but looked considerably younger. There was difficulty, therefore, in finding a place for her, though her old music-master, M. Fontaine, did his best to make her merits known, and the Countess O'Haggerty, an *émigrée* and a distinguished harpist, took her up. Accident, however, introduced her at one of Fontaine's parties to Mrs. Lefanu, a sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who behaved to her then and ever afterwards with marked kindness. The result was, that a Mrs. Featherstone sought her out, and, after a little preliminary negotiation, it was settled that she should proceed on a visit to Bracklin, near Castle-town in the county of Westmeath, and, if approved and approving, that she should undertake the education of two young ladies, the daughters of her new friend. If we are to believe Lady Morgan, she seems to have won the hearts and clouded the judgments of all whom she approached.

Her account of her journey to Bracklin, and of the manner of her reception there, is, of course too good to be quite true, but it is very characteristic. She was to travel by the night-mail, but, being in-

vited to a *petit bal d'adieu* at M. Fontaine's, she was startled in the middle of a country-dance by hearing the guard's horn sounding at the end of the street. "Then all that could be done was for Molly to throw a warm cloak over me, with my own bonnet, and my little bundle of things, so that I might dress when I got to Kinigad. One of the young gentlemen snatched up my pormanteau, and so we all flew along the flags, which were frosted over, and got to the mail just as the guard lost patience and was mounting. So I was poked in and the door banged to, and 'my carriage' drove off like lightning down College Green, along the quays, and then into some gloomy street I did not remember."

A smart young officer is taken up at one of the barrack-gates, but being told by the guard that there was an old lady inside, he declines to enter, and jumps up beside the coachman. Imagine his chagrin on discovering, when the coach stops at Kinigad, how grossly he had been deceived. "What!" he exclaims, as Miss Owensson is about to step out; "'let such a foot as that sink in the snow?—never!'" . . . and he actually carried me in his arms into the kitchen, and placed me in an old arm-chair before a roaring turf-fire." Of course he did, and of course he was overawed and subdued when he heard that Mr. Featherstone's carriage and horses were waiting to carry the young lady to Bracklin. But what must the astonishment of the quiet country family have been when the future governess of their children walked in, "pinched, cold, confused, and miserable, in a ball-dress and pink silk shoes and stockings, without an article wherewith to change, her luggage having gone forward with the mail?" All, however, comes right in the end. The old gentleman looks grave, the young ladies laugh; mamma puts the stranger in charge of her future pupils, who dress her up in suits of their own. There is a capital dinner—she sings '*Emunch ach Nuie*'

('Ned of the Hills'), and 'Barbara Allen' (we presume at the dinner-table), and after tea the whole entertainment is wound up with a dance, in which Miss Owenson comes off with flying colours. Why could not the old lady stop there?

"Public for public," she continues in her imbecility. "It may be worth while here to contrast my last jig in public with this my first out of the school-room. During the Viceroyalty of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, by whose attentions I was much distinguished, as indeed were all my family, it happened that Lord George Hill came on a little embassy from Her Excellency to beg that I would dance an Irish jig with him, as she had heard, of my performance with Lady Glengall in a preceding reign. He said if I would consent I should choose either the Castle or the Viceregal Lodge for the exhibition, and that his brother, Lord Downshire, would write to Hillsboro' for his own piper, who was then reckoned the best in Ireland. As it was to be a private and not a court exhibition, my husband permitted me to accept the challenge from the two best jig-dancers in the country, Lord George himself and Sir Philip Crampton. I had the triumph of flooring my two rivals. Lord George soon gave in, and the Surgeon-General felt a twinge of gout, he said, which obliged him to retire from the lists."

The ball is now at Miss Owenson's foot, and she keeps it going. Her life at Bracklin is a sort of heaven upon earth. Everybody takes to her. Mr. Featherstone himself, though reserved at the outset, becomes one of her thousand lovers, and carries her with him into all the society which the county can afford. So it is when the family goes to Dublin for the season. How the education of the Misses Featherstone got on at all, we don't pretend to understand, for the teacher seems to have plunged into the very vortex of fashionable life. Among other acquaintances which she formed were Sir John Stevenson and Tom Moore, the latter of whom she did her best to captivate, with, as it would appear, only indifferent success. But if she failed to bring the poet to her feet, she caught from him the furor of author-

ship. She had already completed her first novel, and needed only a publisher to bring it out. Her account of the manner in which that want was supplied is too rich not to be given in detail:—

"The Featherstone family were shortly to leave town, and I resolved on the desperate step of publishing my novel, though I did not know the difference between a bookseller and a publisher; and I intended to take my chance of finding one in the streets of Dublin. I had observed that the Domenich-street cook, a relic of the Dowager Steele regime, was in the habit of hanging up her bonnet and cloak in the back hall. I slipped down quietly one morning early, put on the cloak and bonnet, and with the MS. tidily put up under my arm, passed through the open hall-door, at which a milkman was standing, and started on my first literary adventure. I wandered down into Britain Street, past the noble edifices of the Lying-in Hospital and the Rotunda, quickened my steps down the aristocratic pavement of Sackville Street, then occupied by the principal nobility of Ireland. When I got to the bottom, with Carlisle Bridge and the whole world of commerce 'all before me where to choose,' I was puzzled; but as chance directed, I turned to the right into Henry Street, proceeding along, frightened and uncertain. To the left rose the Church of St. Peter, where I had gone to be confirmed; opposite to it were Stella's lodgings, where she and Mrs. Dingley held their *bureau d'esprit*. At the other end of the carrefour, and on a line with the church, and on the same side with it, my eyes were dazzled by an inscription over a door,—'T. Smith, printer and bookseller.' As I ascended the steps a dirty-faced boy was sweeping the shop, and, either purposely or accidentally, swept all the dust into my face. He then flung down the brush, and, springing over the counter, leaned his elbows on the counter, and his chubby face on his hands, and said, 'What do you please to want, Miss?' I was stunned, but after a moment's hesitation replied, the gentleman of the house. 'Which of them—young or old?' Before I could make any selection, a glass door at the back of the shop opened, and a flashy young yeoman in full uniform, his musket on his shoulder, and whistling the 'Irish Volunteers,' marched straight up

to me. The impudent boy, winking his eye, said, 'Here's a young Miss wants to see yez, Master James.' Master James marched up to me, chucked me under the chin, 'and filled me from the top to the toe choke-full of direst cruelty.' I could have murdered them both. All that was dignified in girlhood and authorship beat at my heart, when a voice from the parlour behind the shop came to my rescue by exclaiming, 'What are you doing there, Jim—why ain't you off, sir, for the Phoenix?—and the lawyers' corks marched an hour ago.' The next moment, a good-looking, middle-aged man, but in a great passion, with his face half shaved, and a razor and shaving-cloth in his hand, came forth and said, 'Off wid ye now, sir, like a sky-rocket.' Jim accordingly shouldered his musket 'like a sky-rocket,' and Scrub, kaping over the counter, seized his broom and began to sweep diligently to make up for lost time. The old gentleman gave me a good-humoured glance, and saying, 'Sit down, honey, and I'll be with you in a jiffy,' returned in a few minutes with the other half of his face shaved, and, wiping his hands with a towel, took his place behind the counter, saying, 'Now, honey, what can I do for you?' This was altogether so unlike my ideas of the Tonsons, the Dodsleys, and the great Miss Burney, that I was equally inclined to laugh and cry; so the old gentleman repeated his question, 'Well, what do you want, my dear?' I hesitated, and at last said, 'I want to sell a book, please.' 'To sell a book, dear,—an ould one, for I sell new ones myself? And what is the name of it, and what's it about?' I was now occupied in taking off the rose-coloured ribbon with which I had tied up my MS. 'What!' he said; 'it is a MS., is it!' 'The same, sir,' I said; 'St. Clair.' 'Well, now, my dear, I've nothing to do with Church books, neither sermons nor tracts, do you see. I take it for granted it is a Papist book by the title.' 'No, sir, it is one of sentiment, after the manner of Werter.' He passed his hand over his face, which left the humorous smile on his face unconcealed. 'Well, my dear, I never heard of Werter, and am not a publisher of novels at all.' At this announcement, hot, hurried, flurried, and mortified, I began to tie up my MS. In spite of myself the tears came into my eyes, and poor good-natured Mr. Smith said, 'Don't cry, my dear; there's

money bid for you yet. But you're very young to turn author; and what's your name, dear?' 'Owenson, sir,' I said. 'Owenson!' he repeated; 'are you anything to Mr. Owenson of the Theatre-Royal?' 'Yes, sir; I am his daughter.' 'His daughter—you amaze me!'

And so on, and so on; for such, in fact, is the point up to which the whole twaddle is leading. The illustrious Owenson of the Theatre-Royal has friends and admirers everywhere. His name is a talisman which opens all doors, and softens all hearts. Mr. Smith introduces Miss Owenson to Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown allows her to leave her MS. behind, and, without a word of agreement, spoken or written, on either side, he brings it out to his own great satisfaction. Miss Owenson thus becomes famous before she is aware of it.

Though very happy at Bracklin, Miss Owenson is not sorry to leave it. She returns to the bosom of her own family, and thus speaketh:—

"We" (that is to say, her sister Olivia and herself) "are seated at our little work-table, beside a cheerful turf-fire and a pair of lights. Livy is amusing herself at work, and I have been reading out a work of Schiller's to her; whilst Molly is washing up the tea-things in the back-ground, and Peter is laying the cloth for his master's supper. That dear master! In a few minutes we shall hear his rap at the door, and his whistle under the window; and then we shall circle round the fire, and chat and laugh over the circumstances of the day. These are the scenes in which my heart expands, and which I love to sketch on the spot. Ah! I must soon leave them."

To be sure she must; the simple truth being this, that she quarrelled with both father and sister, and had an insuperable objection to all their domestic arrangements. "In spite of her romantic love for her father," observes Miss Jewsbury, "and her sincere attachment to her sister, the beautiful illusion of living a domestic life with them soon wore off. Accustomed as she had been so long to the plentiful comfort and regularity of Mrs. Featherstone's well-ordered household, she felt the difference between that and the scrambling poverty and discomfort

of life in an Irish lodging." So she levanted, and is next heard of in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, at Fort-William in the north of Ireland. Her letters from that place are all in the old style. One of them indeed, addressed to her sister, begins by confessing that while surrounded "by that happy circle to which her heart was accustomed to expand," "her spirits sank beneath the least appearance of discord, and she was too conscious that she was not so fortunate as to please every member of her own dear family." The case is quite different at Fort-William. "Here I am almost an object of idolatry among the servants, and am caressed by all ranks of people." She not only goes wherever the family are invited, but receives separate invitations for herself. To be sure, Mrs. Crawford now and then runs rusty, and the self-love of the little governess receives a wound. "We had a very pressing invitation sent us for a ball at Clough Jordan, given by a club there. Mine was, as usual, separate, but Mrs. Crawford would not go. Is it the third she has refused. Is it not provoking? Be content with your situation; you are young, you are beautiful, you are admired, and foolish women do not torment you!" Provoking! it was intolerable. Happily, however, crosses of this kind were rare—at all events, we don't find many allusions to them in Miss Owenson's correspondence with her old friend Mrs. Featherstone.

"The other day we had upwards of forty people to dinner, among others Lord Dunally, Lord and Lady Clanbrock, Hon. Mrs. Dillon, the Vaughans of Golden Grove, &c. We sang and played a good deal, and the night finished most pleasantly with my Irish jig, in which I put down my men completely. This has produced an ode to a jig, which I will send, when I can get a frank, to your papa, for I know it will please him. . . . Well, the other night we were at an immense row at Lady Clanbrock's, to whom I owe so many obligations for her marked attention to me since my residence here, that I am at a loss how to mention them. It was quite a musical party, and—give me joy—on the decision

of Lord Norbury, who was of the party, I bore away the palm from all their Italian music by the old Irish airs of 'Ned of the Hill' and 'Cooleen,' to which I had adapted words, and I was interrupted three times by plaudits in the 'Soldier tired.'"

Having thus got into the good graces of a few lords and ladies, it is scarcely to be wondered at that Miss Owenson should become disgusted with Mrs. Crawford and her pruderies. "As I found that these good people" (the Crawfords) "were determined on going for life to Castle Tumbledown" (Fort-William), "and as I never had any strong propensity for the society of crows who have established a very flourishing colony in the battlements, I gave in my resignation last week." It was time that she should, for her mind was so completely divided between authorship and quiety, that it could scarcely be expected to stoop to the trivialities of teaching. 'St. Clair,' brought out, as we have stated, surreptitiously, had made some stir. Miss Jewsbury says it was translated into German; but we doubt whether it was much read at home beyond the circle of the authoress's acquaintances. The complimentary notes which it drew from her friends, however, induced her to begin another, which was to be completed in six volumes, and to which she gave the name of the 'Novice of St. Domenich.' Part of the 'Novice' she seems to have written in her father's lodgings at Enniskillen, whither, after her breach with Mrs. Crawford, she appears to have retired; part in the house of a family called Crossley, to whom she paid a visit. There were several sons in that family, one of whom, as a matter of course, fell in love with her. His letters—for he wrote many—are all carefully preserved; and on the back of the envelope in which they were wrapped up Miss Jewsbury found the following inscription:—"Francis Crossley, aged eighteen, chose to fall in love with me, Sydney Owenson, aged eighteen.

He was then intended for a merchant, but the 'Novice of St. Domenich,' which he copied out, as regularly as it was written, in six huge volumes, and its author, turned his head. He fled from his country-house, went to India, and became a great man." With exceeding naïveté Miss Jewsbury observes on this—"Lady Morgan, when she endorsed these papers, had of course forgotten her own age. It is so sweet to be eighteen." Forgotten her own age! We should think that she had, just as she forgot everything which did not minister to her vanity or jump with the humour of the moment. But Lady Morgan could remember as well as forget, when it suited her purpose. "Among her memoranda of 1822 and 1824," says Miss Jewsbury, "are two or three entries on the subject of Captain Crossley, which may be given in this place:" "Francis Crossley, my fast friend of the other sex, met me at my sister's house at dinner after an absence of eighteen years. It was a singular interview. What was most singular in it is, that he remains unchanged. He insists upon it that, *in person*, so am I." "August 24th: Received this day a letter from Captain Crossley, acquainting me with his intention of marrying. I have written him an answer *à mourir de rive*, and so ends our romance of so many years!" "August 26th: Captain and Mrs. Crossley dined this day here, and I never saw such a *triste* looking couple. My poor Francis silent and sad." How could he be otherwise, poor man! under the circumstances—with the new and old love both before him, and cut off by his own rash act, from choosing between?

We take leave from this date of Miss Owenson, the governess, that we may follow the fortunes of Miss Owenson the authoress. Her pen is never idle. She writes, with equal facility and speed, songs, which are set to music or arranged by her father, odes, and novels. She has learned, likewise, how to attend to her own interests in disposing of her copyrights. The

Dublin publisher seems to have rendered her no account, so she opens a correspondence with Sir Richard Phillips of London. The story which she tells, and her manner of telling it, take with the bibliophile, and she packs up the 'Novice,' and sets off alone, personally to negotiate with him. With all her foibles (for, indeed, Lady Morgan's worst faults scarcely deserve to be described by a harsher title), there was something about her which made friends wherever she went. Mr. Quintin Dick, for example, a chance fellow-passenger in the coach from Holyhead, never lost his interest in her to the day of his death. Phillips could not resist her insinuating manners. He bought her MS. (she does not say what he gave for it); and, though married and of middle age, made love to her in his own way. Gruff, stern, old Mrs. Inchbald, alone of the Londoners to whom she recommended herself, repulsed her. But the repulse made no lasting impression. She returned to Ireland gratified and hopeful, and extended day by day her reputation, and the circle, already not limited, of her correspondence and acquaintances.

Lady Morgan's novels have long since passed into the oblivion which is their rightful portion. They are all cast in the same mould. Whether we look into 'St. Clair,' 'The Novice,' 'The Wild Irish Girl,' 'The O'Briens and the O'Flahartys,' or any other of the multitudinous brood which made their appearance at intervals from 1801 to 1826, each resembles the other as closely as pea resembles pea. We have in all of them the same characters, almost the same incidents, certainly the same opinions, and the same style of conversation throughout. Miss Owenson herself is the universal heroine; Mr. Owenson figures in most of them, sometimes as a prince, otherwise as a nobleman. The officers with whom she associated in Kilkenny—the friends who sheltered her in her hour of need—her lovers, real or imaginary—her lord and lady acquaintances, an inter-

esting priest, and a gripping parson, — all come upon the stage. The love-passages are warm, the learning is ludicrous; the delineation of national manners and national modes of thinking one-sided; and the style lively and incorrect, or else turgid and pompous. They attained to a degree of popularity for which it seems difficult in this age to account. The truth, however, is, that Miss Owenson caught the top of the wave. By writing up Liberalism just as it began to struggle into fashion, she became to the Whigs, as a novelist, pretty much what Moore was as a poet; and she reaped her reward. For the Tories, as is their wont, while they abused her principles, followed the lead set them by their rivals, and spoke of the authoress as a woman of genius, whom it would be generous to praise and entertaining to cultivate. Hence both parties were as ready to receive her advances as she was willing to make them. Moreover, when she attained to the height of her popularity, at the date of the publication of 'The Wild Irish Girl,' public taste was wretched in the extreme. The Waverley Novels had not yet begun to purify the atmosphere which the Minerva Press had long darkened, and Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austin stood wellnigh alone among lady-novelists. Now, Miss Owenson, though neither an Edgeworth nor an Austin, was far superior to your 'Anna Marias' and 'Girls of the Mountain.' She had a good deal of intuitive perception into the realities of woman's nature, though not, perhaps, into the best parts of it; and hence, in spite of frequent outrages to good manners, and sometimes to decency, she commanded attention.

"I read 'Ida,'" writes Lady Charleville, "before it was all issued from the press, a volume being sent me as soon as sewed; and I read it with the same conviction of the existence of excellent talent, great descriptive powers; and in this work I find particular ingenuity in the novel attempt to interest us for a woman who loved two. And for each of

the lovers the episode was happily contrived on this plan, and executed with great taste and spirit. I could have wished the situations had been less critical in point of delicacy, as the English gentleman has incurred great blame on all sides for having suffered her to escape and the poor Turk too. The politics of Athens are ingenious; but, alas! one poor Emmet, hanging so recently in our streets, does not suffer us to enjoy our miseries in any fiction for some years to come. I have not read the 'Monthly Review,' where it is criticised. I choose to be pleased with what you write now, though I do heartily reprobate your putting off the period of polishing and purifying your language, for pique to those censors, who, after all, may be the best of friends, if they point out a path so attainable to fame. Assuredly, to those to whom God has given fancy, and a touch of the ethereal spark, it is doubly a duty to write pure language, under the penalty of else rendering the best gift of Heaven valueless. Where little is to be done, it is inexcusable to neglect that; and assuredly you promised me that 'Ida' should be more correct than your former publications, even, as you imagined, at the expense of fancy. Now, we found as much imagination as ever, and not more of the square and compass than hitherto."

If it was thus that ladies of taste and delicacy, however awkwardly they might express themselves, thought and wrote of Miss Owenson's manner of handling the tender passion; and if ladies of taste and delicacy could dispense their criticisms with so gentle a hand, it is little to be wondered at if the mass of subscribers to circulating libraries devoured such books as 'Ida,' and pronounced them divine.

Miss Owenson was now the fashion, and Lord and Lady Abercorn invited her to pay them a visit at Baronscourt. They had read 'The Novice of St. Domenich' and 'The Wild Irish Girl,' and, being bored with each other's society, yet equally taking a fancy to the authoress, they urged her to come and live with them, and amuse them over their dull fireside. Miss Jewsbury, writing, we presume, from her friend's notes, thus describes the pair: —

"He" (the Marquess) "was extremely handsome, noble, and courtly in his manner; witty, sarcastic, a *roué* as regarded his principles towards women, a Tory in politics, fastidious, luxurious, refined in his habits, fascinating in his address, *blasé* upon pleasure and prosperity, yet capable of being amused by wit, and interested by a new voice and face. Altogether, he was as dangerous a man for a brilliant young woman to be brought near, as could easily be found. Miss Owenson had, however, the virtue for herself which she bestowed upon her heroines. Her own sentiments and romances found their outlet and exercise in her novels; and she had, for all practical purposes, the strong hard common-sense which called things by their rights names, and never gave bewildering epithets to matters of plain right and wrong. She had no exaggerated generosity, nor sentiments of delicacy about other people's feelings. The Marchioness of Abercorn was as genuine a fine lady as the Marquess was a fine gentleman. In after years Lady Morgan drew her portrait in 'O'Donnel' as Lady Lamberis. She was good-natured and inconsequent; she took up people warmly, and dropped them easily; she was incapable of permanent attachment, except to those belonging to herself."

With this amiable couple Miss Owenson lived rather more than two years. She does not appear to have been altogether pleased with her position, and no wonder. Lady Abercorn was the Marquess's third wife, who

"Lived with him on terms of excessive politeness, and poor Miss Owenson was expected to bear their tempers and attentions, to sit in the cross-fire of their humours, and to find good spirits and sprightly conversation when they were dull. Add to this, that heavy pressure of anxiety about family matters, which was laid upon her before her nerves and sinews were braced to meet it, and before she had any worldly knowledge, produced a feeling of exhaustion. In the material prosperity of her life at Baroncourt the tension relaxed, and the fatigue of past exertion asserted itself. Her own ambition had never allowed her to rest — she had been wonderfully successful; but at Baroncourt and Stanmore Priory all she had attained looked dwarfed and small when mea-

sured by the hereditary power and consequence of the family in which she was for the time an inmate. She did not become discontented, but she was disenchanted for the time with all that belonged to herself, and saw her own position on its true comparative scale. Sydney Owenson, from earliest childhood, had depended on herself alone for counsel and support. There is no sign that she ever felt those moments of religious aspiration, when a human being, sensible of its own weakness and ignorance, cries for help to Him who made us. There are no ejaculations of prayer or of thanksgiving; she proudly took up her own burden, and bore it as well as she could; finding her own way, and shaping her own life, according to her own idea of what ought to form her being's end and aim. She was a courageous indomitable spirit; but the constant dependence on herself, the steady concentration of purpose with which she followed out her own career without letting herself be turned aside, gave a hardness to her nature, which, though it did not destroy her kindness and honesty of heart, petrified the tender grace which makes the charm of goodness."

Lord and Lady Abercorn were very fond of Miss Owenson in their own way. They had formed a plan for her happiness, which, in spite of the opposition in the outset of the two parties most interested, they ultimately succeeded in carrying into effect. Lord Abercorn had for his family physician Dr. Morgan, a dull, priggish, and most conceited individual, between whom and the authoress of 'The Wild Irish Girl' he and the Marchioness determined to make a match. How the affair went on from its dawn to its consummation; how Miss Owenson compelled the reluctant doctor to fall in love with her in spite of himself; how, frightened at the results of the frolic, she would have drawn back at last, had not the lord and lady proved too clever for her, — Lady Morgan, with her usual taste, has described in detail. All the doctor's letters, with some of her own, are printed in this collection; the latter of which, by the by, rather contradict the text of the narrative. According to her ladyship's version,

placed on record after the event, things ran thus:—There had been a great deal of love-making on his side, with something very like it on hers; but in the end—

“Any romance she had felt about Sir Charles was frightened out of her for the time being; and she said she would have given anything to be able to run away again. Neither was much delay accorded to her. On a cold morning in January she was sitting in the library by the fire in her morning wrapper, when Lady Abercorn opened the door and said, ‘Glorvina, come up-stairs directly and be married; there must be no more trifling.’ Her ladyship took Miss Owenson’s arm and led her up-stairs into her dressing-room, where a table was arranged for the ceremony, the family chaplain standing in full canonicals with his book open, and Sir Charles ready to receive her. There was no escape left—the ceremony proceeded, and the Wild Irish Girl was married past redemption.”

All this took place, it will be observed, in January, 1812, possibly upon the third day of the month. On the 29th of the previous December, Miss Owenson, being in Dublin on some mysterious millinery business, wrote thus to the Doctor—“Oh, Morgan! give me all your love, tenderness, comfort and support, for in five short days I am yours for ever.” Thus, whether by accident or through design, Miss Owenson, at the age of thirty-six, gave her hand to a man six or seven years her junior, on whom the noble Marquess had persuaded the Lord-Lieutenant to confer the honour of knighthood, for no other ostensible purpose than that he might have the satisfaction of filling his glass after dinner, and drinking to the health of Sir Charles and Lady Morgan.

Little more remains to be told of the personal history of our heroine—not much of her future efforts as an authoress and a politician. Sir Charles and Lady Morgan soon discovered that the stately restraint of Barons-court and the Priory were too much for a newly-married couple. They parted from the Abercorns, therefore, apparently on decent terms, and took possession of a house of their own in

Kildare Street. Sir Charles then endeavoured to get into practice as a physician, but failed. Nobody called him in, so the gifted couple devoted themselves conjointly and severally to literature. We say conjointly and severally, because the lady, with her usual prudence, had stipulated in the marriage contract that her earnings should belong exclusively to herself; while the gentleman, who was a widower, settled his private patrimony on a daughter whom his first wife had brought him. Lady Morgan had by far the best of this bargain. Her novel of ‘O’Donnel,’ which Colburn brought out in 1813, she sold for £500; and as the book went through not fewer than three editions, we are of opinion that, looking at the matter in a mercantile point of view, she was not paid too much for it.

This was clearly Lady Morgan’s opinion likewise, and she determined that Mr. Colburn should not for the future purchase her favours so cheaply. As to her husband, he had utterly failed. He put forth a volume, which he called ‘*Outlines of the Physiology of Life*,’ and his publisher never sold copies enough to cover the cost of the paper. No wonder. It was a dull, impudent, most unphilosophical piece of materialism, which disgusted even the believers in that wretched creed by the boldness with which it asserted as facts points which they had never ventured to treat except as open to speculative discussion. But the failure of Sir Charles in nowise daunted his wife. The battle of Waterloo having restored peace to Europe, and re-established, as was assumed, the throne of the Bourbons in France, Sir Charles and Lady Morgan went forth to spy the land; and after remaining, chiefly in Paris, about six weeks, came back and entered into negotiation with Mr. Colburn for the publication of a volume of their travels. A very diplomatic correspondence ensued. Colburn offered £750 for the copyright, and spoke of the great things which he was in a condition to do, for what he called

his books and his authors, through the instrumentality of his 'New Monthly Magazine and Literary Gazette.' Her ladyship stood out stiffly for £1000, and she carried her point. "To conclude at once," wrote Colburn, "though at a really great risk, I will consent to undertake to pay the £1000, and, on my honour, if it succeed better than expected, I will consider myself accordingly your debtor, besides making up to you the other £50 on 'O'Donnel,' that you may no longer regret the third edition."

Nobody reads Lady Morgan's 'France,' now any more than he reads 'O'Donnel.' It is full of the most ridiculous blunders, and abounds in misstatements which could have hardly been accidental at the time. Yet it sold well. The 'Quarterly' fell upon it mercilessly, doubtless promoting the sale by the virulence of its criticisms. This attack Lady Morgan ingeniously met by assuring her friends that Croker was one of her rejected lovers, and that he had taken this opportunity of avenging himself for the sufferings he had undergone! On the other hand, all who delighted in scandal were charmed with the book, and Mme. Paterson Buonaparte wrote from Paris to assure the authoress that her manner of detailing it was quite as agreeable to French people as to English.

"Public expectation is as high as possible," she says, "and if you had kept it a little longer, they would have purchased it" (the book) "at your own price. How happy you must be at filling the world with your name as you do! Madame de Staël and Madame de Genlis are forgotten; and if the love of fame be of any weight with you, your excursion to Paris was attended with brilliant success. I assure you—and you know I am sincere—that you are more spoken of than any other person at the present day. Mr. Moore seldom sees me; I did not take with him at all. He called to show me the article of your letter which mentions the report of the Duke of Wellington's loves. I am not the Mrs. — the great man gives as a successor to Grassini. You would be

surprised if you knew how great a fool she is, at the power she exercises over the Duke; but I believe that he has no taste *pour les femmes d'esprit*, which is, however, no reason for going into extremes, as in this case."

The prince of puffers was Henry Colburn. He spent a fortune in advertising his own books, and succeeded, till the trick was found out, in cramming many a trashy production down the throat of a gullible public. It is certain, also, that he believed in his own power, and made a boast of it. He was so well pleased with the success of 'France,' that, besides purchasing 'Florence Macarthy,' with some dead weight, from Sir Charles for £1200, he suggested that the Morgans should visit Italy, and promised £2000 for the copyright of the book of travels to be written. The terms were accepted, and in due time appeared 'Italy,' by Lady Morgan. "Her ladyship's criticisms on the public buildings and pictures," observes Mrs. Jewsbury, may be open to question, but the spirit of the book (being ultra-liberal) is noble, and its fascination undeniable." Agreeing with the former clause of this sentence, we may let the latter pass unnoticed; for the bubble of Lady Morgan's reputation was on the eve of bursting. She and Mr. Colburn fell out. She never could believe but that the monarch of Marlborough Street was growing rich at her expense; so, having visited France a second time, and written a second book about it, she determined to bring him to reason. While the work was yet in progress, she wrote to Colburn, who did not immediately answer the letter. She wrote again, but no reply came; whereupon she opened a correspondence about terms with Messrs. Saunders and Otley. Colburn no sooner heard of this, than he remonstrated against it in no very becoming terms. "I can now only say," he wrote to Sir Charles, "that if Lady Morgan does not break off the negotiation, which is simply done on the plea of misunderstanding, it

will be no less detrimental to her literary than to her pecuniary interest. As to myself, it is a very different feeling, and not merely pecuniary interest, that makes me urge this matter; as I can prove, if necessary, I have lost considerably by the last two or three works." Could bibliopolic insolence go beyond this? He lost by her ladyship's works! He threaten to injure her literary reputation! Let him do his worst. A bargain was concluded with Messrs. Saunders and Otley, and under their auspices 'France Revisited' came out. The day after its appearance men read with astonishment in all the newspapers an advertisement headed in large letters, "Lady Morgan at half-price." The base-born miscreant had the audacity to declare "That in consequence of the great losses which he had sustained by Lady Morgan's former works, Mr. Colburn had declined this present book on France, and that all the copies of her ladyship's works might be had at half-price." The cruel announcement had the desired effect. Messrs. Saunders and Otley found themselves losers by a good deal more than the thousand pounds which they had given for the copyright, and Lady Morgan's popularity as a writer collapsed.

We must not devote more of our space to the poor dead old lady. She had pretty well feathered her nest by this time, and though she could not sell her books as she had heretofore done, she did what was far better. She got the Government to settle upon her a pension of £300 a-year, the very highest reward which Imperial generosity ever bestows in this rich country on literary eminence. This enabled her to keep house in William Street,

and to maintain such social intercourse with the gay world as we have elsewhere indicated. She had always been a ready correspondent, and she continued the practice of letter-writing to the last. Generally speaking, that portion of her correspondence which has found its way into these volumes is harmless enough. It contains little else, when her ladyship writes, than descriptions of the fine people whom she meets, and the pleasant things which they say to her. When fine ladies and gentlemen address her, it is always in a strain of exaggerated flattery. But poor Lady Caroline Lamb might, we think, have been permitted to lie still in her grave. Not that her letters to Lady Morgan tell anything which we did not know already; for Lady Caroline never made a secret of her weaknesses, and was evidently incapable of understanding that other people might call them by a harsher name. But for the sake of Lady Morgan herself, and the reputation of good-heartedness, which was really not undeserved in her case, it is a pity that she should be made the means of recalling to the world's recollection so pitiable a story. We suspect, however, that Miss Jewsbury and Mr. Dixon had no choice in the matter. They must print all or nothing; and so, having spared very few of the old lady's male friends, they could find no good reason for being more tender towards her friends of the other sex. In the name, however, of the women of society living under the reign of Victoria, we must protest against these volumes being accepted, either now or a hundred years hence, as illustrative of the sort of domestic life to which they are accustomed.

A SKETCH, FROM BABYLON.

CONCLUSION.—CHAPTER X.

MADAME MELANIE was a milliner much affected in aristocratic and financial circles.

Finance sympathises with Hungary, Poland, and oppressed nationalities, and Mélanie appertained to this section of mortality. Moreover, she made dresses beautifully, and the employment of her gratified the double sentiments of charity and vanity.

Mélanie was the daughter of a French maid-servant, in the service of a Hungarian lady. Brought up in her maternal profession—for her sire was not known—she lived under the roof of her Hungarian mistress till what she was pleased to call the “Hungarian Strockle.” Of this event she narrated striking scenes. Assuming to herself the name of her mistress, whom she had betrayed, she told how Haynau had threatened her with chastisement, and how, barefooted, she had reached a place of safety. More than once she had been invited to publish her adventures, but she was far too wise. Her ancient nobility obtained for her much greater consideration as a seamstress, and a better livelihood than Kossuth himself could procure; and in the humility of her station she was more free from detection than in a more elevated sphere.

She had begun poorly enough—working away gradually, and accumulating capital by labour and saving, by gifts from her patronesses, and also by occasionally abstracting small pieces of jewellery and money from the aristocratic dressing-rooms to which, in her capacity as a distressed noblewoman, she obtained freer access than others of her equals. True, she soon gave up the latter pursuit. Not only was it dangerous, but increasing business, by removing her from want, enabled her to resist tempta-

tion. Still she derived considerable emolument from what Italian servants term “*incerti*.” She did not object, for a consideration, to usurp the office of the Postmaster-General, nor did she refuse the shelter of her roof when business or charity required an interview between opulent monads of opposite sexes. On the whole, Madame Mélanie is a deserving creature. The sums she spends in alms astound the more credulous of her customers. She has sent more than one packet of linen to the lying-in hospital of the parish, and the initial “M., through a friend,” for Garibaldi’s muskets, has been traced to the same benefic source. She will not marry again, for she never can forget the Count of her early days, when they lived and loved in Hungary; but a French courier, about three years younger than herself, dwells in her house under the designation of adopted son, keeps her accounts, and transacts business with her solicitor.

Such was the person let loose in her respectable household by that careful mother, Lady Coxé. ‘Ungary has done much for many disreputable foreigners. The respectability of a few has floated the depravity of the many.

On the credit of a lying assumption, Madame Mélanie had access to the homes and toilet-tables of England which would be denied to any respectable Englishwoman of the same class, however deserving.

“Good morning, Mélanie,” said Lady Coxé, as she lay back in her *chaise longue*.

“Good morning, miladi—always so *charmante* and *gracieuse*.”

“Git along, Mélanie,” replied miladi, playfully: When away from her daughters she laid aside that staidness of demeanour maintained before them towards her inferiors.

"Mélanie, we are going to Lady Ilminster's *dejeuner*."

"Miladi go everywhere fashionable."

"Oh yes, Mélanie, and I don't know 'ow ever I shall be able to bear up against it. I feel so exhausted."

"Oh, miladi does not care herself."

"What can I do, Mélanie?—I feel so weak!"

"Miladi look very pale."

"I think I must send for Dr. Leadbitter."

"If miladi would take a little drop of port-wine once or twice in the day."

"You really think so, Mélanie?"

"Yes truly, miladi."

"Just like a good creature open that cupboard. I always keep a bottle there in case Sir Jehoshaphat should drop in; you will find a glass. Per'aps there are two. Bring them, Mélanie, and take a glass yourself."

The seamstress did as she was bid, and, placing the decanter and glasses respectfully on the table and in the manner of a skilled practitioner, she sat herself down in the same deferential attitude near her employer.

Lady Coxe took a bumper; then she took another, and declared herself better.

Madame Mélanie's first glass was not half emptied.

"Well, Mélanie, what would you advise about my dress for this party? You know it is to be very showy."

"Miladi shall be the best dressed and the youngest-looking miladi in the house."

"Git along, Mélanie," retorted miladi, stealthily filling herself another bumper.

A flush pervaded the cheek of the matron. Perhaps it was of pride.

"Miladi, I recommend moire antique—magenta, with quilled ribbons—chapeau of blonde with magenta trimmings—parasol to match."

"Your taste is so good, Mélanie."

"Magenta so well become miladi. Bootiful complexion—she young as Miss Constance."

"Oh, you flattering thing! but what will you give my daughter—the Miss Coxes?"

"Oh, I talk to them myself. They not be Miss Coxe long, I think. Miss Florence make a very nice bride, and Miss Constance bootiful Comtesse."

"Git along; but what do you mean? Fill your glass," Lady Coxe as a fagleman showed the way.

"They tell me such a handsome man want to marry her—noble and rich."

"English or furrin, Mélanie?"

"Not English."

"You know 'im to be rich?"

"Oh yes, I know him rich. Miladi know poor woman like me obliged to make affair with all sort of people. One of my customers, Mademoiselle Dulangier of Opera Comique. I send all her bill to Comte Rabelais, and he pay, what you call, on the nail."

"Very satisfactory," responded Lady Coxe. "Let me 'ope Constance may be the means of leading 'im to better things."

"Indeed, let us hope so," said Mélanie, and this time she held her glass to her lips for some seconds, though the liquid within was not much diminished.

"Nothing is settled, believe me, Mélanie. But then the world is talking of it."

"Of nothing else. Who occupy London so much as your family, miladi? The Duchesse of Wiltshire, when I go to her, say to me, 'Mélanie, tell me all about that bootiful Miladi Coques and her bootiful family. Nouse so bootiful as the mother.'"

At this moment the door admitted Florence and Constance.

Mélanie rose in admiration.

"What bootiful colour! What roses in cheeks."

The girls acknowledged her salute, and the rose left the cheek of Constance.

Mélanie whispered Lady Coxe,

"I will make for Mademoiselle Constance bootiful dress like used to wear La Dalaugier—the Comte's own choice."

"Mélanie is come to take orders for Lady Ilminster's dejeuner."

"I shall have a very simple dress," said Florence.

"And so shall I," chimed in Constance, in a voice low and tremulous.

"Impossible!" broke in the seamstress—"impossible!"

"Nonsense!" said Lady Coxe.

"You will ruin Constance, Mélanie," retorted Florence.

"Mademoiselle Constance will marry a rich man, and think nothing of the trifles she spends now," responded Mélanie, somewhat tartly.

"You know what to make," said Lady Coxe, in a voice that admitted of no reply.

With an obsequious courtesy Mélanie left the room, and Constance, retiring to her own chamber, threw herself on her bed and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER XI.

It was dusk when Mélanie left the house—that dangerous summer dusk, when that is seen which you wish concealed, but when you can with difficulty perceive what you wish to discover.

Mélanie wended her way towards Grosvenor Street, where she resided. As she reached the corner of the Square, however, she stopped at the corner of Charles Street, under a gas-lamp.

She did not wait many minutes when a Clarence stopped at the crossing.

A man jumped out. It was Count Rabelais.

Holding open the door of the carriage, he admitted the dressmaker, who took her seat next a woman already inside. Jumping in again with a bow, the Count gave an order to the coachman, who dashed off under the gas lamp.

Augustus Bromley, who was passing at the moment, saw the whole transaction, as well as the face of the third occupant. It was that of Madame Carron. For the first time an idea entered his mind, how much like the face of the Count was to that of the actress.

Hurrying homeward to write a line of excuse to a friend with whom he was engaged to dine, he seated himself not many minutes later in a stall of the St. James's Theatre.

The first play, a short one, was over, and in the next Madame

Carron was to appear. Her part that night involved one or two songs, and a piano was wheeled into the orchestra.

Bromley, who was sitting at one end, could see Madame Carron in the wings with Angelo Magens, a pianist and composer of some celebrity. They were together engaged earnestly over a sheet of music paper, beating time and giving or demanding explanation.

At length Bromley perceived that the play was about to begin, from Madame Carron plucking at her skirts, and from Mr. Magens's appearance in the orchestra. The musician turned round, and, at a signal from Bromley, came to the neighbourhood of his stall, and leaned over to speak to him.

"How d'ye do, Angelo?" asked Bromley. "Ages since I've seen you. How are Mrs. Angelo and Adelaide?"

"Quite well, thank you, Mr. Bromley. How well you're looking!"

"Rather hard at work, that's all."

"I can understand that, in your important avocations."

"By the way, Angelo, do you know the Carron well?"

"Well, Mr. Bromley, she's been very kind to a poor man like me."

"Do you think we've time to go round and have a glass of sherry?"

"Not now; at the end of the next act;" and the bell rang for the curtain to rise. As it rose, Bromley perceived behind Madame Carron the figure of Rabelais.

The act was soon over, and Magens came for his glass of sherry. Bromley led him to the public-house adjoining, and the liquor was poured out.

As they both sipped it, Bromley again began, "How well she did that last scene!"

"Admirably; she is a wonderful woman!"

"Indeed she is, Magens. By the way, where is Monsieur Carron?"

"Oh! he is dead, I believe."

"Then is that story true about her?"

"If you have heard anything against her reputation, I can undertake to declare it false."

Little Magens, when under the united influence of sentiment and sherry, could be very fiery.

He was a grateful homuncule.

"Of course not," rejoined his interrogator. "I mean that other story."

"Are you trying to pump me, Mr. Bromley?"

"It would take a cleverer man than me to do that, Angelo—another glass—there's lots of time. We've only been five minutes, and the *entr'acte* at a French play is never less than a quarter of an hour. (Glasses filled.) You were saying—"

"Well, the only story I have ever heard is about her family. They say, with I do not know what foundation, that she is of a good family, and is devoting all her profits to the support of it. She certainly does not live in the style of a person earning the immense salaries she receives."

"Rabelais, I suppose, knows all about it."

Magens shook his head, swallowed the remainder of his glass, and silently led the way back to the theatre.

"By the way, do you know anything of Madame Mélanie, the seamstress? She is much employed by actresses, I believe? A young lady was asking me, whether she made Mademoiselle Dulangier's ballet-dresses."

"I know her very little myself. Mrs. Magens knows her."

"Well, Magens, good evening. Can you come and dine with me to-morrow at the Garrick?"

"To-morrow, I am engaged here all the evening, and I suppose your hours are fashionable."

"Well, another day."

When he resumed his stall, Bromley perceived that a box near the stage was newly filled.

He looked up, and there was Lady Coxe and her three daughters.

Near Constance sat the Count. Her eye caught his, and she blushed deeply.

Bromley went revolving in his mind many things. At length he made up his mind, and sauntered into the box.

The Count greeted him with unusual civility. Lady Coxe invited him to a chair next her.

"Mr. Bromley," she whispered, "do me a favour. The Count is most anxious to go to Lady Ilminster's. Can you, do you think—can you manage this?"

"Impossible, my dear Lady Coxe. I have already exceeded my powers."

A wink, supposed to be imperceptible, announced to the Count the result of the negotiation. A dead silence ensued. When Bromley left the box, no effort was made to detain him.

CHAPTER XII.

It was early the following afternoon when Bromley took a light dinner at his club. The waiters,

as they brought him portions of soup and fish, speculated on the causes which induced Mr. Bromley

to dine at four o'clock. In the hall he had left a carpet-bag containing six bottles of sherry and two of whisky, one of Curaçoa, and one of pale brandy.

He was not long at his dinner. Having finished, he sent for a cab, and, placing in it his carpet-bag, desired the driver to take him to the Strand to a celebrated fish-shop. Here he bought two lobsters, two bundles of dried sprats, a pork-pie, a Bologna sausage, two loaves of brown bread, and a pound of butter. The civil shopman, at Bromley's request, sent out for some fine Spanish onions, which were added to the packet. With these provisions Bromley ordered himself to Kennington.

The driver at length drew up as directed at a nursery garden. Here Bromley alighted, paid his fare, and, shouldering his baggage, walked up the garden path.

"Is Mrs. Magens at home?" he asked a maid-servant.

"Yes, sir, she's up-stairs."

"Will you tell her I'm here? How are you, my dear?"

"Very well, thank you, sir. It's some time since we saw you."

"Yes, my dear, and I think you've grown. Will you take some of these parcels, while I take the others and put them in the drawing-room?"

"It looks as if it held good things, sir."

"You're a knowing young creature, my dear. Just go and tell your mistress I am here."

Bromley knew it would be a long time before mistress would make her appearance. As he sat in the little sitting-room, 12 feet by 8, he heard cries for warm water. "Jane, where's the soap?—My brush, Jane, quick!—Where are them pins?" which told how the lady was occupied.

Half an hour at least must elapse before the appearance of Mrs. Magens, and this period Bromley divided between reading the 'Era,' which lay on the table, and drumming thereon.

Mr. Angelo Magens was the natural son of a rackety Irish peer; at least so report said, and there was circumstantial evidence in support of the theory. Angelo had brothers, but they were not a bit like himself. Lord Rattlecormick had never taken any notice of them as he had of Angelo. The cast of Angelo's face was decidedly Rattlecormick, and so was his character—quiet in manner, but reckless and thoughtless, a mixture of good nature, common sense, loose principle, and imprudence. From his childhood Angelo had lived exclusively with Lord Rattlecormick, with the exception of a short interval, during which his patron had managed to thrust him into the Navy. The life did not suit young Angelo, accustomed as he was to the rough luxury of Castle Rattlecormick, the good-natured and reckless liberality of the peer, who acted in *loco parentis*, and boon companions, who enlivened that patrician hearth.

So young Magens one morning left H. M. S. Bruiser in Cork Roads without leave, and betook himself without invitation to the House of Rattlecormick, to pass his time in warbling songs to the crowd of guests, to perform odd jobs on the premises, and to unfit himself for doing his duty in that state of life to which it might please Providence to call him.

Thus days and years passed, till Angelo was about twenty. He had picked up a certain knowledge of music. The village priest, skilled in thorough bass, had taught him the mysteries of counterpoint. Nature had blessed him with an agreeable tenor voice, and a rather agreeable manner, and a very decided taste for alcohol. Just at this particular juncture, Lord Rattlecormick died. As might have been expected, no will was found. Angelo was thrown on his own resources—viz, one hundred pounds, the remnant of divers tips from his patron, a suit of clothes or two, and such expectations as might be warranted by the extensive acquaintance and

clientela of his late father or patron.

He set up as a music-master. He composed pretty little songs, popular from their melodies. He even aspired to an opera, and was not wholly unsuccessful. Once he hired a theatre for himself, and was wholly unsuccessful. At one time he was poor, at another time he was not rich; but one day he would have nothing, the next a considerable sum of money. He was like those figures one sees in a bottle, which go dancing up and down according to the pressure on the cover. The accidents of his fortune were abrupt and immoderate. Now at the bottom of the bottle with a sudden fall—now at the top with an unexpected rebound—seldom in the centre, but when there wriggling and twisting and curveting,—discontented for mediocrity, and burning to risk great success or great disaster on the turn of the nearest die. But with increasing years the taste of Angelo for alcohol increased, specially with reference to sherry. He had a mania for that particular beverage, and he passed but few hours of the day without appealing to that cherished friend. He was well known at the public-houses of the metropolis,—at some of them, I fear, too well known to insure the gratification of his tastes. He was always convivial, however; always hospitable, always willing to accept hospitality. When in funds he would volunteer a glass of sherry at his own expense; when not in the best plight, he would volunteer it at yours. In early days Augustus's friends often declared that Angelo had led him into expenses and extravagance. It may be so; but in justice to his memory, Augustus often declared his belief that not a sixpence more was spent for Angelo than Angelo ever spent for him.

His wife was a very different kind of person. The daughter of a chemist at Worcester, and possessed of a good voice, the musical festivals, and the love of Church dignitaries

for the *ars musica*, had indicated music as her profession. As a little girl, her talents in this respect had made her a favourite in the cathedral town, and she could with veracity boast acquaintance with bishops, deans, and canons, whose names sounded oddly enough when coming from her lips. Nevertheless these worthy and guileless men had contributed to her education, proudly looking forward to the time when her rich contralto should resound through their own cathedral, and they should share in the plaudits showered on their pupil and *protégée*. So they sent her to study in London,—and she did study in London. She came out in London; sang in an oratorio, and created a sensation. But Kate Robins was a peculiar person. She was the daughter of a chemist, and in her physical composition there was much oxygen of a certain quality—not enough, however, to feed the vestal flame. Moreover, she was very pretty, with an arch smile. She sang little songs with ineffable grace. So no wonder she studied the doctrine of affinities. A cathedral town presented but few attractions. Deans were atoms of a nature not sufficiently volatile. She found the obstacles in the way of Platonism so numerous as to be absolutely insurmountable. So she assumed the toga affected by her equivalents in Babylon. She drove in little carriages, and radiated in fine linen. She accepted engagements at theatres, took parts where a good leg, an arch smile, and a rich voice were everything requisite; earned a good livelihood from her art, and a considerable amount of pocket-money from her artlessness.

Hers was a pleasant Bohemian life till she was five-and-thirty. The bishops and the deans, the friends of her youth, were replaced—in another fashion, be it understood—by the young nobles, the friends of her womanhood. As the spiritual peerage had contributed to the formation, so did the temporal assist in the completion of her education. This

went on very well for some time. But at length the contralto rather deteriorated; the arch smile partook rather of the stereotype. Managers were no longer so eager. Dukes began to cease their visits to her greenroom. Scarlet and fine linen are expensive in the absence of means to purchase them. Kate Robins found her assets running low; while several tradesmen, heretofore satisfied by the dukes, were not so civil as formerly. So, taking a judicious resolution, she determined on a provincial tour, relying for rural successes on her fading reputation. She planned with a friendly author an attractive entertainment. She engaged Magens, who had then just culminated, as her accompanist, and she sallied forth with Angelo from Babylon to fresh fields and pastures new. For economy's sake they occupied the same apartments, till, for propriety's sake, they assumed the same name. They went the round of England and Ireland, earning a livelihood and realising a good round sum, not sufficient, however, to meet their joint liabilities. Therefore, as assets would go farther when legally united than when filtered by division, as union in fact is force, Angelo obtained from the Church a benediction on the marriage already practically solemnised, turned his wife's brevet rank into substantive rank; and having thus consolidated their names and their liabilities, went through the Insolvent Court like a man, and, in purging himself, whitewashed his wife's account-book simultaneously with her reputation. From that moment Mrs. Magens collapsed into private life. A long and severe illness deprived her of all that remained of looks, voice, and attraction. She became a good wife, a prudent housekeeper, endeavoured to remedy by self-denial the dilapidations inflicted by sherry on their small means, incited her husband to exertion, made his house as pleasant as possible, and retained nothing of her former life but an unattractive

girl she designated her niece, and a dramatic phraseology.

In his early youth, Bromley had nursed thoughts of studying music, and hence his first acquaintance with Magens. Through his agency the young man had made the acquaintance of gentlemen and ladies acquainted with the theatrical profession, not all of them of the highest caste. One whole winter he had spent in their exclusive society. He had learnt their ways, their tastes, their virtues, and their weaknesses. Lobsters were amongst the tastes of Mrs. Magens. She cultivated them with a sauce which was a virtue; while her devotion to sprats, or to boiled onions, may be classed among the more venial weaknesses of that estimable matron.

At length the door creaked upstairs, and a rustling overhead betokened that such preparations were completed as she had undertaken for Bromley's reception. A note in G was heard quavering—as though in innocence of heart.

"Bravo, my songstress," murmured, or rather soliloquised, Bromley. "Now for the roudade;" and there sure enough it came. "And now for Floreski as she comes downstairs."

The thoughts of no medium could have been more rapid. The voice, or rather the remnant of a voice, descended the stairs slowly and musingly, warbling that well-known and beautiful romance,

"Adieu, my Floreski, for ever,
And welcome the sorrows I prove,
• Why, Fate, still delight'st thou to sever
Two bosoms united by love."

The last notes floated in the air as the door opened, and in rushed Mrs. Magens nicely got up in a drab silk dress.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Bromley, my kyind friend?" She held out both hands, and emphasised the "do," after the manner of genteel comedy.

"Charming as ever, or may I be freckled," responded Bromley, in the same tone.

"'Tis ages since we met. Let me look at ye." She drew him to-

wards the window, and scanned his features anxiously.

"A shade of care has fallen across that brow since last we met. Let's see how long ago is it? A year—no—can it be? Time spares us not, Mr. Bromley."

"It spares the beautiful Magens."

"Flatterer—the same as ever—the same gay-hearted, kind——"

"A truce, I beseech ye," broke in Bromley. "In yonder basket I have brought an offering I fain would make your household deities—some few articles, little luxuries, sent me from the country."

The country always served as a veil in which to envelope Bromley's presents to Mrs. Magens. Had he avowed the purchase, she would have been offended or feigned offence.

But the country saved her pride.

"From the country, Mr. Bromley—from some kind old aunt, I warrant me, or, mayhap, a grandmother. Jape!"

"Women are ever thoughtful, lady," responded Bromley.

Jane entered the room.

"Open the basket, maiden."

"I knowed as it was full of good things."

"Pity the poor vulgarian!"

"Ingins, I do declare!" cried the maiden. "My, what fine ingins!"

"The produce of your land, doubtless, Mr. Bromley."

"And sprats—oh my!"

The mouth of Mrs. Magens was watering beyond concealment.

"And lobsters—oh my, what lobsters!"

Mrs. Magens could stand it no longer.

"The cares of a household do not degrade a woman, Mr. Bromley. B' your leave, I'll go and see them lobsters properly served up."

"Perhaps you will allow me to partake your meal?"

"Of course," screeched Mrs. Magens from the adjacent kitchen, where, had Bromley seen her, he would have discovered the skirts of her garment already pinned

round the waist of the neat-handed Phyllis.

It was not very long before the repast was ready, and Bromley sat, opposite his hostess, at a little table spread with a clean cloth, decorated with some spoons rescued from Mr. Commissioner, a nicklel cruet-stand, and two carnations.

"I do love this new Russian fashion," observed Mrs. Magens, as a species of grace.

Half a lobster fell before her.

"In that carpet-bag, I have ventured to bring, for Angelo, a few bottles of sherry, of a particular quality lately sent me by some friends from the country."

"How very thoughtful! Don't trouble yourself—allow me." The phraseology was less flowery, and the bottle was soon uncorked.

At length the meal was over. The onions had been discussed—a portion of the feast had been reserved for Angelo—another portion allotted to Jane—candles were introduced—Bromley was allowed to light a cigar, and to mix a glass of whiskey and water—even Mrs. Magens sipped a glass of toddy, and the room was soon as redolent as a tap.

"Now, Mr. Bromley, I daresay, when in that brilliant world which your position throws open to you—in that world of beauties and nobles, you often long for the repose of an evening like this, passed equably in gentle converse, and with a frugal but wholesome meal to which fatigue has lent an appetite and friendship a relish."

"Very true, Mrs. Magens. And your society is especially delightful. Angelo, poor man, is deprived of it. He is very busy."

"Very much so. The Fates are propitious."

"I hope he is making a pot of money."

"Fie, what a word! Heaven ever befriends the just."

"Money is wanted at present, Mrs. Magens. In these days a man with a good income is not a rich man."

"Indeed, it is true—too true."

The extravagance of the age is awful."

Sometimes Mrs. Magens was off her guard, and as uncertain about her aspirates as a beginner in the Greek tongue.

"It is, indeed," answered Bromley, "awful——"

"Awful," repeated Mrs. Magens, correcting herself.

"Dress is ruinous for ladies."

"Yet gaudy attire is no evidence of a sound heart."

The *h* was inserted this time with a *slam*.

"Very true, often the reverse; but it is no less ruinous."

"The sums lavished on it are enormous, Mr. Bromley."

"I daresay many ladies in your profession spend large sums on their toilettes."

"Enormous; why, there's Miss Sepop of the Bower has a new dress every night. Mrs. Macvey of the Blackfriars is never satisfied without embroidery all round."

"Whom do you consider the best dressmaker, Mrs. Magens? your taste is so good."

"Why, for myself, I should say, Madame Mélanie Mickiewicz. She is generally known as Madame Mélanie. Poor thing! She is a Hungarian princess. Her story is harrowing — harrowing — Ha'nan——"

"I think I have heard it — poor thing! Do you know her?"

"Intimately—a charming person—quite the lady."

"I suppose she has lots of stories—of experience."

"Delightful creature. She was telling me the other day of the awful effects this extravagance produces on the high-born and wealthy. Many young ladies run up bills of enormous amounts, trusting to their marriage for the means of payment. But gentlemen do not marry."

"And their bills run on."

"Exactly—you have hit my very thought. There is one family, she tells me, where mother and daughters are deeply in debt to her, none of

them daring to confide in the others for fear that the father and husband—a very strict man—should discover their embarrassments."

"Did she tell you who they were, Mrs. Magens?"

"No; but she would if I asked her, in a moment."

"I daresay, Mrs. Magens, your own dresses amount to no small sum."

"Oh, I am so very 'umble."

"But have you no little bill with your friend, no little sum Angelo ignores?"

"How cunning you are, Mr. Bromley! However, it don't amount to a very large figure."

"By the way, is not Madame Mélanie a friend of Madame Carron's? I see them driving together."

"Yes; I believe they knew each other in Hungary. There, again, Madame Carron is deeply in debt to her."

"But I thought she made such enormous sums. Does she owe more than you, Mrs. Magens?"

"Oh, my liability is not more than what you would call a 'pony,' Mr. Bromley."

"But how does Madame Carron manage to contract debts?"

"She is obliged to dress expensively for her parts, and she is very charitable, especially to some worthless relative who absorbs all her income."

"A husband?"

"No, a brother, I believe; although Mélanie is so charming a person it is horrible to be under an obligation to her."

"Well, Mrs. Magens, I daresay we can find some way of relieving you from yours."

"I could never think of such a thing, Mr. Bromley."

"Well, do me a little favour; we are old friends, Mr. Magens. Find out the name of the family who are so much indebted, and of Madame Carron's brother. Write to me."

"Certainly, I will. There's a knock. Won't you stay to see Angelo?"

The door opened, and Mélanie entered the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lady Iminster was a very good woman—kind, gracious, good-natured. Very rich, the wife of a rich man, she delighted in throwing about the pleasures which wealth renders, and in inviting others to share them.

She was sensuous; that is to say, she loved good things. She loved to gaze on pretty and happy faces, and the harmony of colours. She loved the sound of music, the smell of flowers, the gliding sensation of a boat; nay, she was not averse to a good dinner, and quaffed iced champagne, not to excess, but *à discretion*. She had no children herself, and so surrounded herself with those who loved her. There were not toadies, but men of equal rank, whose tastes chimed in with her own. At first she was accused of flirting; but the scandal soon subsided, for it was pure scandal. Even had there been any foundation, a hostess so bountiful would soon have overcome the charge; but with Lady Iminster there were no thoughts of evil. She did a thousand things others could not do. She rode, she drove, she even smoked, as fancy prompted her; but she was faithful to her lord, though, perhaps, her example stimulated in others freedoms of which she disapproved. Like many women whose conduct is pure, her conversation was not the reflex of her conduct.

The party Lady Iminster gave was to be, as Lady Coxe had declared, very *"shrewd."* Her recovery from indisposition was the pretext assigned—one of those excuses the hospitable find when, for the sake of pleasure to others, or for the maintenance of their social renown, they think fit to display their leading quality.

Preparations had been made, astounding in their extravagance and beauty. The grounds, which

sloped down to the river were covered with flowers, tents, and temporary palaces. Lady Iminster had taste enough to draw that delicate line which separates fairy-land from a tea-garden.

In one of these temporary structures a large party of young ladies and gentlemen were assembled eating ices and drinking tea. Lady Coxe was presiding in her magenta dress, nodding from the heat, and fanning with magenta fan her magenta countenance. Florence was talking merrily with a young guardsman; but the conversation generally assumed that tone which, as Mr. Whiting describes it, smacks less of the lady than of the reduplicate Φ .

"Let us keep up our position here," said one young lady to her partner; "I hate being with the swells."

Lady Coxe heard this; her face more magenta than ever. She ranked herself with the nobility.

"Did you see Croquet in the park yesterday," asked another, "with the prettiest pony?"

"Yes; but not such a habit as Julia Fitzwiggins," burst in a third. "What a waist she has!"

"Quite like an hour-glass," illustrates a guardsman, aloud.

"I doubt if it be all real," interposed another young lady.

"What are you talking of?" asked the guardsman.

"Of course the rest must be filled with sand," retorts the first.

"A sand-glass in every respect," murmured Whiting.

Lady Coxe nods, puffs, fans, and smiles, not quite understanding what Mr. Whiting meant.

"Toole, who makes her habits, declares she pads them with brown paper," resumed the guardsman.

"I'm sure I wouldn't purchase a waist at that price," rejoined the partner.

"You've a very pretty little one of your own, Lady Janet."

Oh, young ladies, young ladies, why are you in such haste for the freedom and abundance of married life? Why compete for magenta dresses with I won't say what? Why adopt the language of I won't say whom? You may attract young men from the society of the first by using the phraseology of the second, but will you retain them with you? They may in time give up Richmond dinners and midnight orgies with Thais, for a quiet meal, loving looks, and worthy sentiments with Lucretia. If this will not attract them, so much the worse for them and so much the better for Lucretia. But Lucretia will never win them by the arts of Thais. Thais, on her own ground, will always beat Lucretia. She knows her weapons better. However far Lucretia may go, she can never come up to Thais. Thais has a grammar of her own, a syntax, and a prosody—winged words and winged actions. Lucretia may study the accident, she can never master the rhetoric. Lucretia may unveil her ankle, Thais blushes not if her garter be exposed. Think you Lord Tom Noddy will marry Lucretia if she shows him her garter? Thais dresses expensively. Thousands will not pay her milliner's bills. But at the end of six months or a year Lord Tom Noddy leaves her, and she retrenches.

But if Lucretia rivals Thais in her dress, Lord Tom Noddy knows that, if he marries her, six months will not see the end of it. Sir Cresswell Cresswell even cannot untie the knots of ribbon and the tangles of lace which figure on that long lithographed linear document, and the hands of Noddy will soon melt in the basilisk smiles of furbelowed Lucretia.

Thais is a dashing river, which receives a thousand tributaries, the drainings of the country and the sewers of the town, till it is lost in a morass or absorbed in the ocean. But Lucretia should be a gentle brook, pure from its source, content to murmur innocently and calmly

onward, reflecting the light of heaven in its pellucid waters, till it mingles with and strengthens a stronger current than itself. To such as these, tranquil and tranquillising, will man return for happiness and peace, when, jaded with the roar of cities and the struggle of life, he seeks to reconcile his existence with his Creator, to pursue and accomplish his allotted task before the night cometh.

"*Ow de do?*" said Lady Cox, blandly, as Bromley appeared for the first time.

Drawing a chair near the table, he took his seat near Constance.

"You are very late," she began.

"I have had so much to do to-day; some one ought to write a Song of the Shirt for me. Scratch, scratch, scratch—in lieu of stitch, stitch, stitch."

"But recollect all the good you are doing," answered Constance.

"Yes, that is a reflection which conveys great comfort to me."

Augustus smiled somewhat in his answer.

"Why are you always sarcastic?"

"I feel I am very sincere."

"You are never in earnest."

"You think so; you will find I am in earnest in some things."

"*Ow de do?*" said Lady Cox.

The couple looked up at the newcomer—it was the Count.

"Oh, Congte, I did not know you were asked."

"I go to St. James's Club to read papers and meet Gorillan Minister. He great friend Lady Ilminster—bring me and present me."

"You dance this waltz with me," said Bromley hurriedly to Constance.

She was pale and red by turns, and heard not what he said.

Touching her hand slightly, he repeated his observation.

With an effort she answered—

"Oh yes; of course, I remember."

The music struck up in the distance, and the whole party left for a distant lawn dedicated to dancing.

A circle was formed. A band was

stationed in a kiosk, and the first strains had just begun, when Lady Ilminster beckoned to Augustus.

"Do you know that Count Rabelais?"

"A little."

"He is not a friend of yours?"

"No, I cannot say he is."

"The Gorrillan Minister brought him. I have asked Madame Carron to come and superintend some charades. She told me that an acquaintance of hers, Count Rabelais, was a capital actor, and I asked Don Marmosetto Uran y Babon to bring him. Now the Bushman Minister, who hates Don Marmosetto, tells me this Count is very disreputable."

"Well, it can't be helped now he's here. You had better set him at charades."

Augustus returned for his partner. There she was, twirling in the arms of the Count.

"He has asked her to take a turn, but no. There they are stopping opposite, as though to avoid me. Shall I go and take her away, and kick the Count? No good."

The waltz was over, and Bromley, with entire self-possession, walked over to Constance.

"You have disappointed me this time, Miss Coxe," he said, good-naturedly. "Will you dance the next quadrille?"

"Mademoiselle is already engaged to me," grinned the Count.

"Then perhaps the waltz after that."

Bromley looked steadily at the Count, in a manner the latter did not seem to admire.

"Oh yes, yes," almost screamed Constance, whose countenance during this scene had betrayed the emotion she underwent.

Bromley, with a slight bow, turned away. He cannot, this time, deny his knowledge of her being engaged to me.

He directed his steps to the room used as a theatre, which abutted on the garden. A verandah outside was covered in for a green-room. The large oriel window was to serve

as a stage. Entering the house by the ordinary doorway, he proceeded to the body of the theatre. He arranged a few of the ornaments, and then sat down to muse.

There is certainly nothing so discreditable as eavesdropping. Nothing can justify it, and no possible excuse can be alleged in palliation of such an offence; but in this life the best of us occasionally commit an unjustifiable action. We have all of us said foolish things which, in the retirement of our bed-clothes, flash across us, and make us burn with shame. We have all put up from friends with affronts which we should have resented; for, alas! in this age we are as afraid of being called tetchy as of being considered dishonourable.

We have all of us, except myself and you, kind reader—we have all of us, at least once in our lives, been the authors of some little act which Paley would not have approved, and Butler would have refused to ratify.

So, on this occasion, Bromley was guilty of a great moral offence. He heard voices—voices not unknown to him—and he listened.

"Not dancing, Achille?" spoke a voice in French.

"The dancing is suspended for a tombola, and I come to pay my homage to my sister."

"Hush, Achille, for Heaven's sake! We may be overheard."

"And if so?"

"The object of my life would be at an end. Yes, Achille, my pride is foolish, ridiculous. To it I have sacrificed my life, my position, nay, my love. When my mother commended you to me as the heir—the ruined heir of our house—it was my resolve that you should once again resume the place my father had forfeited. It might have been done sooner, Achille, in time even for me to enjoy the sweets of life. Already had my pen achieved more than success, when that fatal passion which has destroyed us before, displayed itself in you. For you I have slaved and worn out my life. For you have I polluted my exist-

ence by publicity. For you, or rather, for our name, I have sacrificed the hopes and joys of a household. Even now, ruined as we are, my daily labour supplies your extravagance. If once the stage could be connected with your name, Achille, my heart would break."

"This is all very well, belle dame—very pretty and very dramatic. The charades have not yet commenced. I meant to say that, if overheard calling you my sister, all would perceive the joke."

"It must end some day, Achille. Heaven make you kinder to that lovely girl than to me. When once you are married I shall retire to beautiful Italy."

"The dream of actresses."

"Thank you, Achille. The actress will not sully your name by her presence."

"Ah, bah! cousine. Once married to the little Cogues, and, actress or no actress, you share the booty."

"Achille, the pride that has enabled me to support you in affluence will not admit of your affluence to support me. It is you who have chosen the way to riches by marriage. Opposed to it at first, I yielded to your wishes, though I had offered to you many a more honourable career. I presented to you that detestable woman Melanie to inform you of the girl's movements and her friends. I disliked, I loathed the intrigue, but it was undertaken, and it must be accomplished, for my strength is giving way."

"Melanie is a cleverer woman than you, Adelgonde. She has shown me a way to success that you would never have dreamt of."

"Indeed! I hope it is honourable."

"Honourable, inasmuch as it profits her as well as myself."

"What is it?"

Bromley bent forward to listen, but the Count spoke in too low a tone.

"Good heaven! Achille! Have you stooped to this?" cried the actress.

"Come, no heroics, belle dame. I hear the music of the dance, and go to pulverise my rival."

"Have we fallen as low as this?" murmured the actress. Bromley heard a window open, the retreating steps of the Count, and the chords of the distant music. Noiselessly he left the theatre, and hurried to the lawn.

The Count had reached Constance about a minute before him. She was standing with her mother apart from the dance. No one was near the group as Bromley approached.

"This is my dance, Miss Constance," he observed, offering his arm.

"Forgive me, Monsieur Brouley. It is mine."

"You must be mistaken, Count. You yourself heard the engagement."

"One word apart, Monsieur Bromley."

"Certainly." The two retired to a grove adjacent.

"You recollect the compact we made, my friend, the night of the ball at Conisbro' House."

"I recollect the compact you promised."

"My part of it is complete, I dare say, with your assistance. Rely on me as regards la petite belle-sœur la Florence. Mademoiselle Constance, with the consent of Miladi Cogues and her own, is my affianced bride."

"Indeed, Monsieur le Comte! till this moment I believed she was mine. You will pardon me in your turn, but for such a statement I must, under the circumstances, demand a little corroboration—especially as the waltz is already begun."

Taking the Count's arm, he forced rather than persuaded him to the spot where Lady Coxé and her daughter were still standing. Constance was pale as death—Lady Coxé a deep magenta.

"Lady Coxé, the Count tells me I may congratulate you on having secured him as a son-in-law. May I do so?"

"E'as my full consent."

"And, Miss Constance, may I offer you my felicitations?"

"Y—y——" The word was never completed, for Constance fell to the ground.

As the Count hurried with the crowd to assist the swooning girl, a strong arm took his, and a firm voice whispered in his ear. "Your place is not here; it is with your sister in the theatre."

Rabelais turned towards the young man with the eyes of a frightened ape, and slunk away.

In a few minutes Bromley had lifted Constance into her carriage, and, with

Florence and Lady Coxe, was driving towards London.

The skirts had much contracted for the occasion.

"Did 'e tell any one but you?" asked Lady Coxe, in an anxious whisper.

"No one."

"Then, for 'eaven's sake, don't breathe it to Sir Joshphat, and take the carriage on for Dr. Leadbitter."

Bromley bowed reassuringly, and hurried on, in the family coach, to Bedford Square.

Dr. Leadbitter was at home, and Constance was in a raving fever.

CHAPTER XIV.

There is a wonderful inclination to practical paradox in the human mind. If a man be dull, the world charitably sets him down as sound. If he be clever, the world, with equal charity, sets him down as unscrupulous. If a man be courteous, he is instantly condemned as designing; if brutal, lauded as straightforward.

But if this natural impulse to moral compensation be the general bias of the human intellect, it assumes twofold force in the special case of medical men. Perhaps with such men personal characteristics are more prominently displayed; perhaps the confidence of the patient reposing in the individuality of his advisers gives a factitious importance to minor peculiarities.

Be it how it may, you have never yet seen an Asclepiad whose manners were not, in some respect, different from those of his fellow creatures.

Great or small, clever or stupid, he has managed to inspire confidence, or to impose successfully on some circle of patients, however contracted.

Amongst these he is an authority. His individual influence is so great, that but little trust is reposed in his art when practised by another.

If in large practice, his patients

consider him deserving of it; if in small practice, they esteem him an ill-used man. He is their guide and their friend as well as their philosopher; godfather to their children, trustee to their settlements, legatee to their wills. He is present at their *births* and *deaths*, generally at their weddings. He knows their pecuniary difficulties, their family quarrels; the husband's distrust, or the wife's jealousy; the son's folly, and the daughter's infatuation. He can go down the street and schedule out each house as to its specific non-observance of the decalogue. He can tell you who steals, who commits murder, or who commits any other sin of the first magnitude.

There are thousands of little secrets confided to the diary of a physician; thousands of fees to his pocket, for little occurrences which, like the fees, go no further than himself.

By the highest he is treated almost as an equal; by the wisest he is respected as a man of science and of power. If not profoundly versed in our constitution, he knows us in our moments of weakness, and that knowledge alone makes him the master of most of us.

But before we admit him to this position, we minutely examine his

qualities, or accept the judgment of them passed by the universal suffrage of mortal men.

Science of anatomy is sufficient for the surgeon; but science of the world is the best passport for the medical man.

We require him to cure our bodies—most doctors can do that.

But we occasionally require from him medicaments for our minds. This requires the skill of a man of the world.

From such premises we conclude that perfection in art is not the keystone of medical fame. The serpent was dedicated to *Æsculapius*, the emblem of his foresight as well as of his craft. Nor would the symbol misrepresent the physicians of Babylon.

Sir Erasistratus will be enabled to discover that Duke Antiochus is fearfully in love with Countess Stratonice. Sir Paulus will gain favour with the patrons of art by the number of statues decorating his country-place at *Ægina*. Sir Democritus exposes somnambulism, mesmerism, homœopathy, and spirit-rapping. Dr. Andrew Machaon displays administrative qualities in the army medical department; while Sir Podalirius, K.O.B., after exhibiting geniality at the mess-table and intrepidity in the field, marries the daughter of King Damarctas, and sets up in Grosvenor Square. Dr. Chrysippus, who has not yet attained the purple, manages to oppose the dogmatists, and to soar into practice by his agreeable conversation and sparkling jests. Heracitus is the man-hater, declines to visit sovereigns, and frightens poor women into new diseases by a savage laugh and peremptory brutality. Sir Oribasius, who ushers young peers into the world, endears himself to the mothers by affectionate epithets and profuse gossip; and Sir Sextus Empiricus drives a flourishing trade and a chariot by periodic journeys to the equator, and the administration of stimulants to statesmen. All have some quality independent of their art. Few

rely on their craft, and their craft alone, for practice or popularity. competency or knighthood. Writers require an *ars celare artem*; physicians an art to thrust their skill into prominence. In France this is considered charlatanerie; in England it is styled humbug. Yet what great man is, consciously or unconsciously, free from this vice?

Has Bumcombe no place in our social, political, scientific, or ecclesiastical system?

Some few have tried the narrow, narrow path. They labour in their youth, they labour in their manhood. "They live forgotten—they die forlorn." An hospital is the scene of their triumphs, a parish-rate forms their emolument. The parson and the overseer compose their society, and the blessings of the poor their fame.

Yet there are first-rate men amidst the great physicians of Babylon.

Heaven bless them! How would the young Babylonians be born without them, or how could the Babylonians ladies take their strong waters innocuously?

But Dr. Leadbitter was an exception to every rule.

He was devoted to the science of medicine. It absorbed his whole mind; and, indeed, together with dinners and the price-list, formed the staple of his conversation.

He lived near an hospital; and spent a useful life, pleasantly to himself, in constant attention to revolting diseases.

The hospital had been endowed chiefly from his own purse—an expenditure owning a double origin in his charity and his love of science.

Hitherto he had never been permitted to sate himself sufficiently in the least agreeable works of his profession. His universal popularity had induced his colleagues in other hospitals to take from him this portion of his duties. To Dr. Leadbitter this indulgence was purgatory. The dirtier the patient, the more complicated his disorder, the more grateful was the treatment

to this worthy man. Pity and love of science formed a curious combination in his phrenology. His professional skill, therefore, had reached a height where envy had ceased to criticise or malice to detract. Yet, unknowingly to himself, he possessed other than technical qualities; and these caused him to be sought after by those whose search is considered honourable.

In his career, Leadbitter had studied deeply and variously. In his ideas every knowledge tended to enhance the value of his heart.

So intimate is the connection of our moral and physical structure, that to the eye of the accomplished physician few disorders of our frame can be disconnected from some indirect and intellectual cause. As mental emotions form the features of manhood, so is the innermost thought of man betrayed by some external indication.

Those best practised to command expression can ill disguise their feelings from the true physiologist. The smile is forced that dissembles anger, the gravity overcharged that suppresses mirth.

However perfect the acting, there are some, even among mortals, to whose far-seeing eye acting can never compete with nature. Such a one was Dr. Leadbitter, fat, foolish, as he looked. In him intuitive perception was refined by rare and delicate study. To know the diseases of a singer he would hear her song, of an orator his speech. He would examine the portrait of a statesman, and study his biography, then tell you his organic disorders. Nor was his rare skill unknown or unappreciated. To him would the singer and statesman repair, as a last resource, glad to stand in his anteroom and vie with a pauper for an audience.

Yet Leadbitter, though astute, was simple. He made more by speculation than by his profession.

His kindness of heart and his passion for disagreeable affections gave to the pauper, in his eyes, a higher value than the statesman.

He might have been a baronet, but he had no wife to urge him thereunto. A comfortable dinner was his sole vice, a few good cases his only desire.

He wore the traditional black clothes and white neckcloth, the capacious watch in the capacious fob. He carried the rattan with the gold knob, and, at times, even buckles in his shoes.

A little flower or sprig bedecked his upper button-hole. His walk was a trot, and a smile ever on his lips.

Moreover, nothing could be more commonplace than his ordinary conversation. A few truisms, parliamentary interjections, many technical references. His action was as that of one feeling a pulse, and he was always in a hurry to turn away and leave the room.

"Won't you have a glass of wine, Mr. Bromley?" asked the doctor, hospitably.

"Thanks, I am going to dine later."

"Commodeque, Erasistratus dixit, sæpe, interiore parte humorem non requirere, os et fauces requirere."

Dr. Leadbitter lost no time in getting into the carriage.

The doctor overcame the gourmet, and, though at dinner, the voice of duty and of friendship prevailed.

"My dear doctor," said Bromley,

"Miss Constance has fallen very ill. She fell to the ground at Lady Ilminster's breakfast. She was insensible all the way home. I suppose they have put her to bed, for I drove off at once for you."

"Hear, hear!" responded the doctor.

"Now, doctor, between ourselves, I think Miss Constance has something on her mind."

"Hear, hear! Eros, I suppose. Soon cured."

"Something more than that."

"Nothing cryptogamic, I hope?"

"I have a moral certainty of the cause, but no legal evidence yet. If you will accept my assurance without seeking any corroboration, I will tell you my surmises—to me

certainities — which, perhaps, may guide you in your treatment."

"HEAR, HEAR!"

"My impression is that Lady Coxe and Miss Constance Coxe are deeply in debt to Madame Mélanie the dressmaker. They are afraid to own it to Sir Jehoshaphat. Count Rabelais has got possession of the secret, and holds it *in terrorem* over Constance.

"He has conciliated the friendship and advocacy of Lady Coxe—perhaps by the same means; and he has extorted from Constance a promise of marriage. Now, what would you advise?"

"The whole thing should be told to Sir Jehoshaphat. Yet, I think, he would never forgive Lady Coxe, whatever treatment he might pursue towards his daughter. I have known him from boyhood. His temperament is bilious and nervous. About money matters, though more than liberal, he is obdurate."

"At any rate, it would be better avoided, for the present at least."

"Hear, hear!"

"I should think the woman Mélanie might be frightened for having inveigled a girl under age."

"Hear, hear! But suppose Lady Coxe knew of her daughter's debts?"

"But perhaps she does not. As

soon as I can get my surmises into shape, I will, with your permission, consult you."

"Hear, hear! Come to me directly you have any news—day or night. Meanwhile, I will pursue the soothing system—calming draughts. I shall tell Lady Coxe at once that I know the whole story. That will keep her quiet."

By this time the carriage had again arrived in Grosvenor Square.

"How is Miss Constance?"

"Very bad, sir."

"Hear, hear!" murmured the doctor, mournfully.

Constance was in a high fever. Bromley found a letter on his table. He opened it. It was but a few lines.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—The family is that of Sir J. Coxe, Bart., M.P., the banker. Her ladyship owes about £2000; her daughter Constance about £900. The rest of the news I hope to obtain in a day or two.—Yours very sincerely,

"K. M."

A paper fluttered forth and fell to the ground. Bromley picked it up. It was folded, flimsy as a bank-note. He opened it. It was headed with the image and super-scription of Madame Mélanie. Below were items representing a total of £27, 4s. 8d.

CHAPTER XV.

"Hear, hear! Well, you've not lost much time, Mr. Bromley," said the doctor, as Bromley entered the room where he was resuming his interrupted meal.

"How have you found Miss Constance?"

"I can say nothing till tomorrow. However, I do not think there is much to fear. Lady Coxe will do all I tell her. I gave her a quietus, by informing her I knew of all her difficulties. It rather relieved her, I think. *Experimentum periculosum*. It succeeded, however."

"One glass of wine? *Lætificet cor hominis*."•

"Thank you, I have not yet dined."

"Well, I'll ask you again—the third time of asking, and you'll take one. Three scruples make one dram! Ho, ho! Hear, hear!"

He poured out a bumper of burgundy, and motioned his young friend to proceed.

"Since leaving you, my suspicions have been confirmed." Bromley showed the letter, and told Dr. Leadbitter the whole story.

"Hear, hear, young man," said the doctor, as his young friend

finished. "The disease is plainer than the remedy."

"The sum is very large, or I could manage it."

"I should not allow Constance to pay her—at least for some time. I am an old man. You are a young one. I should not wonder if there were some few figures in my favour at Coutts's. Sir Jehoshaphat is an old friend of mine—as honourable a man as ever lived. Good digestion, though bilious. I should like to break the force of the blow."

Sir Jehoshaphat Coxe sallied forth the next morning with a heavy heart and a glowing brow.

He marched down Grosvenor Street slowly. At length he reached the house of Madame Mélanie.

With stately steps, and firm determination, he walked up the stairs, and entered the room of the dressmaker. She received him with a curtsy and a smile.

"Woman!" he burst out, "I hear you have profited by the folly of an old woman and the imprudence of a young one. Give me the bills of my wife and daughter that I may pay them."

"They owe me nothing, Monsieur."

"What, woman! do you still carry on the farce? They themselves have told me of this."

"They owe me nothing, Sir Jehoshaphat. Their bills were paid an hour since."

"By whom?"

"By Mr. Augustus Bromley."

The sequel is well known to my readers. Mr. Bromley espoused Miss Constance. He has been standing for a county, and the result of the poll is expected by telegraph this evening.

Madame Mélanie having, in a moment of forgetfulness, returned to her old habits, and abstracted a small casket from the house of one of her customers, is expiating her crimes in a spot set aside for such purposes. Count Rabelais has disappeared from the social horizon, and is supposed to be gaining an honest livelihood as a courier.

Madame Carron, under the advice of Dr. Leadbitter, laid aside her family pride, and married a very respectable impressario, who turns her talents to advantage, and lays by her earnings for that rainy day to which managers more than ordinary mortals are liable. Lady Coxe will not contract any more debts, though she still nourishes a partiality for port. Florence married on the same day as her sister, and Letitia seems likely to justify the surmise of Count Rabelais, by blessing the hearth of Mr. Whiting.

OUR NEW DOCTOR.

THERE was great excitement at Mudford when it was ascertained beyond a doubt that we were really going to have a New Doctor. Poor old Mole, who was bidding fair to shortly attain the proud position of "Oldest Inhabitant," had at length found it useless to struggle longer with his infirmities, and had advertised his practice for sale to the best bidder. I don't think he would ever have given in; but his old pony, which had carried him well and faithfully for more than twenty years, was gone at last, and he felt that he could never mount another. His hands were so crippled that he could not drive; and, besides, he had no horse and gig—nor would his practice pay for keeping one; and as for walking, the state of his poor old feet and legs rendered that quite out of the question. So he did the best thing he could do—sold his practice; and, in spite of the teetotallers, I verily believe that, if he had stopped at Mudford and spent the whole of his time, as he had previously spent nine-tenths of it, with his gin-and-water and pipe, in his own special corner at the White Hart, he would be there, as well as ever, at the present moment, and would be able to enjoy many a good growl, and tell many a prosy tale, for years to come yet. But, alas! he did not stop here. He left the old place altogether, and retired to his native village, to be killed with care and fidgets by three old maiden sisters. Poor old Mole! He had come into Mudford I don't know how many years ago—for it was before even my time—a smart, buckish, good-looking young fellow, in top-boots and spotless white neckcloth; telling a good story, singing a good song, fond of the ladies, fond of his glass, fond of sport, and up to any bounds. But, dear me! it was all changed, except the neckcloth and the glass, which endured to the

end; and he left the place a poor, testy, prosy, gouty, old bachelor, with no one to care for or regard him, except the few who remembered what he had been, or who took the trouble to look for the genuine good qualities which lay beneath the prickly outer rind. But enough of Mole: for what have we to do with old friends in this world? When they go away or die, there's an end of 'em. And our business is, to turn our attention to the new-comers, and try what we can get out of them in the way of money, custom, amusement, or whatever else they may be able to give us to our advantage. So farewell to poor old Mole, my dear old brother foggy; and attention for his successor!

As intimated, I am an old foggy. I have no business to attend to, no wife nor family to bother me, and but few means of passing away my time. In the mornings I wade through the papers at the Reading-room, and afterwards discuss their contents with others of my own stamp. I confess that the tradesmen and business people who run in for half an hour to glance at the news, get pretty considerably annoyed at being interrupted while reading, by our loud, and—as far as Rooks is concerned, the most wrong-headed fellow I ever knew—often stupid and illogical arguments: and they not unfrequently dare to tell us, without scruple, that the room is for reading in, and not for talking in. But I, for my part, take no notice of them; for is not my subscription as good as theirs? And is not the passing of my time of far more consequence to me than the getting through theirs is to them, who have a hundred other things to do, and who ought to be attending to their business instead of reading the papers in the mornings? Right or wrong, I do it; and I intend to keep doing

it: and if Broad and Brown don't like it, they may leave it—and a good thing for them, too; for I happen to know that Brown's business is falling off considerably; and the new shop at the corner is certain to injure Broad: it is time for them to put their shoulders to the wheel, I can tell them! Well, so I get on until dinner, and then a glass of port and a snooze pass the time until tea. After that, there is my pipe and glass of grog at the White Hart, in the chair opposite to old Mole's—now, alas! no longer sacred to his use, but occupied by any chance customer who may happen to drop in. Disagreeable to me the company is sometimes—noisy, uncongenial, disrespectful. Things in this world change for the worse every day. Heigho!

These are my principal employments, with an occasional whist-party of an evening. Bright oases in the desert of my life are these evenings when they do come; but, to my sorrow, they are few and far between. People sit so late and drink so much grog at these parties, that wives don't like 'em. And, besides, there are really not above four people in the place who can play a rubber. As for taking a hand, with such a person as Jones or Johnson for a partner, I vow I would rather never touch a card again! And the worst of it is, the wretches actually think they know the game! I had Jones for a partner once, and lost 17s. 6d. by his confounded stupidity. Catch me placing myself twice in such a position! If I were absolute monarch of this country, I would make a law that any man who takes the money out of another's pocket by such gross ignorance and stupidity, should be considered guilty of felony—just as the poor, over-worked engine-driver, who once in his life makes a blunder by which somebody is killed, is found guilty of manslaughter!

Mudford is not a large nor a gay place; on the contrary, it is a particularly small and dull one: so

that, with such a limited round of amusements as is available to me, it is no wonder, and not at all a thing to be ashamed of, that I should have been considerably interested in the question, what the New Doctor would be like. Of course, it was a matter of some importance to me whether he would talk like a reasonable man at the Reading-room in the mornings; and whether he would have the *nous* to listen to and appreciate my stories, when I am in the humour for telling them in the evenings. The people here, in this little out-of-the-way place, are so confoundedly narrow in their views and ideas, that they take no interest in anything outside their own little, paltry, peddling sphere of action; and I have really not had a listener for a very long time, except a chance commercial traveller now and then—not even poor old Mole, who was always for spinning his own prosy old yarns, that I was sick and tired of years and years ago. He could never see, poor old fellow, how people laughed at him about them! Then I was anxious as to whether the New Doctor would understand the treatment of my complaint, which I have suffered from for so many years, and which nobody knew anything about except old Mole: for, as for putting himself into the hands of that ignorant fellow Green, who can neither spell correctly nor write grammatically, or of that methodistical quack Higgins, I might as well go and order my coffin at once. Then, of course, it was a matter of importance to me whether he would be able to take a hand at whist like a Christian; and, above all, whether he would give a nice little snug card-party himself now and then; for, as I have already said, parties of that sort had become very scarce, owing to the late hours and the expense. I do not much wonder at it; for Stevens, and Jones, and Johnson, and Briggs, and one or two more I could mention, will never go home till morning, if they are winning; and when they are

losing, they are never satisfied without their revenge: and the amount they do guzzle of an evening, at the expense of other people, is certainly most extraordinary. I gave a whist-party myself once; but I shan't do it again in a hurry, for I know what it is. They drank enough to last me for a twelvemonth: and I was so annoyed about one thing and the other, that I could not play; or, I should rather say, I never held a hand for the evening; and I positively heard the scoundrels laughing at me as they left my door, and went down the street! No, I shan't give another party in a hurry: men of my means, who have barely enough for their own little comforts and indulgences, can't be expected to do it.

Altogether, then, it is evident that I had good reasons for feeling interested as to what sort of person the New Doctor would be; but I was not the only one to whom it was a subject of speculation. Curiosity is the mark of vulgar people, and vulgar enough they are in Mudford, in all conscience. And there were some, too, besides myself, who really had reasons for feeling interested in the subject. There was Simpkins, the indefatigable Secretary of the Rifle Corps, who was all alive at the idea of getting an effective member and annual subscriber; and Timmins, the equally indefatigable Secretary of the Literary Institution, who was sanguine that the New Doctor would give a lecture during the ensuing season, and who was actually holding back the syllabus from the press until he had seen him on the subject. Then there was Rooks, the only chess-player in the place, who, not having anybody to play with him, is always bragging of the game, and his skill thereat, and depreciating whist in an equal degree. He always seizes the 'Illustrated London News' directly it comes into the Reading-room, turns to the chess problems first of all, and stays half an hour poring over them, before he will look at the pictures himself or allow anybody else to do so. He

pretended to be very anxious that the new-comer should be a chess-player; but I verily believe that his anxiety was all the other way, and that he most devoutly hoped to the contrary: for I don't believe Rooks can play the game any more than I can. At all events, nobody ever heard of his playing; and when old Harding, the Collector of Excise, spent an evening here—a good player he is, as everybody knows—and, at my instigation, sent a very polite note to Rooks, inviting him to play a game at the White Hart, he never came near the place; and Boots brought back word that Mr. Rooks was exceedingly sorry, but he was gone to bed very bad with a headache. I don't believe he ever had a headache in his life!

Then there was Rowe, who had been fool enough to buy a boat that was the worry and torment of his life, and that cost him just as much as a horse or a wife. It was always getting into scrapes and difficulties somehow: the oars would get lost; and the rudder would get broken; and the painter—whatever that may be—would get cut; and the boat would get capsized; and the boys were always taking her away, and making her in a mess, and never bringing her back again. Poor Rowe was always in trouble with her some way or other, and positively got no peace of his life for her. The fact is that Mudford is no place for a boat, and no one but a donkey would have brought one here; for I verily believe that we have only got the tide for one hour out of the twenty-four, and that only once a fortnight or so; and then it is always running up when you want to go down the river, and down when you want to go up; and it is always leaving you stuck upon banks and shoals, so that you have to wade out, through the mud, which takes you up to your middle. At least, I judge so from what I see and hear; for catch me going out boating in this place if you can! Well, Rowe thought that perhaps the New Doctor would go halves in his precious hobby,

and would join him in rubbing all the skin off his hands in pulling that tub of his up and down against the tide. Then there was Driver, who is for ever boring one about subscriptions for the Cricket Club, which, as far as I can see, has no existence, except at the annual supper, at the close of what they are pleased to call their season; when members who have never handled a bat since they were schoolboys—if they did then—come and handle a knife and fork to perfection, and drink punch, and make speeches about the “fine manly English game,” until you would think that the glory and prosperity of the country depended entirely upon the prowess of the members of the Mudford Club; who talk most inexorably of the fines that shall be enforced, and most undauntedly of the matches that shall be played, in the next season; but who, of course, only talk more and do less with each succeeding year. Driver, then, was full of hopes that the new-comer would be a cricketer; that he would help him to worry all the people in the place for subscriptions, and would play single-wicket matches with him on the cricket evenings, when nobody else came near the ground.

And Grindley, again, was just as bad; indeed, I don't know whether he was't worse than any of them. He has got his house full of musical instruments of every sort and description, and can't play as much as ‘God Save the Queen’ on any one of them. He is always talking of “staccatoes,” and “fugues,” and “musical intervals,” and “thorough bass,” and I don't know what all, though his voice is like a cracked penny-trumpet, and he has no more idea of joining in a chorus than a jackass. He went about the town boring everybody by squeaking out with his voice that was enough to set your teeth on edge, “I say, won't it be nice if the New Doctor should be musical?”

I suppose though, that after all

nobody was so much interested about the new-comer as the young unmarried ladies,—except the middle-aged unmarried ladies, who were more interested still. I don't blame them, poor creatures! for really it is very little chance they have of getting husbands at Mudford, except when strangers or visitors come to the place. There are some half-dozen families or so certainly, whose pure *ichor* is so superior to the vulgar blood that runs, or stagnates, in the veins of the common inhabitants of Mudford, who do occasionally intermarry, once in ten or fifteen years or so, like the royal families of Europe, when a prince and princess of their illustrious houses happen to be of a marriageable age at the same time. The coincidence is of rare occurrence, but it does happen occasionally. And the boys and girls of the utterly plebeian class, of course, here as elsewhere, walk out together in the evenings, and on Sunday afternoons; and the young farmer lads in the neighbourhood, and the young masons, and all those, go courting to the servant-maids in the evenings, at the back-doors and in the back-kitchens; and they get married before they know what they are about. But with the middle classes it is different; and I don't see that the poor girls have got a chance, except when some friend or relative at a distance will have them on a visit, or when a stranger happens to come into the town;—rare chances these. As for the young men of the place, who have been flirting with 'em, and kissing 'em, and seeing 'em flirted with and kissed by brother Jack and cousin Tom, and all the rest, ever since they were children, why, they would as soon think of seeing anything a fellow could fall in love with in their own sisters. (I speak, as every one will understand, of those who have no money; the few that have, of course, nobody can help loving, and they go off fast enough). And so it happens that any fresh young man, coming into the town, is to these poor creatures

quite a god-send: and though we know nothing else of the New Doctor, it had been ascertained, beyond a doubt, through old Mole, that he was young and unmarried.

Of course the young ladies did not make an old fellow like me a confidant of their hopes; but as I hobbled up or down the street, I could perceive that wherever two or three bonnets, or turban-hats, as I believe the vile things are called, were met together, there was a more than usually vivacious giggle, which showed me plainly enough what was the subject of conversation. On the days, too, when the Doctor began to be expected, about the time that the omnibus arrives in the afternoons, there were always several very neat boots and white stockings to be seen in the street; and those girls of Johnson's—who never seem to have anything to do in their own house, though I know they keep but one servant, or rather slavey, and their mother is always up to her elbows in kitchen-work, so that she can find no time to read, or do anything else but talk, and is the most uninformed woman of my acquaintance—those girls took care to have some business with Mrs. Cook, of the White Hart, about the forthcoming Rifle Corps Bazaar, and so have an excuse for being in her little private sitting-room, that looks out upon the street, at the time when the omnibus arrives. Poor old Mole! he could neither march nor lecture, row, nor play at chess or cricket: he had no more idea of music than a cow; his day for courting or getting married had long passed by; and he was fit for nothing but to make up gout pills, smoke his pipe, drink his gin-and-water, and tell his prosy old stories in his corner at the White Hart; and so all these people thought of course that they would be sure to have a change for the better in the New Doctor.

At length came the day which was definitely fixed for the Doctor's coming. It had been put off several times for some reasons of his

own, but now he was come without fail. We knew it from Mole, who had received a letter from the New Doctor, whose name, I may as well mention here, was Smith,—if that can be called a name at all—saying that he should positively arrive on that day, and expressing a hope that Mole would wait, and introduce him to his patients. But Mole would not wait any longer, for he had given up his house, and was living at expenses at the hotel; so he went away to his sisters, the three old maids, and left Mr. Smith to introduce himself in the best way he could.

It so happened that, on the day when the New Doctor was to arrive I could not compose myself exactly to my usual after-dinner nap, all owing to that fool of a servant, who will never learn to send up a dinner properly; and so I took my stick, and clopped away down to the White Hart, to try whether a glass of gin-and-water would do me good; and it so happened, oddly enough, that I got down there just exactly at the time the omnibus usually arrives. For you must know that the old respectable coach, which lingered with us after it had disappeared from the rest of the world, is gone at length, and its place is usurped by one of those vile innovations, an omnibus—or 'bus, as it is called in the wretched jargon of the present day. I hate those sneaking low-lived things more than I do the very railways themselves, which they are employed to attend on. And so, instead of the handsome stylish coach, that a gentleman might ride on without shame, with its dashing four-in-hand, we have got this dirty, shabby, yellow thing, with its unicorn team of skin and bone, a driver that old Jack Simons, the coachman, would not have had for a stable-helper, and an urchin for guard, who would be a disgrace to a dung-cart!

As I made my way down the street, it was easy to see, by the unusual number of people out, that something strange was expected.

Peters, of course, was at the hotel door; but then he always is there when the 'bus arrives, for he fancies that he is great upon the subject of horses; and every day, like a fool, throws away threepence or fourpence, which I know he can ill afford, in drink for the driver, who knows nearly as little about horse-flesh as he does himself, in order that he may talk to him about the leader's mouth, and the off-wheeler's shoulder, and Hobb's colt, and that young mare of Timmins's. He was there as a matter of course, and so was Paul, who is just as regular an attendant, and waits about every day to see who comes and who goes, and what parcels there are, and whom they are for, and how much there is to pay on them. These two never miss; but that old woman, Gabriel Mullins, was there also, waiting to see the "New Doctor," that he might go *gabble-gabble* about him all over the place. And Muggins, whom no man ever saw, except on Sundays, with his coat or without his apron, was standing outside his shop-door, with his hands in his pockets, and that perpetual smirk upon his countenance, looking out for the 'bus. While Cox, the bookseller and stationer, who must, I am sure, live upon the smell of his wares, for nobody in Mudford, as far as I can see, ever reads or writes, was peering out between those eternal prints in his window, making belief that he was too busy, or too much above vulgar curiosity, to come and look out openly and honestly like Muggins. It takes me some time to get down to the White Hart, so that I had leisure to look about me; and I saw the two Miss MacClinkers, the Surveyor's daughters, walking down the street, and finding an excuse for loitering in each dowdy shop window, every article in which they must know by heart, for they are in the street often enough, and can use their eyes well enough, I'm sure: there they were, with their outrageous erinelines, showing their anatomical-looking legs in a way

that could not fail to attract the attention of any stranger coming up the street on the omnibus, whether doctor or not. The Miss Johnsons, you may be sure, were in Mrs. Cook's front parlour discussing the work for the bazaar, as they had been every afternoon for a week past. And I hope—for the sake of Miss Trimlett, the dressmaker opposite, who, though she has been engaged for the last twenty years, and could not want another lover, was looking out from behind the geraniums in the ground-floor window—that those young girls at the window above, her assistants and apprentices, worked by the piece, and not by the day; for it was one stitch and two minutes' giggle, and another stitch and another two minutes' giggle with them as long as I looked. And even old Miss Whittaker, who has been confined to her bed for the last three years with laziness and swollen legs, had sent over that extra sharp little girl of hers, to see whether the New Doctor was come.

I went into the White Hart parlour, sat down at my accustomed side of the fire, and had the glass of gin-and-water for which I had come. Wretched spirit they do keep there now, to be sure! and the water is never half boiling! It did not use to be so in old Cook's time. There is some extraordinary fatality about it; but as I never require the fire-shovel, and am in constant want of the poker, the former is always placed close to my hands, and the latter on the opposite side of the fireplace, so that I cannot reach it without rising from my chair,—a work of time and difficulty to me, and involving the necessity of turning down Mrs. Cook's cat, which always gets upon my knee with my full consent. It is invariably the case, and of course there was no exception to the rule now; so I had to rise as usual to get the poker, and at the very moment when I was on my legs, the 'bus drove up to the door! Of course, I could not help looking

out of window to see it then; and to my great joy—for I am delighted when idle curiosity is baffled—there was not a single passenger there, except little Philips, the commercial traveller, and fat Mrs. Biggs, of Great Pigton. I am the best-natured man in the world, as a general rule; but I confess I was glad of this, and chuckled to myself, as I ordered another glass of grog on the strength of it.

Next morning, however, as I went down the street as usual, to look at the papers, everybody was all alive with the news, that the New Doctor had arrived, and in a most strange and unaccountable manner. The omnibus had not brought him, as we know; there was no other public conveyance; and no private nor posting carriage had entered the town during the night; for old Mrs. Thomas, who was awake all night with the toothache, was ready to swear that no carriage had passed through the street; and the pike-man, who keeps the turnpike gate at the entrance of the village (the inhabitants of the place are so proud of it, that they would lynch me if they knew that I called it a village, but it really is little more), actually did swear—and he was examined and cross-examined enough on the subject—that the gate had been locked from twelve at night until seven the next morning, and he was certain that no carriage had passed through. But that the Doctor had really come there was no doubt, for one or two persons had seen him in the morning; and among the rest Miss Cringle, who lives opposite, and who had stated, in a note written to Mrs. Jones, while she was taking her breakfast, that she had positively seen Mr. Smith that morning looking out of his first-floor window.

I ought to have stated before that the New Doctor had taken the house which old Mole had occupied; and that he had also bought his furniture as well as his patients. Very little there was of either of them; and very little bought them. Both

purchases were very old and rickety; but though Mr. Smith might possibly be able to dine off the tables, it was not likely that he would ever get much to put upon them out of the patients; for they never had anything but the gout, which is said to keep away every other disease; and they had each of them taken in a stock of about a peck of his celebrated gout-pills from old Mole, before he left the place. But Mole himself has told me that the new doctor, in his correspondence, scarcely made any inquiry about the practice or the furniture, but was most particular about the situation of the house, making it a *sine qua non* that it should be in a quiet, retired situation. Mole's description of the house appeared to suit him, and it was retired enough and quiet enough in all conscience; indeed, it would have found it difficult to be anything else in Mudford. It is a square detached house, situated in the very outskirts of the place, and not to be overlooked, except from Miss Cringle's window, which commands a magnificent view of the front door.

The men in Mudford are sociable enough among themselves; but the women are the very deuce! I suppose you would hardly find any two in the place agreeing that they stand on precisely the same social level. Green the surgeon and apothecary, and Ferris the ironmonger and tinman are as friendly as possible when they meet; and indeed, Ferris is by far better educated and better informed than Green, who is one of the most ignorant men I know. To tell the truth, I am afraid that Ferris is rather too much above his business, and that Potts, that conceited little monkey, who was his apprentice, and has now set up in opposition to him, will make him find it out before long. Well, Green and Ferris are friendly enough, as I said; but catch Mrs. Green speaking to Mrs. Ferris in the same way! Oh, dear, no! And White and Black, the two lawyers, though they are

always on opposite sides, and sometimes make the most tremendous onslaughts on each other at the County Courts and Magistrates' Meetings, are in reality, I believe, good friends enough all the time, and play into each other's hands, and help each other to fleece their clients, like honest fellows. But Mrs. Black considers herself and family immeasurably superior to little Mrs. White; because that near customer, Sir Henry Burton, has them once a year to dinner, when the neighbouring gentry are gone to town, where he never goes himself, and gives them cape and marsala with their dinner, and half a decanter of port after it; and makes use of their house whenever he comes into town, putting his horses into their little stable, and his coachman into their little kitchen, and has his cold chicken and sherry in their little parlour, because he won't go to the expense of stopping at the hotel. Because he does all this for them, and does not know the Whites, Mrs. Black considers herself—and, I verily believe, is really and spitefully considered, in their inmost hearts by the other ladies, Mrs. White included (though they never own it)—to be the leader of fashion and society in Mudford so she is far above little Mrs. White, and speaks to her when she meets her in the street with a sweet condescending smile, for which I wonder that Mrs. White does not slap her face then and there. Black and White will both go to Jones's whist parties, and drink his grog with the utmost heartiness; but catch Mrs. Black or Mrs. White visiting at that house, or permitting their daughters to do so, even if they felt inclined, which they don't! And I remember when that spoony thread-paper boy, young White, took it into his head to be sweet upon the eldest Miss Jones—who, I happen to know, was engaged at the same time to her cousin in Devonshire, where she was on a visit some time since; a very much better match for her than young White would

be—his parents and sisters were indignant and outrageous about it; and sent him away out of the town with all speed, as if he had been a royal prince about to marry a servant-girl. But they need not have troubled themselves;—Miss Jones, as I have said, had met with a much better match in her cousin.

It follows from all this, that, unless we hope to get something out of them, or think that we shall be honoured by their acquaintance, we in Mudford are not very prompt in showing attention to strangers. The men might call perhaps; but they have something else to do, and would rather, when possible, leave that kind of thing to the women; and, before long, they have met the new-comer so often in the Reading-room or at the White Hart, and have become so friendly with him, that a formal call, after all that, appears an absurdity: besides, they feel uncomfortable and out of their element sitting about in people's drawing-rooms, holding their hats and twiddling their gloves in their hands; having no topic of conversation of common interest with the *calles*; and feeling that the usual hour for their own dinner is come, and that they are keeping the people of the house in the fidgets, from the thought that *theirs* is going cold in the little back sitting-room, whence they have been roused by that tremendous flourish of the knocker. The women don't feel this sort of thing when they are the callers; but they take such a long time in considering whether the new people are eligible people or not (always provided, as before intimated, that it is not immediately evident that anything is to be got out of them in the way of profit or honour), that before they have made up their minds, the affair frequently gets out of date altogether, and the call is never made after all.

Now when I speak of becoming intimate soon with new-comers at the Reading-room or at the White Hart, I am speaking generally, and not of our New Doctor in par-

ticular; for, on the contrary, he was scarcely ever seen for the first week or two. And yet people didn't call the more for this. Miss Cringle told me, indeed, that nobody had been to the house except Simpkins, the before-mentioned indefatigable Secretary of the Rifle Corps; and Timmins, the also-before-mentioned equally indefatigable Secretary of the Literary Institution; Rowe, Driver, and Grindley: no ladies, of course, for it was well known that Mr. Smith was a bachelor, and so the ladies could not be expected to go. I believe these gentlemen were all somewhat disappointed; for though the New Doctor gave moderate subscriptions where they were asked for, and became a honorary member of the Rifle Corps, and a first-class member of the Institution, he wouldn't promise to go to drill, nor to give a lecture, nor to go boating, nor cricketing, and told Grindley that he don't know a jig from the old hundredth psalm.

I do not call myself, for these things are out of my line, and nobody expects them from me; and, besides, those who did call did not seem to take much by their motion, for Mr. Smith was generally "not at home," and most of those gentlemen I have mentioned had to lie in wait for him, after all, in the street. Miss Cringle says, nevertheless, that she is sure the Doctor had not gone out when they called, and she is likely to know; for, poor creature! she was confined to the house with a dreadful cold, and sat all day long at the window, whence, as has been said, a very fine view of Mr. Smith's front door could be obtained. It must have been very tiresome for her, poor thing! to sit there so many hours; and I am sure it is an honour to human nature, and speaks volumes for the kindness of a woman's heart, that though there was really nothing entertaining nor agreeable in Miss Cringle, the young ladies of Mudford, knowing that she had nothing to amuse her except her knitting, should have devoted so much time to her during

this period of her indisposition. Indeed, those kind creatures, the Miss Johnsons and the Miss MacClinkers—who, I know, at other times were in the habit of calling her a "spiteful old cat," a name, I own, not altogether undeserved,—now that pain and anguish wrung her brow, were such indefatigable ministering angels, that they kept her company from morning till night, until, as Miss Cringle told me herself, she was absolutely obliged to say to them that she would rather have their room than their company; and to throw out a very broad hint that she was perfectly aware that they didn't come to see her, but to look out for the New Doctor! a hint which, however undeserved, did not fail to keep them away from the house for the future.

As I have said, the New Doctor was not seen out much at first; and as Mole was not there to introduce him to his patients, and there were uncommonly few patients to introduce him to, if he had been; and as scarcely anybody called on him, and he was seldom at home to those who did call, and he rarely came out, it was some time before people in general had an opportunity of making his acquaintance; indeed, I think it must have been quite three weeks before I saw him myself, except from Miss Cringle's window. But of course I heard plenty about him. The men who had seen him did not, as a general rule, appear to think very highly of him; they said he was close and reserved, and a rum sort of fellow, and that he wouldn't do for Mudford, and all that sort of thing. The verdict of the ladies was at first more favourable. They said he was certainly not handsome exactly, but was very *distingué*-looking and gentlemanlike indeed; the two Miss MacClinkers talked a great deal of his gentlemanly manners, because he had lifted his hat to them in passing, when they met him unexpectedly in the narrow passage that leads from the street down to

Slocum's Backs (how he could pass such expansive crinolines at all, in such a narrow way, is a mystery to me): and, to tell the truth, I am pained to confess that it is somewhat unusual to see a man lift his hat to a lady in Mudford; a bob of the head, like that of the nodding china figure of a mandarin, being the usual salutation.

The first time I saw Mr. Smith to speak to was one evening in the bar of the White Hart. I happened to be there chatting with Mrs. Cook, the landlady, when he stepped in to have a glass of ale. Mrs. Cook, having the great natural and social advantages of being fat, jolly, a widow, and a landlady, was, of course, always on friendly terms with everybody, and Mr. Smith chatted away with her as I had never heard of his doing with any one else. She could clearly make bold to introduce me, and did so accordingly, and the New Doctor and I then and there struck up an acquaintance. I used to be considered to have some little conversational powers, before I got stuck in the mud in this hole; and I flatter myself that I rather amused the New Doctor with some details of the place and the people, for he laughed, and had a second glass of ale, and asked me to take something; and the young lady in the bar sniggered and giggled, and Mrs. Cook kept on lifting up her hands, and shaking her fat with laughing, and exclaiming, "Oh, fie, sir! now that is really too bad!" I may as well mention here that Mr. Smith was a young man of dark complexion and gentlemanly manner with a well-trimmed beard and mustache, who spoke like a man of education, and dressed like a gentleman—rather rare things in the village of Mudford. And, *appropos* to this, it was remarked that he always dressed in precisely the same way; there was never the slightest variety in his costume—always the same suit of black, the same black necktie, and the same scrupulously clean linen and glossy hat. Alto-

gether, I was pleased with the New Doctor: there was certainly nothing brutal nor sensual in his appearance, and he did not look at all like a man who would—. But I must not anticipate.

I do not know how, or whence, or when the rumour first took its rise, but not long after Mr. Smith's arrival it began to be whispered about that there was something very queer, to say the least, about him. The mysterious manner of his arrival probably first gave rise to this rumour, and afterwards there were many things to increase the impression it had made. As I have said, Mr. Smith at first rarely came out; and he never seemed to try or wish to get a patient. Indeed, when those two wild scamps, young Bones and younger Skinner, going home late as usual, knocked him up about one o'clock in the morning, and said that he must go at once to Mr. Cheeks of Little Pigton, some four miles off across the moors, who was very ill, he told them very blandly and courteously that he had no horse, and was just going to bed, and that they had better call Mr. Green or Mr. Higgins. I must say, I think that Green and Higgins need not have been so bitter against him, nor have called him "quack" so often as they did, especially as Green never passed the Hall in his life, and only got through the college by the skin of his teeth; and what Higgins's qualifications are, except impudence, I believe nobody ever knew. As a matter of course, they are at daggers-drawn between themselves, as medical men in small towns always are, and say all sorts of disparaging things of each other,—for which nobody can blame them, as there is truth on both sides—but they certainly had no right to speak of Mr. Smith as they did; at all events, at first, before those matters which I am about to relate were openly talked of.

One of the first things that people began to remark about the New Doctor was, that scarcely anybody was admitted to his house; and

never, under any circumstances, unless he was there himself to receive them. Directly inside the front door of the house was a lobby, and on the right-hand side as you entered was a small room, and on the left hand side another; the former being fitted up as a surgery, and the latter as a sitting-room: into one of these rooms all visitors who entered the house at all were ushered; and the very first thing Mr. Smith did after his arrival was to get a carpenter to put up a strong thick door in the middle of the lobby, directly beyond the entrance to these rooms, so as to cut them off entirely from the remainder of the building. The next step was just as strange: he had the masons, and built up the wall around the garden and courtlage at the back of the house at least two feet higher, in places where it was not already sufficiently lofty, so that no one, without climbing to the top of the wall, could possibly overlook the garden and back of the house. The gate which stood at the entrance to the back-door, too, was always kept locked, and was furnished with a bell, so that anybody having business with the old servant or house-keeper that he had brought with him had to ring and be reconnoitred before being admitted. Strange precautions these of our New Doctor, and, you may be sure, not made the less of among the busy tongues of Mudford.

Another very remarkable thing about him was his most extraordinary absence of mind, or forgetfulness, or whatever it may have been. He would be quite friendly with people to-day—and he could be very agreeable if he chose—and to-morrow he would pass them in the street as if he had never seen them before. To be sure, he said he was near-sighted—and I ought to have mentioned that he always wore spectacles—but people can't be expected to believe all they are told in this world; and it was known that he could see a long way off when he liked: and, besides, a de-

fect of vision would not, at all events, account for defects in hearing, speaking, and thinking. You might tell him a thing to-day, and to-morrow he would appear to have forgotten all about it; you would have to tell it all over again, and then, very likely, his comments on it were totally different from what they had been on the previous day. And, strangest inconsistency of all, the next day again, perhaps, he would maintain his first opinion, as if he had never departed from it! When people made remarks to him about this, he would say with a laugh, "Ah, you must pardon me. I do forget strangely sometimes, but I am so *very* absent!" He was certainly the strangest man! "*Nil erat unquam sic impar sibi.*"

An instance of this strange absence of mind, or whatever it was, occurred with regard to myself, directly after making his acquaintance, as before related. On the following day I met him full butt in the street, and he would actually have passed on without taking the slightest notice of me, if I had not stopped him and held him by the button-hole.

"Mr. Smith!" I exclaimed, "you have not forgotten me already, surely!"

"Why—a—really," he said, looking puzzled; "excuse me, pray; my memory is *so* bad. Where had I the pleasure of meeting you?"

"Why, last evening," I replied, "at the White Hart. Don't you recollect? We had a glass together."

"Ah, to be sure," said he, "in the smoking-room, was it not? Really, I beg your pardon."

"No, sir," said I, with some indignation, "it was not in the smoking-room. We were in the bar, and Mrs. Cook was present."

"So it was," said he. "I recollect perfectly now. In the bar, and Mrs. Cook was present. What do you say to a glass of ale now!"

But I was too much offended for this, and left him with a somewhat haughty salute. Now—will it be believed—I met him again on the

very next day, and he positively crossed the street to speak to me!

"Ah, my dear sir," said he, "I am delighted to meet you! I have been looking out for you ever since we met in the bar of the White Hart, and you told me such amusing stories of your neighbours."

"So!" I said; "your memory is better to-day, is it? Why, yesterday you had forgotten all about me!"

He burst into a hearty laugh. "What! my dear sir," he said, "I was in one of my absent fits yesterday, was I? You really must not think anything of it. It is natural to me, and I cannot help it for the life of me."

But I did think of it a little, nevertheless; for I like to know how to find people, and have no fancy for being treated with that sort of caprice.

I said that the New Doctor was never very popular with the men, but that the verdict of the women was more favourable. Before long, however, he became more unpopular than ever—and with the ladies most of all; and that not only on account of the peculiarities I have described, and of the rumours I have hinted at—which spread more and more every day, and which I shall have to speak of presently—but also for other reasons which I had better mention here, before going to more serious matters.

First, then, Mr. Smith, whom almost nobody had called on, and whom scarcely anybody had asked to his house, or introduced to his family, was within a short time after his arrival invited to five pic-nics; one up the river, three down, and one in Twiddleham Park—and to not one of them did he go. Now, not to go to a pic-nic to which you are invited at Mudford, is to give the greatest offence to those who do go, especially if you happen to be a stranger and a bachelor: and that for these reasons.

Of course, if you do not go, there is one gentleman the less to escort the ladies, who, not having so much

to attend to at home, or having a greater partiality for the pastime, are always in a great majority over the gentlemen at these parties. And if you should happen to be a marrying man, and a tolerably eligible match, the loss is, of course, so much the greater. This reason evidently affects principally marriageable young ladies and those who are interested in getting them off their hands; but there is another reason which appeals to the hearts and feelings of everybody. It is this:—In these parties the ladies provide the eatables, and the gentlemen bring the drinkables, and club together to pay the cost of conveyance and other miscellaneous charges. Now, if one gentleman be subtracted from the total number going—a very small number generally, for reasons which will now be thoroughly understood—it follows that the remainder will necessarily have to pay more per head for conveyance, &c., and will also have to provide more each in the way of wine, spirit, bottled ale, and other liquids necessary to the success of pic-nics; or else that each individual will have less to drink. Human nature revolts at such an alternative; and we find it intelligible enough, that to refuse to go to a pic-nic at Mudford, should be considered by those who do go to be adding injury to insult.

But there was a reason greater even than this for the falling-off of the New Doctor in the estimation of the young ladies, until even the Miss Johnsons and the Miss Mac-Clinkers, who had thrown themselves at his head in every way which was open to them when he first came, had now nothing too bad to say of him. And that was, that he dared—he actually dared—how shall I tell it!—he dared to fall in love with a young lady who was a stranger and sojourner in the place, while there were so many native virgins ready and willing to be fallen in love with! Need I, after this, describe the bitterness with which he was spoken of by all

the female portion of Mudford society! It was really most audacious conduct! To think that neither the Miss Johnsons, nor the Miss MacClinkers, nor the Misses Ferris, nor the Miss Skinners, nor any among the marriageable young ladies of Mudford would suit his taste, and that he must pitch upon that little Laura Playfair from London, who had now come down on her second visit to her cousins, the Skinners! And yet, highly as I disapprove of the Doctor's behaviour, I cannot help saying that Miss Playfair was a very nice and very superior girl, and that, had I been a young man myself I should——. But never mind; I won't have the bad taste to draw comparisons on such subjects, but will only go on to say that Laura had not been two days in the place before the wretch Smith saw her, and procured an introduction to her and to the three Miss Skinners at the same time. Those three sisters immediately put their innocent heads together, and absolutely prevailed on their mamma, who is as stingy as the grave, to give a party, and invite Mr. Smith to it! It is well known that young doctors in country towns must marry, if they wish to get into practice; and those shrewd and benevolent young ladies fondly hoped that one of them might be destined to make Mr. Smith's fortune, and to partake of it. Think of their feelings when it became most manifest that the wretch was paying the greatest attention to Miss Playfair, to whom the same was evidently not unacceptable! The indignation of the other young ladies of the place was scarcely less; but then, to be sure, they had considerable consolation in the thought of what a snubbing those forward girls the Skinners had received. I am afraid, from what I have heard, that the Skinners's hearts were turned from Laura from that time forth; but they did not dare openly to break with her, for the Playfairs were rather rich people, and kept their carriage (a one-horse phaeton,

I believe), and occasionally invited the Miss Skinners to Bayswater; and Laura had one brother a clergyman, and another in the army; and the Skinners had always been fond of talking largely in Mudford about their connections; so, of course, they still kept up appearances as well as they could; but I know that Miss Playfair had intended to stay much longer than she did stay; and I have no doubt that it was owing to this affair of Mr. Smith that her visit was brought to an untimely close.

The ingenious reader must have remarked that I have several times hinted at sundry dark and mysterious rumours about our new Doctor, which do not seem to harmonise with the kind of events that I have been narrating; but it must be understood that these rumours at first obtained no very serious notice from any except the lower classes; and some short time—a few weeks, perhaps—passed away between the latter matters I have narrated, and the general prevalence of the dark suspicions which followed.

Here I see that I must attempt a somewhat more detailed account of the Doctor's house than I have hitherto given. It is a square detached building, situated in the outskirts of the place, facing the road, and having no garden-railing or other space of any sort in front of it. What it appears, however, to want in privacy here, is made up for by the retirement to be obtained at the back of the house, which, it will be remembered, had been cut off from the front by the heavy door which the Doctor had erected in the middle of the lobby, and which he kept constantly locked, himself carrying the key always about him. The front of the house is continued, so to speak, by two high walls, that, together with the house itself, form the front of a long parallelogram, of which the sides and back are also high walls of masonry. The area within consists of a small paved court, and of a large garden, of which neither old Mole nor his

and which is, a mass of rank, moss-covered apple-trees, with a few strawberry and currant-trees, which the fruit never grows on. The paths are covered with fallen leaves, and the trees are diversified by a piece of new wood. The Doctor had a garden, and the whole was gloomy, cold, and treeless. The stories about the Doctor, which were vague, and contained lower and more credulous persons, after a time began to be talked of among all, and it is wonderful, after a while, began to be openly spoken of, and rapidly they spread, and generally they were believed. It was said, then, that strange sounds were occasionally to be heard proceeding from the New Doctor's house. A hoarse strange voice was sometimes heard speaking rapidly and threateningly for a moment, and then was suddenly hushed; and it was said that occasionally a wild shriek of agony or terror might be heard issuing from the recesses of the building. And those two young villains, Higgs's boys, who will never come to any good, I fear, when they stole a ladder one night, and got over the back wall of the Doctor's garden—to find their bull, they said, but, I believe, to steal the few apples that were on the trees—were so frightened by the strange ghostly lights that were flitting about in the windows of the house, that they ran off in the utmost terror and affright, leaving the ladder, and Bob's, the youngest boy's, cap behind them. I and some others did not pay much attention to these stories, although it was impossible to help believing some part of them—and, indeed, I had myself, on more than one occasion, heard from Miss Cringle's room strange sounds proceeding from the Doctor's house;—but amongst children and the ignorant they made an immense impression; so that, after a time, the

little boys and girls would run away, screaming with terror when the New Doctor approached; and even amongst grown persons there were more than chose to own it who would as soon go a mile out of their way as pass his house alone after dark.

But there was soon a story out about the New Doctor, which appealed to the feelings of all, educated as well as ignorant. Miss Cringle, who had got into such a state of nervous excitement about him and his house, that she was obliged to have a woman to sleep with her, got out of bed one night about twelve o'clock, went to the window, and saw—what, I believe, no one would have credited on her unsupported testimony (not because people would have been indisposed to believe it, but because they would have been sure to disbelieve her). She called Mrs. Rourke, the woman who slept with her, to her side; and they saw—They both swore it was true, and I suppose there can be no doubt about it now:—they both saw light in one of the Doctor's first-floor windows—a most rare thing on that side of the house—and plainly, distinctly thrown upon the blind was the shadow of a woman, evidently young and handsome, and utterly unlike the old housekeeper, doing up her hair for the night; and in such a state of deshabille that it was evident she was just going to bed! Presently passed also across the blind the shadow of a man—of the New Doctor; and in a moment, as if he had instantly perceived the imprudence of the woman in placing the candle where it was, the light was moved, the shadows vanished, and no more was seen.

Here was a discovery! Not a wink did Miss Cringle sleep that night, and no sleep did she permit to Mrs. Rourke: indeed, it was as much as the latter could do, to persuade her not to send at once and knock up her friends in the middle of the night, that they might know without delay what she had seen.

But next morning, before the shutters were down from all the shop windows, the news was over the place. The servant-girls brought the story in with the milk; the postman was double his proper time in going his rounds, owing to his loitering about so long—a vice to which he is rather prone—to discuss the news. My landlady could not wait until I got down-stairs; but brought up my shaving-water with her own hands, in order that she might tell me the story, from outside the door, before I got out of bed; and Miss Cringle had such a *lecture* on that day as made her the most important person in Mudford. Indeed, I verily believe that all the women in the place went to see her, except the Miss Johnsons and the Miss MacClinkers, who have never forgiven to the present day the deadly offence Miss Cringle gave them.

It may be imagined how great was the indignation throughout Mudford; and no one can say that it was without sufficient cause. To think of this young bachelor Doctor coming amongst us, being admitted to our Institution, and even asked to lecture there; getting introduced to our wives and daughters, and meeting with kindness and hospitality at our hands (this was what people said; the reader will judge, from what he has read, how much attention and hospitality had really been shown him); going about looking us in the face, as if he had been an honest man, and all the while being guilty of such flagrant misconduct as this! It was really too bad! And then, to think of his conduct to Miss Playfair! There could be no mistake about that; for it was now a positive, declared engagement. This was worse than all; and I own that I myself felt desperately indignant with Mr. Smith. The Miss Skinners, of course, told the young lady all about it, and were excessively kind in their expressions of sympathy: so anxious, indeed, were all the young ladies to condole with her, that I am informed she had nearly as many callers during the

day as Miss Cringle; but the ungrateful girl made no reply to what the Miss Skinners told her, shut herself up in her own room for the whole of the day, positively refusing to see one of her visitors, and only stepped out in the evening to post some letters with her own hand. So great was the commotion in the place, that there was some talk at the Literary Institution of expelling the Doctor; but on the Secretary's stating that the low state of the funds would prevent the returning his subscription, the idea was abandoned for the time. After all, he didn't trouble us with his company there often, so it didn't much matter. There was even some talk, I believe, of breaking his windows; but we had a very stern and inflexible Inspector of the County Police force stationed at Mudford, who, hearing of this project, at once gave it to be understood that he should not allow his private feelings to interfere with his duty; and that whoever was guilty of any unlawful or riotous act, should be immediately put in the lock-up: so that method of administering justice was at once abandoned.

I suppose there is no such thing as perfect unanimity in this world—I am sure there is not in the world of Mudford:—and there were not wanting persons who said that Miss Cringle was cracked, and in all probability Mrs. Rourke was drunk. But so great was the prejudice against the New Doctor, that even those who professed this opinion were ready to own that if Miss Cringle and Mrs. Rourke had not seen what they said they had, there was no doubt that they *might* have seen it, or something worse; so that the Doctor's reputation did not gain much by their advocacy. And I must say here in justice to those two ladies, that if any persons doubted their story at first, they could not in their hearts doubt it long, for the Doctor did not even attempt to deny it. Most people cut him without a word; but some few, and among them myself, told him what was said, and thus gave

him an opportunity of contradicting the story; but he would only shrug his shoulders and turn away his head, neither owning nor denying it.

I don't think the New Doctor could have led a very pleasant life just at this time; and there seemed less chance than ever of his getting into practice at Mudford. Miss Playfair was gone, and the few acquaintances he had made all dropped off. Scarcely anybody spoke to him; and, indeed, he now rarely came out until evening; when, as we knew from Miss Cringle, he would walk up and down the road for about an hour; come back at the end of that time to his house, stay in a few minutes, and then go out again for another walk in the same place. It must not be supposed, however, that nobody at all employed him. Two or three people had sent for him; and I don't know that I shouldn't have done so myself, notwithstanding all, if I had been unwell; for self is the great thing in such cases, and employ Green or Higgins I never can nor will: and those who had been the New Doctor's patients all spoke highly of his attention and ability. This, however, did not influence our opinion of him in the least, as it is well known that the most diabolical of all possible personages can behave like a gentleman when expedient to do so.

Several months had now elapsed since the new Doctor came to Mudford. Miss Playfair, as I have just mentioned, was gone: indeed, she did not remain long after Miss Cringle's dreadful discovery. One of the letters which she had posted herself on the following day was, as we ascertained from the postmaster, for her father,—no doubt informing him of her intention to come home at once. The other was to Mr. Smith himself:—of course, its contents were not known to us, but it was generally supposed that it upbraided him with his conduct, and bade him an eternal farewell. In two days more she had left Mudford for London.

The stories about the Doctor did not fall off either in quantity or in quality, as the novelty of the affair died away. Perhaps they would have done so in time, but the time was not yet long enough; and, so far, scarcely a day elapsed but some new report of a startling character was brought out about him—some of these rumours being, I believe, not without truth in them; others being absurd, shocking, and incredible. Even had I space or time, I could not bring myself to narrate one tithe of the tales about him and the unhallowed doings in his house that passed current among the vulgar. But I must relate two events which were nearly bringing him into serious collision with the laws of his country.

Dreaded as the New Doctor's house was, there were some of the more daring spirits in Mudford in whom curiosity was stronger than fear; and these often went out at night, by twos and threes, and climbing by some means to the top of the wall around the Doctor's garden, watched there by the hour together, in hope of getting materials for some fresh story with which to horrify the inhabitants on the next day.

One very dark night, that daring young scamp, Flibbert, the blacksmith's son—the only one in the place, I believe, who would have had the courage to do it—went there alone, and placed himself on watch at the top of the wall; and not long after, he came running home to his father, pale, breathless, and horror-struck. He said that he had not been long at his post when the Doctor came forth from his back door, accompanied by his old house-keeper, who held a lantern in her hand, while the Doctor carried a pick and a spade. They went to a corner in the garden among the apple-trees, and there the old woman held the light, while the doctor set to work to dig a small grave! He took some time about it, not being very expert in the use of the tools; and all the while the boy remained on the wall, close to

them, afraid to move, and scarcely daring to breathe. When it was finished, the Doctor returned to the house, the old woman still remaining with the lantern near the grave, and presently came forth again, bringing under his arm a rough deal box or small coffin. He brought the coffin to the edge of the grave, and was just about to put it in, when the boy's hold on the wall having become somewhat relaxed, he made a slight movement to get into a better position. The Doctor heard the sound, and called out sharply, "Who is there?" The boy made no reply, but, dropping at once to the ground outside the wall, ran home as fast as he could go, and told his father what he had witnessed.

Flibbert at first thought of putting the matter into the hands of the police; but on second thoughts, having some vague notions about obtaining a reward for the discovery, he determined to go and make a search himself in the place where his son had seen the grave. Accordingly on the next night, accompanied by his son and a neighbour, he went to the Doctor's garden, and, getting over the wall by means of a ladder, proceeded to the spot indicated by the boy. It was plain enough, at first sight, that the earth in that place had been recently disturbed; but not all their digging could discover anything in the shape of a box or coffin. They filled in the earth again, and were about to make a search in other parts of the garden, when a pale, spectral light, proceeding they knew not whence, shone forth about them, making them look to each other so pale, so ghastly, so horrible, that they fled in the utmost terror from the spot, and returned to it no more.

It may be imagined what were the comments of the people of Mudford on this story, the truth of which no one could doubt. Flibbert reported it to the Inspector of Police, who reported it to the Superintendent, who reported it to the Chief Constable; but that gentle-

man did not think they could interfere in the matter without further evidence, and only gave orders that the police should keep a watchful eye on Mr. Smith, and take particular notice of his actions.

They say, "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him;" and I suppose that at this time the New Doctor would have been by common consent, with or without evidence, considered guilty of any crimes that might have been committed at Mudford. But shortly after the event just narrated, he really had a very narrow escape indeed from being sent to jail for a most serious offence.

We had a cattle market at Mudford shortly after the affair of the garden, and in the evening old Jobbs the farmer was walking home to his house, a short distance out of the town, having in his pocket about a hundred pounds in gold and notes which he had received for some cattle sold in the market. He confesses that he was rather tipsy, but swears that he was quite sufficiently himself to know what he was about. That night he was knocked down close to his own gate, and robbed of all the money he had about him; and the suspicions that the New Doctor was the perpetrator of the deed were so strong, that the magistrates issued a warrant for his apprehension.

Of course, such an event as the examination of our notorious Doctor before the magistrates, called together all the people in the place who could possibly leave their houses; and the number of persons who tried to get into the magistrates' small office, would have more than filled the long room at the White Hart. I was fortunate enough to get a place, and will state the evidence given as briefly as I can.

John Jobbs swore that he was going home on foot about half-past nine o'clock on the evening after the cattle-market, having in his pocket about a hundred pounds, which he had received for some

oxen. He had been drinking several glasses of grog, and was rather "overtaken," but knew very well what he was about. About half-way between Mudford and his house, his foot slipped and he fell; and, not being exactly sober, could not get up again as readily as usual. At that time a person came by, and helped him to rise. He knew Mr. Smith, the New Doctor, very well by sight, and swore that he was the man. Mr. Smith offered to see him home, but witness, knowing his infamous character, refused, and at the same time seized the opportunity to give him a bit of his mind in tolerably strong language. Finding, however, that he had hurt himself by his fall, and was unable to walk alone, he at length consented, and the Doctor took him by the arm, put him as far as his own gate, continuing to receive bits of his mind all the way, and there said "Good-night," and left him, or pretended to leave him. Directly after, however, while Jobbs was standing in the same place, considering how best to steady himself so as to escape a scolding from his wife, he heard somebody behind him, and immediately was knocked down by a severe blow on the head, which rendered him insensible; and when he recovered, he found that he had been robbed of all the money in his pocket. Jobbs's statement was corroborated by his wife, who deposed to his having come in without his money, and with the mark of a severe blow on the head. When he arrived, she looked at the clock, and saw that it was half-past ten. The man who keeps the turnpike gate just out of Mudford, swore that he saw Mr. Jobbs going home under as much as he could carry; and that Jobbs was followed shortly after by the prisoner, whom he knew quite well, as he often walked that way. He was certain that prisoner was the man.

I believe that the magistrates would have committed the Doctor; but at this juncture Mr. Burns, a

very respectable old man, forced his way into the office with his son; and both volunteering their testimony, swore that Mrs. Burns had been taken suddenly and alarmingly ill on the evening in question; that they had sent for Mr. Green and Mr. Higgins, both of whom were out of town; and that then, believing Mrs. Burns to be in a most critical state, they had sent in desperation for Mr. Smith. The Doctor arrived at their house, they both swore, at nine o'clock, and remained there, not being overwhelmed, as he said, with practice, until twelve, when the patient had fallen into a quiet sleep. Both Mr. Burns and his son swore so positively as to the time, and that the Doctor had never left the house from nine until twelve, that the magistrates could not but consider the *alibi* sufficiently proved, and the prisoner was discharged.

This was certainly a very narrow escape for our New Doctor; and though the magistrates discharged him, the intelligent reader will not doubt that he was fully convicted in the minds of the public of Mudford; each individual of that great body having his or her own reason to give, more or less probable, and more or less charitable, for the evidence of Mr. Burns and his son. Some believed that they had been mistaken as to time; others that they had perjured themselves; and many among the lower orders never doubted that the New Doctor had the power of being in two places at once, when to be so suited his purpose. For my part, I believe that Jobbs and the pikeman had been mistaken as to identity; but in this opinion I think I got no supporters. If anything could have increased the popular indignation against the Doctor, it would have been his escape in this manner from the hands of justice after having been so very nearly caught; and I am sorry to say that, on the evening after his discharge, he, Mr. Burns, senior, and Mr. Burns, junior, were burnt together in effigy.

Events with regard to the New Doctor had been following thick upon each other; and very soon after this robbery business occurred, the most extraordinary event of all.

One morning I found waiting for me on my breakfast-table the following note:—

"Mr. Smith presents his compliments to Mr. So-and-so, and would feel greatly obliged by his company to-morrow morning at twelve, to take a glass of wine, and listen to a communication which Mr. Smith wishes to make."

I was perfectly electrified when I read this note; and before I had finished my breakfast, Jones, Johnson, and Ferris dropped in, each to show me a similar invitation, to inquire whether I had got one, and to tell me that, as far as was known, some seven or eight of them had been issued altogether. I believe the first impulse of all of us was to return an indignant refusal; but after some discussion and consultation with others, the desire to hear the promised communication eventually determined us on going,—though I believe that an invitation to take wine with a condemned criminal in Newgate, and hear his confession, would have had a less startling effect.

Next day came, and we walked up to the door together to the number of eight. We knocked and were admitted by the old servant; and for the first known time since the New Doctor had been in the place, the door erected in the lobby stood open, and we were ushered into a room at the back of the house, where he himself was waiting to receive us. The room was plainly furnished—indeed it was old Mole's old furniture; but everything was tastefully arranged, and there were several pieces of lady's work lying about, which told plainly enough of the presence of a woman.

At the Doctor's invitation we took our seats; but, as had been previously concerted, we all refused to take any wine until we had

heard the promised communication.

"Well then, gentlemen," he said, "we will commence with this robbery affair, though it is the last, as far as I know, in point of date."

And, taking a newspaper from his pocket, he showed us the confession of a criminal convicted of highway robbery at the assizes of a neighbouring county, which stated that he (the convict) was the man who had robbed the old farmer after the cattle-market at Mudford.

"So you see, gentlemen," the Doctor said, "I am innocent of that crime at all events, and this paper has come to me most opportunely, so that I might convince you. And now for something else. I know well enough that there have been reports of a very black character in circulation about me; and among the rest, that I, a bachelor, have a lady closely shut up in this house. Is it not so?"

We all said that it was so, and that we should like to have it explained.

"Then, gentlemen," said he, "please to understand that the lady in question is my wife, and that she was so before I came to Mudford."

"Then, sir," we all exclaimed with one voice, "how do you account for your conduct to Miss Playfair?"

"Wait a moment, gentlemen," he said; "to explain that matter I must fetch something from the next room. I will be back again directly."

He left the room and we gazed on each other with looks of blank astonishment; but before we could say a word, he returned and resumed his seat.

Finding that he did not speak for some time, we began to grow impatient, and asked him for his promised explanation.

"Explanation?" said he, as if he had forgotten all about it. "What explanation, pray?"

"Why, your explanation about Miss Playfair!"

"Gentlemen," he said, in the coolest manner possible, "I have nothing to say about Miss Playfair, except that she is a very charming and estimable young lady, and that I hope soon to make her my wife."

"Your wife!" we exclaimed. "Why, you have a wife already in this very house!"

He looked from one to the other with an appearance of the greatest bewilderment; and then said, with the utmost coolness,

"O dear, no, gentlemen! You are mistaken, I assure you. I have no wife, and never had such a thing in my life."

"Why, you told us but a minute since that the woman who has been in this house for we don't know how long was your wife!"

"I beg your pardon," he replied. "I never said anything of the sort. I have no wife, and never had one since I was born!"

We all started to our feet, exclaiming, "This is unbearable; we didn't come here to be insulted!" and were about to leave the room and the house; but with a merry laugh the Doctor exclaimed—

"Stop, gentlemen! Stop a moment, I pray; and excuse my joking with you. The farce has lasted long enough." And he touched the bell.

Immediately the door opened, and the New Doctor entered!

Yes, the New Doctor entered; and yet the New Doctor had been in the room before, and was there still. We looked from one to the other in the utmost astonishment. There were two New Doctors! but just exactly alike; the same features, the same figure, the same quality of voice, the same cut of beard and mustache, and the same style of dress, down to the minutest particular!

"Gentlemen," continued the one who had been in the room before, "this is my brother, Henry Smith, the married man. I am Herbert Smith, the bachelor; and as you are now, I believe, satisfied that I did not rob old Jobbs, I may as

well own at once that the *alibi* by which I escaped was founded on a mistake. It was I who put the old farmer home to his gate, as a charitable action, and there left him, little thinking he was going to be so attacked immediately after by that scoundrel; and it was my brother who attended on Mrs. Burns in her illness. It was the first time, I believe, that we ever ventured out at the same time in Mudford; but such a call was not to be disobeyed; and it was well for me that it happened as it did."

It may be supposed how much we were all astonished: but having heard and seen so much, we were prepared for almost anything; and we thought that we might now venture to take a glass of wine. We did so, and the wine, being very good, warmed our hearts, so that we felt more favourably disposed towards the Doctor, or Doctors, than a short time before we should have thought possible.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the one who had last spoken, "as we are about immediately to leave Mudford—for which Mudford, I fancy, will not mourn excessively—and should not wish to leave behind us a character altogether infamous, we have asked you, as being the most respectable and intelligent men in the place" (here we all bowed, and took another glass of wine), "to meet us here to-day, in order to hear a short explanation of this curious affair, which has given rise to such dreadful stories about us."

"My brother and I are orphans, and were brought up to the medical profession by an old uncle, very rich, very eccentric, and with an excessive fondness for money, which has gone on increasing rapidly with every successive year of his life. We are twin brothers; we were educated together, we passed through our professional studies at the same time, and a short time ago we lived near each other in London, neither of us having any fixed idea of where we

should ultimately settle. Shortly before we came here, my brother got married, and at about the same time he got into debt. He had taken a number of shares in a speculation which has since proved a success; but before that happy time, a bank, in which he had deposited his money, broke: he lost all, and, being unable to pay up the calls, his shares in the speculation referred to were also forfeited. These disasters threw him deeply into debt; and our uncle, who was most obstinate when he had once made up his mind, and absolutely miserly in some matters, not only refused to assist him, but said that, if he disgraced the family by going to prison, he would not leave a farthing of his fortune to him or to me. We knew that he was quite capable of carrying out this threat, and were at our wits' end what to do; for my brother's creditors were so vindictive and watchful, that for him to escape to the Continent appeared out of the question, when Miss Playfair, to whom I had just become engaged——"

"What?" we exclaimed; "did you know Miss Playfair before you came here?"

"Yes," he said; "and it was she who first put into our heads the notion of coming. She had been on a visit at Mudford once; and when she heard that Mr. Mole's practice was to be sold, an idea occurred to her. She suggested it to me, and we all talked it over between us, and at length determined to carry it out, my uncle being especially delighted with the plan, from a cunning feeling of pleasure at the trick itself, as well as from the prospect of escaping an advance of cash, and yet of the family avoiding the disgrace of Henry's going to prison. The plan was, that I should buy Mr. Mole's practice, which did not require a large outlay, and that we should all come quietly down here together, making it at the same time be believed that Henry and his wife had escaped to the Continent.

My brother and I being, as you see, very much alike, we thought that, by taking care not to go out together, nor to be seen at the same time—by trimming our beards and mustaches in precisely the same way, and by always wearing exactly the same kind of dress—we might cause it to be believed, especially by strangers, that we were one and the same person. My brother's wife, almost ever since her marriage, had been an invalid, and was confined almost entirely to the house, so that there was no fear of our being found out through her; and for our housekeeper we chose an old servant of the family, on whose fidelity we could depend. There were several reasons which determined us on taking the proposed step. My brother's wife was horrified at the idea of her husband being taken from her and sent to prison, and would have put up with anything rather than that; and Miss Playfair was coming down here again on a visit, so that we thought we should be able frequently to see each other—a thing which my uncle's strange character, and the uncertainty of my prospects from him, made her parents rather object to at home. Besides this, my brother and I had jointly made some rather important discoveries in chemistry and electricity, and we wished to remain together in order to carry out a systematic course of experiments, and conjointly to write a work on the subject. More than all, as I said before, the notion took our uncle's fancy so much, that he made quite a point of it, and we saw that we could not refuse to go on with the scheme without giving him the greatest offence, which, under the circumstances, we could not afford to do.

"But we had not sufficiently calculated the tattle and espionage of a small town; and had no foreboding of the dark rumours and suspicions about us to which our plot would give rise; else, I am sure, we should never have ventured

to carry it out. Whatever had been the consequences, we could, I think, have gone on with it no longer after what has occurred: but, two days ago, we received a communication stating that our uncle had died almost suddenly, and had left all his property—a very considerable one—to my brother and myself: so that my brother can now pay all his debts, and meet his creditors in the gate; and we have each of us an income which enables us to dispense with the active practice of our profession. As, at the same time, it fortunately happens that our book and our experiments are completed, and my sister-in-law nearly recovered, we intend to leave this place to-morrow: but, before doing so, we thought it but right to ask you gentlemen to meet us here to-day, in order that you may understand what has appeared so mysterious about us, and explain the same, as I hope you will have the kindness to do, to your friends. Come, gentlemen, a glass of wine."

"But," said one of our party, "young Flibbert saw a grave in your garden, and a coffin, and all that. What was that, Doctor?"

"Oh," said Henry, the married man, with a laugh, "that was my wife's pet cockatoo! The poor thing died, and I promised my wife to give it decent burial in the garden; but when I heard the fellow on the wall, I fancied they would be for digging it up again; and, determined to disappoint them, I brought the bird back, and stuffed it, having acquired the art some years ago. Here it is, gentlemen."

He opened a cupboard, and showed us the stuffed figure of a large white cockatoo, wanting only a glass case to be really a very handsome thing.

"Anything else, gentlemen?"

"Why," said another of the party, "the strange lights that have been seen, and the strange sounds that have been heard; we

should like to have them explained, if not too much trouble."

"Well," said he, "our experiments in chemistry and electricity produced some strange lights now and then; and we purposely frightened the fellows when they came to dig up the poor cockatoo; and I daresay we occasionally caused some strange sounds in the same way; but I fancy that for these latter the late lamented cockatoo is principally responsible. He was a dence of a fellow to scream and chatter, though you wouldn't think it, to look at him now. Take another glass of wine, gentlemen."

We took one more glass, and then departed, feeling rather as if we were walking with our heads on the ground and our boots in the air. As we went out at the front door, I saw Miss Cringle at her window, panting to hear the news; and so I went up to communicate them to her, the others of the party not daring to breathe a word to anybody until they had told the whole story to their expectant wives. Of course, the tale was not long in circulating through Mudford; and I am afraid that, on the whole, it created a feeling of disappointment: for, though there was something very strange about it as it was, I think people in general would rather that the New Doctor had been a robber, and a murderer, and a villain of the deepest dye.

Next day the two Doctors, with Mrs. Smith, and the housekeeper, and the stuffed cockatoo, all departed from Mudford, leaving instructions with Knox, the auctioneer, to sell the furniture for what it would bring. A few months after I got wedding-cards from Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smith; and last Christmas I received a Stilton cheese and a barrel of natives from the same quarter.

And so ended the strangest affair which has ever occurred at Mudford during my long residence in the place.

POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SELDOM has the opening of Parliament been looked forward to with less of public or party excitement than at present. The country is in a remarkably tranquil mood, disposed to take all things very quietly. And yet the circumstances of the time are full of grave interest. An unparalleled disaster has befallen the gigantic fabric of our manufacturing industry; and abroad we behold an array of events which, a few years ago, would have sufficed to produce among us no small degree of uneasiness and excitement. But ever since the convulsions of 1848 broke up the long peace which settled on Europe after Waterloo—still more since the ambition of the late Czar led us to renew our experience of the realities of war—the people of this country have been becoming used to crises. Since 1859, especially, when the conviction was forced upon us that French Imperialism is still very much what it was in the days of our fathers, the public has begun to “discount” the contingencies of the future, and to insure itself against damage from their occurrence. We have made ourselves secure—at least as secure as needs be in present circumstances—against external attack; and we are well assured that we have no enemies at home—that never before were all classes of our people so united in bonds of mutual sympathy and goodwill, or so universally contented with our national institutions. A country so circumstanced is virtually impregnable; and therefore we can look forth from our happy island-home upon the troubles or wars of other States, not indeed in selfish indifference, but with a sense of security and a consciousness of power, which invests us with a tranquillity that may be mistaken for apathy.

The great and sad feature of the internal condition of the country

is the cotton famine, which for a year past has weighed like a nightmare upon our manufacturing districts, extending its baleful influence over four millions of our people. The calamity came upon us so suddenly that there was little time to prepare for it. It is true, our liability to such a calamity had been pointed out, in language of serious warning, by one or two of our ablest political thinkers, and foremost among these by Sir Archibald Alison. But the parties most interested, the great cotton-lords and the manufacturers generally, despised the warning, and took no measures to avert disaster. Their faith in the doctrine of demand always producing supply blinded them to their danger. It was a noble fabric of industry, truly, which they had reared up—a mighty addition to the wealth and resources of the country—a vast field of employment for the ever-increasing population of our isles. The effect was as beneficial as if several thousand square miles of productive land had been gradually added to the narrow area of the British Isles—affording remunerative employment to hundreds of thousands of our people who must otherwise have emigrated, and proportionately adding to the power of the country and the resources of the State. But any thoughtful man, as he viewed the annually increasing growth of that great industry, must have trembled for its permanence; and now that the blow has fallen, every one must recognise the improvidence exhibited by the great chiefs of that industry. “We will buy only in the cheapest market,” they said: “an efficient demand will always secure an adequate supply.” And as long as there was the least hope of the cotton-dearth being over in a year or so, they resolutely declined to take any steps to obtain new sources of

supply. They had overstocked the markets with their goods, and as long as there was a prospect of their old source of supply being available again by the time those surplus stocks had run off, it seemed to them better to content themselves with working their mills only half-time, than to procure future stability for their industry by an outlay of money. That outlay, indeed, would amply repay itself in the long-run: but no one likes putting his hand in his pocket; and month after month of increasing distress passed away without the manufacturers showing any disposition to move. Recently this inaction has partially given way; the continued dearth of cotton at length left the manufacturers no alternative but to open new sources of supply, or see their own fortunes ruined. The pressure, of adversity is hard to bear, and we have no desire to scrutinise too closely the conduct of the manufacturers in this most trying crisis. Yet as a mere question of fact, as a singular political souvenir, it deserves to be noted that an influential body of these free-traders *par excellence*—men who had denounced bounties and privileges of any kind as alike unjust and impolitic—actually memorialised the Government to procure cotton for them in India, by encouraging the growth of cotton by means of bounties from the State! Mr. Bright himself has recently advocated the same proposal. We trust, however, that the manufacturers are now convinced of the hopelessness as well as impolicy of such a project, and that they will do what every other class has to do—act for themselves, and with that energy and ability which so eminently distinguish them. The country has responded, and is still responding, nobly to the bitter cry of distress from Lancashire; but it is no part of the duty either of the public or of the Government to procure cotton for the mill-owners by the offer of State bounties.

Lamentable as is the distress

which thus weighs upon so numerous and industrious a portion of our population, it is consolatory to know that never yet was a material calamity so redeemed by its moral aspect. National virtue never before was so strikingly displayed. We may thank Providence that the disaster has come in its present form. In the opinion of many good judges, the distress which now so lamentably prevails in the manufacturing districts, would have come upon us in the natural course of trade, as the result of the over-production of previous years. In such a case, it is not to be thought that public sympathy would have been so widely and heartily displayed, and that the accusing voices of the operatives would not have been heard against their masters. But happily the calamity has come in a shape which silences cavil, and unites the hearts and hands of all in the mitigation of the distress. The cause of the disaster was beyond our control; and the very over-production of previous years now proves advantageous—for the gradual sale of the surplus stocks at good prices (which in other circumstances would have continued to glut the market and check production) now helps to compensate the mill-owners for their losses, and enables them to act with liberality to the suffering operatives. And that, as a class, they do so act, we have the testimony of the noble Earl who, with princely munificence, generous sympathy, and statesmanlike intelligence, heads the movement for the relief of the distress. All classes, both high and low, are nobly doing their duty. The patient endurance of the suffering working-classes is heroic; the lively sympathy and active co-operation of the other classes of the community on their behalf are without a parallel. The change which has taken place, in this respect, during a single generation, is something marvellous. Formerly, under the pressure of hardships less great and equally

beyond the power of any one to prevent, the working-classes became reckless and broke into outrage; and the rest of the community, which had done little by its benefactions to avert this outbreak of suffering, found itself compelled to take stringent measures against these organised conspirators against the public peace. Now all this is changed. It is needless, and it were unjust, to throw stones at the old times. What is now could not have been then. If we examine the causes of the great change which has supervened, we shall find it first in the increased intercommunication between all parts of the country; and, secondly, in the spread of education and intelligence. Railways and newspapers now bind together all parts and all classes of the country. Ignorance is the mother of apathy and disunion. When each city, or district, or class knew little of the character and concerns of the other parts of the country or classes of the community, it was vain to expect the ready sympathy and general co-operation on behalf of a suffering locality, such as, we rejoice to say, has become common now. Moreover, wealth has increased enormously in this country since the beginning of the century—and it is only the surplus wealth of a community that is available for the relief of distress. Let us thank God that we are as we are, without charging it as a social crime against our fathers that they acted differently. Let us rejoice that, heavy though the calamity be, it has at least become a means of uniting all classes of our people—classes who have so often warred with one another—in the bonds of sympathy and confidence; and that the British nation has at length perfected its social existence, by growing into a compact and harmonious community, every part of which knows intimately and sympathises heartily with the condition and concerns of the rest.

It is a not less remarkable feature of the times that in politics also

all England now is nearly of one mind. We say "nearly," for there is one class which is an exception, and the existence of which has an important influence upon the relative composition of the two great parties in the State. But, unquestionably, the great bulk of the nation is now of one mind in regard to political questions. In a country like England this is a truly remarkable condition of affairs, and suggestive of but one inference. Homogeneous nations under a centralised form of government—as in France—may readily conceive a universal passion for change, the nation acting together in its wisdom or madness like one man. But the case is very different in this country. The United Kingdom is an aggregate of the most opposite forces—it is full of conflicting interests, each intrenched in some vigorous organisation, whether of aristocracy, church, commerce, corporations, leagues, or companies. In such circumstances, a universal agreement of opinion in favour of altering a single part of our constitution, either in Church or State, would be an event little short of a miracle. Unanimity of political feeling in England, therefore, cannot possibly signify anything else than political contentment—the wish to rest and enjoy, satisfaction with the form and machinery of the Constitution, and a desire only to see the machinery of Government ably and honestly worked. And what else is this than Conservatism? It is Conservatism adopted by the whole nation. It is a mistake to attribute this universal Conservatism to the breakdown of democratic institutions in America. The "Conservative reaction," to adopt the common but exceptionable phrase, had unmistakably manifested itself before a single shot had been fired in America—before the bloodless bombardment of Fort Sumter announced the approach of that deplorable conflict which has served to expose democracy in its worst

and most contemptible form, and to reveal, in the bosom of republican America, a mass of corruption, imbecility, meanness, and malignity, which, taken together, have never been equalled in the whole world. But if a Conservative feeling had been steadily growing up in England before the "bursting of the American bubble," it is equally true that that great collapse of democracy has done much to give to that feeling its present universality. Abstract reasoning cannot affect mankind with the same force as actual experiment and practical demonstration. Every sensible man in this country now acknowledges—what nearly all sensible men for some years past felt, but lacked the courage to say—that we have already gone as far towards democracy as it is safe to go, and that another step like that proposed by Lord Russell would have carried us irretrievably over the precipice. This is the great moral benefit which we have derived from the events in America. The vast superiority of our mixed Constitution is now so demonstrated, that every man may now say what he thinks publicly and without reserve. Even men who have been all their lives supporters of the "Liberal" party—men who, up to the last moment, were in favour of a farther degradation of the franchise—now see the folly of their course, and, moreover, have an excuse for avowing their change of opinion. Hence it is that England is now all of one mind. And what is that, we repeat, but that all England is Conservative, and that the Liberal party in office is an anachronism?

There might be some excuse for this anomalous position of affairs, if the Liberal Ministry ever professed to believe that Liberal principles are still popular. But they do not—they cannot. After nearly ten years of selfish and most reckless trafficking in Reform Bills, Lord Russell himself repudiated his own work. He abandoned it in the same spirit of selfishness as

he took it up. It was in the hope of reviving his faded popularity that he first proposed a further Reform Bill in the end of 1851; and, backed by a party as insincere as himself, he kept playing off his precious Bill, year after year, as a convenient party manoeuvre against his Conservative rivals. But no sooner, when reinstated in office, did he and his colleagues find that they were about to be "hoist with their own petard," than the Bill was shelved. Reform was not only abandoned, but treated with contempt by the Whig occupants of the Treasury Bench; and the Minister who had once shed tears when forced by his colleagues to postpone his Bill, at length, on the 5th of February 1861, not only buried Reform, but, like a wild Irishman, danced upon its grave! In their projects of ecclesiastical innovation, the members of the present Ministry have been equally defeated. When baffled in their attacks upon the State, they still thought it was a popular thing to assault the Church. In this also they have at length been undeceived: and now what have they left to do? They have not a single card left to play. Their whole list of measures, after having been deliberately considered by the nation, has been condemned and rejected with contempt. Like the Federal generals at Fredericksburg, they have tried attack after attack upon every part of their rivals' position, and with every man they could muster, only to see every attack fail, and recoil in ruinous loss upon themselves. The Federal general, when condemned to inaction and menaced by a superior force, wisely abandoned his ground, and put a river between himself and his foe. It is time the Whig Ministry should execute a similar "strategic movement," if they do not wish to fare worse than General Burnside, and be kicked across the Rappahannock, instead of avoiding a catastrophe by a timely retreat.

We have said that there is one exception to the unanimity of poli-

tical feeling which now pervades this country, and that exception, we need hardly say, is the party of Radicals whose mouthpiece is Mr. Bright. We can no longer call this the "Manchester" party; for, whatever may have been their sentiments hitherto, we have reason to believe that the views of Mr. Bright are now repudiated by the greater part even of our manufacturing classes. But Mr. Bright is incurable. All his life he has been a man of one idea, and one-ideaed he must be to the end. There must always be men of this kind. We must lay our account to have Radicals. Like the poor, they are always with us. And they are not without use in their way. This is a free country, and a few eloquent or blustering Radicals serve to "let off the steam" of their class, and serve to remind the sober-minded portion of the community what a very mad and drunken thing Radicalism is. Mr. Bright and his followers may hold a place in political England as usefully as the drunken Helots did in the social usages of Sparta. But though we have no great zeal for the conversion of the Abbot of Unreason and his motley followers, we think the country will agree with us that they ought not to be taken by the hand by those in high places, and allowed to play their pranks in the government of the country. Yet this is just what must happen in the present anomalous position of parties. The country has no objection to hear Mr. Bright speak on any subject and in any way he likes, either in or out of Parliament; but it cannot regard with indifference a position of affairs which makes his support indispensable to the existence of a Ministry. The Tories are not only the strongest party in Parliament, but now equal in number the Whigs and Radicals put together. By a slow and steady growth the Conservative party is regaining the predominant position which it held from 1812 to 1847, when a question, not of constitutional but of com-

mercial policy, so lamentably disrupted its power. Now, as in 1841, the Whig Ministry is at its mercy, and is only spared for the sake of the gallant old statesman who heads the motley crew, and is worth all the others put together.

We see nothing surprising in this recovery of the Conservative party. The only surprising thing would have been if it had not taken place. It is not necessary, nor would it be correct, to attribute the recovery to any extraordinary generalship on the part of its leaders. In the five years which followed the Reform Bill, the Conservative party made almost as great a rally as they have done in the fifteen years which followed the split on the Corn-laws; and yet that split was not on a constitutional question, and the Conservative section which left the main body might have remained as good Conservatives as ever. The Conservative "reaction," now in progress, and nearly accomplished, has been slow and tardy, but it promises unmistakably to be proportionately enduring. In the opinion of all, the work of Constitutional Reform has been carried as far as it is wise to carry it; and in the opinion of all, the Whig Ministers who, for a dozen years, have been urging us towards further innovations both in Church and State, have proved themselves to be unsafe leaders. As the sole means of retaining office, the Whigs now repudiate their old measures and principles—everything that was peculiar to them—and act the part of unwilling Conservatives. Now in regard to constitutional questions—which are the grand tests of difference between Whig and Tory—there is a notable difference between a change of opinion on the part of a Liberal and of a Conservative. The greatest and not least illusory boast of the Liberals hitherto has been, that all their distinctive measures have been carried in the end, and have been accepted by the Conservatives themselves; and, therefore, that the Conservatives have

always been in the wrong, and the Whigs in the right. Such a boast, partially fallacious as to facts, is totally illusory in its logic, for it is to be observed that, as the capacity of the people for self-government is always increasing with the increase of wealth and intelligence, it may be that the Conservatives were right when they opposed a particular change, and right also when subsequently they adopted or acquiesced in it. But with the Liberals this is impossible. If Lord Russell's Reform Bill was bad and worthy only of contempt in 1861, it must have been still more mistimed and worthy of all condemnation in 1851, when he first announced it. The same is true of the Ballot question and the other proposed innovations upon the Constitution. Thus one of two things must follow. Either the Whig Ministers were right and the whole country is wrong; or else, a more probable supposition, the country is right and the Whigs were wrong. If we accept the first alternative, what are we to think of Ministers who repudiate what they believe to be right for the sake of retaining office, and act the part of Conservatives when believing that the welfare of the country calls for "sweeping reforms?" If we accept the other alternative, can we, on a review of the last ten years, imagine a deeper depth of degradation than that to which Liberalism and its chiefs have now sunk? for while Liberalism has proved itself a perilous absurdity, its chiefs have not only endorsed that judgment, but have gleefully repudiated their old professions for the sake of postponing their fall from office.

In truth, the greatest retarding obstacle to the triumph of the Conservative party is the completeness of the triumph achieved by their opinions. Conservatism is now so universally the feeling of the nation, that there is no room for rivalry. Although the Liberals are in office, they know that their creed is now an absurdity—that the measures

which they have so long vaunted and ventilated would now be scoffed out of the house, and held up to public ridicule in 'Punch' and the 'Times.' They feel that it is vain to contend against the Conservative feeling of the nation, and therefore they fall in with it. Their best defence, their best plea for being allowed to retain office, is based on the very fact that the triumph of their rivals' principles is now too complete to be gainsaid. "It does not matter who is in office," say the Ministerial apologists; "the country is all of one mind, and the policy of the Government must be the same whether Whig or Tory be in office." They forget to complete the exposition by saying that that policy must be Conservative! Able and willing to eject the party of innovations from Downing Street, the Conservatives are naturally somewhat embarrassed to find the premises occupied by a set of men professing Conservatism. If Liberalism and Conservatism were to come into conflict, Liberalism would instantly go to the wall, and the Ministry be expelled by an overwhelming majority. But the quondam Liberals think of nothing so much as eschewing Liberalism: they will have nothing to do with it; they will back it no longer; they will not even name it lest they give occasion for a challenge!

Even supposing the quondam Liberals now in office were sincerely convinced of the folly of the measures which they so long supported, but which the country so emphatically rejected, they cannot be good Conservatives if they wished it. For to retain office they must propitiate the Bright party. They must throw them crumbs occasionally, smuggle little Radical clauses into otherwise good bills, and go into the same lobby with them on all questions which do not endanger their existence as a Ministry. This is a most irritating, vexatious, and contemptible game, and would justify the country in cutting it short by a vote of want of confidence.

The Ministry now forswear all the Liberal measures as Government questions, but they support them with their votes and influence. They retain office in the character of Conservatives, but they give all the influence of office in favour of Liberalism. Such a system cannot last long.

A Cabinet so ignominiously circumstanced has not often been seen. Defeated again and again—impotent to propose a single measure of practical value—their only skill is shown in the way in which they evade a decisive trial of strength with the Opposition. And in the constituencies their only hope lies in the longevity of their supporters. For every two Whig or Radical seats that become vacant, a Conservative is sure to get one of them—still further swelling the triumphant phalanx of the Opposition. The leading journal itself now scoffs at the whole programme of Liberalism. When alluding to the programme of the Ministerial candidate for Southampton—namely, “Extension of the Franchise, the Ballot, abolition of Church-rates, and progressive political and ecclesiastical reform”—the ‘Times’ rightly calls it “dreary old stuff,” and adds; “There is not in the programme either a sentiment to raise the soul from the street mud, or a measure which can be said to be really before the British public. As a political statement it is at once hazy and pedestrian, unpractical and unideal. No reasonable being expects that either the franchise will be extended, or the Ballot introduced, or Church-rates abolished, unless it be by some compromise; or that there will be any very remarkable reforms, either in Church or State, for many a day.” And the same journal now claims for the Premier as his highest credit that he has “no principles!” As the ‘Times’ aims above all things to express public opinion, these are remarkable words, and show what a defunct, petrified, and wholly ante-

diluvian thing Liberalism has become. We use the word Liberalism, of course, in its accepted sense, as equivalent to the opinions and measures of the party which has called itself “Liberal,” though with no special claim to the title—in fact, with less real claim than the Conservatives have; for the liberalism of the Liberals has been all in the air, and is now (happily for the country) nowhere; whereas the liberalism of the Conservatives, if of a more homely, is of a more genuine and practical kind, which pervades the whole scope alike of their measures and of their policy. To be truly liberal is a very different thing from being simply innovating; and although the bastard liberalism of the Whigs and Radicals is now justly discredited, we need not shrink from taking credit for the genuine and practical liberality which has characterised the administration of recent Conservative Governments. As regards administrative ability, the statesmen of the Conservative party can still more unquestionably claim a superiority over their rivals. One of the bitterest antagonists of Conservative principles lately admitted that Lord Derby’s last Cabinet was the most efficient Administration he had ever known; and every one who contrasts the activity and wise legislation of that Cabinet, in all its departments, with the “wasted sessions” which have marked the career of the present Ministry, cannot fail to endorse that opinion. Nor must we forget the immense negative as well as positive benefits which the country owes to the Conservative party. At a time like the present, when it is evident that the Conservatives are again about to be raised to power, with a fair prospect of a long term of office, it is right to remember what they accomplished as a party in the “cold shade” of the Opposition benches. Ever since the short-lived Administration of Sir R. Peel and the Duke of Wellington in 1835, the Conservatives have been able to

foil the attacks of their antagonists upon the Constitution, both in Church and State. At that time the Appropriation Bill received at their hands its quietus, despite the shameful compact between the Whigs and the O'Connell party; and we can now name half-a-dozen measures inimical to the Constitution which have recently been resisted with equal success despite a similar degrading compact between the Whigs and the Radical followers of Mr. Bright. One has only to look back upon the last thirty years, and contrast the prospects of the country then with its condition now, to see how remarkable have been the achievements and how valuable the services rendered to the country by the Conservative party. As Sir Stafford Northcote well said when recently addressing the Conservatives of South Devon:—

"To the Conservative party the country is indebted for the fact that we have now a constitutional and ancient monarchy, and that we do not live either under a republic or a despotism: that we have a House of Lords respected and independent; that we have a house of Commons such as he would not say was ideally perfect, but such as fairly represented all classes; that we have a pure and Established Protestant Church, which is at once established and regulated by law, and yet is not a slave or tool of the State; besides other blessings which he need not enumerate. All this they owed to the gallant stand made by the Conservative party, and to the way in which their exertions had been backed up by the people throughout the length and breadth of the land."

The sole prestige of the present Cabinet centres in the Premier. In the estimation of the country, Lord Palmerston is the Government. Ministerial candidates swear by no one else. Lord Russell is already becoming a name of the past, and in practical administration has proved himself the greatest blunderer of his day. As regards Mr. Gladstone, the country has got sick of his clever and risky budgets, and sighs for a plain business-like balancing of income and expendi-

ture, accompanied by as much economy as can be effected without impairing the efficiency of our national establishments. But Lord Palmerston, with fourscore years on his shoulders, has now a greater reputation than he ever had, or than is accorded to any of his contemporaries. England loves old statesmen. No Minister in these days need expect to acquire the confidence of the country under sixty, but, if he avoid any great failure, every year after that may be expected to add to his reputation. It is an additional sign of the times that the only popular statesman in the present Cabinet is an old Tory—one who grew up in the Toryism of Pitt, and for a dozen years was initiated in the management of war and the conduct of foreign policy under Castlereagh. In this old age, in the last and brightest phase of his long career, Palmerston acquires his fame in the very character in which he first entered upon office. It is as a War Minister that the Premier chiefly commands the confidence of the country. As a legislator he was never of any account; as a Foreign Minister he was bold, astute, and on the whole successful; but now that, as Premier, he can direct both the War Office and the Foreign Office, he has the widest possible scope for his peculiar abilities. And he has this great advantage, that he is not only a vigorous and sagacious director of our foreign policy, but the country fully believes in his vigour and sagacity—nay, great as they are, exaggerates them. He is the only statesman in England that the people would follow to war unhesitatingly. In some respects this may not be a matter of congratulation, but in other respects it is a great advantage. Foreign Governments, when they see England well armed, and know that she is ready to use her power promptly and energetically, if need be, will be cautious how they seek either to injure or insult us. This is unquestionably a benefit which we derive from

the dictatorship of Lord Palmerston; and we have much need to acknowledge it, for it is the only one! The Cabinet without Palmerston is nothing. Fancy the same set of men with Lord Russell or Mr. Gladstone for Premier, and the Ministry would not last a day. Foreign politics is still the great affair of the time; and, failing the present Premier, there are two men to whom the eyes of the country would by common consent turn, and these are Lord Derby and Lord Malmesbury. Beyond all question, these two statesmen are our great Foreign Ministers of the future; and, however troubled that future may be, the fortunes of the country will be safe in their hands. In the trying period of 1859, the Earl of Malmesbury displayed a discernment, firmness, and masterly tact, which now, though tardily, are fully acknowledged. When Palmerston was at fault—when that veteran statesman imagined that Napoleon did not purpose war, and when he kept repeating that “the Treaty of 1815 must be respected”—Lord Malmesbury had already seen through the game of the French Emperor, and took the ablest means to meet it. If deprived of Lord Palmerston, the Liberal party would not have a single man competent to direct the foreign affairs of the country; but there is no such lack on the side of the Conservatives. And this is fortunate—for it is evidently the Conservatives who are to be the predominant party in the State for a good many years to come, and it is upon them accordingly that the onerous duty of maintaining the honour and integrity of the country will chiefly devolve.

Lord Palmerston, there is no doubt, is the supreme director of the foreign policy of the Government. Lord Russell is allowed, *more suo*, to write extraordinary despatches, and to quote Vattel and Puffendorf to show how little he understands them; but whenever he takes a view which Palmer-

ston thinks wrong, the Foreign Minister has to do as the Premier desires him. Thus it is no secret that the Foreign Secretary was in favour of the formation of Italy into two States—an idea which his chief very wisely negatived. And although not generally known, it is not less true that when, in May 1860, the French Government proposed a joint intervention, in order to prevent Garibaldi crossing from Sicily into Naples, Lord Russell was willing to acquiesce in the imperial project, but was overruled by the decisive and sagacious judgment of the veteran Premier. But when not thus in leading-strings, Lord Russell plays most fantastic tricks, so that Continental diplomatists have often wondered that such a mountebank should be the occupant of the British Foreign Office. The air of Germany seems especially to disagree with his Lordship, as three notable escapades suffice to demonstrate. There was first the grand mission to Vienna in 1855, whither his Lordship chose to go *en famille*, and from which he returned with such a progeny of blunders as astonished his colleagues, and induced even the model young Whigs to sign a round-robin begging him to resign, and not pull down the Ministry along with him. In the autumn of 1860 he was again in Germany, and the fruit of his cogitations in that foreign atmosphere was his memorable despatch of August 31, which he immediately afterwards repudiated by his still more memorable despatch of October 27. Once more he has been in Germany, and again the “black-fate” seems to have fallen upon him: for in the despatch which he wrote on the Danish question at Cobourg he has at once reversed the policy of his own and of all our other Governments during the last ten years, and taken part against a nation with whom we have especial reasons to be friends, and at the very time when such an act of unfriendliness towards Denmark

was peculiarly out of place. Startling and incomprehensible as have been the blunders of Lord Russell, alike in domestic and foreign policy, it surpassed belief that he should have reserved his masterpiece of folly and incapacity to be directed against a nation, between whose dynasty and our own an official announcement had just been made of an impending matrimonial alliance.

Lord Russell's despatch of 24th September, by which, for the first time, the British Government is made to side with the Germanic Diet in menacing the integrity of Denmark, produces an embarrassment for that country at the very time when the difficulties of the Scandinavian kingdoms were on the eve of a most happy solution. For two or three years past there has been a growing desire on the part of the Scandinavian peoples for closer union, by the consolidation of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark into one State. The difficulty was as to the means by which this was to be accomplished, and as to the form which the desired union of the cognate kingdoms should take. At one time it seemed as if an extraneous influence would exercise a malefic influence upon the process. At the beginning of September 1861 the King of Sweden, grandson of the French general Bernadotte, went by invitation to visit the Emperor Napoleon at Paris; and by some of the strange means which diplomatists have at command, it transpired that a secret arrangement had been come to by the two sovereigns that the King of Sweden should begin to play an ambitious game in the Baltic, supported by the Emperor of the French. Charles XV., youthful and ambitious of military glory, longed to repeat in the North the rôle which Victor Emmanuel had played in the South; and the purport of the agreement between the monarchs of France and Sweden was, that in return for co-operating with France whenever a necessity

should arise, by disquieting or attacking either Russia in Finland, or Prussia through Holstein, the dominions of the Swedish King should be aggrandised by Finland on the east, and on the west by the absorption of Denmark. Of the agitation which was immediately commenced in Finland we need not now speak; but a Swedish propagandism was at the same time commenced in Denmark, both in the towns and in the rural districts, for the purpose of altering the succession to the throne of Denmark in favour of the descendant of Bernadotte. As the King of Denmark has no heirs, it had been settled by the "London protocol," and the act of succession based upon it, that Prince Christian of Holstein-Sonderburg should be recognised as heir to the Danish crown: hence the first object of the Swedish party in Denmark was to get this Act set aside. And as it is stipulated by the Act that the accession of Prince Christian to the throne shall be conditional upon the consent and approval of the Danish people, every means was employed to render the hereditary prince unpopular.

The closing months of last year witnessed a most happy change. The jealous opposition of the King of Sweden has recently given way to feelings the very opposite. The difficulty which his ambition threatened to occasion has been solved in a manner which will happily secure the Scandinavian kingdoms against any such danger in the future, and, moreover, gives promise of uniting them on equal terms and by mutual consent into one powerful and harmonious kingdom. Prince Christian, the heir to the crown of Denmark, has a tolerably large family; Charles of Sweden has only one daughter. It seems that it is now arranged that the eldest son of Prince Christian is to marry the only daughter of the King of Sweden: so that, when Charles of Sweden on the one hand, and the present King of Denmark and his im-

mediate heir (Prince Christian) on the other, shall have passed from the scene, the crowns of Denmark and Sweden will be virtually united, as the King of Denmark will then be husband of the Queen of Sweden;* and in the generation following the crowns will be united *de facto* upon the head of their offspring. This will be a happy consummation in the eyes of the Scandinavians; it is desirable also as a matter of European policy. The Scandinavian kingdoms, though not rich either in population or resources, and at present of little weight as military powers, occupy a geographical position of great strategical importance in naval warfare. Several as they now are, neither of them could defend its own position—Sweden against Russia, Denmark against Germany. But if united, their seamen are so excellent, and their position so insulated, as to render their frontiers comparatively secure. They would need little assistance from any friendly Power; and yet, if that Power were a maritime one like England, they could render it in return the most important service. They hold the gates of the Baltic. Riddled cannon have now rendered the Sound totally impassable in the face of the batteries which crown the heights on either shore. Even in former time, Nelson only got through by hugging the Swedish shore, the batteries on which did not open fire. At present we are at peace, and we ever wish to remain at peace; but should the old and formidable project of a maritime confederacy be again tried against us—a project which it required all the naval genius of Nelson, and the secrecy and promptitude of the Copenhagen expedition, to foil—we shall be at no loss to comprehend the importance of having the

gates of the Baltic held by a friendly Power. The cutting of the co-operation of the Russian fleet against us would be equivalent to an addition to our navy of fifteen sail of the line. It is only natural, then, that the Russian government should now express its approval of Earl Russell's proposal, which cannot fail to estrange England and Denmark, and also tends to obstruct the formation of an independent Scandinavian Power, which would naturally be a rival of Russia on the Baltic.

Seven years ago, when reviewing the contingencies of the future,† we pointed out the importance to England of establishing a close alliance with the Scandinavian Powers, and dwelt on the natural ties and common interests which ought to make such an alliance easy of attainment and permanent in duration. The happy event, now about to be consummated, of a matrimonial alliance between the Royal Families of England and Denmark, will naturally cement an alliance also between the two countries. Before Prince Christian's only son weds the only daughter of the King of Sweden, his eldest daughter will have become the consort of the heir to the British throne. This promises to be a most happy, as it is of all others a most natural alliance. The Danes and English are kindred peoples. The former have given to the British nation the best portion of its blood. To our Scandinavian forefathers we owe our national love of the sea, our spirit of enterprise and adventure which carries us into all parts of the world; and also from them, as much as from the Saxons, we derive our love of freedom and free institutions. Royal matrimonial connections have not the importance they once had,—for the will of the nation has sup-

* The accession to the Swedish throne is restricted by law to the male line, and a recent proposal to abrogate this law in favour of the King's only child, a daughter, has not met with success. Nevertheless, her husband, especially if King of Denmark, would almost to a certainty be made King also of Norway and Sweden.

† 'Speculations on the Future,' June 1856, pp. 736-7.

planted the most personal will of the sovereign; but in the present case the nations are so kindred in blood, and have so many interests in common, that the people of England and Denmark are likely to be as good friends as their respective Courts could desire. Without attaching undue weight to the new relationship about to be formed between the two countries, we may at least hail it with satisfaction as certain to make either nation think more of the other, and in so doing to perceive the striking similarity of character and community of interest which exist between them. We are happy to feel assured that it is not as a political match that this marriage is to be contracted by the son of our beloved Queen, and that the bride-elect possesses in an eminent degree those advantages of person, charms of manner, and piety and amiability of character which captivate affection and secure domestic happiness. Nevertheless, while as a good princess and queen she will win our hearts, it is an additional pleasure to feel that, as sister of the future Scandinavian King, she will rivet an old and natural alliance, and draw into closer bonds the kindred races of Northern Empire.

In such a position of affairs, it was to be expected that if any change took place in the policy of England towards Denmark, it would be towards the side of friendliness. Yet the very reverse has been the case. Reversing the policy of his predecessors, and even of the present Government, Lord Russell has withdrawn the support of England from the Danish Government, and now backs up the Germanic Diet

in its unfounded pretensions and serious attack upon the integrity of Denmark. His Lordship's bizarre blundering on past occasions has prepared us for almost any folly which it was in his power to commit; but his cruel blunder in regard to Denmark is so inexplicable, so wholly devoid either of reason or excuse, and it has been perpetrated, too, in so insensate a fashion, that it is extraordinary and intolerable even for Lord Russell. The States of Holstein and Lauenburg are German duchies which for centuries have formed part of the Danish kingdom, but which are also members of the Germanic Confederacy, and over which, accordingly, the German Diet can claim a certain degree of control. When the present King of Denmark framed a common constitution for his whole dominions, the German Powers objected, and by hostile menaces compelled the Danish Government to give a separate Constitution to Holstein and Lauenburg. Such an *imperium in imperio* is a grave difficulty for Denmark, as it would be for any State; and recently the Danish Government has agreed "to accord to the Estates of Holstein a legislative and supply-granting power, in conformity with the decrees of the Diet of 4th March 1860 and 7th February 1861."* So far as Holstein is concerned, the Danish Government, to its own great embarrassment, has virtually consented to all that the German Diet demands.† But the Diet is not content, and has now undertaken a similar interference with the condition of Schleswig. Unlike Holstein, Schleswig is a purely

* See M. Hall's reply to the Prussian Government, dated Nov. 6, 1862.

† The Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs rightly calls this "an important sacrifice extorted by the force of circumstances." For it is to be remembered that the Diet of Frankfort has no right to interfere with the sovereign powers of any member of the Confederation. The final Act of Vienna described the Confederation as composed of "sovereign and independent" States, the union of which had precisely for object "to guarantee the sovereign rights of each." Accordingly, M. Hall is right when he says (in his despatch of January 5): "The King of Denmark is bound to fulfil faithfully his federal obligations; but he has not surrendered to any one his right to regulate the internal affairs of Holstein, as little as the other members of the Confederation have done so for their States."

Danish province. In 1823 the Prussian Government itself declared that "the Confederation was excluded from interfering in the government of Schleswig, as that duchy does not form one of the Confederated States (*Bundeslande*), and is therefore beyond the influence of the Diet." The sole ground upon which this assumption to interfere is now made, is, that so many Germans have migrated into Schleswig that they now compose half of the population. Upon this preposterous ground the Germanic Diet demands that Schleswig also shall have a separate constitution! If this were conceded, the small territory of Denmark would contain no less than four separate constitutions, and four rival Estates—namely, of Lauenburg, Holstein, Schleswig, and Denmark Proper—each of which could give check to the others, and bring the whole administration to a deadlock. To add to the extravagance of this project, the German Diet, after long declining to formulate its demands, proposes to accomplish the autonomy of the Danish provinces which it so modestly takes under its charge, by the establishment of a new constitution for the Danish kingdom, in which each of the four provinces or states of the kingdom shall have as many representatives as the other; so that Lauenburg, with its 50,000 inhabitants, shall have as many votes as Denmark Proper, with its 1,600,000 inhabitants. And as Holstein and Lauenburg are both German, and as Schleswig is half German, it would follow that the whole legislation and policy of the kingdom would be regulated by the German element, which numbers only about 750,000 out of the two and a half millions of the population.

The Germanic Powers have no right of any kind to interfere with the affairs of Schleswig, and their attempt to do so is one of the most glaring assumptions of power which a stronger State ever put forward at the expense of a weaker. The Danish Government, with that simple-hearted daring which distinguishes the Scandinavian race, has given a direct negative to the demands of the Diet; and rather than permit a foreign Power to interfere in its domestic affairs, is ready, with its handful of gallant and dauntless forces, to give the Germans a sample of Danish pluck and prowess. The Danish Government has not flinched an inch, although Lord Russell has strangely transferred his support to the other side. His Lordship, indeed, does not adopt in its exact form the Germanic programme; he does not propose that there shall be a common constitution for the whole kingdom, in which each province shall be equally represented; but he would give Schleswig (as well as Holstein and Lauenburg) a separate constitution from Denmark Proper, and would give to each of these provinces a co-ordinate power with the rest of the kingdom. He would have a "normal budget" on the lowest scale, to be fixed every ten years by agreement among the four Estates of the kingdom, any one of which can reject it, and thereby "stop the supplies" at once. And all extraordinary expenses—i. e., such as exceed this minimum budget—must be sanctioned annually by each of the four Estates. Anything so impracticable was never before proposed by a statesman, and two years ago was expressly condemned as impracticable by Lord Russell himself.* Lauenburg, with its 50,000 inhabitants, could bring

* In February 1861 Earl Russell wrote as follows to Lord Cowley:—"Another plan, which was put forward in Holstein, would give the Diets of Holstein, Schleswig, and Lauenburg equal power with Denmark to sanction or refuse the taxes and estimates for the year. But this plan is so cumbersome and uncertain that, if ever put into operation, it would only serve to paralyze the Danish monarchy. The Duchy of Schleswig is a Danish duchy, and although both the

all Denmark to a dead-lock. It is extremely doubtful whether even the normal or minimum budget would ever be voted by all of the Estates; but in regard to the extraordinary expenses, which would actually be called for every year, disagreement would be inevitable. Fancy Denmark wishing to increase her fleet—that fleet which Germany regards with so much jealousy, having been made to feel its power—would Holstein or Lauenburg agree to the vote? Or in the case of a rupture with the aggressive German Powers, would not these provinces avail themselves of the power which Lord Russell and the Germanic Diet propose shall be conferred on them, in order to stop the budget being voted in any form?

Of all the mad pranks which Lord Russell has played this is certainly the most insensate. What a precedent he makes! With equal reason France might interfere in the affairs of our own country, and demand that Ireland should have a Parliament of her own, and also that the consent of that Parliament should be requisite before a single tax could be levied in any part of the United Kingdom! With equal reason Russia might demand separate governments for any or every part of the Turkish empire, and moreover, insist that each of these parts should have a power of check-mating all the others. We naturally protest against the despatches of Lord Russell on account of their absurdity—we protest also on account of their injustice and substantial hostility to Denmark; and not less do we protest against any such act of interference being committed at all. Is it not strange, ludicrous, humiliating, to see our Foreign Minister lecturing little Denmark on her duties to her own subjects, and submitting a constitution cut-and-dry for her adoption, even prescribing minute details

of taxation, &c.; and yet, at the very same time, our Government dare not say a word to the Cabinet of Washington—nay, is full of ample apologies for one of its own members who happened to express an opinion which is universal in this country—and stands by in humble silence and inaction while “the North fights for conquest and the South for independence”? The contrast is striking and humiliating. The attempt to coerce little Denmark is ignoble—the proposals which it is desired to enforce are absurd in their form, and most impolitic in their object. We wait to hear what the British Parliament will say to a policy in which folly and meanness are combined in equal proportions.

Strangely enough the Continental Power which is foremost in demanding these “reforms” in the internal Government of Denmark, is itself exhibiting a melancholy spectacle of a government at feud with its own subjects. For three years past the condition of Germany has been growing more and more distracted. In the search for unity it is becoming divided; and nowhere does dissension show itself so much as in the very Power which was looked to as the natural head and rallying-point of the work of union. We deeply lament the troubles of Prussia, and not less deeply do we lament the injurious influence which they exercise upon the general condition and prospects of the Fatherland. There is no State in Europe which more tries the temper of the British public than Prussia. As a people we desire to think well of her; and yet ever and anon she checks our sympathy by some astounding exhibition of the dullest wrongheadedness. The Germans have little that is bad in their nature, but they are provokingly dull, and get into “insuperable difficulties” which might

honour and interest of Denmark require that Schleswig should be equitably treated, the King of Denmark could not without danger treat with Germany respecting the terms to be given to that duchy.”

easily be evaded. The present conflict in Prussia between the King and the Chambers is a difficulty of their own making. We have not here the case of a despot wishing to crush the liberties of the nation, nor a revolutionary Chamber whose main desire is to overturn the Throne. After watching the progress of the quarrel from the commencement, and with the impartiality which comes easily to an observer at a distance, we are convinced that the King and the Chamber are alike sincere in their desire to do right, and that their lamentable strife has arisen from what was at first but an accident of the position.

The cause of the quarrel between the Prussian Government and the popular branch of the Legislature dates from 1859. In that year two distinct but correlative sentiments became universal in Germany. One of these was the insecurity of the Fatherland from external attack, owing to the defects of the military organisation; the other was a revival of the old desire for a closer union among the States of the Confederation, with a view to the ultimate unification of Germany. These sentiments were shared by both the King and the Parliament of Prussia; but the King was most influenced by the first of these sentiments, the lower Chamber by the second. The Chamber desired that the Government should immediately commence measures for the unification of Germany—measures which could only be carried out by “mediatising” or sweeping away the lesser courts. The King, an honourable and conscientious man, declined to attack the rights of the other Sovereign Princes of Germany, but addressed himself with zeal to the improvement of the military resources of his own State. The result of military investigation proved that, under the existing system of only three years’ service, the average training of the soldiers was too short to perfect them in the use of the arms of precision, and the

new manœuvres thereby rendered necessary, by which the fortunes of every battle are now determined. Hence the Government, acting upon the report of a committee appointed to investigate the matter, ordered that the minimum period of military service should be lengthened from three years to five: a regulation which, the conscription being kept up at its previous amount, also augmented the numerical strength of the army. When the Chambers met in 1860, the lower House made great opposition to the part of the budget which related to the additional expenditure thus rendered necessary; but they allowed it to pass for that year only. At the same time they carried a motion *against* the Government, urging the Government to adopt a “strong policy,” with the view of promoting the unification of the Fatherland under the leadership of Prussia. Averse as the King was to adopt a course of action inimical to the rights of the other German Courts, the Government could not fail to see that, if the Chamber were thus resolved upon aggression, it furnished an additional reason why the Prussian army should be kept in a state of efficiency. As the Prime Minister observed, it is ridiculous for a State to adopt a “strong policy” without having a strong army to back it. Accordingly in the following year the obnoxious item again made its appearance in the Budget. The opposition of the Lower Chamber became more vehement than ever: but again the military estimates were allowed to pass provisionally, and with a distinct intimation to the Government that nothing would induce the Chamber to sanction the vote in the following year.

Thus, last year, the affair came to a crisis. The Lower Chamber or House of Commons struck out of the Budget the sum required for the increase of the army made in 1859 by the prolongation of the term of service. The Upper Chamber replaced it. But on the Budget

the work happily by placing himself at its head. The wild outburst of the French Revolution of 1789, which startled and checked Pitt in his projects of Parliamentary Reform, produced a similar effect in other countries; and with reluctance and regret the Austrian Emperor paused in his work of liberalising the administration, and the long war with France diverted the thoughts of his successor into another channel. Francis Joseph has resumed the work which fell incomplete from the hands of Joseph II. He has also undone at a stroke the project of autocratic centralisation, which was in part a mistake, and in part a lamentable but necessary consequence of the revolutionary contests of 1848-49—which, it ought to be remembered, proved fatal to the liberties of the people in France not less than in Austria. It is only within the last fifteen years that the internal government of Austria assumed that despotic form which has been so injurious to the character of the House of Hapsburg in free countries like ours. While France still groaned under the old regime which was overthrown in 1789—while she bled under the atrocious despots of the Republic, or was held in chains under the brilliant tyranny of Napoleon I.—the subjects of the Austrian crown enjoyed personal rights and local institutions which, in comparison, were perfect freedom. No State, during the long war with France, received so many deadly blows as Austria; yet all those blows were firmly sustained, and those reverses nobly retrieved, by the steady and gallant loyalty of its subjects. It was the practical freedom and good government enjoyed by the Austrian peoples which prevented the sundering of an empire above all others most liable to be split up under the effects of great reverses, and which rallied the noble races of the Tyrol and Hungary around the throne of their sovereign in the gloomiest hours of the empire. The Emperor Francis-Joseph is now do-

ing his best—wisely and bravely—to retrieve the mistakes, and obliterate from memory the stern necessities of the recent past. And he is already reaping his reward in a revival on the part of his people of the old loyalty which formerly so brightly illustrated the annals of Austria.

These happy changes in Austria have produced a corresponding change of public feeling towards her in this country. Four years ago, the epithet "Austrian" was devised by the Liberals as the most telling which could be employed against the Conservative Government. It was purely an "invention of the enemy;" for the Conservative Government showed no special favour to Austria, but only found in her a Power desirous of peace, and willing to make concessions; whereas they rightly discerned in the French Government a fixed resolve to force on a war, and to evade all attempts at a compromise. But who would use the same epithet as opprobrious now? Lord Palmerston, himself, who more than any British statesman has acted an unfriendly part towards Austria, now goes out of his way to attend a dinner to Baron Thierry at Southampton, and to express himself in the most friendly terms towards that Government. Austria, in truth, during the last three years, has been doing more for the spread of constitutional government than all the other Governments of the Continent put together. The French Government has felt itself compelled to follow in her wake—first, by allowing freedom of debate to the Chamber of Deputies; and, secondly, by abandoning the right to open "extraordinary credits" on the mere will of the Sovereign; the example in both cases having first been practically given in the new Austrian Constitution. Unhappily the press of France has still to envy the freedom so fully enjoyed by the journals of Austria.

If such has been the influence produced on other countries by the en-

the liberal constitution which is already in operation in the other parts of the empire. The Magyars are men of high spirit, great ability, and perhaps the most eloquent speakers in Europe. Moreover, they will count fully fourscore votes in the Reichsrath: surely, then, they need have no fear of not having their fair proportion of the influence in the assembly,—the greater likelihood is that they would have too much.

The Hungarian question is a misfortune for all Europe. For, until it is settled, there can be no pacific solution of the Venetian question. As long as Hungary remains in a state of sullen rebellion, the cession of Venetia to Italy would only bring an enemy close to the heart of Austria, and permit a direct co-operation between the Hungarians and their "sympathisers" in Italy. But if Hungary were reconciled, and were again playing her part loyally as an integral portion of the Austrian empire, we believe that the Austrian Government would no longer hesitate to rid themselves of the Venetian difficulty, even though the Quadrilateral is invaluable to them as the most impregnable frontier and position in Europe.

There is still one year more in which a happy solution of both of these serious questions may be attained. Austria has still a year for negotiating with the Hungarians, without the interference of hostile Powers. Italy is in no position to provoke a conflict with Austria for the possession of Venetia. Her old "ally" France has now turned against her, so unceremoniously that even the Italian Government, so ready to hope all things, can no longer mistake the Imperial intentions. The fall of Garibaldi has removed the only fear which Napoleon had before his eyes. Garibaldi was a name of power not only in

Italy, but in Europe; and it was at any time within the range of possibility that a great movement would arise under his leadership, which would either compel the French to evacuate Italy, or produce a conflict which would endanger Napoleon's position in France, and rupture the sagacious policy by which he vibrates to and fro between despotism and revolution, without wholly breaking with either. There is no man in Italy—we might say in Europe—who can do that now. Napoleon is at ease, and snubs the Italian Government with little ceremony. For not only has Garibaldi been removed from the scene, but the prestige of Victor Emmanuel has at the same time received a serious blow. Aspromonte will never be forgotten—in many quarters never forgiven. Rattazzi has, in consequence, been ignominiously overthrown; and in Southern Italy the shooting of the great national hero has given increased force to the discontent with the King's Government. France now kneels securely on the breast of Italy, and Napoleon does not abandon his hope of being able to break up the new kingdom, and throw Italy back into a state of disunion. There is nothing now for Italy but to improve and consolidate her internal condition, and await the course of events; which, if she play her part wisely, will force the French Emperor to come to her terms, in order that he may profit by her help. One advantage the Italians have certainly derived from recent events: they now know that they must rely only on themselves, and that they have no concessions to expect from the French Emperor but such as they can make it for his interest to yield. The Government, although receding somewhat from the bold and manly position taken up by the late Foreign Minister, General Durando,* has at least de-

* In his circular to foreign courts on the affair of Aspromonte, General Durando said—"The present position is no longer tenable. The whole nation claims the capital. If Garibaldi has been resisted, it is solely because the Government is convinced that it will attain its end, and that France will recognise the danger of maintaining the antagonism between the Papacy and Italy."

sisted from those vain repetitions by which it formerly hoped to soften the heart of the Emperor. They are now resolved to take the matter into their own hands, and to make themselves strong enough to enforce their rightful claims. In his address to the King on New Year's Day, the President of the Deputies said that the Chamber was deeply impressed with the necessity of re-organising and arming the country, and did not hesitate to add—"When we have an army of 400,000 men, and a chief like you, Sire! we shall see if any Power will dare to gain-say our claims to have our own." The Italians are in the right track now; but they will find that before they are ready to enforce the evacuation of Rome, Napoleon will anticipate a hostile collision by timeously bargaining to cede to them their capital in return for renewed co-operation between the two Governments.

In the neighbouring peninsula a revolution has taken place which startled Europe by its unexpectedness, and which may by-and-by give rise to important consequences. For the present, however, no such consequences attend the movement. The Greeks have been orderly, peaceable, and discreet; and although we entertain no doubt that this movement will ere long extend itself at the expense of Turkey, and will hasten the final disruption of the Ottoman Empire, we trust that the Greeks will continue to act with prudence, and not compromise their fortunes by hasty efforts to revive a Panhellenic kingdom. Their choice of Prince Alfred to be their new King—the founder of a dynasty whose territories would soon comprise all Greece, and the isles alike of the Adriatic and the Ægean—was a great compliment to England, and a proof that the quick sagacity of their race has survived amidst the decay of many nobler powers. It was an instinct, a universal emotion, which declared that they would have no King but Alfred of England; and that instinct was as cor-

rect as if the question had been debated in popular assembly for a twelvemonth before. Prince Alfred comes of a good stock, and has had an excellent training; and England is the Power who could, if she would, either assist or oppose the Greek revolution more effectually than any other. England is the staunchest ally of the Porte; but the Greeks knew that they could reckon also upon our still greater attachment to freedom; and, moreover, that if they did secure our alliance, they should not have to pay for it, as their neighbours in Italy had to pay France. Still more, England is commercial, full of capital and enterprise, and the Greeks might reasonably conclude that if our Prince became their King, the bleak hills and deserted harbours of the Morea would soon bloom with verdure, or teem with new life. What they will do now that they are disappointed in their hopes and unanimous desire, we do not know. It is certainly a hard thing for a people that they should be checked in the choice of a King on account of a treaty which they had no hand in making. Were Prince Alfred to become their King, his kingdom probably would ere long rise into an influential place in Europe; but certainly the vacant throne possesses no such attractions as would lead us to desire the annulment of the treaty which forbids it to be filled by an English Prince. The choice of Prince Alfred by the Greeks, however, has had the good effect of checking any dreams of ambition which may have been entertained by Russia, by inducing her to adhere to the treaty, instead of putting forward Prince Leuchtenberg as a candidate for the throne. Important as may be the issues likely to flow from this outburst of new life on the part of Greece, the only matter of any consequence to us at present is the proposed cession to it of the Ionian Islands by Her Majesty's Government. The cession is to be made only upon certain conditions, and therefore may never

take place at all. If the Greeks do not care to comply with these conditions, or if the Ionian people prefer to remain under our rule, that is their concern: and our Government will at least have given proof that its retention of the Ionian Islands does not proceed from a grasping selfishness, but simply (in fulfilment of the trust reposed in us by the other Powers in 1815) to prevent those islands falling into bad hands. In a few years hence at most, there can hardly fail to be hostilities on the Adriatic, whether between Austria and Italy, or between the Porte and some of its provinces, not unassisted by other Powers; and in such a case our possession of the Ionian Islands would be very embarrassing to us, unless it were known and felt by every one that we remained there only in discharge of a duty to Europe which profited us nothing. Times are greatly altered since 1815: neither France nor Russia has the least chance of ever again being left in possession of Corfu and its sister islands. With a united Italy on one side of the Adriatic, and the growing maritime power of Greece on the other—States which can hardly be enemies, but ought to be firm allies—there is small chance of an extraneous Power being allowed to establish itself in the basin of the Adriatic. Nor, in these times when the principle of nationality is the foremost regulating force in politics, is it likely that Europe would remain indifferent to so flagrant a violation of that principle, as well as of common justice.

As France has her hands full in Mexico, and is waiting till the pear is ripe in Germany, we may count upon another year of peace in Europe. We regard with no jealousy the intervention of France in Mexico. It cannot possibly do us harm; and if the result of the intervention be to raise Mexico to new life and productiveness, the world may congratulate itself on the happy change. Meanwhile, it

acts as a diversion, and turns the military ambition of France away from Europe; so that for another year we may take our ease or follow our industry, without fearing to be disturbed by any serious hostilities. Still there is no assured tranquillity; we shall have no Long Peace such as the last generation enjoyed; and for many years to come the country is likely to feel the advantage of keeping its naval and military resources in a state of thorough efficiency.

In a few days Parliament will meet, and already the usual rumours and speculations are current as to the programme of the Ministry. It is very safe to say that there will be nothing in the Speech from the Throne to provoke a conflict. The most prominent feature of the Speech will doubtless be the paragraphs which relate to the great distress in the manufacturing districts, and the admirable spirit with which it is borne by the sufferers and alleviated by the wise munificence of the other classes of the community. There will be an expression of regret for the continuance of the lamentable contest in America, and a hope that it will soon terminate. The country will be congratulated on the extraordinary vitality of its trade and commerce, indicated by the Board of Trade returns, despite the unparalleled disaster which has befallen our greatest branch of industry; and the commercial treaty with France will come in for another laudation. Nothing will be said of the new and indefensible policy of the Government on the Danish question; but the affairs of Greece will be alluded to in a friendly spirit. And finally, Parliament will be congratulated on our friendly relations with all foreign Powers, and the happy prospect of a year of tranquillity. It is rumoured that Mr. Gladstone, with his characteristic restlessness, means to propose important changes in regard to the position of the Bank of England; and we have no confidence that the

changes proposed by a statesman so crotchety will be for the better. Although the subject is not likely to be alluded to in the Royal Speech, it appears certain that very considerable reductions are to be proposed in all branches of the national defences. If the work of retrenchment is to be accomplished in a right way, by studying economy without destroying efficiency, the country will be grateful. But if the reduction in the naval and military estimates is to be made, not by improving the organisation and administration of these departments, but by summarily cutting them down—by stopping the work in our dockyards, and dismissing trained soldiers and sailors whose places will by-and-by have to be refilled by raw recruits—it will be a recurrence to the old penny-wise pound-foolish economy which produced the breakdown and disasters of the Crimean war. Time will show. Meanwhile we rejoice to know that the Conservative party, augmented alike in numbers and in prestige, is now so powerful that it ought to be able to resist successfully any measures of wrong policy or mistaken legislation on the part of the Government. The gains and losses at the elections since the last change of Ministry show a net balance of ten seats in favour of the Conservative party—two of which are the new seats, Lancashire and Birkenhead; so that the Conservative Ministry, which was defeated in June 1859 by thirteen votes, would now, in similar circumstances, have a majority of five.

But, in truth, the circumstances are *not* similar. Reform, since then, has been seen through and discarded; and the feeling of the country is now so universally Conservative, that, if in office, the Conservative party would command a great majority. As it is, they are already so strong, that, when united, they can determine the judgment of the House. Happily the constitution of the State is no longer in danger. Lord Russell's Reform Bills have had their day, and have been consigned to the limbo of vanities. The constitution of the Church, however, is still an object of virulent and persevering attack; and we trust that the Conservative party will not relax its vigilance and energy from an over-confidence in its successes of last session. Let them remember East Kent, where they threw away an important seat by sheer remissness and mismanagement, and not allow reverses to befall them in Parliament from a like cause. Church questions are now the great battle-field between Conservative and Liberal. Let the Opposition strain every nerve to convert the drawn battle in Church-rates last year into a crowning and decisive victory; so that the work of Radical innovation be finally brought to an end, and that the Conservative party may find its last difficulties vanquished even before it quits its present position on the Opposition benches, and enters upon the pleasurable responsibilities of office, which so soon await it, and of which it promises to have a long term.

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A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON LIFE, LITERATURE, AND MANNERS.

By the Author of 'The Caxton Family.'

PART XIV.

NO. XIX.—MOTIVE POWER (*concluded*).

THE next day the atmosphere was much cooler, refreshed by a heavy shower that had fallen at dawn; and when, not long after noon, Percival and I, mounted on ponies bred in the neighbouring forests, were riding through the narrow lanes towards the house we had agreed to visit, we did not feel the heat oppressive. It was a long excursion; we rode slowly, and the distance was about sixteen miles.

We arrived at last at a little hamlet remote from the highroads. The cottages, though old-fashioned, were singularly neat and trim—flower-pots before them, and small gardens for kitchen use behind. A very ancient church, with its parsonage, backed the broad village-green; and opposite the green stood one of those small quaint manor-houses which satisfied the pride of our squires two hundred years ago. On a wide garden lawn in front were old yew-trees cut into fantas-

tic figures of pyramids and obelisks and birds and animals; beyond the lawn, on a levelled platform immediately before the house, was a small garden with a sundial, and a summer-house or pavilion of the date of William III., when buildings of that kind, for a short time, became the fashionable appendage to country-houses, frequently decorated inside with musical trophies as if built for a music-room; but, I suspect more generally devoted to wine and pipes by the host and his male friends. At the rear of the house stretched an ample range of farm-buildings in very good repair and order, the whole situated on the side of a hill, sufficiently high to command an extensive prospect, bounded at the farthest distance by the sea, yet not so high as to lose the screen of hills, crested by young plantations of fir and larch; while their midmost slopes were in part, still aban-

doned to sheep-walks; in part, brought (evidently of late) into cultivation; and farther down, amid the richer pastures that dipped into the valley, goodly herds of cattle indolently grazed or drowsily reposed.

We dismounted at the white garden-gate. A man ran out from the farmyard and took our ponies; evidently a familiar acquaintance of Tracey's, for he said heartily, "that he was glad to see his honour looking so well," and volunteered a promise that the ponies should be well rubbed down, and fed. "Master was at home; we should find him in the orchard swinging Miss Lucy."

So, instead of entering the house, Tracey, who knew all its ways, took me round to the other side, and we came into one of those venerable orchards which carry the thought back to the early day when the orchard was in truth the garden.

A child's musical laugh guided us through the lines of heavy-laden apple-trees to the spot where the once famous prizeman—the once brilliant political thinker—was now content to gratify the instinctive desire *tentare aëreas vias*—in the pastime of an infant.

He was so absorbed in his occupation that he did not hear or observe us till we were close at his side. Then after carefully arresting the swing, and tenderly taking out the little girl, he shook hands with Percival; and when the ceremony of mutual introduction was briefly concluded, extended the same courtesy to myself.

Gray was a man in the full force of middle life, with a complexion that seemed to have been originally fair and delicate, but had become bronzed and hardened by habitual exposure to morning breezes and noon-day suns. He had a clear bright blue eye, and a countenance that only failed of being handsome by that length and straightness of line between nostril and upper lip, which is said by physiognomists to be significant of firmness and deci-

sion. The whole expression of his face, though frank and manly, was, however, rather sweet than harsh; and he had one of those rare voices which almost in themselves secure success to a public speaker—distinct and clear, even in its lowest tone, as a silvery bell.

I think much of a man's nature is shown by the way in which he shakes hands. I doubt if any worldly student of Chesterfieldian manners can ever acquire the art of that everyday salutation, if it be not inborn in the kindness, loyalty, and warmth of his native disposition. I have known many a great man who lays himself out to be popular, who can school his smile to fascinating sweetness, his voice to persuasive melody, but who chills or steels your heart against him the moment he shakes hands with you.

But there is a cordial clasp which shows warmth of impulse, unhesitating truth, and even power of character—a clasp which recalls the classic trust in the "faith of the right hand."

And the clasp of Hastings Gray's hand at once propitiated me in his favour. While he and I exchanged the few words with which acquaintance commences, Percival had replaced Miss Lucy in the swing, and had taken the father's post. Lucy, before disappointed at the cessation of her amusement, felt now that she was receiving a compliment, which she must not abuse too far; so she very soon, of her own accord, unselfishly asked to be let down, and we all walked back towards the house.

"You will dine with us, I hope," said Gray. "I know when you come at this hour, Sir Percival, that you always meditate giving us that pleasure." (Turning to me,) "It is now half-past three, we dine at four o'clock, and that early hour gives you time to rest, and ride back in the cool of the evening."

"My dear Gray," answered Percival, "I accept your invitation for myself and my friend. I foresaw

you would ask us, and left word at home that we were not to be waited for. Where is Mrs. Gray?"

"I suspect that she is about some of those household matters which interest a farmer's wife. Lucy, run and tell your mamma that these gentlemen will dine with us."

Lucy scampered off.

"The fact is," said Tracey, "that we have a problem to submit to you. You know how frequently I come to you for a hint when something puzzles me. But we can defer that knotty subject till we adjourn, as usual, to wine and fruit in your summer-house. Your eldest boy is at home for the holidays?"

"Not at home, though it is his holidays. He is now fifteen, and he and a school friend of his are travelling on foot into Cornwall. Nothing, I think, fits boys better for life than those hardy excursions in which they must depend on themselves, shift for themselves, think for themselves."

"I daresay you are right," said Tracey; "the earlier each of us human beings forms himself into an individual God's creature, distinct from the *servum pecus*, the better chance he has of acquiring originality of mind and dignity of character. And your other children?"

"Oh, my two younger boys I teach at home, and one little girl—I play with." Here addressing me, Gray asked "If I farmed?"

"Yes," said I, "but very much as *les Rois Fainéants* reigned. My bailiff is my *Maire du Puits*. I hope, therefore, that our friend Sir Percival will not wound my feelings as a lover of Nature by accusing me of wooing her for the sake of her turnips."

"Ah!" said Gray, smiling, "Sir Percival, I know, holds to the doctrine that the only pure love of Nature is the æsthetic; and looks upon the intimate connection which the husbandmen forms with her as a cold-blooded *mariage de convenance*."

"I confess," answered Percival, "that I agree with the great Ger-

man philosopher, that the love of Nature is pure in proportion as the delight in her companionship is unmixed with any idea of the gain she can give us. But a pure love may be a very sterile affection; and a *mariage de convenance* may be prolific in very fine offspring. I concede to you, therefore, that the world is bettered by the practical uses to which nature has been put by those who wooed her for the sake of her dower; and I no more commend to the imitation of others my abstract æsthetic affection for her abstract æsthetic beauty, than I would commend Petrarch's poetical passion for Laura to the general adoption of lovers. I give you, then, gentlemen farmers, full permission to woo Nature for the sake of her turnips. Our mutton is all the better for it."

"And that is no small consideration," said Gray. "If I had gazed on my sheep-walks with the divine æsthetic eye, and without one forethought of the profit they might bring me, I should not already have converted 200 out of the 1000 acres I possess into land that would let at 30s. per acre, where formerly it let at 5s. But, with all submission to the great German philosopher, I don't think I love Nature the less because of the benefits with which she repays the pains I have taken to conciliate her favour. If, thanks to her, I can give a better education to my boys, and secure a modest provision for my girl, is it the property of gratitude to destroy or to increase affection? But you see, sir, there is this difference between Sir Percival and myself:—He has had no motive in improving Nature for her positive uses, and therefore he has been contented with giving her a prettier robe. He loves her as a *grand seigneur* loves his mistress. I love her as a man loves the helpmate who assists his toils. According as in rural life my mind could find not repose, but occupation—according as that occupation was compatible with such prudent regard to fortune as a

man owes to the children he brings into the world—my choice of life would be a right or a wrong one. In short, I find in the cultivation of Nature my business as well as my pleasure. I have a motive for the business which does not diminish my taste for the pleasure."

Tracey and I exchanged looks. So, then, here was a motive for activity. But why was the motive towards activity in pursuits requiring so little of the intellect for which Gray had been characterised, and so little of the knowledge which his youth had acquired, so much stronger than the motive towards a career which proffered an incalculably larger scope for his powers? Here, there was no want of energy—here, there had been no philosophical disdain of ambition—here, no great wealth leaving no stimulant to desires—no niggard poverty paralysing the sinews of hope. The choice of retirement had been made in the full vigour of a life trained from boyhood to the exercises that discipline the wrestlers for renown.

While I was thus musing, Gray led the way towards the farmyard, and on reaching it said to me,—

"Since you do farm, if only by deputy, I must show you the sheep with which I hope to win the first prize at our agricultural show in September."

"So you still care for prizes?" said I: "the love of fame is not dead within your breast."

"Certainly not; 'Pride attends us still.' I am very proud of the prizes I have already won; last year for my wurzel—the year before, for the cow I bred on my own pastures."

We crossed the farmyard, and arrived at the covered sheep-pens. I thought I had never seen finer sheep than those which Gray showed me with visible triumph. Then we two conversed with much animation upon the pros and cons in favour of stall-feeding *versus* free grazing, while Tracey amused him-

self, first in trying to conciliate a great dog, luckily for him chained up in the adjoining yard, and next, in favouring the escape of a mouse who had incautiously quitted the barn, and ventured within reach of a motherly hen, who seemed to regard it as a monster intent on her chicks.

Reaching the house, Gray conducted us up a flight of oak stairs—picturesque in its homely old-fashioned way—with wide landing-place, adorned by a blue china jar, filled with *pot-pourri*, and by a tall clock (one of Tompion's, now rare), in walnut-wood case; consigning us each to a separate chamber, to refresh ourselves by those simple ablutions, with which, even in rustic retirements, civilised Englishmen preface the hospitable rites of Ceres and Bacchus.

The room in which I found myself was one of those never seen out of England, and only there in unpretending country-houses which have escaped the innovating tastes of fashion. A bedstead of the time of George I., with mahogany fluted columns and panels at the head, dark and polished, decorated by huge watch-pockets of some great-grandmother's embroidery, white spotless curtains, the walls in panel, also painted white, and covered in part with framed engravings a century old. A large high screen, separating the washstand from the rest of the room, made lively by old caricatures and prints, doubtless the handiwork of female hands long stilled. A sweet, not strong, odour of dried lavender escaped from a chest of drawers, polished as bright as the bedstead. The small lattice-paned window opened to the fresh air; the woodbine framing it all round from without; amongst the woodbine the low hum of bees. A room for early sleep and cheerful rising with the eastern sun, which the window faced.

Tracey came into my room while I was still looking out of the casement, gazing on the little garden-

plot without, bright with stocks and pinks and heartsease, and said, "Well, you see £600 a-year can suffice to arrest a clever man's ambition."

"I suspect," answered I, "that the ambition is not arrested but turned aside to the object of doubling the £600 a-year. Neither ambition nor the desire of gain is dead in that farmyard."

"We shall cross-question our host after dinner," answered Tracey; "meanwhile let me conduct you to the dining-room. A pretty place this, in its way, is it not?"

"Very," said I, with enthusiasm. "Could you not live as happily here as in your own brilliant villa?"

"No, not quite, but still happily."

"Why not quite?"

"First, because there is nothing within or without the house which one could attempt to improve, unless by destroying the whole character of what is so good in its way; secondly, where could I put my Claudes and Turners? where my statues? where, oh where, my books? where, in short, the furniture of man's mind?"

I made no answer, for the dinner-bell rang loud, and we went down at once into the dining-room—a quaint room, scarcely touched since the date of William III. A high and heavy dado of dark oak, the rest of the walls in Dutch stamped leather, still bright and fresh; a high mantlepiece, also of oak, with a very indifferent picture of still life let into the upper panel; arched recesses on either side, receptacles for china and tall drinking glasses; heavy chairs, with crests inlaid on their ponderous backs, and faded needlework on their ample seats;—all, however, speaking of comfort and home, and solid though unassuming prosperity. Gray had changed his rude morning dress, and introduced me to his wife with an evident husbandlike pride. Mrs. Gray was still very pretty; in her youth she must have been prettier even than Clara Thornhill, and though very plainly dressed, still it

was the dress of a gentlewoman. There was intelligence, but soft timid intelligence, in her dark hazel eyes and broad candid forehead. I soon saw, however, that she was painfully shy, and not at all willing to take her share in the expense of conversation. But with Tracey she was more at her ease than with a stranger, and I thanked him inwardly for coming to my relief, as I was vainly endeavouring to extract from her lips more than a murmured monosyllable.

The dinner, however, passed off very pleasantly. Simple old English fare—plenty of it—excellent of its kind. Tracey was the chief talker, and made himself so entertaining, that at last even Mrs. Gray's shyness wore away, and I discovered that she had a well-informed graceful mind, constitutionally cheerful, as was evidenced by the blithe music of her low but happy laugh.

The dinner over, we adjourned, as Percival had proposed, to the summer-house. There we found the table spread with fruits and wine, of which last the port was superb; no better could be dragged from the bins of a college, or blush on the board of a prelate. Mrs. Gray, however, deserted us, but we now and then caught sight of her in the garden without, playing gaily with her children—two fine little boys, and Lucy, who seemed to have her own way with them all, as she ought—the youngest child, the only girl—justifiably papa's pet, for she was the one most like her mother.

"Gray," said Tracey, "my friend and I have had some philosophical disputes, which we cannot decide to our own satisfaction, on the reasons why some men do so much more in life than other men, without having any apparent intellectual advantage over those who are contented to be obscure. We have both hit on a clue to the cause, in what we call motive power. But what this motive power really is, and why it should fail in some men and be so strong in others, is matter

of perplexity, at least to me, and I fancy my friend himself is not much more enlightened therein than I am. So we have both come here to hear what you have to say — you, who certainly had motive enough for ambitious purposes when you swept away so many academical prizes — when you rushed into speech and into print, and cast your bold eye on St. Stephen's. And now, what has become of that motive power? Is it all put into prizes for root-crops and sheep?"

"As to myself," answered Gray, passing the wine, "I can give very clear explanations. I am of a gentleman's family, but the son of a very poor curate. Luckily for me, we lived close by an excellent grammar-school, at which I obtained a free admission. From the first day I entered, I knew that my poor father, bent on making me a scholar, counted on my exertions not only for my own livelihood, but for a provision for my mother should she survive him. Here was motive enough to supply motive power. I succeeded in competition with rivals at school, and success added to the strength of the motive power. Our county member, on whose estate I was born, took a kindly interest in me, and gave me leave, when I quit-
ted school, as head boy, to come daily to his house and share the studies of his son, who was being prepared for the university by a private tutor, eminent as a scholar and admirable as a teacher. Thus I went up to college not only full of hope (in itself a motive power, though, of itself an unsafe one), but of a hope so sustained that it became resolution, by the knowledge that to maintain me at the university my parents were almost literally starving themselves. This suffices to explain whatever energy and application I devoted to my academical career. At last I obtained my fellowship; the income of that I shared with my parents; but if I died before them the income would die also — a fresh motive power towards a struggle for fortune in the

Great World. I took up politics, I confess it very frankly, as a profession rather than a creed; it was the shortest road to fame, and, with prudence, perhaps to pecuniary competence. If I succeeded in Parliament I might obtain a living for my father, or some public situation for myself not dependent on the fluctuations of party. A very high political ambition was denied me by the penury of circumstance. A man must have good means of his own who aspires to rank among party chiefs. I knew I was but a political adventurer, that I could only be so considered; and had it not been for my private motive power, I should have been ashamed of my public one. As it was, my scholarly pride was secretly chafed at the thought that I was carrying into the affairs of state the greed of trade. Suddenly, most unexpectedly, this estate was bequeathed to me. You large proprietors will smile when I say that we had always regarded the Grays of Oakden Hall with venerating pride; they were the head of our branch of the clan. My father had seen this place in his boyhood; the remembrance of it dwelt on his mind as the unequivocal witness of his dignity as a gentleman born. He came from the same stock as the Grays of Oakden, who had lived on the land for more than three centuries, entitled to call themselves squires. The relationship was very distant, still it existed. But a dream that so great a place as Oakden Hall, with its 1000 acres, should ever pass to his son — no, my father thought it much more likely that his son might be prime minister! John Gray of Oakden had never taken the least notice of us, except that, when I won the Pitt scholarship, he sent me a fine turkey, labelled 'From John Gray, Esq., of Oakden.' This present I acknowledged, but John Gray never answered my letter. Just at that time, however, as appears by the date, he re-made his will, and placed me as remainder-man in case of the death,

without issue, of two nearer relations, both nephews. These young men died unmarried—the one of rheumatic fever, a few months before old Gray's decease; the other, two weeks after it; poor fellow, he was 'thrown from his horse and killed on the spot. So, unexpectedly, I came into this property. Soon afterwards I married. The possession of land is a great tranquilliser to a restless spirit, and a happy marriage is as sedative as potent. Poverty is a spur to action. Great wealth, on the other hand, not unnaturally tends to the desire of display, and in free countries often to the rivalry for political power. The golden mean is proverbially the condition most favourable to content, and content is the antidote to ambition. Mine was the golden mean! Other influences of pride and affection contributed to keep me still. Of pride; for was I not really a greater man here, upon my ancestral acres and my few yearly hundreds, than as a political aspirant, who must commence his career by being a political dependant? How rich I felt here! how poor I should be in London! How inevitably, in the daily expenses of a metropolitan life, and in the costs of elections (should I rise beyond being a mere nominee), I must become needy and involved! So much for the influence of pride. Now for the influence of affection; my dear wife had never been out of these rural shades among which she was born. She is of a nature singularly timid, sensitive, and retiring. The idea of that society to which a political career would have led me terrified her. I loved her the better for desiring no companionship but mine. In fine, my desires halted at once on these turfs; the Attraction of the Earth, of which I had a share, prevailed; the motive power stopped here."

"You have never regretted your choice?" said Tracey.

"Certainly not; I congratulate myself on it more and more every year. For after all, here I have

ample occupation and a creditable career. I have improved my fortune, instead of wasting it. I have a fixed, acknowledged, instead of an unsettled, equivocal position. I am an authority on many rural subjects of interest besides those of husbandry. I am an active magistrate; and, as I know a little of the law, I am the habitual arbiter upon all the disputes in the neighbourhood. I employ here with satisfaction, and not without some dignity, the energies which, in the great world, would have bought any reputation I might have gained at the price of habitual pain and frequent mortification."

"Then," said I, "you do not think that a saying of Dr. Arnold's, which I quoted to Tracey as no less applicable to men than to boys, is altogether a true one—viz., that the difference between boys, as regards the power of acquiring distinction, is not so much in talent as in energy; you retain the energies that once raised you to public distinction, but you no longer apply them to the same object."

"I believe that Dr. Arnold, if he be quoted correctly, spoke only half the truth. One difference between boy and boy or man and man, no doubt, is energy; but for great achievements or fame there must be also application—viz., every energy concentrated on one definite point, and disciplined to strain towards it by patient habit. My energy, such as it is, would not have brought my sheep-walks into profitable cultivation if the energy had not been accompanied with devoted application to the business. And it is astonishing how, when the energy is constantly applied towards one settled aim—astonishing, I say—how invention is kindled out of it. Thus, in many a quiet solitary morning's walk round my farm, some new idea, some hint of improvement or contrivance, occurs to me; this I ponder and meditate upon till it takes the shape of experiment. I presume that it is so with poet, artist, orator, or states-

sistible activity, a constitutional attraction between the one mind and the human species, which requires no special, separate motive power from without to set it into those movements which, perforce, lead to fame. I mean those men to whom we at once accord the faculty which escapes all satisfactory metaphysical definition—*INGENIUM*;—viz., the inborn spirit which we call genius.

“And in *these* natures, whatever the motive power that in the first instance urged them on, if at any stage, however early, that motive power be withdrawn, some other one will speedily replace it. Through them Providence mysteriously acts on the whole world, and their genius while on earth is one of its most visible ministrants. But genius is the exceptional phenomenon in human nature; and in examining the ordinary laws that influence human minds we have no measurement and no scales for portents.”

“There is, however,” said Tracey, “one motive power towards careers of public utility which you have not mentioned, but the thought of which often haunts me in rebuke of my own inertness,—I mean, quite apart from any object of vanity or ambition, the sense of our own duty to mankind; and hence the devotion to public uses of whatever talents have been given to us—not to hide under a bushel.”

“I do not think,” answered Gray, “that when a man feels he is doing good in his own way he need reproach himself that he is not doing good in some other way to which he is not urged by special duty, and from which he is repelled by constitutional temperament. I do not, for instance, see that because you have a very large fortune you are morally obliged to keep correspondent establishments, and adopt a mode of life hostile to your tastes; you sufficiently discharge the duties of wealth if the fair proportion of your income go to objects of well-considered benevolence and purposes not unproductive to the com-

munity. Nor can I think that I, who possess but a very moderate fortune, am morally called upon to strive for its increase in the many good speculations which life in a capital may offer to an eager mind, provided always that I do nevertheless remember that I have children, to whose future provision and wellbeing some modest augmentations of my fortune would be desirable. In improving my land for their benefit, I may say also that I add, however trivially, to the wealth of the country. Let me hope that the trite saying is true, that ‘he who makes two blades of corn grow where one grew before,’ is a benefactor to his race. So with mental wealth: surely it is permitted to us to invest and expend it within that sphere most suited to those idiosyncrasies, the adherence to which constitutes our moral health. I do not, with the philosopher, condemn the man who, irresistibly impelled towards the pursuit of honours and power, persuades himself that he is toiling for the public good when he is but gratifying his personal ambition;—probably he is a better man thus acting in conformity with his own nature, than he would be if placed beyond all temptation in Plato’s cave. Nor, on the other hand, can I think that a man of the highest faculties and the largest attainments, who has arrived at a sincere disdain of power or honours, would be a better man if he were tyrannically forced to pursue the objects from which his temperament recoils, upon the plea that he was thus promoting the public welfare. No doubt, in every city, town, street, and lane, there are bustling, officious, restless persons, who thrust themselves into public concerns, with a loud declaration that they are animated only by the desire of public good; they mistake their fidgetiness for philanthropy. Not a bubble company can be started, but what it is with a programme that its direct object is the public benefit, and the ten per cent promised to the shareholders is but

a secondary consideration. Who believes in the sincerity of that announcement? In fine, according both to religion and to philosophy, virtue is the highest end of man's endeavour; but virtue is wholly independent of the popular shout or the victor's fasces. Virtue is the same, whether with or without the laurel crown or the curule chair. Honours do not sully it, but obscurity does not degrade. He who is truthful, just, merciful, and kindly, does his duty to his race, and fulfils his great end in creation, no matter whether the rays of his life are not visibly beheld beyond the walls of his household, or whether they strike the ends of the earth; for every human soul is a world complete and integral, storing its own ultimate uses and destinies within itself; viewed only for a brief while, in its rising on the gaze of earth; pressing onward in its orbit amidst the infinite, when, snatched from our eyes, we say, 'It has passed away!' And as every star, however small it seem to us from the distance at which it shines, contributes to the health of our atmosphere, so every soul, pure and bright in itself, however far from our dwelling, however unremarked by our vision, contributes to the wellbeing of the social system in which it moves, and, in its privacy, is part and parcel of the public weal."

Shading my face with my hand, I remained some moments musing after Gray's voice had ceased. Then looking up, I saw so pleased and grateful a smile upon Percival Tracey's countenance, that I checked the reply by which I had intended to submit a view of the subject in discussion somewhat different from that which Gray had taken from the Portico of the Stoics. Why should I attempt to mar whatever satisfaction Percival's reason or conscience had found in our host's argument? His tree of life was too firmly set for the bias of its stem to swerve in any new direction towards light and air. Let it con-

tinue to rejoice in such light and such air as was vouchsafed to the site on which it had taken root. Evening, too, now drew in, and we had a long ride before us. A little while after, we had bid adieu to Oakden Hall, and were once more threading our way through the green and solitary lanes.

We conversed but little for the first five or six miles. I was revolving what I had heard, and considering how each man's reasoning moulds itself into excuse or applause for the course of life which he adopts. Percival's mind was employed in other thoughts, as became clear when he thus spoke:—

"Do you think, my dear friend, that you could spare me a week or two longer? It would be a charity to me if you could, for I expect, after to-morrow, to lose my young artist, and, alas! also the Thornhills."

"How! The Thornhills? So soon!"

"I count on receiving to-morrow the formal announcement of Henry's promotion and exchange into the regiment he so desires to enter, with the orders to join it abroad at once. Clara, I know, will not stay here; she will be with her husband till he sails, and after his departure will take her abode with his widowed mother. I shall miss them much. But Thornhill feels that he is wasting his life here; and so—well—I have acted for the best. With respect to the artist, this morning I received a letter from my old friend Lord —. He is going into Italy next week; he wishes for some views of Italian scenery for a villa he has lately bought, and will take Bourke with him, on my recommendation, leaving him ultimately at Rome. Lord —'s friendship and countenance will be of immense advantage to the young painter, and obtain him many orders. I have to break it to Bourke this evening, and he will, no doubt, quit me to-morrow to take leave of his family. For myself, as I always feel somewhat

melancholy in remaining on the same spot after friends depart from it, I propose going to Bellevue, where I have a small yacht. It is glorious weather for sea excursions. Come with me, my dear friend! The fresh breezes will do you good; and we shall have leisure for talk on all the subjects which both of us love to explore and guess at."

No proposition could be more alluring to me. My recent intercourse with Tracey had renewed all the affection and interest with which he had inspired my youth. My health and spirits had been already sensibly improved by my brief holiday, and an excursion at sea had been the special advice of my medical attendant. I hesitated a moment. Nothing called me back to London except public business, and, in that, I foresaw but the bare chance of a motion in Parliament which stood on the papers for the next day; but my letters had assured me that this motion was generally expected to be withdrawn or postponed.

So, I accepted the invitation gladly, provided nothing unforeseen should interfere with it.

Pleased by my cordial assent, Tracey's talk now flowed forth with genial animation. He described his villa overhanging the sea, with its covered walks to the solitary beach—the many objects of interest and landscapes of picturesque beauty within reach of easy rides, on days on which the yacht might not tempt us. I listened with the delight of a schoolboy, to whom some good-natured kinsman paints the luxuries of a home at which he invites the schoolboy to spend the vacation.

By little and little our conversation glided back to our young past, and thence to those dreams, nourished ever by the young;—love and romance, and home brightened by warmer beams than glow in the smile of sober friendship. How the talk took this direction I know not; perhaps by unconscious association, as the moon rose above the forest-

hills, with the love-star by her side. And, thus conversing, Tracey for the first time alluded to that single passion which had vexed the smooth river of his life—and which, thanks to Lady Gertrude, was already, though vaguely, known to me.

"It was," said he, "just such a summer night as this, and, though in a foreign country, amidst scenes of which these woodland hills remind me, that the world seemed to me to have changed into a Fairyland; and looking into my heart, I said to myself, 'This, then, is—love.' And a little while after, on such a night, and under such a moon, and amidst such hills and groves, the world seemed blighted into a desert—life to be evermore without hope or object; and, looking again into my heart, I said, 'This, then, is love denied!'"

"Alas!" answered I, "there are few men in whose lives there is not some secret memoir of an affection thwarted; but rarely indeed does an affection thwarted leave a permanent influence on the after-destinies of a man's life. On that question I meditate an essay, which, if ever printed, I will send to you."

I said this, wishing to draw him on, and expecting him to contradict my assertion as to the enduring influence of a disappointed love. He mused a moment or so in silence, and then said, "Well, perhaps so; an unhappy love may not permanently affect our after-destinies, still it colours our after thoughts. It is strange that I should have only seen, throughout my long and various existence, one woman whom I could have wooed as my wife—one woman in whose presence I felt as if I were born for her and she for me."

"May I ask you what was her peculiar charm in your eyes; or, if you permit me to ask, can you explain it?"

"No doubt," answered Tracey, "much must be ascribed to the character of her beauty, which realised the type I had formed to myself from boyhood of womanly love-

liness in form and face, and much also to a mind with which a man, however cultivated, could hold equal commune. But to me her predominating attraction was in a simple, unassuming nobleness of sentiment—a truthful, loyal, devoted, self-sacrificing nature. In her society I felt myself purified, exalted, as if in the presence of an angel. But enough of this. I am resigned to my loss, and have long since hung my votive tablet in the shrine of ‘Time the Consoler.’”

“Forgive me if I am intrusive; but did she know that you loved her?”

“I cannot say; probably most women discover if they are loved; but I rejoice to think that I never told her so.”

“Would she have rejected you if you had?”

“Yes, unhesitatingly; her word was plighted to another. And though she would not, for the man to whom she had betrothed herself, have left her father alone in poverty and exile, she would never have married any one else.”

“You believe, then, that she loved your rival with a heart that could not change?”

Tracey did not immediately reply. At last he said, “I believe this—that when scarcely out of girlhood, she considered herself engaged to be one man’s wife, or for ever single. And if, in the course of time, and in length of absence she could have detected in her heart the growth of a single thought unfaithful to her troth, she would have plucked it forth and cast it from her as firmly as if already a wedded wife, with her husband’s honour in her charge. She was one of those women with whom man’s trust is for ever safe, and to whom a love at variance with plighted troth is an impossibility. So, she lives in my thoughts still, as I saw her last, five-and-twenty years ago, unalterable in her youth and beauty. And I have been as true to her hallowed remembrance as she was true to her maiden vows. May I never see her again on earth! Her or her likeness I may find

amidst the stars. No,” he added, in a lighter and cheerier tone—“No; I do not think that my actual destinies, my ways of life here below, have been affected by her loss. Had I won her, I can scarcely conceive that I should have become more tempted to ambition or less enamoured of home. Still, whatever leaves so deep a furrow in a man’s heart cannot be meant in vain. Where the ploughshare cuts, there the seed is sown, and there later the corn will spring. In a word, I believe that everything of moment which befalls us in this life—which occasions us some great sorrow—for which, in this life, we see not the uses—has, nevertheless, its definite object, and that that object will be visible on the other side of the grave. It may seem but a barren grief in the history of a life—it may prove a fruitful joy in the history of a soul. For if nothing in this world is accident, surely all that which affects the only creature upon earth to whom immortality is announced, must have a distinct and definite purpose, often not developed till immortality begins.”

Here we had entered on the wide spaces of the park. The deer and the kine were asleep on the silvered grass, or under the shade of the quiet trees. Now as we cleared a beech-grove, we saw the lights gleaming from the windows of the house, and the moon, at her full, resting still over the peaceful house-top! Truly had Percival said, “That there are trains of thought set in motion by the stars which are dormant in the glare of the sun”—truly had he said, too, “That without such thoughts man’s thinking is incomplete.”

We gained the house, and, entering the library, it was pleasant to see how instinctively all rose to gather round the master. They had missed Percival’s bright presence the whole day.

Some little time afterwards, when, seated next to Lady Gertrude, I was talking to her of the Grays, I observed Tracey take aside

the Painter, and retire with him into the adjoining colonnade. They were not long absent. When they returned, Bourke's face, usually serious, was joyous and elated. In a few moments, with all his Irish warmth of heart, he burst forth with the announcement of the new obligations he owed to Sir Percival Tracey. "I have always said," exclaimed he, "that, give me an opening and I will find or make my way. I have the opening now; you shall see!" We all poured our congratulations upon the young enthusiast, except Henry Thornhill, and his brow was shaded and his lip quivered. Clara, watching him, curbed her own friendly words to the artist, and, drawing to her husband's side, placed her hand tenderly on his shoulder. "Pish! do leave me alone," muttered the ungracious churl.

"See," whispered Percival to me, "what a brute that fine young fellow would become if we insisted on making him happy our own way, and saving him from the chance of being shot!"

Therewith rising, he gently led away Clara, to whose soft eyes tears had rushed; and looking back to Henry, whose head was bended over a volume of 'The Wellington Despatches,' said in his ear, half-fondly, half-reproachfully, "Poor young fool! how bitterly you will repent every word, every look of unkindness to her, when—when she is no more at your side to pardon you!"

That night it was long before I slept. I pleased myself with what is now grown to me a rare amusement—viz., the laying out plans for the morrow. This holiday, with Tracey all to myself; this summer sail on the seas; this interval of golden idlesse, refined by intercourse with so serene an intelligence, and on subjects so little broached in the world of cities, fascinated my imagination; and I revolved a hundred questions it would be delightful to raise, a hundred problems it would be impossible to solve. Though my life has

been a busy one, I believe that constitutionally I am one of the most indolent men alive. To lie on the grass in summer noons under breathless trees, to glide over smooth waters, and watch the still shadows on tranquil shores, is happiness to me. I need then no books—then, no companion. But if to that happiness in the mere luxury of repose, I may add another happiness of a higher nature, it is in converse with some one friend, upon subjects remote from the practical work-day world,—subjects akin less to our active thoughts than to our dream-like reveries,—subjects conjectural, speculative, fantastic, embracing not positive opinions—for opinions are things combative and disputatious—but rather those queries and guesses which start up from the farthest border-land of our reason, and lose themselves in air as we attempt to chase and seize them.

And perhaps this sort of talk, which leads to no conclusions clear enough for the uses of wisdom, is the more alluring to me, because it is very seldom to be indulged. I carefully separate from the business of life all which belong to the visionary realm of speculative conjecture. From the world of action I hold it imperatively safe to banish the ideans which exhibit the cloud-land of metaphysical doubts and mystical beliefs. In the actual world let me see by the same broad sun that gives light to all men; it is only in the world of reverie that I amuse myself with the sport of the dark lantern, letting its ray shoot before me into the gloom, and caring not if, in its illusive light, the thorn-tree in my path take the aspect of a ghost. I shall notice the thorn-tree all the better, distinguish more clearly its shape, when I pass by it the next day under the sun, for the impression it made on my fancy seen first by the gleam of the dark lantern. Now, Tracey is one of the very few highly-educated men it has been my lot to know, with whom one can safely mount in rudderless balloons, drifting wind-tossed after those ideas which are the phantoms

— of Reverie, and wander, ghost-like, out of castles in the air. And my mind found a playfellow in his, where, in other men's minds, as richly cultured, it found only companions or competitors in task-work.

Towards dawn, I fell asleep, and dreamt that I was a child once more, gathering bluebells and chasing dragonflies amidst murmuring water-reeds. The next day I came down late; all had done breakfast. The Painter was already gone; the Librarian had retired into his den. Henry Thornhill was walking by himself to and fro, in front of the window, with folded arms and down-cast brow. Percival was seated apart, writing letters. Clara was at work, stealing every now and then a mournful glance towards Henry. Lady Gertrude, punctiliously keeping her place by the teacup, filled my cup, and pointed to a heap of letters formidably ranged before my plate. I glanced anxiously and rapidly over these unwelcomed epistles. Thank heaven, nothing to take me back to London! My political correspondent informed me, by a hasty line, that the dreaded motion which stood first on the parliamentary paper for that day would in all probability be postponed, agreeably to the request of the Government. The move of it had not, however, given a positive answer; no doubt he would do so in the course of the night (last night); and there was little doubt that, as a professed supporter of the Government, he would yield to the request that had been made to him.

So, after I had finished my abstemious breakfast, I took Percival aside and told him that I considered myself free to prolong my stay, and asked him, in a whisper, if he had yet received the official letter he expected, announcing young Thornhill's exchange and promotion.

"Yes," said he, "and I only waited for you to announce its contents to poor Henry; for I wish you to tell me whether you think the news will make him as happy as yesterday he thought it would."

Tracey and I then went out, and

joined Henry in his walk. The young man turned round on us an impatient countenance.

"So we have lost Bourke," said Tracey. "I hope he will return to England with the reputation he goes forth to seek."

"Ay," said Henry, "Bourke is a lucky dog to have found, in one who is not related to him, so warm and so true a friend."

"Every dog, lucky or unlucky, has his day," said Percival, gravely.

"Every dog except a house-dog," returned Henry. "A house-dog is thought only fit for a chain and a kennel."

"Ah, happy if his happiness he knew!" replied Tracey. "But I own that liberty compensates for the loss of a warm litter and a good dinner. Away from the kennel and off with the chain! Read this letter, and accept my congratulations—Major Thornhill!"

The young man started; the colour rushed to his cheeks; he glanced hastily over the letter held out to him; dropped it; caught his kinsman's hand, and pressing it to his heart, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, thanks, thanks! So then, all the while I was accusing you of obstructing my career you were quietly promoting it! How can you forgive me, my petulance, my ingratitude?"

"Tut," said Percival, kindly, "the best-tempered man is sometimes cross in his cups; and nothing, perhaps, more irritates a young brain than to get drunk on the love of glory."

At the word glory the soldier's crest rose, his eye flashed fire, his whole aspect changed, it became lofty and noble. Suddenly his eye caught sight of Clara, who had stepped out of the window, and stood gazing on him. His head drooped, tears rushed to his eyes, and with a quivering, broken voice, he muttered, "Poor Clara—my wife, my darling! Oh, Sir Percival, truly you said how bitterly I should repent every unkind word and look. Ah, they will haunt me!"

"Put aside regrets now. Go and break the news to your wife: sup-

port, comfort her; you alone can. I have not dared to tell her."

Henry sighed and went, no longer joyous, but with slow step and paling cheek, to the place where Clara stood. We saw him bend over the hand she held out to him, kiss it humbly, and then passing his arm round her waist, he drew her away into the farther recesses of the garden, and both disappeared from our eyes.

"No," said I, "he is not happy; like us all, he finds that things coveted have no longer the same charm when they are things possessed. Clara is avenged already. But you have done wisely. Let him succeed or let him fail, you have removed from Clara her only rival. If you had debarred him from honour you would have estranged him from love. Now you have bound him to Clara for life. She has ceased to be an obstacle to his dreams, and henceforth she herself will be the dream which his waking life will sigh to regain."

"Heaven grant he may come back with both his legs and both his arms; and, perhaps, with a bit of ribbon, or five shillings' worth of silver on his breast," said Percival, trying hard to be lively. "Of all my kinsmen, I think I like him the best. He is rough as the east wind, but honest as the day. Heighho! they will both leave us in an hour or two. Clara's voice is so sweet; I wonder when she will sing again! What a blank the place will seem without those two young faces! As soon as they are gone, we two will be off. Aunt Gertrude does not like Bellevue, and will pay a visit for a few days to a cousin of hers on the other side of the county. I must send on before to let the housekeeper at Bellevue prepare for our coming. Meanwhile, pardon me if I leave you—perhaps you have letters to write; if so, despatch them."

I was in no humour for writing letters, but when Percival left me I strolled from the house into the garden, and, reclining there on a

bench opposite one of the fountains, enjoyed the calm beauty of the summer morning. Time slipped by. Every now and then I caught sight of Henry and Clara among the lilacs in one of the distant walks, his arm still round her waist, her head leaning on his shoulder. At length they went into the house, doubtless to prepare for their departure.

I thought of the wild folly with which youth casts away the substance of happiness to seize at the shadow which breaks on the wave that mirrors it; wiser and happier surely the tranquil choice of Gray, though with gifts and faculties far beyond those of the young man who mistook the desire of fame for the power to win it. And then my thoughts settling back on myself, I became conscious of a certain melancholy. How poor and niggard compared with my early hopes had been my ultimate results! How questioned, grudged, and litigated, my right of title to every inch of ground that my thought had discovered or my toils had cultivated! What motive power in me had, from boyhood to the verge of age, urged me on "to scorn delight and love laborious days?" Whatever the motive power once had been, I could no longer trace it. If vanity—of which, doubtless, in youth I had my human share—I had long since grown rather too callous than too sensitive to that love of approbation in which vanity consists. I was stung by no penury of fortune, influenced by no feverish thirst for a name that should outlive my grave, fooled by no hope of the rewards which goad on ambition. I had reached the age when Hope weighs her anchor and steers forth so far that her amplest sail seems but a silvery speck on the last line of the horizon. Certainly I flattered myself that my purposes lured my toils to some slight service to mankind; that in graver efforts I was asserting opinions in the value of which to human interests I sincerely believed, and in lighter aims venting thoughts and releasing fan-

cies which might add to the culture of the world—not, indeed, fruitful harvests, but at least some lowly flowers. But though such intent might be within my mind, could I tell how far I unconsciously exaggerated its earnestness—still less could I tell how far the intent was dignified by success? “Have I done aught for which mankind would be the worse were it swept into nothingness to-morrow?”—is a question which many a grand and fertile genius may, in its true humility, address mournfully to itself. It is but a negative praise, though it has been recorded as a high one, to leave

“No line which, dying, we would wish to blot.”

If that be all, as well leave no line at all. He has written in vain who does not bequeath lines that, if blotted, would be a loss to that treasure-house of mind which is the everlasting possession of the world. Who, yet living, can even presume to guess if he shall do this? Not till at least a century after his brain and his hand are dust can even critics begin to form a rational conjecture of an author's or a statesman's uses to his kind. Was it, then, as Gray had implied, merely the force of habit which kept me in movement? if so, was it a habit worth all the sacrifice it cost? Thus meditating, I forgot that if all men reasoned thus and acted according to such reasoning, the earth would have no intermediate human dwellers between the hewers and diggers, and the idlers, born to consume the fruits which they do not plant. Farewell, then, to all the embellishments and splendours by which civilised man breathes his mind and his soul into nature. For it is not only the genius of rarest intellects which adorns and aggrandises social states, but the aspirations and the efforts of thousands and millions, all towards the advance and uplifting and beautifying of the integral, universal state, by the energies native to each. Where would be the world fit for Traceys and

Grays to dwell in, if all men philosophised like the Traceys and the Grays? Where all the gracious arts, all the generous rivalries of mind, that deck and animate the bright calm of peace? Where all the devotion, heroism, self-sacrifice in a common cause, that exalt humanity even amidst the rage and deformities of war, if, throughout well-ordered, close-welded states, there ran not electrically, from breast to breast, that love of honour which is a part of man's sense of beauty, or that instinct towards utility which, even more than the genius too exceptional to be classed amongst the normal regulations of social law, creates the marvels of mortal progress? Not, however, I say, did I then address to myself these healthful and manly questions. I felt only that I repined, and looked with mournful and wearied eyes along an agitated, painful, laborious past. Rousing myself with an effort from these embittered contemplations, the charm of the external nature insensibly refreshed and gladdened me. I inhaled the balm of an air sweet with flowers, felt the joy of the summer sun, from which all life around seemed drawing visible happiness, and said to myself gaily, “At least to-day is mine—this blissful sunlit day—

“Nihilum breves
Flores amantem ferre jube rose,
Dum res et ætas et sororum,
Fila triuni patiantur atra!”

So murmuring, I rose as from a dream, and saw before me a strange figure—a figure, uncouth, sinister, ominous as the evil genius that startled Brutus on the eve of Philippi. I knew by an unmistakable instinct that that figure *was* an evil genius.

“Do you want me? Who and what are you?” I asked, falteringly.

“Please your honour, I come express from the N— Station. A telegram.”

I opened the scrap of paper extended to me, and read these words,—

"O———positively brings on his motion. Announced it last night too late for post. Division certain—probably before dinner. Every vote wanted. Come directly."

Said the Express with a cruel glee, as I dropped the paper. "Sir, the station-master also received a telegram to send over a fly. I have brought one; only just in time to catch the half-past twelve o'clock; no other train till six. You had best be quick, sir."

No help for it. I hurried back to the house, bade my servant follow by the next train with my portmanteau—no moments left to wait for packing; found Tracey in his quiet study—put the telegram into his hands. "You see my excuse—*adieu*."

"Does this motion, then, interest you so much? Do you mean to speak on it?"

"No, but it must not be carried. Every vote against it is of consequence. Besides, I have promised to vote, and cannot stay away with honour."

"Honour! That settles it. I must go to Bellevue alone; or shall I take Caleb and make him teach me Hebrew? But surely you will join me to-morrow, or the next day?"

"Yes, if I can. But heavens!" (glancing at the clock)—"not half an hour to reach the station—six miles off. Kindest regards to Lady Gertrude—poor Clara—Henry—and all. Heaven bless you!"

I am in the fly—I am off. I gain the station just in time for the train—arrive at the House of Commons in more than time as to a vote, for the debate not only lasted all that night, but was adjourned till the next week, and lasted the greater part of that, when it was withdrawn, and—no vote at all!

But I could not then return to Tracey. Every man accustomed to business in London knows how, once there, hour after hour, arises a something that will not allow him to depart. When at length freed, I knew Tracey would no longer

need my companionship—his Swedish philosopher was then with him. They were deep in scientific mysteries, on which, as I could throw no light, I should be but a profane intruder. Besides, I was then summoned to my own country place, and had there to receive my own guests, long pre-engaged. So passed the rest of the summer; in the autumn I went abroad, and have never visited the Castle of Indolence since those golden days. In truth I resisted a frequent and a haunting desire to do so. I felt that a second and a longer sojourn in that serene but relaxing atmosphere might unnerve me for the work which I had imposed on myself, and sought to persuade my tempted conscience was an inexorable duty. Experience had taught me that in the sight of that intellectual repose, so calm and so dreamily happy, my mind became unsettled, and nourished seeds that might ripen to discontent of the lot I had chosen for myself. So then, *sicut meus est mos*, I seize a consolation for the loss of enjoyments that I may not act anew by living them over again, in fancy and remembrance: I give to my record the title of "Motive Power," though it contains much episodical to that thesis, and though it rather sports around the subject so indicated than subjects it to strict analysis. But I here take for myself the excuse I have elsewhere made for Montaigne, in his loose observance of the connection between the matter and the titles of his essays.

I must leave it to the reader to blame or acquit me for having admitted so many lengthy descriptions, so many digressive turns and shifts of thought and sentiment, through which, as though a labyrinth, he winds his way, with steps often checked and often retrogressive, still, sooner or later, creeping on to the heart of the maze. There I leave him to find the way out. Labyrinths have no interest if we give the clue to them.

MRS. CLIFFORD'S MARRIAGE.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.—THE LADIES' OPINION.

"You don't mean to say she's going to be married—not Mary? I don't believe a word of it. She was too fond of her poor husband who put such trust in her. No, no, child—don't tell such nonsense to me."

So said old Miss Harwood when the dreadful intelligence was first communicated to her. The two old sisters, who were both charitable old souls, and liked to think the best of everybody, were equally distressed about this piece of village scandal. "I don't say anything about her poor husband—he was a fool to trust so much to a woman of her age," said Miss Amelia; "but in my opinion Mary Clifford has sense to know when she's well off." The very idea made the sisters angry: a woman with five thousand a-year, with five fine children, with the handsomest house and most perfect little establishment within twenty miles of Summerhayes; a widow, with nobody to cross or contradict her, with her own way and will to her heart's content,—young enough to be still admired and paid attention to, and old enough to indulge in those female pleasures without any harm coming of it; to think of a woman in such exceptionally blessed circumstances stooping her head under the yoke, and yielding a second time to the subjection of marriage, was more than either of the Miss Harwoods could believe.

"But I believe it's quite true—indeed, I *know* it's quite true," said the curate's little wife. "Mr. Spencer heard it first from the Miss Summerhayes, who did not know what to think—their own brother, you know; and yet they couldn't forget that poor dear Mr. Clifford was their cousin; and then they

are neither of them married themselves, poor dears, which makes them harder upon her."

"We have never been married," said Miss Amelia; "I don't see what difference that makes. It is amusing to see the airs you little creatures give yourselves on the strength of being married. I suppose *you* think it's all right—it's a compliment to her first husband, eh? and shows she was happy with him?—that's what the men say when they take a second wife; that's how you would do I suppose, if——"

"Oh, Miss Amelia, don't be so cruel," cried the little wife. "I should die. Do you think I could ever endure to live without Julius? I don't understand what people's hearts are made of that can do such things: but then," added the little woman, wiping her bright eyes, "Mr. Clifford was not like my husband. He was very good, I daresay, and all that—but he wasn't —. Well, I don't think he was a taking man. He used to sit such a long time after dinner. He used to——it's very wicked to be unkind to the dead—but he wasn't the sort of a man a woman could break her heart for, you know."

"I should like to know who is," said Miss Amelia. "He left her everything, without making provision for one of the children. He gave her the entire power, like a fool, at her age. He did not deserve anything better; but it appears to me that Mary Clifford has the sense to know when she's well off."

"Well, well!" said old Miss Harwood, "I couldn't have believed it, but now as you go on discussing, I daresay it'll turn out true. When a thing comes so far as to be

discussed, it's going to happen. I've always found it so. Well, well! love has gone out of fashion nowadays. When I was a girl things were different. We did not talk about it half so much, nor read novels. But we had the right feelings. I daresay she will just be as affectionate to Tom Summerhayes as she was to her poor dear husband. Oh, my dear, it's very sad—I think it's very sad—five fine children, and she can't be content with that. It'll turn out badly, dear, and that you'll see."

"He'll swindle her out of all her money," said Miss Amelia.

"Oh, don't say such dreadful things," cried the curate's little wife, getting up hastily. "I am sure I hope they'll be happy—that is, as happy as they *can* be," she added, with a touch of candid disapproval. "I must run away to baby now; the poor dear children—I must say I am sorry for them—to have another man brought in in their poor papa's place; but oh I must run away, else I shall be saying cruel things too."

The two Miss Harwoods discussed this interesting subject largely after Mrs. Spencer had gone. The Summerhayes people had been, on the whole, wonderfully merciful to Mrs. Clifford during her five years' solitary reign at Fontanel. She had been an affectionate wife—she was a good mother—she had worn the weeds of her widowhood seriously, and had not plunged into any indiscreet gaieties when she took them off; while, at the same time, she had emerged sufficiently from her seclusion to restore Fontanel to its old position as one of the pleasantest houses in the county. What could woman do more? Tom Summerhayes was her husband's cousin; he had been brought up to the law, and naturally understood affairs in general better than she did. Everybody knew that he was an idle fellow. After old Mr. Summerhayes died, everybody quite expected that Tom would settle down in the old manor,

and live an agreeable useless life, instead of toiling himself to death in hopes of one day being Lord Chancellor—a very unlikely chance at the best; and events came about exactly as everybody had predicted. At the same time, the entire neighbourhood allowed that Tom had exerted himself quite beyond all precedent on behalf of his cousin's widow. Poor Mary Clifford had a great deal too much on her hands, he was always saying. It was a selfish sort of kindness to crush down a poor little woman under all that weight of wealth and responsibility; and so, at last, here was what had come of it. The Miss Harwoods sat and talked it all over that cold day in the drawing-room of Woodbine Cottage, which had one window looking to the village-green, and another, a large, round, bright bow-window, opening to the garden. The fire was more agreeable than the garden that day. Miss Harwood sat knitting in her easy-chair, while Miss Amelia occupied herself in ticketing all that miscellaneous basket of articles destined for the bazaar of ladies' work to be held in Summerhayes in February; but work advanced slowly under the influence of such an inducement to talk. The old ladies, as may be supposed, came to a sudden pause and looked confused and guilty when the door opened and the Miss Summerhayes were announced. Perhaps the new visitors might even have heard something of the conversation which was going on with so much animation. Certainly it came to a most abrupt conclusion, and the Miss Harwoods looked consciously into each other's faces when the ladies of the manor-house came to the door. These ladies were no longer young, but they were far from having reached the venerable certainty of old-maidhood, which possessed the atmosphere of Woodbine Cottage. They were still in the fidgety unsettled stage of unweddedness—women who had fallen out of their occupation, and were subject to lit-

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though she is such a little thing ; and Miss Amelia has such loves of dorkings. We shan't be leaving for half an hour ; now go, there's a dear !"

"Thank you, cousin Lydia, I'd rather look at the things for the bazaar," returned Loo, lifting a pair of acute suspicious eyes ; a pale-faced little creature, sharp-witted and vigilant, instinctively conscious why her amusement was thus carefully provided for — Loo did not choose to go.

"Such a nuisance !" said Miss Laura ; "I say we are just far enough off at the manor to be out of reach of everything except the bores and the troubles. You always think of us when you have stupid visitors, but you keep all that's exciting to yourselves. Loo, darling ! the Miss Harwoods' violets are always out earlier than any one else's. I have such a passion for violets ! Do run out, dear, and see if you can find one for me yonder under the hedge."

"I will ask mamma to send you some to-morrow, cousin Laura," said the determined little Loo.

"Did you ever hear anything like it ?" said Miss Lydia, in a half whisper. "Loo !"

"Loo will carry this basket upstairs for me to my room," said Miss Harwood, "and ask Harriet to show you the things in my cupboard, dear. All the prettiest things are there, and such a very grand cushion that I mean to make your mamma buy. Tell Harriet to show you everything ; there's a darling ! That is a very bright little girl, my dears," said the old lady, when Loo withdrew, reluctant but dutiful. "I hope nothing will ever be done to crush her spirit. I suppose you must have both come to tell us it's not true."

"Oh, you mean about my brother and Mary Clifford," cried out both sisters in a breath. "Oh, Miss Harwood, did you ever hear of such a thing ! Did you ever know anything so dreadful ! Tom, that might have married anybody !" cried Miss Lydia ; "and Mary Clifford, that was so

"Oh, how far on you are," cried Miss Laura ; "I have not got in half the work that has been promised to me ; but you always are first with everything — first in gardening, first in working, first in —"

"All the news, I am sure," said Miss Lydia ; "we, of course, never hear anything till it has happened. Provoking ! Loo, shouldn't you like to go to Miss Harwood's maid, and ask her to show you the chickens ? She's a perfect genius for poultry,

inconsolable, and pretended to have broken her heart!" cried the younger sister. They were both in a flutter of eagerness, neither permitting the other to speak.

"Oh dear, dear, it does come so hard upon us," said Miss Laura, "we that have always had such a prejudice against second marriages; and a cousin's widow—it's almost like a brother; and if poor Harry could rise from his grave, what would he say!" concluded Miss Lydia, who took up the strain without any intervals of punctuation. "I begin to think it's all true the gentlemen say about women's inconstancy; that is, your common style of women," ran on the elder without any pause; "and poor dear Tom, who might have married any one," cried the younger, out of breath.

"Then I perceive," said Miss Amelia Harwood, "it's true? Well, I don't see much harm, for my part, if they have everything properly settled first. Poor Harry was all very well, I daresay, but he was a great fool not to provide for his children. Your brother said so at the time; but I did think, for my part, that Mary Clifford had the sense to know when she was well off."

"Oh, she shows that," cried Lydia Summerhayes, with a little toss of her head; "widows are so designing; they know the ways of men, and how to manage them, very differently from any of us—if we could stoop to such a thing, which of course, we wouldn't. Oh yes, Mary Clifford knows very well what she's about. I am sure I have told Tom he was her honorary secretary for many a day. I thought she was just making use of him to serve her own purpose; I never thought how far her wiles went. If it had been her lawyer, or the curate, or any humble person; but Tom! He might have done so much better," said Laura, chiming in at some imperceptible point, so that it was impossible to tell where one voice ended and the other began.

"Well, I must say I am disap-

pointed in Mary Clifford," said Miss Harwood, "she was always such an affectionate creature. That's why it is, I daresay. These affectionate people can't do without an object; but her five children——"

"Ah! yes, her five children," exclaimed the Miss Summerhayes; "only imagine dear Tom making such a marriage! Why, Charley Clifford has been at Eton ever so long: he is fifteen. And dear Tom is quite a young man, and might have married anybody," said the last of the two, taking up the chorus: "it is too dreadful to think of it—such a cutting blow to us."

"I can't see how it is so very bad for you," said Miss Amelia Harwood; "of course they will live at Fontanel, and you will still keep the manor-house. I think it's rather a good thing for you for my part. Hush! there's the child again—clever little thing—she knows quite well what we've been talking of. My dear, I hope Harriet showed you all the things—and isn't that a pretty cushion? Tell your mamma I mean to make her buy it, as she is the richest lady I know."

"Are you going, my dears?" said the elder old lady. "I am sorry you have so little time to stay—I hope you will find things arrange themselves comfortably, and that everybody will be happy. Don't get excited—it's astonishing how everything settles down. You want to speak to me, Loo," said Miss Harwood, starting a little when she had just reseated herself in her easy-chair after dismissing her visitors. "Certainly, dear; I suppose you have set your little heart on one of the pretty pincushions upstairs."

"No, indeed, nothing of the sort—I hope I know better than to care for such trumpery," said Loo, with an angry glow on her little pale face. "I stopped behind to say, that whatever mamma pleases to do, we mean to stand by her," cried poor Mary Clifford's only champion. "I'm not sure whether I shall like it or

not for myself—but we have made up our minds to stand by mamma, and so we will, as long as we live; and she shall do what she likes!" cried the little heroine. Two big tears were in those brown eyes, which looked twice as bright and as big through those great dew-drops, which Loo would not for the world have allowed to fall. She opened her eyelids wider and wider to re-absorb the untimely tears, and looked full, with childish defiance, in Miss Harwood's face.

"Loo, you are a dear!" said prompt Miss Amelia, kissing the child; "you shall have the prettiest pincushion in all my basket." The little girl vanished suddenly after this speech, half in indignation at the promise, half because the tears

would not be disposed of otherwise, and it was necessary to rush outside to conceal their dropping. "Ah! Amelia," said kind old Miss Harwood, "I'm sorry for poor Mary in my heart—but I'd rather have that child's love than Tom Summerhayes."

"Poor Mary! for my part, I have no patience with her," said the practical Miss Amelia; "a woman come to her time of life ought to have the sense to know when she's well off."

Such was the character of the comments made upon Mrs. Clifford's marriage when it was first talked of in Woodbine Cottage, and generally among all the female portion of society as it existed in Summerhayes.

CHAPTER II.—WHAT THE GENTLEMEN SAID.

The Rector of Summerhayes was the Miss Harwoods' brother, much younger, however, unmarried, and rather a fine man in his way. He had a little dinner, as it happened, the same evening. His table only held six, Mr. Harwood said. The rectory was an old-fashioned house, and the dining-room would have quite admitted a table which could dine twenty—but such were not the Rector's inclinations. There are enough men in the neighbourhood of Summerhayes to make it very possible to vary your parties pleasantly when you have a table that only holds six, whereas with a large number you can only have the same people over and over again; and Mr. Harwood did not like to be bored. He had a friend with him from town, as he always had on such occasions. He had his curate, and young Chesterfield from Dalton, and Major Aldborough, and Dr. Gossett; rather a village party—as he explained to Mr. Temple, the stranger—but not bad company. The dinner was a very good one, like all the Rector's little dinners, and was consumed with that judicious reticence in the way of talk,

and wise suspension of wit, which is only practicable in a party composed of men. By means of this sensible quietness, the dinner was done full justice to, and the company expanded into full force over their wine. Then the conversation became animated. The Rector, it is true, indulged in ten minutes' parish talk with the Doctor, while Mr. Temple and Major Aldborough opened the first parallel of a political duel, and young Chesterfield discoursed on the last Meet to poor Mr. Spencer, who, reduced into curatehood and economy, still felt his mouth water over such forbidden pleasures. Then Mr. Harwood himself introduced the subject which at that time reigned paramount over all other subjects at Summerhayes.

"So Tom Summerhayes is going to marry little Mrs. Clifford," said the Rector; "hadn't you heard of it? Yes, these grapes are from Fontanel. She has a capital gardener, and her conservatories are the finest in the county. A very pleasant little house altogether, though there are some particulars about her table which one feels to

be feeble. Her dinners are always a little defective since poor Clifford's death—too mild, you know—too sweet—want the severer taste of a man."

"Mrs. Clifford—a pretty little woman with brown eyes?" said Mr. Temple. "I've met her somewhere. So she gives dinners, does she? When I saw her she was in the recluse line. I suppose that didn't last."

"It lasted quite long enough," said Dr. Gossett; "nothing could be more proper, or more ladylike, or more satisfactory in every way. If I had a wife and were unluckily to die, I should wish her just to wear her weeds and so forth like Mrs. Clifford—a charming woman; what should we do without her in the parish? but as for Tom Summerhayes—"

"He's an ass," growled the Major. "What's he got to do burdening himself with other people's children. Why, there's five of 'em, sir! They'll hate him like poison—they'll think he's in no end of conspiracies to shut them out of their fortune. By Jove! if he knew as much about other people's children as I do. I've had two families consigned to me from India—as if I were a reformatory, or a school-master, by Jove! She's all very well, as women go; but I wouldn't marry that family—no, not for twenty-five thousand a year."

"I confess I think it's a pity," said Mr. Spencer, playing with the Fontanel grapes. The Ourate perhaps was thinking in his heart that such delicate little souvenirs might have gone quite as appropriately to his own little *ménage* as to the Rector's who lacked for nothing. "It's like going into life at second hand, you know. I shouldn't like it for my part. The children are a drawback, to be sure; but that's not the greatest to my mind; they are nice enough children."

"Delightful children!" cried the Doctor, "little bricks! plucky little things! I don't care for babies, though they're partly my business.

A family ready-made would just suit me."

"Well, it ain't much in my line to say what a fellow ought or oughtn't to do," said young Chesterfield.

"I'm not a marrying man myself. I don't pretend to understand that sort of thing, you know. But Summerhayes ain't a spoon, as everybody will allow. He knows what he's doing. Last time I was at Fontanel, I couldn't make out for the life of me what Mrs. Clifford wanted with that new set of stables. She said they were preparing against Charley's growing up. I thought somehow Summerhayes must have a hand in it, and it's plain enough now."

"Well, he has done a great deal for her," said the Rector; "he's been a sort of unpaid steward at Fontanel. I daresay she didn't know how to reward him otherwise. I believe that's the handiest way of making it up to a man in a lady's fancy. It's a dangerous kind of business to go on long; but I don't know that there's anything to find fault with. She's pretty and he's not young;—well, not exactly a young fellow, I mean," said the Rector, with a half apology. "I daresay they'll do very well together. If poor Clifford had only made a sensible will—but for that nobody would have had any right to talk."

"And what was poor Clifford's will?" asked the stranger with a polite yawn; "men don't generally study their wife's convenience in a second marriage, in that document; has the defunct been harder upon this lively lady than most husbands, or what's wrong about his will?"

"Deuced fool, sir," cried the Major; "left her every farthing he had in the world, without settling a penny on those deuced children, or binding her up anyhow; left her at thirty or so, I suppose, with every penny he had in her hands. Never heard of such an ass. Of course that's what Summerhayes means, but I can tell him it won't be a bed of

roses. They'll hate him like poison, these brats will—they'll make parties against him—they'll serve him so that he'll be sick of his life. I know the whole business. He's well enough off now, with his old father's savings, and the manor-house, and nothing to do; but he'll be a wretched man, mark my words, if he marries Fontanel with five children in it. It's the maddest thing he ever did in his life."

"The poor lady doesn't seem to count for much," said Mr. Temple. "She's a pretty nobody, I suppose."

Upon which vehement disclaimers rose from all the *convives*. "No, she was a charming woman," Gossett said. "A dear, kind-hearted, good little soul," said the Rector. "Very well as women go," the Major admitted; while the two young men added warmer, but equally vague commendations. "Yet none of you imagine she is being married for herself," said the solitary individual who did not belong to Summerhayes, with a little laugh at the perturbation he had caused. But nobody saw the fun of it; they went on with the discussion, ignoring Mr. Temple.

"When a woman is in Mrs. Clifford's position," said the Doctor, "it is nonsense to talk of her *being* married. She is active, she is no longer passive in such a business. She's richer, she's *gooder*, she's handsomer, she's better off every way than Tom Summerhayes. How she ever came to fancy him is the wonder to me."

"Deuced nonsense," said the Major; "why didn't he marry off his sisters and set up snug for himself? He's old enough to know better, that fellow is. There's young Chesterfield there, he's at the time of life to make a fool of himself; but Summerhayes must be, let me see——"

"Don't let us go into chronology," said the Rector. "Poor little Mary, I hope she'll be happy

all the same. I married her to poor Clifford, and I daresay I'll have this little business to do as well. I wish she had a brother, or an uncle, or some one to take that piece of duty off my hands. I think I will have one of my attacks, and go off to Malvern, and leave it, Spencer, to you."

"I wish she had an uncle or a brother for more than that," said the Doctor; "it ought to be seen to—the settlement and all that should be looked well into. I hope she'll have her wits about her. Not that I mean to ascribe any mean motives to Tom Summerhayes; but still when there's five children to be considered——"

"They'll kill him, sir," said the Major, with energy. "He'll not enjoy her money for long, mark my words; they'll kill him in a year. I have only got this to say, sir," continued the warrior, turning round upon Mr. Temple, who had ventured a remark not bearing on the present subject to the Curate, "if this income tax is going to be kept up without any compensation, I'll emigrate—it's the only thing that remains for honest Englishmen. After a life spent in the service of my country, I'll be driven to a colony, sir, in my old age. It's more than the country can bear, and what's better, it's more than the country *will* bear. We'll have a revolution, by Jove! that's what will come of all this taxing and paying; it is not to be borne, sir, in a land that calls itself free."

Whereupon politics came into possession of the elders of the party, and young Chesterfield resumed that tantalizing account of the Meet which made the poor Curate sigh.

Poor Mrs. Clifford! she had but scant sympathy in those innumerable discussions, male and female, of which she was at present the subject, all in and about Summerhayes.

CHAPTER III.—WHAT THE CHILDREN HAD TO SAY.

Meanwhile little Loo, with another pair of big tears in her brown eyes, had been driven home in the wintry twilight over the frosty road, which rang to every stamp of her ponies' heels in a way which would have excited the little thing into positive enjoyment of the exhilarating sounds and sensations of rapid motion, had things been as usual. As it was, she sat wrapped up in a fur cloak, with her little veil over her face, watching the great trees glide past in the darkening, and turning her wistful looks now and then to the young winterly moon, which had strayed like a lost child into the midst of a whole covey of clouds, still crimsoned with reflections from the sunset. Loo's little heart ached so, and she was so steadfastly determined not to admit that it was aching, that she was almost glad to feel how chill her little feet were getting, and how benumbed the hand which was outside of the fur cloak. She kept her little stiff fingers exposed to the frosty breeze all the same, and was rather glad of that sensation of misery which gave her a little excuse to herself for feeling unhappy. As the tinges of crimson stole out of the clouds, and the sky grew so wistfully, coldly clear around the moon, Fontanel came in sight, with lights in all its windows, twinkling through the trees in the long avenue, now one gleam, now another, as the little carriage drove on. There first of all was the great nursery window blazing with firelight, where Loo meant to hold a little committee as soon as she got in, and where she could so well picture "all of them" in all their different occupations, populating all the corners of the familiar room. A little further on it was the window of mamma's room, which lightened brightly out behind the bare branches of the great chestnut tree. What would the house be without mamma? the little girl asked

herself, and the great blobs of hot dew in her eyes fell upon her cold fingers. "Aren't you well, Miss Loo?" asked the old groom who drove her, and Loo made him a very sharp answer in the irritation of her troubled little heart. She ran into the light and comfort of the house with a perverse, childish misery which she did not understand. She would not let old William take her cloak from her, but threw it down, and stumbled over it, and stamped her little foot, and could have cried. Poor little Loo! she was sick at heart, and did not know what it meant. Instead of going to her mother, as she usually did, she hastened up to the nursery where "all of them" were in a highly riotous condition at the moment, and where the darkness of her little face was unnoted by all but nurse, who took off her boots and warmed her feet, and did away with the only physical reason Loo dared to pretend to as an excuse for looking wretched. It was not very easy to look wretched in that room. By the side of the fire where a great log blazed was Harry, aged ten, with a great book clasped in his arms, and his cheeks and hair equally scorched and crimsoned with near vicinity to the flame. Little Mary, and Alf, the baby, were playing at the other end of the room. Alf was six, though he was the baby; but Mrs. Clifford was the kind of woman to love a pet, and the little fellow's indignant manhood was still smothered in long curls and lace tuckers. He avenged himself by exercising the most odious tyranny over his next little sister, who was Baby's slave. All this little company Loo looked round upon with mysterious looks. She herself was twelve, little and pale, with nothing particular about her but her eyes, and her temper, which had already made itself, unfortunately, felt through the house.

She sat maturing her plans till she heard the clock strike, and saw that it would shortly be time to go to her mother in her dressing-room, as the Fontanel children always did before dinner. She immediately bestirred herself to her task.

"Nurse," said Loo, "will you take these things down to mamma's dressing-room, please, and tell her we will all come presently, and if you wish to go down-stairs, you may. I will take care of the children, and take them down to mamma."

"Thank you, Miss Loo; but there's nobody to be at dinner but Mr. Summerhayes and Mademoiselle, and you're all to go down," said nurse; "you're too little to have the charge of Master Alf, and you've all got to be dressed, dears, for dessert."

"Then you can come up when I ring. I want the children by themselves," said little Loo, with her imperious air. "You can go away."

"You're a deal too forward for such a little thing. I'll speak to your ma, Miss, I will," said the offended nurse. "At least I would if it was any good; but as long as Missis encourages her like this;—oh, children dear, there's changed times coming! You won't have the upper hand always; it's a comfort to a poor servant anyhow, whatever it may be to other folks. I'm going, Miss Loo; and you'll come up directly the very minute you leave your ma to be dressed."

Loo watched her to the door, and, skipping off her chair, closed it behind the dethroned guardian of the nursery. "Now, children, come here, I want to speak to you all," said the little princess. "Mary, don't be as great a baby as Alf; you are eight—you are almost a woman. Alf, come here and stand by me like a gentleman. Harry—"

But Harry was not so easily roused. He had been lectured so long about scorning his face that he was now proof to all appeals. He had to be hunted up out of his corner, and the book skilfully tilted

up and thrown out of his arms, which operation surprised Loo into a momentary laugh, of which she was much ashamed. "Harry!" she cried, with redoubled severity, "it is no nonsense I am going to talk of—it is something very serious. Oh, children!" exclaimed the elder sister, as Alf jumped upon Harry's back, and the two had a harmless scuffle in continuation of that assault which had roused Harry. "Oh, children!" cried Loo, who had laughed in spite of herself, now bursting into quick tears of impatience and vexation. "You play and play and think of nothing else—and you won't let me talk to you of what's going to happen to mamma."

"What is it?" cried Harry, opening a pair of great bright eyes, and coming hastily to his sister's side. Alf asked "What is it?" too, and placed himself on the other hand. As for Mary, she was frightened and stood a little apart, ready to rush off to her mother, or to ring for Nurse, or to do anything else that the exigency might demand.

"Do you remember what mamma said to us when we were in the dining-room on Sunday after dinner, when Tom—I mean when Mr. Summerhayes was there—when he kissed us all?" said Loo, with a little red spot suddenly glowing out upon one indignant little cheek.

"She said he was going to be a father to us," said Harry, rather stolidly.

"And we didn't know what it meant," said little Mary, breaking in eagerly, "but Nurse told me afterwards. It means that mamma is going to be married to cousin Tom. Oh, won't it be queer? Shall we have to call him papa, Loo? I shall never recollect, I am sure."

Loo gazed with eyes growing larger and larger in the face of her insensible sister. Then seeing Mary's arm on the top of the great nursery fender, Loo, we are sorry to say, was so far betrayed by her resentment as to thrust little Mary violently away with a sob of passion.

They all looked at her with wondering eyes.

"Oh, you stupid, stupid children!" cried the poor little heroine, "don't you know mamma, though she is so pretty, is not a young lady like other people that are going to be married; don't you know people talk about it, and laugh at her, and say she is foolish? I have heard them do it!" cried Loo. "I heard them in Summerhayes to-day talking and scolding about our mamma. She knows best what to do — better than all of them. She will never be unkind to us, or stop loving us. Oh, only think if she knew that people said such things — it would kill her! I heard them, and I thought I should have died. And now, children," said Loo, solemnly, "what we've got to do is to go down to mamma, not jumping or making a noise like great babies, but quiet and serious; and to tell her that she is to do what she thinks best, and never mind what people say; and that we — we," sobbed the little girl, vainly trying to preserve her composure, as she brought out word after word with a gush of tears — "we'll stand by her and trust in her, and never believe anything. That is what we must go and say."

After she had finished her speech Loo fell into a little passion of crying, in which she partly lost the slight murmurs and remonstrances of her calmer and wondering audience; but, passion as usual carried the day. When Mrs. Clifford's bell rang the children went down-stairs, looking rather scared, in a kind of procession, Loo coming last with Alf, who had to be held tightly by the hand lest he should break out into gambols, and destroy all the solemnity of the proceeding. Mrs. Clifford was sitting by the fire when they went in, in an attitude of thought. The candles were not lighted, and it was very easy to suppose that mamma herself looked sad, and was quite in a state of mind to be thus addressed. Harry and Mary, rather ashamed of them-

selves, were already carrying on a quiet scuffle at the door when Loo came up to them. "You go first, Harry" — "No, you," they were saying to each other. "Oh, you stupid, stupid children, you have no feeling!" cried Loo, bitterly, as she swept past them. Mrs. Clifford looked up with a smile, and held out her hand, which she expected to be grasped immediately by a crowd of little fingers, but the mother's looks were dreamy to-night, and some one else was before her children in her thoughts. She was startled when she felt Loo's little cold hand put into hers, and woke up and pushed her chair back from the fire to look at the little things who stood huddled together before her. "What is the matter?" said Mrs. Clifford.

"Oh, mamma, mamma," cried Loo; her poor little voice grew shrill, notwithstanding all her efforts. She had to make a pause, and to preserve her dignity had to let Alf go, who immediately went off to ride on the arm of the sofa, and compromise the seriousness of the scene. "Oh, mamma, dear," said Loo, feeling that no time was to be lost, "we have come to say that we will never believe anything; that we know you love us, and will always love us — and — and — we believe in *you*; oh, mamma, we believe in *you*, and we will always stand by you, if everybody in the world were on the other side."

Here Loo fell, choking with tears and passion, on her mother's footstool, and laid her poor little head, which ached with cold and crying, on Mrs. Clifford's lap. The mother's eyes had woke up out of all their dreaming. Perhaps it was as well the candles were not lighted. That cheek which the widow screened with her hand was as crimson and as hot as Harry's had been reading over the fire. She was glad Loo's keen eyes were hidden upon her lap; she blushed, poor tender woman as she was, before her children. The little woman-daughter was dreadful to her mother at the

moment—a little female judge, endowed with all the awfulness of nature, shaming the new love in her mature heart.

"What does this all mean, children?" said Mrs. Clifford, trying to be a little angry, to conceal the shock she had received.

"Oh, please mamma, it's Loo," cried Mary, frightened. "She made us come; it was one of her passions."

"No, it was not one of her passions," said Harry, who was Loo's champion; "it was to tell mamma we would always stand by her; and so I will," cried the boy on his own account, kindling up, "if there were any robbers or anything—for I'm the eldest son when Charley's at school."

Loo heard this where she lay, with her head on her mother's lap; she was incapable of speech or motion almost, but she could not but groan with impatience over the stupidity of the children; and Alf was riding loudly on the arm of the sofa, shouting to his imaginary horse. Loo gathered herself up with a blush upon her cheeks; it did not enter into her head to imagine that her mother blushed much more hotly and violently when the little face unfolded itself slowly out of her lap.

"Hush! Loo, don't say any more," said Mrs. Clifford; then with a little effort the mother put her arm round the child and drew

her close. "I understand what you mean—but you must not say any more," she said; then she stooped down her hot cheek upon that wet one of poor Loo's. "We shall all be very happy, I hope," said Mrs. Clifford in the dark, in her little daughter's ear. "I am doing it—for—for all your sakes, dear. He will stand by you and me, and all of us, Loo. I hope we shall be—very happy—happier even than we are now," said Mrs. Clifford, with a faint little tremble in her voice and quiver at her heart. When she had kissed Loo, and the child had gone away to compose herself, poor Mary, the mother, sat for a long time looking into the fire with a terrible misgiving upon her—"happier even than we are now." Ah! just then she had been so happy—all well in the prosperous, plentiful house; not an ache or a trouble that she knew of among all her children; not a single look of love dimmed to her yet by her resolution; and the new love, sweet as any girl's dream, restoring to her firmament all the transitory delicious lights of youth. Somehow that prospect darkened under a strange cloud of alarm and shame when the mother felt her cheeks flush at the look of her woman-child. "I am doing it for—all their sakes," she tried to say to herself; but her innocence grew like guilt as she felt in her heart that this pretence was not true.

CHAPTER IV.—HER OWN THOUGHTS.

Mrs. Clifford had not much time to think that night, and the impression went off her when she was in her lover's company—which was very nearly always; for, long before this had been thought of, Tom Summerhayes had been the soul of everything at Fontanel. She had come so gradually to consult him about everything—to take his counsel upon small and great that happened—that it seemed only natural now that he should belong to

her; but after Loo's little scene a variety of annoyances came upon Mary—indications of the world's opinion—evidences that it did not seem so natural to other people as to herself. Even Charley's school-boy letter was rather dreadful to his mother. The boy bestowed his approbation upon her match, and was to stand by her, too, in Loo's very vein; and the mother felt more humbled by thus obtaining the consent of her children than she would

have been by the sacrifice of all she had in the world. Still it never came into her head to give up her marriage—never, perhaps, till a day or two before, when things were much too far advanced for any drawing back, and when she sat alone by her fire, with her desk open before her, late at night when all the household were asleep. In her desk were various little matters which had been treasures to Mary Clifford. She took them out with trembling hands—a withered flower, given to her, oh, so long ago; when she was little more than a child, and preserved with girlish romance; a little ring made of hair, which she had worn in her days of betrothal; a little faded drawing, made by herself at the same period, of her early lover; and last and most important of all, some letters—not many, but very tender—the love-letters of her youth. How she had cried over them many a sad day after her Harry died; how she had gradually forgotten them again and left them in their safe concealment; how of late she had rather avoided the place where they were, and shrank from touching the little desk that contained them; and now, at last, upon the eve of her second wedding, here they were all spread out before her, to be disposed of somehow. Mary's treasures! she had heard them called so—had called them so herself. What were they now!

Poor, little, soft, tender-hearted woman! There was no passion in her. She was in love with all her heart, but it was affectionately, not passionately, or else she never could have opened that desk. She took out the flower, and cried, and looked at it; then, with a hasty impulse, put it softly on the fire, and watched it blaze into sudden ashes, and cried again, and felt guilty to her heart. "I was such a child," she said to herself in her tears, and took a kind of melancholy comfort from thinking how young she had been when she was first a bride. Then she looked at her own drawing, which

was not the least like him, and thought with a compunction of her Harry. Poor Harry! All this bright house, all these dear children, were his as well as hers; but he was put away in the family vault, poor fellow, and nothing was henceforward to belong to him in this living world—not even the name he had given her, not her thoughts, not any of her heart. She cried over that too like the rest. She put up the ring in a little parcel for Loo—she laid aside the portrait for little Harry. She tried to indemnify him by making over all those little mementoes, which it troubled her to look at, to his children. Then she took up the bundle of yellow letters and timidly opened one of them, and read a few sentences. There she read of the young love that was never to die, never to know change. Poor Mary put them away again with a sob almost of terror, and hastily locked up the desk, and resolved to put it away somewhere out of sight. She could not examine any further into those "treasures" which had become ghosts. She drew her chair to the fire, and shivered in her thoughts. She was a simple-minded woman, not wise, but moved by every wind of feeling. It came to her mind just then to recollect how, in her first widowhood, she had taken comfort from the thought that Harry was near and saw her tears for him, and knew how faithful her poor heart was. Now that thought was too much for Mary's strength. She gave a cry of helpless terror when it occurred to her. Alas, for that immortality of union which comforts the heart of grief! What if Harry met her at the very gates of heaven when she got there, and claimed her, she who was going to be another man's bride? Sitting alone in the night, with all the household asleep, and such thoughts for companions, it was not wonderful if a panic seized upon Mrs. Clifford's heart. Poor Harry, who had loved her so well, appeared like a pursuing spectre to the soft

little woman. If it was true that she belonged to him for ever and ever, how could she dare to love Tom Summerhayes? and if she did not belong to him for ever and ever—he who had loved her to the end, and had never done anything to forfeit her affection—what was the hereafter, the heaven where love, it appeared, could not be immortal? These fancies wrung poor Mary's heart. She did not know any answer to make to them. The question put by the Sadducees now answered her case. She who blushed before her children, how could she ever look Harry in the face? She felt herself an infidel, trembling and crying over that everlastingness which had once given her such consolation. That Harry could ever cease to love her, nature contradicted as impossible. He was in heaven, far off, unseen, fixed in solemn unchangeableness in all the elevation of love and grief he died in, never to alter; and she?—Step by step unconsciously that elevation of grief and love had died away from her in the changing human days, and now here she sat weeping, trembling, thinking with awe of Harry, wondering how he would claim her hereafter, how she could dare name his name when she was another man's wife. Poor little trembling soul! She stole away to bed when she could bear it no longer, and sought refuge in sleep with the tears still in her eyes, some grand and desperate resolution of making a sacrifice of herself being in her mind, as was natural. She had troubled dreams, and woke up quite unrefreshed in the morning, which was very unlucky that day of all others, because the lawyers were coming, and all her business affairs were to be settled before her marriage. However, Mrs. Clifford could not remember at her first waking what it was which had thrown such a cloud upon her; and when her thoughts of the previous night did return to her mind, they were neither so intolerable nor so urgent as they

had been. In the daylight, somehow, those gates of heaven, at which Harry might be standing to claim her, looked a very far way off to the bride of Tom Summerhayes—there was no such immediate certainty of Harry's existence anyhow, or of the kind of interest he might take in her proceedings; and the philosophy of the question did not recur to her mind with those puzzling and hopeless speculations. She was a great deal more content to accept the present and to postpone the future—to let hereafter take care of itself—than she had been at night. She put away the desk with Harry's letters in a dark vacant upper shelf of a book-case in her own dressing-room; there, where she could not even see it, it would no longer witness against her. It was a sunny morning, and the children came in all fresh and rosy to say their prayers, and there was a note from Mr. Summerhayes on the breakfast-table, naming the hour at which the law people were to arrive. Mrs. Clifford had recovered her colour and her spirits before they came; she was a little agitated, and looked very pretty in the commotion of her heart. Hers was a position very peculiar and interesting, as Mr. Gateshead himself, the old family solicitor, suggested, as he read over the deed she was to sign. He was perfectly pleased with the arrangements altogether, and said that Mr. Summerhayes had behaved most honourably and in the most gentlemanly way. It was very clear that *his* motives were not mercenary. The deed Mrs. Clifford had to sign was one by which Fontanel and all its dependencies was settled upon her eldest son, she retaining the life-interest in it which her husband had meant her to have. Mr. Summerhayes, who had been brought up for the bar, had himself advised Mr. Gateshead in the drawing up of this important document. The new bridegroom was anxiously solicitous that the children should be portioned and the property distri-

buted exactly as the family agent, who knew poor Clifford's mind. would have advised him to settle it; and the deed was irrevocable and framed in the most careful manner, so that no ingenuity of the law could make it assailable hereafter. It was so rigid in all its provisions that poor Mary wavered a little over it. She thought it scarcely fair that *he* should be shut out entirely from every interest in all this wealth, which, at the present moment, belonged absolutely to herself. It was Mr. Summerhayes himself who put, with a certain gentle force, the pen into her hands, and pointed exactly to the spot where she was to sign. "I have you, Mary," he said in her ear, as he leant over her to keep the parchment steady; and Mary Clifford signed away all her power and secured her children's rights, with "a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye," feeling to her heart the deli-

cious flattery. What she possessed was nothing to him—he had *her*, and a kingdom could not make him happier. So said the tone of his whisper, the glance of his eye, and the echo of her heart. This living Love which stood by her side, securing so carefully that Harry Clifford's wealth should go to Harry Clifford's heirs, and seeking only herself for its own, completely swallowed up poor Clifford's ghost, if that forlorn spirit might by chance be cognisant of what was passing. Mary remembered no more her qualms and misgivings; and the prospect before her—now that the very children had got used to it, had ceased either to oppose or to stand by her, and had fallen into natural excitement about the approaching festivities, the guests who were to be at Fontanel, the new dresses, the great event about to happen—looked as bright as the glowing day.

CHAPTER V.—THE MARRIAGE.

Fontanel received a considerable party of guests for the marriage. Miss Laura and Miss Lydia, who were to be at the head of affairs while the new Mrs. Summerhayes was absent on her wedding tour, arrived two days before, that they might get into the ways of the place, and know what was required of them, which was not very much, for Mary was but a languid housekeeper. Then there were two aunts, an uncle, and some cousins of Mrs. Clifford, none of whom in the least approved of the match, though decorum and curiosity and kindness prompted them to countenance poor Mary in her foolishness, notwithstanding their general surprise, like Miss Harwood, that she had not the sense to know when she was well off. Then there was Charley from Eton, who had grown so much lately, that his mother blushed more than ever when he kissed her and said something kind about her marriage. These were

not pleasant days for poor Mrs. Clifford. She knew in her heart that nobody particularly approved of her, not even Tom's sisters—that people were saying it was just what was to be expected, and that a woman left at her age with so much property in her hands was sure to make a fool of herself. She knew that the ladies when they got together had little conversations over her—that one wondered why she could not make herself happy with these dear children, and another with this fine place—and that a third mused what poor Mr. Clifford would have said could he have known. Poor Mary was very thankful when the day dawned on her wedding-morning—she was glad, as brides seldom are, of the arrival of the fated moment which was to place things beyond the reach of censure or criticism, and relieve her from her purgatory. The Rector of Summerhayes had not been called on to do that piece of duty. The

bridegroom luckily had a friend whose privilege it was; and still more luckily there was a little old disused church within the grounds of Fontanel in which the ceremony was to be performed, without the necessity of encountering the gaze and remarks of the village. It was not intended to be a pretty wedding or to put on those colours of joy which become the espousals of youth. Mingled and complicated, as are the thoughts of middle age, were the feelings of the two who stood side by side before the bare rural altar. The bridegroom was slight and tall in figure, with a careless languid air, through which occasionally a little gleam of excitement sparkled. If you watched him closely you could see that his mind was no way absorbed in the ceremonial of his marriage. The quick sudden glance here and there under his eyelids, of those cold but clear grey eyes, turned inquiringly to everything within his range. He read in the looks of the clergyman, even while he pronounced the nuptial blessing, what his opinion was of the entire transaction. He penetrated the mask of propriety in which the bride's relations concealed their feelings—he investigated with oft-repeated momentary glances the face of Charley, who stood in his Etonian certainty of manhood, premature but not precocious, near his mother's side. Mr. Summerhayes even scanned, when all was over, the downcast countenance of Loo, who stood behind, watching with stout endurance, and resolute not to cry during the entire ceremony. What was the meaning which lay in those quick furtive darts of the bridegroom's eye it was impossible to say; his closest friend could not have elucidated this strange secret by-play, of which nobody in the company was conscious except, perhaps, one child; but one thing it proved at any rate, that his heart at this special moment was not engrossed, to the exclusion of everything else, by his bride.

Mary was much less mistress of herself. She cried quietly under her veil as she stood and listened to the familiar words. She repeated those that fell to her with a little shiver. In her heart she could not but feel what a terrible act she was completing as she vowed her love and obedience over again, and separated her future from her past. But Mary, with her downcast eyes, was insensible to everybody's opinion at that moment. Had she been standing in a wilderness she could not have felt more isolated. She was conscious only of her new husband by her side—of an indistinct figure before her—of God above and around, a kind of awful shadow looking on. Mr. Summerhayes was aware of her tears, and they moved him so that his colour heightened involuntarily, and he pressed her hand with a warning pressure when it came to that part of the ceremony. But Mary herself was not aware that she was crying till she felt this touch of remonstrance, which startled her back into consciousness. Such was this marriage, at which, as at other marriages, people looked on with various shades of sympathy and criticism, and which, with all its concealed terrors and outward rejoicing, was the free act of hearts uncoerced and acting only at their own pleasure—a free act, suggested by no third party, unless, perhaps, it might happen to be a certain grim inflexible Fate who, if the reins are but yielded to her for a moment, pursues her victim through a throng of inevitable consequences. But perhaps, when a woman is being married like Mary Clifford, it is a kind of comfort to her to feel as if she could not help herself, rather than to know that she is entering all these new dangers voluntarily, and in obedience to nobody's will but her own.

"Well, I am sure, I wish them every comfort in life," said Miss Harwood, as she stood leaning on her brother's arm at the hall door of Fontanel, watching the carriage drive off which contained the happy

pair. "She can't feel much like a bride, poor thing, leaving all these children behind her. I am sure I wish her every happiness. I hope she'll never live to repent it," said Miss Harwood, with a sigh.

"Don't be spiteful," said the Rector. "This is not a time for such ill-omened wishes. It's a very suitable match, and I wish them joy."

"Oh, Mr. Harwood," said Miss Laura, taking up her position at the Rector's other side, thus effecting a natural separation from Mary's relations, who were comparing sentiments a little apart from the Summerhayes party—"a suitable match! when dear Tom is well known to represent the oldest family in the county, and might have married anybody—not to say a word against dear Mary, who is our sister now, and such a sweet creature. But oh, Mr. Harwood," cried Miss Lydia, who had interposed, as usual, "to talk of a suitable match!"

"There are no suitable matches nowadays. I don't believe on 'em, by Jove!" said Major Aldborough, who, with eyes slightly reddened by champagne, was watching the carriage just then disappearing down the avenue.

"But there might be, Major," said Miss Lydia, so softly that her sister could not take up the meek remark.

The Major only answered "By Jove!" under his breath. He was startled by the close vicinity—the gentle look—the mild suggestion. He moved a little away in a momentary panic. There was never any telling, as he said to himself, what these women might mean.

"It is so strange to be left in charge of the house," said Miss Laura, "it gives one such a funny feeling. I don't know how in the world we shall do with all the responsibility; but dear Mary insisted upon it, you know—though I am sure Mrs. Tansey would have been much more suitable for the head of the table than one of us, who are so inexperienced," cried Miss Lydia; "but dear Mary

thought it best for the children's sake. I hope, dear Mrs. Tansey, you don't mind being our guest," proceeded the sisterly duet; "dear Mary thought it of such importance that the children should get used to us—though they know us perfectly well, still things are all so different; though otherwise, of course, she would so much have preferred you."

"Oh, pray, don't think it necessary to apologise for my niece to me, Miss Summerhayes," said the offended aunt. "Mary has consulted her own inclinations, and so long as she is happy, that is all *we* can *possibly* want of her. I think she is *quite* right to make friends, if she can, in her new family. She knows she can always calculate upon *us* if she ever wants any service," added the bride's relation, with a slight heightening of colour and the ghost of a curtsy. The Miss Summerhayes were not unequal to the emergency.

"We all know how much poor dear Mary is liked among her own friends," cried Miss Lydia. "Your dear girls were so fond of her last year when they spent such a long time at Fontanel; and dear Mary has such a taste in presents," said Miss Laura, coming in so eagerly that she began out of breath. "We have gone shopping with her often when she was buying her little souvenirs. I hope you don't think it will make any difference now she is married again. She is *so* affectionate; but as for wanting services from anybody, that is very unlikely," resumed the elder sister, "now she has dear Tom. Dear Tom is so very devoted," said Miss Laura, breaking in headlong. "You would think she was only eighteen to see all the attention he pays her. It is quite sweet to see them, like two turtle-doves."

Such being the conversation that succeeded immediately upon the departure of the bridal pair, it is not to be supposed that the dinner-table was spread with a very joyful feast, or that the evening was spent

in much happiness. Mary's relations, who had up to this time felt themselves much at ease at Fontanel, kept greatly by themselves during the remainder of the wedding-day. Their occasional minglings with the Summerhayes party called forth bursts of smart dialogue, more exciting than amiable, and the opposing sides contended much for the notice of Loo and the other children, when they came down-stairs in their new dresses after dinner. It made little Loo's heart sick to feel herself enfolded in the embraces of Miss Lydia and Laura on one side, and then to be talked to and admonished by Aunt Tansey on the other, who hoped she would be a good girl, and a great comfort to her poor mother. The children could not tell what to make of the aspect of affairs. Mamma gone, who was the sun and centre of the domestic world, and already a new rule and vague possibilities of change in the startled house. Down-stairs among the servants, though the means of merry-making were plentiful, this threatening cloud was even more apparent. A new master, known to like "his own way," was an alarming shadow impending over the little community hitherto mildly and liberally governed by the mistress, whom her servants could scarcely forgive for the step she had taken. "With five lovely children and every blessing as this world could afford," as the housekeeper said, shaking her troubled head. The new husband by no means ranked among the blessings of Providence to the mistress of Fontanel in anybody's judgment, and nowhere was Mary's

rash act resented more warmly than in the servants' hall.

"But, Loo," said Etonian Charley, next morning, when Aunt Tansey and all her belongings had left Fontanel, and everything had fallen under the restless sway of the Miss Summerhayes, 'I'm not going to put up with all this. You said we were to stand up for mamma; you mean we are only to pretend to stand up for mamma, you little humbug. Now that's not my meaning,' said the heir of Fontanel. "I'm not going to make-believe that I think she's done right, when I don't. I am going to swallow cousin Tom right out," cried the boy, not without a little flush on his face. "It's a little awkward, to be sure, to know what to call him—but look here, Loo—I mean to stand by my mother without any humbug. I mean to think she's done the very best for us all, and for herself too; and if she don't think the same when she comes back, I'll try to make her; and if you look black, as you're looking, you are not the little brick I took you for, and I won't have anything more to do with you, Loo."

"Oh, Charley, I am not half so good as you are," cried the admiring little sister, looking up to him with tearful eyes. Charley's resolution acted like a charm upon the house in general; and so, with a gradually improving temper, though much pressed and fretted by Miss Laura and Miss Lydia, the nursery and the servants' hall, and all the dependencies of Fontanel, waited for the advent of the new master and the return of Mrs. Summerhayes.

AN ENGLISH VILLAGE—IN FRENCH.

THE old pictures of village life in England will hardly suit for these modern times. The pleasant little social circle which either existed, or more often was imagined to exist, as in Miss Austen's charming fictions, in the large well-to-do country village, is to be found there no longer. No one condescends in these days to live in the country, unless he can either do so, or affect to do so, more or less *en grand seigneur*. A change has passed over 'Our Village,' even since Mary Russell Mitford so admirably sketched it. The half-pay naval lieutenant or army captain (if any such survive) has retired into the back street of a cheap watering-place, not to the improvement either of his position or his happiness. The village surgeon is no longer an oracle; railways have brought "the first advice" (at any rate, in the county town) within the reach of almost all his patients; and he has either disappeared altogether, or, if he still exists as the "Union Doctor," badly paid and little respected, he is seldom now a gentleman. Village lawyers—happily or unhappily—are become things unknown; and as for any gentleman's family of independent but moderate means condescending to that kind of rural seclusion, it is unheard of. If there is any educated resident in any country village not fixed there by some local interest or occupation, he is apt to have something suspicious about his character or antecedents—to be a refugee from his lawful creditors, or his lawful wife, or something of that sort.

So that English village life now resolves itself mainly into that of the parson; for the squire, even if he be a resident, scarcely forms part of the same social circle. And as to the rest, between the university graduate, of more or less refinement

and education, and the opulent farmer such as he is at present, there lies a gulf which no fancy can exaggerate, and which the best intentions on both sides fail to bridge over. Where village spires stand thick together, where the majority of the rectors or vicars are men of the same way of thinking, and where it is the fashion of the country to be social, there is a good deal of pleasant intercourse, no doubt, between the parsons' families, and as much "society," in the real if not in the conventional sense, as is needful to keep the higher elements of humanity from stagnating; but where parishes spread far and wide over a poor or thinly-populated district, or, worse still, where religious sectarianism reckons its clergy into "High" and "Low," and the Rector of A. shakes his head and lifts his eyebrows when any allusion is made to the Vicar of B.—there, the man whose lot has been cast in a country parsonage had need have abundant resources within himself, and be supremely indifferent to the stir of human interests without. He will, in many cases, have almost as far to ride in search of a congenial neighbour as though he were in the bush of Australia; he will find something like the solitude of the old monastery, without the chance of its peace and quietness.

Not that such a life is dull or uninteresting, by any means, unless in the unfortunate case of the man finding no interest in his duties. One of this world's many compensations is, that the busy man, be he what else he may, is never dull, and seldom discontented. So it is, almost always, in the country parsonage; without claiming any high standard of zeal or self-devotion for its occupants, there is probably at least as much quiet enjoyment, and

as little idle melancholy or fretful discontent to be found among them, as among any other class of educated men.

Still, it is a life which it would be very difficult for a foreigner to appreciate or understand. The relation of the English country rector to his villagers is totally unlike that of the Lutheran or Roman Catholic priest. Not claiming—or at least not being in a position to maintain—anything like the amount of spiritual authority which is exercised by the pastor under both these other systems, he wields, in point of fact, an amount of influence superior to either. He cannot command the servile and terrified obedience in externals which is often paid by the Irish and Italian peasant to his spiritual guide; but he holds a moral power over his parishioners—even over those who professedly decline his ministrations—of the extent of which neither he nor they are always conscious, but to the reality of which the enemies of the Established Church in England are beginning to awake.

The reading world has perhaps been rather over-supplied, of late years, with novelettes in which the village parson, with some of the very white or very black sheep of his flock, have been made to walk and talk more or less naturally for their amusement and edification; but the sight of a little French book on the subject struck us as something new. It is very desirable that our good friends across the Channel should know something about our ways of going on at home; and that not only in the public life of large towns, or on the highways of travel and commerce, but in our country villages and rural districts. But French attempts at English domestic sketches have not, on the whole, been successful. It is, indeed, most difficult for a foreign visitor to draw pictures of society in any country which would pass muster under the critical examination of a native. We took up this '*Vie de Village*

en Angleterre' with some notion of being amused by so familiar a subject treated by a Frenchman; but we soon found we were in very safe hands. The writer knows us well, and describes us admirably, very much as we are; the foreign element is just strong enough to be occasionally amusing, but never in any way ridiculous; and we should be as much surprised at the correctness of the writer's observation as charmed with the candour and good taste of the little volume, if we had not heard it credibly whispered that, although written for French readers (and in undeniable French), it may be claimed as the production of an English pen.

Whatever may be the secret of the authorship, the little book will repay the reader of either nation. It is written in the person of a political refugee, who, armed with one or two good introductions, comes to pass a period of exile in England. While previously travelling in Switzerland, he has made acquaintance with a Mr. Norris, an energetic country parson of the modern "muscular" type. He it is who persuades the wanderer to study in detail, by personal observation, that "inner life" of England which he has already learnt to believe, and rightly, forms and shapes, more than anything else, her national and political character. Hitherto, as he confesses to his new acquaintance, the coldness and reserve of such English as he has met with have rather frightened him; yet he has always admired in them that *solidarité*—which we will not attempt to translate. The hostility between the labouring classes in France and those above them has always appeared to him the great knot of political difficulties in that country—a source of more danger to real liberty and security than any other national evil.

He determines, therefore, to see and study this domestic character of England for himself—"not in her political institutions, which we

Frenchmen have been so much accused of wishing to copy, but in that social life which may very possibly explain the secret of her strength and her liberty."—P. 22.)

It was not his first visit to London; and, arriving in the month of March, he finds the climate as bad, and the great city as dingy and dirty, as ever. He does not appear to have noticed our painful efforts to consume our own smoke, or our ambitious designs in modern street architecture. On the other hand, he mercifully ignores—if he saw it—our Great Exhibition. The crowded gin-palaces, and the state of the Haymarket by night, disgust him, as well they might; and he escapes from the murky Babylon, as soon as he has taken a few lessons to improve his colloquial English, to pay the promised visit to his friend Mr. Norris at his parsonage at Kingsford; stopping on his way to deliver a letter of introduction to an English countess, an old friend of his family, who has a seat close to Lymmere, a sort of pet village, where the ornamental cottages form a portion of the park scenery.

In his walk from the station, he makes the acquaintance of a "Madame Jones," whose cottage, with its wooden paling and scarlet geraniums, abutting on the pleasant common, has its door invitingly open. He pauses to admire the little English picture as he passes by. Good Mrs. Jones observes him, and begs him to walk in; partly, we must hope (and we trust all foreign readers will believe), out of genuine English hospitality—though we doubt if all village dames in Surrey would take kindly to a Frenchman on the tramp—partly, it must be confessed, with the British female's natural eye to business. "Perhaps Monsieur was looking out for a '*petit logement*!'" For Mrs. Jones has two rooms to let; and even a foreigner's money, paid punctually, is not to be despised. Monsieur was looking out for nothing of the kind, but he takes the rooms forthwith; and, indeed, any modest-minded gentleman,

French or English, who wanted country board and lodging on a breezy common in Surrey, could not have done better. Here is what our traveller gets for twenty-two shillings a week; we only hope it will stop the mouths of all foreigners who rail at the dearth of English living, when they read here the terms on which a *petit logement* may be found in a pleasant situation in the home counties—two rooms, "fresh and clean," comfortably furnished (with a picture of the Queen and a pot of musk into the bargain) and board as follows:—

"For breakfast she gave me tea with good milk, excellent bread and butter, accompanied either by a rasher of broiled bacon or fresh eggs. For dinner there were often '*ragouts avec forces oignons*' (Irish stew!) boiled mutton, or sometimes a beef-steak '*à la dux*,' potatoes and boiled cabbage, with a glass of good beer and a bit of cheese. No dessert, but occasionally a pudding. On Sundays, roast-beef and plum-pudding were apparently the rule without exception, for they never failed to appear. The tea in the evening was much the same as the breakfast. If I had wished for supper, I might have had cold meat, bread, a lettuce, and a glass of beer."

If Mrs. Jones be not as entirely fictitious as Mrs. Harris, and would enclose us a few cards, we think we could undertake that her lodgings (with a countess and a pet village, too, close by) should not be untenanted for a week in summer time. We feel sure, however, that the good lady is not a creature of mere imagination: when we read the description of her, we recall her as an old acquaintance, though we cannot remember her address:—

"As for this good woman's personal appearance, she had nothing attractive about her except her scrupulous cleanliness. Her age belonged to that mysterious epoch comprised between forty and sixty. She had an intelligent countenance; but what was most marked about her was a slightly military air, and a black silk bonnet which, planted on the top of her head, tilted forward over her face, and usually concealed half of it. The two strings were carefully pinned back over the brim, and the ends fluttered on each side the bonnet, like the

plume of a *chasseur de Vincennes*. That bonnet, she never left it off for a moment; and my indiscreet imagination went so far as to speculate what could possibly become of it at night. . . . Though I had begged her to consider herself absolute mistress in all domestic matters—and though, moreover, I should have found considerable difficulty in ordering my own dinner—she never failed to come in every morning at breakfast-time ‘for orders,’ as she called it. It was a little ruse of hers to secure a moment for the active exercise of her somewhat gossiping tongue. I was enabled to endure the torrent of words of which good Mrs. Jones disburdened herself on such occasions the more philosophically, inasmuch as she was nowise exacting in the matter of an answer, and now and then gave me some interesting bits of information.”

The contrast which follows is drawn from a shrewd observation of national characteristics on both sides of the Channel :—

“This respectable dame possessed in a high degree the good qualities and the defects of her class of Englishwomen. In France, the manners of women of her order are full of expansion and sympathy; and a small farmer’s wife, however ignorant she may be, will always find means to interest you in her affairs, and to enter into yours. In England, on the contrary, with all her gossiping upon trifling subjects, she will maintain the strictest reserve, so far as you are concerned, upon matters of any importance. She serves you much better than a Frenchwoman would, because she looks upon you in the light of a master—a guest whose rank and character she makes the most of, because that rank and character raise her in her own estimation; but it is only in some very exceptional case that she will talk to you about anything which touches her personally, or that she will venture to confess that she is thinking about your concerns—that would be, in her eyes, a breach of proper respect.

“This is the peculiar feature in the relations between the different classes of society in England. Society there is profoundly aristocratic; there is no tradesman, be he ever so professed a Radical, who does not become a greater man in his own eyes by receiving the most commonplace act of courtesy from a lord; no servant who does not feel an additional satisfaction in waiting on a

master whose manners have a touch of haughtiness, because such manners strike him as a mark of superiority. It is just as Rousseau says; ‘Clara consoles herself for being thought less of than Julia, from the consideration that, without Julia, she would be thought even less of than she is.’ The singular feature is, that this kind of humility, which would seem revolting to us in France, is met with in England amongst precisely those persons who are remarkable for their moral qualities and for their self-respect. It is because in them this deference becomes a sort of courtesy, a social tact, of which only a gentleman can understand all the niceties—which, besides, implies in their case nothing like servility—the respect paid to superiors in rank is kept within the limits of the respect due to themselves. This peculiarity in English manners struck me the more forcibly, because it offers such a remarkable contrast to what goes on among ourselves.”

There follows, at some length, a truthful and well-written exposition of the healthful influence exercised upon a nation by an aristocracy like that of England—which we must not stop to quote. ‘*Revenons*’—as the author writes, asking pardon for so long a digression—‘*Revenons à Madame Jones*.’

That excellent landlady is careful not only of the diet and other creature-comforts of her new lodger, but of his moral and religious well-being also. A week of wet weather—which the foreign visitor finds sufficiently *triste*—is succeeded by a lovely Sunday morning. The Frenchman sallies out after breakfast for a morning walk, with his book under his arm—we are sorry to say it was a ‘*Tacitus*’—with the intention, we are left to suppose, of worshipping nature on the common. But Mrs. Jones, though totally innocent as to her lodger’s heretical intentions, takes care to lead him in the way that he should go.

“‘Church is at eleven,’ Mrs. Jones called out to me, not doubting for an instant that I should go there. I went out; she followed me close, locked all the doors, and, stopping for a moment at the cottage next door to call for a neighbour, continued her way. I was taking another path, but was very soon arrested by the hurried approach of Mrs. Jones,

who, fancying I had mistaken my way, came after me to show me the road to church. Such perseverance on her part made it evident that I should risk the loss of her good opinion if I did not profit by her instructions; so I walked down the hill with her by a road which wound between broad verges of green turf overshadowed by lofty trees."

Thus fairly captured and led to church in triumph, his behaviour there was on the whole very decorous. The impression likely to be made on the mind of an intelligent and well-disposed foreigner by the simple and yet impressive service in a well-ordered village church is very nicely described. It is true that Mrs. Jones's prisoner, according to his own account, mingles with the very proper reflections natural to such a place "those inspired by the volume of Tacitus which he held open before him for decency's sake" (and which, we fear, must have imposed itself upon the good lady as a French prayer-book); a little touch which, whether written by a Frenchman or not, and whether meant for truth or satire, is very French indeed. He finds time also to notice the features of the building itself, and its arrangements. The "tribune" in the gallery where the Countess performs her devotions, and the high enclosure with drawn curtains—"a sort of *petit salon*" which protects the family of Mr. Mason, the squire, from the more vulgar worshippers, do not strike the visitor, we rejoice to say, as happy illustrations of the aristocratic feeling in Englishmen; and it is evidently with a quiet satisfaction that he learns subsequently that "*puséisme*" is trying to do away with such distinctions.

An invitation to dinner from the Countess gives him at once the *entrée* to the best society in Lynmere and its neighbourhood. He finds his first English dinner-party a very dull affair; but he was surely peculiarly unfortunate in his company, if we are to take his account of the after-dinner conversation amongst the gentlemen: "At the end of a

short time, two of the guests were asleep, and I would willingly have followed their example." The remarks which follow, however, touch with more truth upon one of the defects in our social intercourse:—

"These dinners of ceremony (and there are scarcely any other kind of entertainments in the country amongst the higher classes) take place between neighbours, usually about twice in the year: scarcely any one except the clergyman enjoys the privilege of being received with less of etiquette. It follows that it is very possible to pass one's life for ten years in the same spot, without having any really intimate association with any one of one's neighbours. There are very few English people who do not regret it. Yet such is the despotism of custom, that it is rare to find any family which dreams of freeing itself from the trammels of this etiquette."

Here and there, of late, the links of this social despotism, under which we have groaned so long, show symptoms of giving way. The advance of fashion has done good service in one respect, that the modern service *à la Russe*, adopted in all good houses, has struck a decisive blow at the old English heavy dinner; and just as the fashion has long died out of pressing one's guests to eat more than they wish, so the fashion is coming in of not thinking it necessary to put upon the table three times more than can by any possibility be eaten. When small dinners become "the thing" even amongst the great people, there is hope that their lesser imitators will follow the example. And whenever the mistresses of small families will learn that good and careful cookery is quite as cheap as bad, and much more wholesome, and will condescend to go back not only to their great-grandmothers' hoops, but to their household receipt-books, they may venture to invite their personal friends without compunction to a pleasant family-dinner, to the great furtherance of real sociability, and get rid for ever of those annual or biennial festivals which are a burden to the weary souls of guests and entertainers.

The foreign visitor becomes, in a very short time, established on a footing of intimacy with the family of Mr. Mason, a magistrate and landed proprietor residing in the parish, in whose household Mrs. Jones has formerly lived as nurse. The introduction through the Countess on the one part, and on the other the warm eulogies of good Mrs. Jones (who is never tired of sounding the praises of her old master and the young ladies whom she has brought up), may serve in some degree to explain the somewhat rapid adoption of "Monsieur" as a family friend into the thrice-guarded circle of an English household. On his part, indeed, we soon discover quite a sufficient attraction. There is a pale pensive sentimental "Miss Mary," quite the sort of young lady, we should say, to take the fancy of a romantic Frenchman in exile; but as she does not happen to take ours especially, we confess to have found no particular interest in this new version of 'Love in a Village,' and shall leave our younger readers to enjoy the romance of the little book for themselves, without forestalling, even by a single hint, its course or its conclusion. So far as relates to Monsieur himself, we repeat, we can quite understand how readily he responded to the warm adoption of his new English friends.

"Mr. Mason consulted me about his son's studies, Mrs. Mason confided to me her anxieties as the mother of a family; and Mary—whose ardent and poetic soul felt the need of an intellectual sympathy which failed her in her own family—threw into her conversation with me an openness and vivacity which surprised her relatives."

Nothing of the sort surprises us. What we were rather surprised at was, that Mr. Mason *père*, a grave county dignitary and practical man of business, should have taken to his bosom in this ardent and gushing fashion, the most agreeable, most intellectual, and most amiable foreigner that ever lived. At first we thought it a mistake—a patent defect and improbability in an other-

wise sensible and natural book. The author's casual attempt to account for it by the fact that Mr. Mason was fond of billiards and of backgammon, and found in his new acquaintance an idle man generally ready to play a game, does not in the least harmonise with the usual character and habits of country gentlemen past sixty, or of Mr. Mason in particular. But when we read that this excellent individual, like so many others of his class, has gone largely into turnips—and that his French visitor, wishing to know all about English country life, and knowing that such a life is nothing without turnips, determined, amongst his other travelling studies, to study an English model farm, and, when his host proposed a visit to that beloved establishment, accepted the invitation with "*empressement*," and listened for hours to bucolic talk with "*in grand intérêt*,"—then we no longer wonder for an instant at the eternal friendship which the English member of the "Royal Agricultural" suddenly and silently vowed to his guest. Long and painful experience of visits paid to these excellent people in the country—reminiscences of the inevitable walk over ploughed fields—the plunging into long dark galleries where unfortunate beasts were immured for life to be turned into beef, a process which should be mercifully hidden from the eyes of every good Christian—the yawns unsuccessfully stifled—the remarks answered at random—the senseless questions desperately volunteered out of politeness on the visitor's part, betraying the depth of his incapacity and ignorance;—these must rise before many a reader's mind as well as our own, and make them feel what a treasure the scientific agriculturist had found in the inquiring Frenchman, who walked and talked and listened, not only without a complaint or a yawn, but positively because he liked it. Enterprising foreigners have been said to have tried to make their way into English country society, before now, through the introduction of the

hunting-field, not always with success; perhaps they may be inclined to take a hint from this little book, and, in quiet family cases, try the turnips.

The visits to Mr. Mason's farm-cottages give the traveller the opportunity of drawing a contrast between the habits and aspirations of agricultural labourers in the two countries:—

"That passion for becoming proprietors, so widely spread in our own country districts, is unknown, and probably will long continue so, amongst the agricultural classes in England. The example of Ireland [it might have been added, of Wales], where the land has been very much subdivided, and where the population which maintains itself on it has become excessive, has strengthened the opinion amongst large landed proprietors in England as to the evil effects of small holdings. I think I scarcely exaggerate when I say that certainly, in the southern counties of England, a peasant possessing an acre of land would be a rarity. Probably it is to this impossibility of becoming small proprietors that we must attribute the taste which the labouring classes in England show for ornamenting their houses. If a working man has saved any money, he will employ it in buying a set of furniture, and making his cottage look gay; whereas, in France, he would have laid it aside in the hope of acquiring a bit of land; so that nothing can be more different than the wretched cabins of our own rural districts and the cottage of an English labourer, with its many little appliances of comfort and even luxury. In general the English peasant lives much less sparingly, and spends upon his meal twice as much as the French: it is true that the climate requires a more substantial style of diet."

These observations would have been more strictly true if they had been made a few years ago. Within that time the passion for property has sprung up not only amongst those who call themselves "operatives" (journeymen weavers, shoemakers, &c.), but even, to a certain extent, amongst farm-labourers. Recent alterations in the laws of partnership have encouraged what are called "co-operative societies," who not only open "stores" for the sale of all the necessities of life, on the

joint-stock principle of division of profits, but build cottages which, by certain arrangements, may become the property of the tenant. A whole village has just been built in Yorkshire on this principle of the tenants becoming eventually the landlords. Not only this, but the same desire for independence—an excellent feeling in itself—is leading the same class to purchase cottage property whenever it comes into the market. If this ambition to become a purchaser were confined to a desire upon every man's part to feel himself absolute master of the home he lived in, then, whatever large proprietors or able political economists might have to say, it would be an object which would deserve the very highest respect. But, unfortunately, the feeling is not altogether that of desiring to live in peace under one's own vine and fig-tree: it is the wish to have a tenement to let out to others. It is comparatively seldom that a small piece of land, suited to the sum at such a purchaser's command, is thrown into the market. Cottages, on the other hand, are continually advertised for sale; the working-man, eager to secure his bit of real property, gives for them a sum far beyond their value—a sum which the capitalist or large proprietor will not give; and in order to make his purchase pay, he either proceeds at once to divide a comfortable dwelling into two, or raises the rent upon his more needy tenant. The evil consequences are twofold; the neighbouring landowner, who ought to have the cottages for his own labourers, who would keep them in good repair, and let them at moderate rents, has been driven out of the market; and either a lower class of tenant, continually changing and being "sold up," is introduced; or the honest labourer is compelled to pay to this new landlord of his own class a rent out of all proportion to the accommodation supplied him.

It is to be hoped that this growing evil (for evil it is) may be met by the increased liberality of landed proprietors in building good and

sufficient cottages for the labourers on their own estates. In the case of the humbler artisans, in towns especially, one does not see the remedy except in the questionable shape of legislative restrictions.

But we have almost forgotten our foreign exile's travelling acquaintance, Mr. Norris, the hearty and genial English clergyman at whose invitation he first set himself to study English life. Before finally taking up his quarters at Lynmere, he has paid the promised visit to his friend in his parsonage at Kingsford; "a pretty Gothic *chateau*," furnished with the taste of a gentleman and a scholar; a residence whose somewhat luxurious belongings, its ample library, and the well-chosen prints which grace its walls, when contrasted in the writer's mind with the humble abode of the French village *curé*, give rise to reflections "not wholly to the disadvantage of the latter." We, on the other hand, must warn any foreign reader who may draw the contrast for himself, that Kingsford Parsonage is a very exceptional case indeed. Mr. Norris is discovered, somewhat to his French visitor's surprise, clad in "a strange costume of white flannel," not altogether sacerdotal: "*Je suis habillé en cricketer*," is the parson's explanation. The fact is, he has just been playing cricket with his pupils, half-a-dozen young men in preparation for the Universities. The simple and orderly habits of the household, the breakfast at eight, the dinner at one, the kindly intercourse between the tutor and his pupils, and the prosperity of a well-ordered village under an energetic pastor, are well described, and will give our French neighbours a very fair idea of such a life. A little, a very little "*triste*," our visitor finds it, this English rural life, with its rich green meadows and grey sky, and slowly-winding river, half hidden by its banks. One needs, he considers, in order to find happiness in such scenes, a hearty love for simple nature, and a heart "warmed with the sentiment of

duty fulfilled;" in short, he is of Dr. Johnson's opinion, though he puts it into much more complimentary language—that "those who are fond of the country are fit to live in the country."

But if we cannot allow our French friends to imagine that all English country clergymen have their lot cast in the pleasant places of Kingsford and Lynmere, still less, we fear, must they consider them (or their wives) such wonderful economists as, like Mr. Norris, to maintain all the quiet elegancies of a gentleman's establishment in a handsome Gothic chateau (and to travel in Switzerland besides), upon an ecclesiastical income scarcely exceeding, after all necessary deductions, two hundred pounds a-year. True, Mr. Norris takes pupils and writes for reviews—highly respectable vocations, and profitable enough in some hands, but scarcely open to the majority of his brethren, and not safe to be depended upon, as a supplementary income, by young clergymen on small preferments who may feel no vocation for celibacy. Mr. Norris, indeed, is peculiarly favoured in many respects as regards money matters; for he has been fortunate enough to have enjoyed an exhibition at Oxford in days when the word "exhibition" (as we are informed in a note) meant "a gratuitous admission to the University." Here we are certainly stepping out of the ground of real English life, where the writer has so pleasantly guided us, into a highly imaginative state of things. It would have been a noble boast, indeed, for us to have made to foreigners, if it could have been made truly, that Oxford, out of her splendid endowments, offered, even occasionally, "gratuitous admissions" to poor and deserving scholars. It was what the best of her founders and benefactors intended and desired—what they thought they had secured for ever by the most stringent and solemn enactments; but what, unhappily, the calm wisdom of the University itself has been as

far from carrying out as the busy sweeping of a Reform Commission.

The foreign visitor is naturally very much impressed by an English cricket-match. The puzzled admiration which possesses him on the occasion of his "assisting" at a "*fête du cricket*" is very amusingly expressed. Throughout all his honest admiration of the English character, there peeps out a confession that this one peculiar habit of the animal is what he has failed to account for or comprehend. He tries to philosophise on the thing; and, like other philosophical inquirers when they get hold of facts which puzzle them, he feels bound to present his readers with a theory of cause and effect which is evidently as unsatisfactory to himself as to them. He falls back for an explanation on that tendency to "solidarity" in the English temperament which he has admired before.

"The explanation of the great popularity of the game of cricket is that, being always a challenge between two rival bodies, it produces emulation and excites that spirit of party which, say what we will, is one of the essential stimulants of public life, since in order to identify one's self with one's party one must make a sacrifice to a certain extent of one's individuality. The game of cricket requires eleven persons on each side, and each of the players feels that he is consolidated (*solidaire*) with his comrades, in defeat as well as in victory. . . . That which makes the charm of the game is, above all, the *solidarity* which exists between the players."

This is a very pretty theory, but scarcely the true one. In the public-school matches, no doubt, and in some matches between neighbouring villages, the *esprit de corps* goes for much; but, as a rule, we fear the cricketer is a much more selfish animal. His ambition is above all things to make a good score, and to appear in 'Bell's Life' with a double figure to his name. Just as the hunting man, so that he him-

self can get "a good place," cares exceedingly little for the general result of the day's sport; so the batsman at Lord's, as long as he makes a good thing, or the bowler so long as he "takes wickets" enough to make a respectable figure on the score, thinks extremely little, we are sorry to say, of "solidarity." Whether the match is won or lost is of as little comparative importance as whether the fox is killed or gets away. We notice the difference, because it is a great pity it should be so. The Frenchman's principle is by far the finer one; and the gradual increase of this intense self-interest in the cricket-field is going far to nullify the other good effects of the game as a national amusement. One reason why the matches between the public schools are watched with such interest by all spectators is, that the boys do really feel and show that identification of one's self with one's party which the author so much respects; the Harrow captain is really much more anxious that Harrow should beat Eton, than that he himself should get a higher score than Jones or Thompson of his own eleven; and the enthusiastic chairing of the hero of the day is not, as he knows, a personal ovation to the player, as to a mere exhibition of personal skill, but to his having maintained the honour of the school.

Our national ardour for this game seems always incomprehensible to a Frenchman. There is a little trashy, conceited book now before us, in which a French writer, professing to enlighten his countrymen upon English life, dismisses this mysterious amusement in a definition, the point and elegance of which it would be a pity to spoil by translation—"un exercice consistant à se fatiguer et à donner d'autant plus de plaisir qu'il avait fait répandre d'autant plus de sueur."* He is careful, at the same time, to suggest that even cricket is probably borrowed from his own nation—the

* "Vie Moderne en Angleterre." Par Hector Malot.

"*jeu de paume*" of the days of the Grand Monarque. But the inability of so shrewd and intelligent an observer, as the foreign spectator with whom we have to do at present, to comprehend the real points of the game, is an additional testimony to its entirely English character. The Etonian's mamma, who, as he relates with a sort of quiet wonder, sat for five hours on two days successively on a bench under a hot sun, to watch the match between her son's eleven and Harrow, would have given a much better account of the game. The admiring visitor does not pretend, as he observes, to go into the details of a game which has thirty-eight rules; but he endeavors to give his French readers some general idea of the thing, which may suffice for unprofessional lookers-on. It is unnecessary to say that the idea is very general indeed. The "consecrated" ground on which the "*barrières*" are erected, and where the "*courses*" take place, are a thoroughly French version of the affair. The "ten fieldsmen precipitating themselves in pursuit of the ball when struck" would be ludicrous enough to a cricketer's imagination, if the thought of the probable consequence were not too horrible. Even such headlong zeal on the part of two fieldsmen only, with their eye on the same ball, has resulted, before now, in a collision entailing the loss of half-a-dozen front teeth and other disfigurements. It was unnecessary to exaggerate the perils of a game which, as our author observes, has its dangers; and if the fieldsmen at Lynmere conducted themselves after this headlong fashion when he was watching them, we can quite understand his surprise, that, when the day concludes with the inevitable English dinner, men who had spent the whole day "in running, striking, and receiving blows from the ball to the bruising of their limbs" (and precipitating themselves against each other) should still show themselves disposed to drink toasts and make speeches for the rest of the evening. The con-

versation which he has with the parish schoolmaster, an enthusiastic cricketer, is good in its way:—

"I hope you have enjoyed the day," said he to me. "You have had an opportunity of seeing what cricket is. It's a noble game, is it not?"

"Yes," said I, "it is a fine exercise; and I think highly of those amusements which bring all classes together under the influence of a common feeling."

"It is not only that," replied the excellent man; "but nothing moralises men like cricket."

"How!" said I, rather astonished to hear him take such high ground.

"Look here," he replied; "a good cricketer is bound to be sober and not frequent the public-house, to accustom himself to obey, to exercise restraint upon himself; besides, he is obliged to have a great deal of patience, a great deal of activity; and to receive those blows of the ball without shrinking requires, I assure you, some degree of courage."

We suspect that these remarks belong of right at least as much to the French philosopher as to the English national schoolmaster; but they bring forward in an amusing way the tendency of one-sided philanthropists, which the author elsewhere notices, to attribute to their own favourite hobby the only possible moral regeneration of society:

"Every Englishman who is enthusiastic in any particular cause never fails to see in that the greatness and the glory of his country; and in this he is quite serious. In this way I have heard the game of cricket held up to admiration as one of the noblest institutions of England, an institution which insures to the country not only an athletic, but an orderly and moral population. I have seen the time when the same honour was ascribed to horse-racing; but since this sport has crossed the Channel, and it has been found by experience that it does not always preserve a country from revolutions and *coups d'état*, it has lost something of its prestige in England."

There is always some moral panacea in the course of advertisement, like a quack medicine, to cure all diseases: mechanics' institutes, cheap literature, itinerant lecturers, monster music-classes,

have all had their turn; and just at present the 'Saturday Review' seems to consider that the salvation of England depends upon the revival of prize-fighting.

We cannot follow the writer into all the details of village institutions and village politics, which are sketched with excellent taste and great correctness. It will be quite worth while for the foreigner who wants to get a fair notice of what goes on here in the country—or indeed for the English reader who likes to see what he knows already put into a pleasant form, all the more amusing because the familiar terms look odd in French—to go with our French friend to the annual dinner of "*Le Club des Odd-Fellows*," with its accompaniment "*de speeches, de hurrahs, et de toasts*"—without which, he observes, no English festival can take place; to accompany him in his "*Visit au Workhouse*," subscribe with him to the "*Club de Charbon*," or better still, sit with him in the village Sunday-school, even if we cannot take the special interest which he did (for his own private reasons) in "*le classe de Miss Mary*." Very pleasant is the picture—not overdrawn, though certainly taken in its most sunshiny aspect—of the charitable intercourse in a well-ordered country village between rich and poor. One form, indeed, there is of modern educational philanthropy which the writer notices, of the success of which we confess to have our doubts. The good ladies of Lynmere set up an "*Ecole managère*"—a school of domestic management, we suppose we may call it—where the village girls were to learn cooking and other good works. Now a school of cookery, admirable as it is in theory—the amount of ignorance on that subject throughout every county in England being blacker than ever was figured in educational maps—presents considerable difficulties in actual working. To learn to cook, it is necessary to have food upon which to practise. Final success, in that

art as in others, can only be the result of a series of experimental failures. And here was the grand stumbling-block which presented itself, in the case of a cooking-school set up with the very best intentions, under distinguished patronage, in a country village within our own knowledge. Some half-dozen girls, who had left school and were candidates for domestic service, were caught and committed to the care and instruction of an experienced matron: not without some murmuring on the part of village mothers, who considered such apprenticeship a waste of time,—all girls, in their opinion, being born cooks. From this culinary college the neighbouring families were to be in course of time supplied with graduates. Great were the expectations formed by the managers, and by the credulous portion of the public. There were to be no more tough beef-steaks, no more grumbling masters and scolding mistresses, no more indigestion. But this admirable undertaking split upon a rock which its originators had not foreseen. It had been proposed that the village families should in turn send dishes to be operated upon by the pupils; but the English village mind is not given to experiments, culinary or other, and preferred boiling its mutton one day and eating it cold the next. Then the bachelor curate, who had a semi-official connection with the new establishment, reading prayers there as "chaplain and visitor," who was presumed to have a healthy appetite, and was known to have complained of the eternal mutton-chops provided by his landlady, was requested to undergo a series of little dinners cooked for him gratis. The bashful Oxonian found it impossible to resist the lady patronesses' invitation, and consented—for the good of the institution. But it ended in the loss to the parish of a very excellent working parson. For a few weeks, the experimental ragouts and curries sent in to his lodgings

had at least the advantage of being a change; but as the preiding mar-tron gradually struck out a bolder line, and fed him with the more ambitious efforts of her scholars, it became too much even for clerical patience, and he resigned his cure. Out of delicacy to the ladies' committee, he gave out that it was "the Dissenters;" but all his intimate friends knew that it was the cooking-school.

The Rector of Lynmere is a Mr. Leslie—a clergyman of the refined and intellectual type, intended, probably, as an artistic contrast to Mr. Norris in his cricket flannels. He is, we are expressly told, "an aristocrat"—indeed, a nephew of the Countess aforesaid. He is reserved, nervous and diffident, although earnest and single-hearted. The vulgar insolence of the Baptists at the vestry-meetings is gall and worm-wood to him; and he suffers scarcely less under the fussy interference of a Madam Woodlands, one of the parish notables of Low-Church views and energetic benevolence, who patronises the church and the rector, and holds him virtually responsible for all the petty offences and indecorums which disturb the propriety of the village. This lady is very slightly sketched, but the outline can be filled up from many a parish clergyman's mental notebook. We do not wonder that Mr. Leslie, with his shrinking sensibilities, had as great a horror of her as of Mr. Say, the Nonconformist agitator, who led the attack at the church-rate meetings. Only we would remark, that if the author thinks that the unfitness of the Rector of Lynmere to contend with a body of political Dissenters, or his want of tact in dealing with so very excellent and troublesome a parishioner as Mrs. Woodlands, is at all explained by his being "an aristocrat," he is encouraging them in a very common and very unfortunate mistake. It is true that it is not pleasant for a man of cultivated mind and refined tastes, be he priest or layman, to be brought

into contact with opponents whose nature and feelings, and the manner in which they express those feelings, are rude and vulgar; but if he possess, in addition to his refinement and cultivation, good sound sense, a moderate amount of tact, and above all, good temper, he will find, in the fact of his being "a gentleman," an immense weight of advantage over his antagonists. We remember to have seen protests, in the writings of a modern school of English Churchmen, against what they are pleased to term "the gentleman heresy;" representing it as dangerous to the best interests of both priests and people, that the former should attempt to combine with their sacred office the manners, the habits, and the social position of the gentleman. Without entering here into the serious question whether a special clerical caste, as it were, standing between the lower ranks and the higher of the laity, distinct from both, and having its separate habits and position, is a desirable institution to recommend; without discussing the other equally important question, whether the aristocracy of a christian nation have not also *their* religious needs, and whether these also have not a right to be consulted, and whether they will bear to be handed over to a priesthood which, if not plebeian itself, is to have at least no common interests or feelings with the higher classes—a question, this latter, to which history will give us a pretty decided answer;—it is quite enough to say that the working classes themselves would be the foremost to demand—if the case were put before them fairly—that the ministers of religion should be "gentlemen" in every sense of the word. They will listen, no doubt, with gaping mouths and open ears to a flow of rhodomontade declamation from an uneducated preacher; an inspired tinker will fill a chapel or a village green, while the quiet rector goes through the service to a half-empty church. But inspired tinkers are rare in any

age; and it is not excitement or declamation which go to form the really religious life of England. This—which we must not be supposed to confine within the limits of any Church establishment—depends for its support on sources that lie deeper and quieter than these. In trouble, in sickness, in temptation, these things miserably fail. And the dealing of “a gentleman” with these cases—a gentleman in manners, in thoughts, in feeling, in respect for the feelings of others—is as distinct in kind and effect, as the firm but delicate handling of the educated surgeon (who goes to the bottom of the matter nevertheless) differs from the well-meant but bungling axe-and-cautery system of our forefathers. The poor understand this well. They know a gentleman, and respect him; and they will excuse in their parish minister the absence of some other very desirable qualities sooner than this. The structure of English society must change—its gentry must forfeit their character as a body, as they never have done yet—before this feeling can change. When you officer your regiments from any other class than their natural superiors, then you may begin to officer your national Church with a plebeian clergy.

There is another point connected with the legitimate influence of the higher classes on which the writer speaks, we fear, either from a theory of what ought to be, or from some very exceptional cases:—

“The offices of magistrate, of poor-law guardian, or even of churchwarden, are so many modes of honourable employment offered to those who feel in themselves some capacity for business and some wish to be useful. It will be understood that a considerable number of gentlemen of independent income, retired tradesmen, and officers not employed on service, having thus before them the prospect of a useful and active life, gather round an English village, instead of remaining buried in the great towns, as too often is the case in our own country.”

We fear the foreign reader will

be mistaken if he understands anything of the sort. The county magistracy offers, without doubt, a position both honourable and useful; but it is seldom open to the classes mentioned. We do not say that the offices of parish guardian and churchwarden are highly attractive objects of ambition; but we do think that in good hands they might become very different from what they are; immense benefit would result in every way to many country parishes, if men of the class whom the writer represents as filling them would more often be induced to do so, instead of avoiding them as troublesome and ungrateful offices, and leaving them to be claimed by the demagogues and busybodies of the district. It may not be pleasant for a gentleman to put himself in competition for an office of this kind; but it may be his duty to do so. The reproach which the writer addresses to the higher classes in France is only too applicable to those in England also:—

“If all those whose education, whose intelligence, whose habits of more elevated life, give them that authority which constitutes a true aristocracy, would but make use of their high position to exercise an influence for good upon public matters—if only the honest and sensible party in our country would shake off its apathy and fulfil all the duties of citizens—our institutions would have a life and power which at present are too often wanting.”

True words for the conservative spirit both in the English Church and in the English nation to lay to heart; for, so long as education and refinement are too nice to stain themselves with the public dust of the arena, they have no right to complain if candidates, less able but less scrupulous, parade themselves as victors.

If our neighbours over the water read (as we hope many of them will) these little sketches of an English village, drawn in their own language, if not by one of themselves, yet by one who is evidently no stranger to their national sym-

pathies, and who writes manifestly with the kindest feelings towards both, it is well, perhaps, that they should bear in mind that it is a picture purposely taken under a sunny aspect. Rural England is not all Arcadia. All English landladies, even in the country, are not Mrs. Joneses, nor are all English families as hospitable as the Masons. There are villages where there is no "Miss Mary" to teach the children or to talk sentiment. There are less fascinating

"strangers' guides" which could take him into the public-houses and the dancing-rooms as well as to rural fêtes and lectures, and show him what goes on there. But while we are far from claiming to be judged by our bright side only, we are glad that foreigners should see our bright side sometimes. It has not been too often painted in French colours; and we trust they will give the present artist's work a fair hanging in their National Gallery.

LORD MACKENZIE'S ROMAN LAW.

It has sometimes been suspected that, in the noble delineation of the Roman character ascribed to Anchises in the sixth book of the 'Æneid,' Virgil was induced, by unworthy motives, to depreciate unduly the oratory of his countrymen as compared with that of the Greeks; and undoubtedly the inferiority of Cicero to Demosthenes, as a mere forensic pleader, is not so clear or decided as to demand imperatively from a Latin poet the admission there unreservedly made by the blunt, and almost prosaic expression, "Orabant causas melius." Possibly, however, it was the poet's true object, by yielding the most liberal concessions on other points, to enforce the more strongly his emphatic assertion, not merely of the superiority of the Romans in the arts of ordinary government, but of their exclusive or peculiar possession of the powers and faculties fitted for attaining and preserving a mighty empire. It is certain that he has justly and vividly described the great characteristic of that people, and the chief source and secret of their influence in the history of the world, when he makes the patriarch exclaim,—

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
Hæc tibi erunt artes."

In aid of the high moral and intellectual qualities which led to their success as the conquerors and rulers of the world, it is most material to notice the structure and genius of the language in which the Roman people expressed and embodied their political, legislative, and judicial determinations. Every national language is more or less the reflex of the national mind; and in no instance is this correspondence more conspicuous than in the case we are now considering.

The Latin language is inferior to the Greek in subtlety and refinement of expression, and is therefore far less adapted for metaphysical speculation or poetical grace—for analysing the nicer diversities of thought, or distinguishing the minuter shades of passion; but in the enunciation of ethical truths and of judicial maxims, it possesses a clearness, force, and majesty, to which no other form of speech can approach. The great foundations of law are good morals and good sense, and these, however simple

'Studies in Roman Law; with Comparative Views of the Laws of France, England, and Scotland.' By Lord Mackenzie, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. W. Blackwood & Sons. 1862.

and plain in their elements are not mean or common things. On the contrary, they are susceptible of the greatest dignity of expression when embodied in words; and the language in which their principles shall be clothed may be of the utmost importance in rendering them both more portable in the memory and more impressive on the heart. The Roman jurists of the later period of the Republic were not careless students of the Greek philosophy; but they used it in their juridical writings with a wise discretion, and in special reference to the object of law, which is to lay down the broad rules of human conduct and personal rights in a form easily understood, and capable of being easily followed and faithfully observed by the mass of mankind.

The unequalled talent of the Roman people for political organisation is evinced by the manner in which the imperial authority was maintained, after the personal character of the nominal sovereigns had degenerated to the very lowest point of profligacy and imbecility. Our Teutonic ancestors had the wisdom to appreciate and adopt much of the machinery which they thus found in operation; and the municipal governments, as well as the judicial constitutions of Europe, are at this day influenced by the models which were thus left. The Papedom itself, on whose probable endurance for the future it would be hazardous to speculate, but whose marvellous ascendancy in time past is beyond dispute, was little else than an adaptation of the imperial organisation to ecclesiastical objects. But the influence of the Roman law on other nations was pre-eminently seen in the wide adoption of its general scheme, as well as of its special rules and maxims. Even the law of England—of all European systems perhaps the least indebted to the civil law—is deeply imbued with the Roman spirit in some of the most important departments of jurisprudence; and where the authority of the Roman law cannot claim a submissive allegiance, it is yet listened to as the best manifestation of the *Recta Ratio*

that can anywhere be found. The vast experience of human transactions, and the endless complexities of social relations, which the Roman empire presented, afforded the best materials for maturing a science which was cultivated for noble objects by minds of the highest order, and embodied in propositions of unrivalled power and precision.

Independently of its influence on individual municipal systems, the Roman law deserves to be carefully studied, as affording the easiest transition, and the best introduction, from classical and philosophical pursuits to the technical rules and scientific principles of general jurisprudence. From Aristotle's Ethics, or from Cicero De Officiis, the passage is plain and the ascent gentle to the Institutes of Gaius and Justinian; and these, again, are the best preparation for the perusal of Blackstone or Erskine. It ought, indeed, to be considered as a great privilege of the law-student that his path lies for so great a portion of its early way through a region which has been rendered so pleasing and attractive by the labours of the eminent men whom we have now named, and who combine so much charm of style and correctness of taste with so much practical wisdom and useful philosophy.

Hitherto, we think, there has been a great, or rather an utter, want in this country of any good Institute of the civil law, that could safely and efficiently guide the student in his early labours, or assist him in his more advanced progress. The elegant and admirable summary given by Gibbon in his History, cannot, without much comment and expansion, be made a book of instruction; but we feel assured that this want which we have noticed is supplied by the work now before us. Lord Mackenzie's book, though bearing the popular and modest title of 'Studies in Roman Law,' is truly an Institute, or didactic Exposition, of that system, where its elements and leading principles are laid down and illustrated as fully as a student could require, while a reference is made at every step to

texts and authorities, which will enable him to extend and confirm his views by a full examination of original sources. The enunciation of the legal principles is everywhere given with great brevity, but with remarkable clearness and precision, and in a manner equally pleasing and unpretending. The comparison which is at the same time presented between the Roman system and the laws of France, England, and Scotland, adds greatly to the attraction as well as to the usefulness of the work.

At the risk of appearing to resemble the man in Hierocles who carried a brick about with him as a sample of his house, we shall here offer a few extracts in illustration of the character of the work and its style of execution, premising that the passages we have selected have reference to topics more of a popular than of a scientific kind.

The interest attaching at present to questions of international law, and to the rights of belligerents, will recommend the passages on those subjects which here follow:—

"If all the states in Europe were to concur in framing a general code of international law, which should be binding on them all, and form themselves into a confederacy to enforce it, this might be regarded as a positive law of nations for Europe. But nothing of this sort has ever been attempted. The nearest approach to such international legislation is the general regulations introduced into treaties by the great Powers of Europe, which are binding on the contracting parties, but not on the states that decline to accede to them.

"To settle disputes between nations on the principles of justice, rather than leave them to the blind arbitrament of war, is the primary object of the European law of nations. When war has broken out, it regulates the rights and duties of belligerents, and the conduct of neutrals.

"As the weak side of the law of nations is the want of a supreme executive power to enforce it, small states are exposed to great disadvantages in disputes with their more powerful neighbours. But the modern political

system of Europe for the preservation of the balance of power forms a strong barrier against unjust aggression. When the power of one great state can be balanced, or kept in check, by that of another, the independence of smaller states is in some degree secured against both; for neither of the great Powers will allow its rival to add to its strength by the conquest of the smaller states.

"By the declaration of 16th April 1856, the Congress of Paris, held after the Crimean war, adopted four principles of international law. 1. Privateering is and remains abolished. 2. The neutral flag covers the enemy's merchandise, with the exception of contraband of war. 3. Neutral merchandise, with the exception of contraband of war, is not liable to seizure under an enemy's flag. 4. Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective; that is to say, must be maintained by a force really sufficient to prevent approach to an enemy's coast. This declaration was signed by the plenipotentiaries of the seven Powers who attended the Congress, and it was accepted by nearly all the states of the world. But the United States of America, Spain, and Mexico, refused their assent, because they objected to the abolition of privateering. So far as these Powers are concerned, therefore, privateering—that is, the employment of private cruisers commissioned by the state—still remains a perfectly legitimate mode of warfare. Britain and the other Powers who acceded to the declaration, are bound to discontinue the practice in hostilities with each other. But if we should have the misfortune to go to war with the United States, we should not be bound to abstain from privateering, unless the United States should enter into a similar and corresponding engagement with us.

"The freedom of commerce, to which neutral states are entitled, does not extend to contraband of war; but, according to the principles laid down in the declaration of Paris of April 1856, it may now be said that 'a ship at sea is part of the soil of the country to which it belongs,' with the single exception implied in the right of a belligerent to search for contraband. What constitutes contraband is not precisely settled; the limits are not absolutely

the same for all Powers, and variations occur in particular treaties; but, speaking generally, belligerents have a right to treat as contraband, and to capture, all munitions of war and other articles directly auxiliary to warlike purposes. The neutral carrier engages in a contraband trade when he conveys official despatches from a person in the service of the enemy to the enemy's possessions, but it has been decided that it is not illegal for a neutral vessel to carry despatches from the enemy to his Ambassador or his Consul in a neutral country. The penalty of carrying contraband is confiscation of the illegal cargo, and sometimes condemnation of the ship itself.

"The affair of the Trent, West Indian mail, gave rise to an important question of maritime law deeply affecting the rights of neutrals. In November 1861, Captain Wilkes, of the American war-steamer *San Jacinto*, after firing a round-shot and a shell, boarded the English mail-packet *Trent*, in Old Bahama Channel, on its passage from Havannah to Southampton, and carried off by force Messrs. Mason and Slidell, two Commissioners from the Confederate States, who were taken on board as passengers bound for England. The Commissioners were conveyed to America, and committed to prison; but, after a formal requisition by Britain, declaring the capture to be illegal, they were surrendered by the Federal Government.

"The seizure of the Commissioners was attempted to be justified by American writers on two grounds: 1st, That the Commissioners were contraband of war, and that in carrying them the *Trent* was liable to condemnation for having committed a breach of neutrality: 2d, That, at all events, Captain Wilkes was entitled to seize the Commissioners either as enemies or rebels. Both these propositions are plainly untenable. . . .

"In an able despatch by the French Government to the Cabinet of Washington, M. Thouvenel declared that the seizure of the Commissioners in a neutral ship, trading from a neutral port to a neutral port, was not only contrary to the law of nations, but a direct contravention of the principles which the United States had up to that time invariably avowed and acted upon. Russia, Austria, and Prussia officially intimated their concurrence in that opinion.

"To argue the matter on the legal points in opposition to the disinterested and well-reasoned despatch of the French Minister was a hopeless task. In an

elaborate state-paper, Mr. Seward, the American Secretary of State, professed to rest the surrender of the Commissioners upon a mere technicality—that there had been no formal condemnation of the *Trent* by a prize-court; but, apart from this point of form, the seizure was indefensible on the merits as a flagrant violation of the law of nations; and if the principle was not so frankly acknowledged by Mr. Seward as it ought to have been, some allowance must be made for a statesman who was trammelled by the report of his colleague, Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the Navy, approving of Captain Wilkes's conduct, and still more by the necessity of adopting a policy directly contrary to the whole current of popular opinion in the Northern States."

The law of marriage and of divorce is very fully treated by Lord Mackenzie, and the peculiarities of the different European systems are well pointed out. The subject, however, is too extensive and important to admit of being incidentally noticed; and we shall confine our extracts here to a single passage describing a Roman form of cohabitation less honourable than matrimony, and such as we trust is never likely to be legalised among ourselves:

"Under Augustus, concubinage—the permanent cohabitation of an unmarried man with an unmarried woman—was authorised by law. The man who had a lawful wife could not take a concubine; neither was any man permitted to take as a concubine the wife of another man, or to have more than one concubine at the same time. A breach of these regulations was always condemned, and fell under the head of *stuprum*. In later times the concubine was called *amica*. Between persons of unequal rank concubinage was not uncommon; and sometimes it was resorted to by widowers who had already lawful children and did not wish to contract another legal marriage, as in the case of Vespasian, Antoninus Pius, and M. Aurelius.

"As regards the father, the children born in concubinage were not under his power, and were not entitled to succeed as children by a legal marriage; but they had an acknowledged father, and could demand support from him, besides exercising other rights. As regards the mother, their rights of succession were as extensive as those of her lawful children.

"Under the Christian emperors concubinage was not favoured; but it subsisted as a legal institution in the time of Justinian. At last Leo the Philosopher, Emperor of the East, in A. D. 887, abrogated the laws which permitted concubinage, as being contrary to religion and public decency. 'Why,' said he, 'should you prefer a muddy pool, when you can drink at a purer fountain?' The existence of this custom, however, was long prolonged in the West among the Franks, Lombards, and Germans; and it is notorious that the clergy for some time gave themselves up to it without restraint."

The practice of adoption prevailing in ancient Rome is well known, but an account of it as it is retained in the French law may be thought curious:—

"In France the usage of adoption was lost after the first race of kings: it disappeared, not only in the customary provinces, but also in the provinces governed by the written law. Re-established in 1792, adoption is now sanctioned by the Civil Code. Adoption, however, is only permitted to persons of either sex above the age of fifty, having neither children nor other lawful descendants, and being at least fifteen years older than the individual adopted. No married person can adopt without the consent of the other spouse. The privilege can only be exercised in favour of one who has been an object of the adopter's care for at least six years during minority, or of one who has saved the life of the adopter in battle, from fire, or from drowning. In the latter case the only restriction respecting the age of the parties is, that the adopter shall be older than the adopted, and shall have attained his majority. In no case can adoption take place before the majority of the person proposed to be adopted.

"The form of adoption consists of a declaration of consent by the parties before a justice of the peace for the place where the adopter resides, after which the transaction requires to be approved of by the tribunal of first instance. After adoption, the adopted person retains all his rights as a member of his natural family. He acquires no right of succession to the property of any relation of the adopter; but in regard to the property of the adopter himself, he has precisely the same rights as a child born in marriage, even although there should be other children born in marriage after his adoption. The adopted takes the

name of the adopter in addition to his own. No marriage can take place between the adopter and the adopted, or his descendants, and in certain other cases specified.

"The practice of adoption, which is better suited to some states of society than to others, still prevails among Eastern nations. It has never been recognised as a legal institution in England or Scotland."

In ancient Rome, as at one time in Modern Athens, there was a practice of throwing or emptying things out of window not without danger or damage to the passer-by. This was the law on that point:—

"If anything was thrown from the windows of a house near a public thoroughfare, so as to injure any one by its fall, the inhabitant or occupier was, by the Roman law, bound to repair the damage, though it might be done without his knowledge by his family or servants, or even by a stranger. This affords an illustration of liability arising *quasi ex delicto*.

"In like manner, when damage was done to any person by a slave or an animal, the owner might in certain circumstances be liable for the loss, though the mischief was done without his knowledge and against his will; but in such a case, if no fault was directly imputable to the owner, he was entitled to free himself from all responsibility by abandoning the offending slave or animal to the person injured, which was called *noxæ dare*. Though these noxal actions are not classed by Justinian under the title of obligations *quasi ex delicto*, yet, in principle, they evidently fall within that category.

"All animals *feræ naturæ*, such as lions, tigers, bears, and the like, must be kept in a secure place to prevent them from doing mischief; but the same vigilance is not required in the case of animals *mansuetæ naturæ*, the presumption being, that no harm will arise in leaving them at large, unless they are known to be vicious or dangerous. So, where a foxhound destroyed eighteen sheep belonging to a farmer, it was decided by the House of Lords in an appeal from Scotland, that the owner of the dog was not liable for the loss, there being no evidence necessarily showing either knowledge of the vicious propensities of the dog or want of due care in keeping him; and it was observed that, both according to the English and the Scotch

aw, 'the *culpa* or negligence of the owner is the foundation on which the right of action against him rests.' "

The subject of succession is treated by Lord Mackenzie in a very ample and satisfactory discussion. In particular, the chapter on 'Intestate Succession in France, England, and Scotland,' will be found highly useful to the international jurist. Lord Mackenzie has not failed to observe here the striking peculiarity of the Scotch law, by which, with some qualifications very recently introduced, intestate succession, whether in real or personal estate, goes entirely to the agnates or paternal relations, and not at all to cognates or those on the mother's side. This was the law of the Twelve Tables, but it was wholly altered in process of time, and, under Justinian's enactments, paternal and maternal relations were equally favoured. In retaining the old distinction, the law of Scotland seems now to stand alone. The peculiarity may perhaps be explained by the strong feelings of family connection or claniship which so long prevailed in Scotland, and which bound together the descendants of the same paternal ancestor by so many common interests. But it is certainly singular that it should have continued to the present day with such slender modifications; and it is no small anomaly that, while a man may succeed to any of his maternal relations, none of his maternal relations can in general succeed to him, even in property which he may have inherited from the mother's side.

The portion of the work devoted to actions and procedure introduces a clear light into a subject extremely technical, and often made very obscure by the mode in which it is treated. We have only room for a short extract as to the *remedium miserabile* of *Cessio Bonorum*:—

"The *cessio bonorum* has been adopted in France as well as in Scotland. By the ancient law of France, every debtor who sought the benefit of *cessio* was obliged by the sentence to wear in public

a green bonnet (*bonnet vert*) furnished by his creditors, under the penalty of being imprisoned if he was found without it. According to Pothier, this was intended as a warning to all citizens to conduct their affairs with prudence, so as to avoid the risk of exposing themselves to such ignominy; but he explains that in his time, though the condition was inserted in the sentence, it was seldom acted on in practice, except at Bordeaux, where it is said to have been rigidly enforced.

"Formerly, a custom somewhat similar prevailed in Scotland. Every debtor who obtained the benefit of *cessio* was appointed to wear 'the dyvour's habit' which was a coat or upper garment, half yellow and half brown, with a cap of the same colours. In modern times this usage was discontinued 'According to the state of public feeling, it would be held a disgrace to the administration of justice. It would shock the innocent; it would render the guilty miserably profligate.' For a considerable time it had become the practice in the judgment to dispense with the dyvour's habit, and by the statute of Will. IV. it is utterly abolished."

The work concludes with a very agreeable chapter on the Roman bar, from which we shall borrow a couple of passages. A certain portion of time was generally allowed to advocates for their speeches, but which varied before different judges and at different periods.

"A clepsydra was used in the tribunals for measuring time by water, similar in principle to the modern sand-glass. When the judge consented to prolong the period assigned for discussion, he was said to give water—*dare aquam*. 'As for myself,' says Pliny, 'whenever I sit upon the bench (which is much oftener than I appear at the bar), I always give the advocates as much water as they require; for I look upon it as the height of presumption to pretend to guess before a cause is heard what time it will require, and to set limits to an affair before one is acquainted with its extent, especially as the first and most sacred duty of a judge is patience, which, indeed, is itself a very considerable part of justice. But the advocate will say many things that are useless. Granted. Yet is it not better to hear too much than not to hear enough! Besides, how can you know that the things are useless till you have heard them!'

" Marcus Aurelius, we are told, was in the habit of giving a large measure of water to the advocates, and even permitting them to speak as long as they pleased.

" By a constitution of Valentinian and Valens, A. D. 368, advocates were authorised to speak as long as they wished, upon condition that they should not abuse this liberty in order to swell the amount of their fees."

The history of Roman practice, and, in particular, of the Cincian Law on the subject of advocates' fees, is ably condensed; and the law of France and Scotland on the subject is thus stated :—

" In France, ancient laws and decisions, as well as the opinions of the doctors, allowed an action to advocates to recover their fees; but according to the later jurisprudence of the Parliament of Paris, and the actual discipline of the bar now in force, no advocate was or is permitted to institute such an action. In like manner barristers in England are held to exercise a profession of an honorary character, ' and cannot, therefore, maintain an action for remuneration for what they have done, un-

less the employer has expressly agreed to pay them. Upon this point the authorities in the law of Scotland are not very precise. Lord Bankton says, ' Though action be competent for such gratification, advocates who regard their character abhor such judicial claims, and keep in their mind the notable saying of Ulpian upon the like occasion, *Quædam enim tametsi honeste accipiuntur, inhoneste tamen petuntur.*' But it is maintained by others, whose opinion is entitled to great weight, that no action lies for such fees—the presumption, in the absence of an express pactio, being, that the advocate has ' either been satisfied, or agreed to serve *gratis.*' "

What the law of England is on this most important question will probably be definitively settled in a *cause célèbre* now depending. We do not conceal our earnest hope that the principles laid down in the recent judgment of Chief-justice Erle will never be departed from.

We close this notice by strongly recommending Lord Mackenzie's book to the notice both of the student and the practising jurist, to each of whom we think it indispensable.

THE PERIPATETIC POLITICIAN—IN FLORENCE.

THERE is a mysterious power in this nineteenth century before which we all bow down and worship. Emperors have grown powerful by its support, and kings that know not how to please it become the laughing-stock of Europe. The highest are not beyond its reach, the lowest are not beneath its notice. The Secretary of State spreads lengthy despatches as peace-offerings at its shrine, and the parish beadle is careful not to put his hat on awry lest he fall beneath its censure. The idol has innumerable votaries; but its high priests, the exponents of its law, are the great authors and statesmen of the day. And they have a hard taskmaster to serve: they must do the pleasure of their lord before he has signified his wishes—they must anticipate his thoughts and be beforehand with his commands; obsequiousness and obedience alone will not suffice them; they may sacrifice every friend and every principle for his sake, and nevertheless disgrace and procription await them, unless they can know their master's mind before it is known to himself.

Public Opinion is the unknown master to whom all submit; listening anxiously but vainly for his commands, not knowing how or where to study his humour. There are Houses of Parliament, newspapers, clubs, mechanics' institutes, pot-houses, prayer-meetings—but which of all these speak public opinion? A weekly gathering of articles from daily papers is not public opinion. Opinion after dinner is not public. It is evidently necessary to apply some means specially adapted to the place and the time in order to discover the mood of public opinion. In Syracuse, Dionysius constructed an ear for the purpose; unfortunately this invention has been lost.

In London, it is popularly said that the only means to ascertain public opinion is to take a seat in the om-

nibus for the day and drive continually up and down.

In Florence, public opinion walks,—it cannot afford to drive. The people must be studied on foot. The reader will therefore have already understood that the title of this paper was chosen from necessity and not for the sake of the alliteration; that in order to catch a glimpse of Italian affairs as seen through Tuscan spectacles—in order to enter for the moment into the jealousies, the grievances, and the vanities of the provincial town of Florence—there is no resource but that of treating the question peripatetically—that is, of walking the streets.

This course is the more natural because in Florence the streets are—thanks to the high price of manure—remarkably clean. Accordingly the people live in the street; there they are to be met at an early hour lounging along talking or smoking, wrapped in cloaks that take an extra twist with every degree of cold. The street is their assembly-room; it is frequented by men of all sorts, as will be at once seen by a moment's scrutiny of the stream of people creeping slowly along over the pavement.

There is the commercial dandy who affects a felt hat with mandarin button on the crown, a knobby stick, and a would-be-English-shooting-jacket. Behind him is the sober professional man, in a French great-coat which has wandered from Paris, making room for newer fashions. There, too, is the priest of portly figure and wasted garments, which show at once his devotion to the inner man, and his neglect of the outer world, walking along with a blessing on his lips and a green cotton umbrella under his arm. By his side is the peasant come to town for the day, cart-whip in hand, and a long coarse cloak trailing from his shoulders, embroidered behind with flowers in

green silk. Every stitch will show character in one way or another. Italians wear green flowers where Spaniards would have crosses in black braid.

And who is there among all this crowd who would trouble his thoughts about Victor Emmanuel and his Ministers? Look at yonder corner-wall where there is a sheet of paper prominently pasted on a black board: one solitary passenger gives it a passing glance; that is the telegram just received, announcing the formation of the new Ministry. But farther on there are collected a little company of people, whose animated and intent looks show something really interesting to be going on: it is that two or three young men are practising in chorus a snatch out of the last street-ballad. Farther on the respective merits of different ballet-dancers are under discussion, and some of the company are pronouncing the stage-manager unfit for his post. In the whole crowd there is not one word, nor even a passing thought, bestowed on the Government which is going on at Turin. So universal is the carelessness with regard to the current affairs of the day, that, as a general rule, if a man be heard to speak about politics, or in any way show himself conversant with public affairs, it may at once be concluded, more especially if he speak in a disagreeable voice, that that man is a Piedmontese.*

In vain do loud-voiced criers hawk prints representing the murder of the Gignoli family by the Austrians in 1859; they offer them at half-price, at quarter-price, but find no purchasers. Even the photograph of the bullet extracted from Garibaldi's foot has ceased to draw people to the shop-window.

Leaving the street for the moment, and turning the corner of the

great Piazza, we find under the colonnade, opposite the picture gallery, an anxious crowd of people, eager and pushing. That is the entrance to the 'Monte di Pietà,' or municipal pawnbroking establishment (for private pawnbroking is illicit in Florence). There is a long table before the door, and on it are spread silver watches, coral bracelets, and other trinkets. Articles that have lain unredeemed are being sold at auction. The sale is well attended, but purchasers will not compete. There is much examination and very little bidding. This same scene has occurred regularly at stated intervals for the last several centuries.

In the time of the Medicis, public policy and private benevolence became copartners in founding a self-supporting pawnbroking shop on a large scale, to be kept under the supervision of Government. To a people who, whenever they begin to be pinched in circumstances, try to economise but never attempt to work, and exert themselves rather to save than to make money, it is no small object to have a public pawnbroking establishment where money is allowed at a fixed scale. If a Florentine have a bracelet too much, and bread too little, he has but to give the bracelet in pawn to the Government. In the same way, if he be troubled with a child too many, he proceeds to the infant asylum, rings the bell, and in the cradle which forthwith opens, he deposits the child for the Government to feed. Under the Governments which have prevailed in Tuscany for the last three hundred years, this is precisely the kind of political institution which the Florentines have learnt to value and appreciate.

The proper supervision of the pawnbroking shop, the mainte-

* I should add that, since writing the above, one day my eye was attracted by the unusual number of people (there were nine) reading one of the royal decrees just promulgated and placarded on the wall: it concerned the uniform of subordinate officials.

nance of the foundling asylums and the hospitals (with which Florence is, in proportion, better provided than London), the grant made to the opera—these and other such questions are the matters of government in which a Florentine takes interest. To politics, in an Englishman's sense of the word, they pay little or no attention. In the election of representatives to the Chambers at Turin the people appear to take little or no part. For instance: M. Peruzzi, the present Minister for the Interior, is one of the representatives of Florence. On accepting office he was of course obliged to appeal to his constituents. The seat was contested. On the day appointed for the election I had occasion to ask my way to the place where it was being held: several respectable citizens did not know that any election was to take place whatever. At last one man, better informed than the rest, had heard something about an election that week, but did not know where the elections were held. The election proved invalid for want of the legal complement of voters—namely, one-half the whole number. This is the general result of elections in Tuscany on the first trial. The second election is valid, provided only the same number of voters are present as attended the first. This is fortunate, otherwise it might occur that there would be a lack of representatives from Tuscany in the Parliament at Turin.

The fact is, and it needs repetition, the Florentines do not care about politics. They have accepted the revolution that was made for them, and on the whole are well contented with the change; at least we ought in justice to ascribe their general listlessness in political affairs to contentment and not to indifference.

To inquire, however, more exactly into the thoughts of those amongst the Florentines who do think about politics, it will be as well to obtain at once rest and in-

formation by sitting down for a few moments in the tobaccoist's shop, which may be called the centre of the political world. To begin with, the tobaccoist is always himself by profession a finished politician, and he, moreover, enjoys the confidence of several distinguished friends, who keep him accurately informed of every word that passes in the Cabinets of Europe. The general burden of his conversation, which is a fair type of the talk at shops and second-rate cafés, is as follows:—The Pope-king is the father of all mischief; and how should it be otherwise? are not priests and kings always the promoters of every evil? and this man is a combination of both. Then follows a complaint against the Emperor Napoleon and his creatures, the Ministers at Turin, who, like true Piedmontese, are in secret jealous of the greatness of Italy, and treacherously keep in pay reactionary employés in lieu of filling the offices, as they should, with enterprising liberals. This sentiment meets with loud and general applause, and the company, waxing warm on this topic, forthwith launch into various prophecies as to the immediate future. French wars, Polish revolutions, Austrian bankruptcies, are all considered, and it is weighed what each might do for Italy. What the Italians themselves might do is a less frequent theme.

The Government, however, is blamed for its neglect of Garibaldi, which is only of a piece with its conduct in leaving the active and patriotic liberals of the country without employment while they are pensioning the reactionists—an opinion which usually serves as alpha and omega in the discussions of the Florentine liberals on the conduct of the Government.

Having exhausted this topic, our friend the politico-tobaccoist resumes his seat, taking his scaldino (an earthenware vessel shaped like a basket, and filled with hot ashes) on his lap for the comfort of his

fingers, and proceeds to draw the attention of visitors to various piles of newspapers, the sale of which is part of his trade. And as Florence produces, for a country town, a very respectable number of papers (some dozen daily papers, not to count two tri-weekly papers and other periodicals), which, moreover, have something of a national, or rather of a provincial character, it will be worth while to look over them before leaving the tobacconist's shop. It is not every paper that will be found: for instance, the three retrograde papers will not be forthcoming. These have so extremely small a circulation that it is very difficult to hunt them up. It is only by favour, for instance, that a copy of the '*Contemporaneo*' can be got, for, there being no public demand, there is no sale; a limited number of copies only are distributed among subscribers.

The newspapers to be found on the counter are all liberal, but of various shades of "colour," as the Italians name party opinions.

The '*Gazzetta del Popolo*,' which is strictly constitutional, has still the largest circulation of any (it prints about 8000 copies daily), though not half what it had. Its decline has been owing partly to general competition, partly to its having embraced the defence of the late Rattazzi Ministry, which unpopular course is said to have cost it in a few months nearly one-fourth of its circulation; partly, perhaps, to its sustaining the Piedmontese, who have not of late been growing in the favour of the Tuscans.

The other papers are all more "advanced," that is, more opposed to Government. Among these the '*Censor*' ranks first. This is a thoroughly Tuscan paper, and full of quaint, provincial expressions. In party politics it is red—a colour which evidently finds most favour in the eyes of the poorer citizens; for recently it lost no less than a fourth of its circulation by raising its price from three to five cents, that is, from about a farthing

and a half to a halfpenny. In its columns, though not there only, may be seen a catalogue of indictments against the Piedmontese. The Tuscans voted annexation to Italy, it is said—not to Piedmont. With Rome unity, without it none. Does the unity of Italy mean the domination of Turin? Are we to accept from the most barbarous portion of Italy laws which are sent down to us written in a jargon which cannot even be called Italian? Tuscany is being fleeced by men so greedy of every little gain, that they supply all the royal offices with paper made only in Piedmont, in order that Piedmontese paper-mills may reap the benefit.

It speaks well for the Piedmontese that, with so much desire to find fault with them, these are the most serious charges brought forward.

In the Rattazzi Ministry the papers lost the most fruitful theme of declaration. The caricatures against this Minister were endless, representing him in every stage of official existence, from the time when he climbs the high ministerial bench by the aid of a little finger stretched out from Paris, to the moment when he is shown hiding his head under the folds of the Emperor's train.

What is said against the Italian Government, however, is not said in praise of the Grand-duke's rule. On the contrary, the Opposition papers—those at least that have any circulation—all lean rather towards the "party of action," or the extreme Liberals. The most prominent paper of this description in Florence is the '*New Europe*,' which is republican, and makes no mystery of its principles.

Indeed, the press is so outspoken, and is allowed such latitude, that it is difficult to understand for what purpose the Government maintains a censorship. Nevertheless, such is the case. It is not a very effective one. Every paper is bound to be laid before the Reggio procuratore

twenty-four hours before it is published; but that official is so little able to peruse them all within the specified time, that it has frequently happened that a paper has been sequestered when it was a day old, and had been already read and forgotten. The right of sequestration, however, has been used pretty freely. The 'Censor' was sequestered more than sixty times in the course of last year, and the 'New Europe' has been treated even more severely: on one occasion it was sequestered for three days running.

It is, however, high time to turn from the ideal to the material world; that is, to leave the tobaccoist and his newspapers, and dive into the recesses of some very dirty and narrow little lanes where the market is being held, in order to see whether the prices given and the business done prove any decline in the prosperity of Florence since the days of the Grand-duke.

Passing by the mountains of vegetables piled up ornamentally against the huge stones of the Strozzi Palace, the reader must pick his way carefully amidst the accumulated masses of cabbage-stalks, children, and other dirt beneath, avoiding at the same time the carcasses that hang out from the butchers' stalls on either side, from poles projecting far into the passage, and stooping every now and then to avoid the festoons of sausages which hang down from above, garland-fashion, just low enough to come in contact with the nose of an average-sized mortal. If by strictly observing the above precautions he can make his way despite all these obstacles, he will on turning the next corner arrive safely in front of an old woman and a boy presiding over sundry emblems of purgatory in the shape of huge frying-pans fixed over charcoal fires. The boy is ladeling a mass of tiny dainties out of a seething black liquid, which have an appearance as of whitebait being fished out of the Thames. It is, however, only an appearance; for

these are nothing more than small cakes of chestnut-flour, by name "sommomoli," fried in oil, from which they emerge copper-coloured, sweet, nourishing, and tasteless, costing half a centesimo, or the twentieth part of a penny, a-piece. The old woman is a person superintending a still larger frying-pan, in which are frizzling square out cakes, resembling Yorkshire pudding, sometimes interspersed with small slices of meat. These, by name "ignochchi," consist of nothing less than Indian corn savoured with hogslard. A penny (ten centesimi) will purchase ten of them—a larger quantity than most English, or any Italian stomach would find it convenient to dispose of at one sitting. A step farther on slices will be offered to the passer-by of a huge flat cake the colour of gingerbread, also made of chestnut-flour, and so satisfying that it would puzzle even an Eton lollypop-eater to consume a penny's worth. There are yet other delicacies, one especially tempting, a kind of black-pudding or rather black wafer. It consists of a spoonful of hog's blood fried in oil, and then turned out of the pan on to a plate, seasoned with scraped cheese, and devoured hot, at a halfpenny a-piece.

With street goodies at these rates, whatever rise there may have been in prices, it is impossible to believe that they are of a nature to press to any extent upon the people at large. But take the staples of the market; look into the baker's shop; weigh the loaves sold over the counter, and the price of the best wheaten bread will prove to be fifteen centesimi (a penny half-penny a-pound)—not to mention the sacks of maize-flour, of rice, and of millet on the threshold.

Nevertheless the Florentine market shows a general rise in prices, probably attributable in part to the increased facility for sending the products of Tuscany, this garden of Italy, into the adjacent provinces, in part, although indirectly,

to increased taxation, by which is meant not merely Government taxation, but the municipal rates, which have considerably increased in Florence; for the corporation of the town, in common with many other municipalities and commonalties, are availing themselves of their greater freedom of action under the new Government to carry out numberless improvements, which it was difficult to execute before on account of the lengthy representations which were required to be laid before the Grand-ducal Government.

The increase of taxation consequently is very considerable. The "*tassa prediale*," or property-tax, for instance, has been increasing in Florence since 1859 at the rate of about one per cent every year, and in some commonalties it is even higher. There are men in Florence who are now paying in taxes (local rates and all included) exactly four times what they paid in the Grand-duke's day. It is true that this increase is not so oppressive as it would appear, because the taxation of Tuscany used to be extremely light, being under fourteen shillings per head compared with the population. Still the cheerfulness with which this increase has been borne is a hopeful sign of the general willingness of the people to support the Italian Government. No impatience even has been shown at the rapidly augmenting taxes, and this single fact deserves to be set against a multitude of complaints on smaller matters.

Taxation, however, probably enters for very little in the rise of market prices. The reason of this increase is to be sought in local causes. For instance, there have been several successive bad seasons for olives. This year the yield is better, and the price is falling. Wine is still very high, owing to the grape disease. Meat is nearly double what it was some years since, owing, it is said, chiefly to a drought last summer.

The rise in prices, however, has

been counterbalanced, so far as the working population are concerned, by a rise in wages, which has been on the average from a Tuscan lire to a Sardinian franc, or about 20 per cent.

On the whole, comparing the rise in prices with that in wages, the real pay of the labourer would seem to have slightly improved. So far, therefore, as the people's stomachs are concerned, the comparison is not unfavourable to the new Government. To persons residing at Florence on fixed incomes, however, the increase in both instances is unfavourable, and they not unnaturally regard that which is inconvenient to themselves as ruinous to the country.

The loss of the custom of the Court and its train, upon which so much stress has been laid, so far from having affected Tuscany, has not even really affected Florence. The amount taken on account of the "*octroi*" at the gates of Florence shows the consumption to be on the increase.

We may therefore leave the market with the conviction that there is no material pressure at work to cause discontent. Some tradesmen really have suffered from the absence of the Court, as the jewellers and milliners for instance; but trade generally has not felt the difference.

Continuing, however, our walk in search of public opinion, we come, in a street not far distant, to a real cause of complaint; and in Tuscany, where there is a cause, there will be no want of complaint. There are a couple of soldiers standing sentry before a large door, and all around knots of countrymen talking together in anxious expectation, or not talking, but silently taking leave.

The conscription is a grievance. It is the only act of the new Government which is generally felt to be a hardship, and sometimes murmured against as an injustice. Rather more than one in every five of the youths who this year attain

the age of twenty-one are being drawn for the army. This is the proportion of those taken from their homes and sent to the depots of different regiments, for all are liable to military service under one category or another. Being inscribed and left at home, however, is no great hardship: it is the separation from home which is dreaded, and therefore the numbers of the first category in the conscription which have alone to be considered. This heavy conscription is something new to the Tuscans. In the palmy days of Grand-ducal Government, before 1848, exemption from military service could be obtained for something less than £4 English; after the Austrian occupation, the conscription having grown severer, the cost of exemption was about doubled; but now it amounts to a sum which none but the wealthy can possibly pay.

The young conscripts, however, become rapidly imbued with the professional pride of their older comrades; and it often happens that lads, who have parted from their homes in tears, astonish their quiet parents a few weeks after with letters full of enthusiasm for the Italian army. Enthusiasm on any subject is a rare virtue in Tuscany; and if a military life for six years could infuse into the rising generation some energy and some habits of discipline, the army would prove a more important means of education than all the new schools which are to be introduced.

But how is it that throughout this perambulation of the town of Florence we have not come across a single sign of that touching affection for the late Grand-duke which has been so vividly and so often described in England?

The truth is, that although there is a good deal of discontent with the present Government, there is no regret for the last.

Of all the weak sentiments which exist in Tuscan breasts, loyalty towards the late Grand-duke is certainly the very weakest.

In order, however, that the reader may catch a glimpse of the "Codini" (or "party of the tail," as the following of the late Grand-duke are called) before they are all numbered among the antiquities of Italy, it will be advisable to take one turn on the banks of the Arno in the "Cascine," the fashionable walk, or "the world," of the Florentines.

It is sunset, and the evening chill is making itself felt—in fact, to lay aside all romance about the Italian climate, it is very cold. The upper five hundred come out at dew-fall, when everybody else goes in, apparently for no better reason than because everybody else does go in. There are Russians driving in handsome droschkés, and Americans in livery-stable barouches of an unwieldy magnificence. But our business is not with these; the native gentility of Florence is just arriving—ladies in closely-shut broughams, and young gentlemen, some in open carriages, half dog-carts half phaetons; others, less fortunate, in open fiacres.

They drive down to the end of the Cascine, where old beggar women attend upon them with "soal-dine" to warm their fingers over. There men and women alight and promenade at a foot's pace, despite the cold, after which they all drive home again.

And what can they have been about all day before they came to the Cascine? The masters and mistresses have been sitting in their respective rooms, drawing such warmth as they might from a stove most economically furnished with wood; the servants have been sitting in the antechamber, holding their four extremities over the hot ashes in the "brasero," a metal vessel something like an English stewpan on a large scale; for the Italian palaces are cold: the architect may have done well, but the mason and the carpenter have been negligent. The walls are joined at any angle except a right one; the windows do not close;

the floors are diversified by sundry undulations, so that a space is left beneath the door, through which light zephyrs play over the ill-carpeted floor. Perhaps the lady of the house has been sitting in state to receive her friends; for every Florentine lady is solemnly announced as "at home" to all her friends one day in the week, so as to keep them out of the house all the other six.

This is the married life in the palace. The life of the young men, the bachelor life of Florence, is not a bit more active. In a word, the life of a Florentine in easy circumstances, is a prolonged lounge. It is not that they loiter away their time for a few weeks, or for a few months—for "a season," in short—that is done all the world over; but the Florentines do nothing but loiter. The most active portion of their lives is that now before us,—the life during the carnival. The carnival over, the rest of the year is spent in recruiting finances and health for the next winter.

Lest the reader should treat this description as exaggerated or unduly severe, it will be best to let the Florentines themselves describe their own manner of living, and give, word for word, the rules laid down in a Florentine paper* for any young gentleman who wishes to live in holiness, peace, and happiness (*sic*).

"On waking in the morning, take a cup of coffee in bed; and if you have a servant to pour it out, mind that she be a young and pretty one.

"Then light a cigar (but not of native tobacco: it is too bad), or, better still, take a whiff of a pipe.

"Clear your ideas by smoking, and, little by little, have yourself dressed by the person who undressed you the night before.

"After writing a meaningless letter, or reading a chapter out of a novel, go out, weather permitting.

"Should you meet a priest, a hunchback, or a white horse, return straightway, or a misfortune may befall you.

"After a short turn, get back to breakfast, and, this over, bid the driver put to and whip up for the Cascine.

"There go from one carriage to the other, and talk scandal to each lady against all the rest: this to kill time till dinner.

"Eat enough, and drink more; and should some wretch come to trouble your digestion by begging his bread, tell him a man should work.

"At night, go to the theatre, the club, or into society. At the theatre, should there be a new piece, hiss it; this will give you the reputation of a connoisseur; should there be an opera, try to learn an air that you may sing at the next party; should there be a ballet, endeavour to play Mæcenas to some dancer, according to the custom of the century.

"One day over, begin the next in the same way, and so on to the end."

This, in sober earnest, is the life of a Florentine noble; except that, if rich enough, he spends all his superfluous energy and wealth in occasional visits to Paris. If unusually clever, he will become a good singer, or a judge of art—not of pictures and statues, probably, but of antique pots and pans. Otherwise he has no pursuit whatever, and his sole occupation is to persuade himself that he is an Adonis, and his friends that he is as fortunate as Endymion.

Such is the stuff which the Codini nobles are made of, and so let them drive home in peace. These are not the manner of men to make counter revolutions. Brought up as boys by a priest, within the four walls of a palace, they have never had an opportunity of gaining any experience of life beyond that afforded by the café, the theatre, and the Court, and they feel alarmed and

* The 'Chiacchiera' of 8d January.

annoyed to find growing up around them a state of things in which men will have to rank according as they can make themselves honoured by the people, and not according to the smile they may catch at Court. To this must be added, with some, a genuine personal feeling towards the late Grand-duke, but these are very few; they are limited for the most part to the courtiers, or "the antechamber" of the Court that has passed away, and even with them it is no more than a feeling of patronising friendship—nothing resembling the loyalty of an Englishman towards his sovereign. But most of the regret expressed for the late Grand-duke is nothing more than ill-disguised disappointment at being no longer able to cut a figure at Court and rub shoulders with royalty; and this is a form of politics not altogether unknown among our good countrymen at Florence.

It is cruel of reactionary writers and orators in other countries to draw down ridicule on the harmless and peaceful gentlemen who form the small band of Codini at Florence, by endeavouring to magnify them into a counter-revolutionary party.

The Codini at Florence would wish for the Austrians: they have a faint and lingering hope of a Parisian Court at Florence, under Prince Napoleon; but they do not

even pretend that they would move a finger in any cause.

There are men in Tuscany, and even gentlemen, who will work and form themselves, let us hope, on the stamp of Baron Ricasoli; but these are not to be found among the clique of the Codini at Florence.

The intelligence and energy of the country is for Italy, and nearly all the great names of Florence—the names of republican celebrity, to their honour be it said—are to be found in the ranks of the national party. It is true their name is at present all that they can give to forward the cause.

Let us hope, however, that the ideas of ambition, and the wider field for competition which the new system offers, may awake in the children now growing up in Florence an energy which has been unknown to their fathers for many and many a generation. Then, perhaps, a walk in the streets of Florence thirty years hence will no longer show us electors who will not step a hundred yards out of the way in order to attend an election. The Florentines may, at their own pleasure, by taking a part in their own government and the government of Italy, virtually terminate that Piedmontese tutelage against which they fret, and without which they are not yet fit to carry out a constitutional system.

FLORENCE, Feb. 2, 1868.

THE FRANK IN SCOTLAND.

FOR the benefit of the reader who may not have time and inclination to work his way through two thick volumes of research—for the benefit also of him who might be inclined to that adventurous task, but desires beforehand to have some notion of the tenor and character of the work before he invests in it his time and patience—we gave in our November Number, a sketch of what we thought the prominent features of the doings of our countrymen in France, during the long period when Scotland was alienated from England. We now propose to take up the other side of the reciprocity. The two sketches will necessarily be distinct in character, as the material facts to which they refer were distinct. France was, as we have seen, the centre round which what remained of the civilization of the old world lingered; and, along with much wretchedness among the common people, she was of all the states of Europe that which contained the largest abundance of the raw material of wealth, and consequently of the elements by which men of enterprise could raise themselves to affluence and station. Scotland was on the outskirts of those lands in which the new civilisation of the northern nations was slowly and coldly ripening to a still distant maturity. These two countries, so unlike, were knit into a close alliance by a common danger inducing them to adopt a common policy. But being fundamentally unlike, their close intercourse naturally tended, by close contact and comparison, to bring out the specialties of their dissimilarity.

And in nothing is this dissimilarity more conspicuous than when we look at the method and the object of the Scots' sojourn in France, and compare them with those which characterised the few Frenchmen who came to us. The ruling feature in the former side of the reciprocity is the profuseness with which our countrymen domesticated themselves in the land of their ancient allies, and infused new blood into theirs. There was little to attract the Frenchman to pitch his tent with us. As soon almost would he have thought of seeking his fortunes in Lapland or Iceland. Here, therefore, we have less to do with the fortunes of individual adventurers than with the national policy of the French towards Scotland and those who casually came among us for the purpose of giving it effect. Our country had in fact been in a great measure cleared of French names before our intercourse with France began, and they never reappeared, except casually and in connection with some special political movement. The Norman French who had migrated from England over the border having, as we have seen, rendered themselves offensive by helping their own Norman King to enslave Scotland, were driven away in considerable numbers at the conclusion of the war of independence; and afterwards the French, though they kept up the policy of a close alliance with us and gave a hearty reception to our own adventurers, found nothing to tempt them to reciprocate hospitalities. Hence the present sketch is not likely to afford any such genial history of

'Relations Politiques de la France et de L'Espagne avec L'Ecosse au xvi^e Siècle —Papiers d'état, Pièces, et Documents inédits ou peu connus tirés des Bibliothèques et des Archives de France. Publiés par Alexandre Teulet, Archiviste aux Archives de l'Empire.' Nouvelle édition, 5 vols. Paris; Renouard. Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

'Les Ecosais en France—Les Français en Ecosse.' Par Francisque Michel, Correspondant de l'Institut de France, &c., &c. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co.

national hospitality and successful adventure as the paper devoted to the conduct of our countrymen in France.

The policy of our alliance against England as the common enemy had become a thing of pretty old standing; many a Scot had sought his fortune in France; and names familiar to us now on shop-signs and in street-directories had been found among the dead at Poitiers, before we have authentic account of any Frenchmen having ventured across the sea to visit the sterile territory of their allies. Froissart makes a story out of the failure of the first attempt to send a French ambassador here. The person selected for the duty was the Lord of Bournazel or Bournaseau, whose genealogy is disentangled by M. Michel in a learned note. He was accredited by Charles V. in the year 1379, and was commanded to keep such state as might become the representative of his august master. Bournazel set off to embark at Sluys, and then had to wait fifteen days for a favourable wind. The ambassador thought there was no better way of beguiling the time than a recitation among the Plat Dutch of the splendours which he was bound in the way of public duty to exhibit in the sphere of his mission. Accordingly, "during this time he lived magnificently; and gold and silver plate were in such profusion in his apartments as if he had been a prince. He had also music to announce his dinner, and caused to be carried before him a sword in a scabbard richly blazoned with his arms in gold and silver. His servants paid well for everything. Many of the townspeople were much astonished at the great state this knight lived in at home, which he also maintained when he went abroad." This premature display of his diplomatic glories brought him into a difficulty highly characteristic of one of the political specialities of France at that period. It was the time when the nobles of the blood-royal were arrogating to

themselves alone certain prerogatives and ceremonials distinguishing them from the rest of the territorial aristocracy, however high these might be. The Duke of Bretagne and the Count of Flanders, who were near at hand, took umbrage at the grand doings of Bournazel, and sent for him through the bailiff of Sluys. That officer, after the manner of executive functionaries who find themselves sufficiently backed, made his mission as offensive as possible, and, tapping Bournazel on the shoulder, intimated that he was wanted. The great men had intended only to rebuke him for playing a part above his commission, but the indiscretion of their messenger gave Bournazel a hold which he kept and used sagaciously. When he found the princes who had sent for him lounging at a window looking into the gardens, he fell on his knees and acknowledged himself the prisoner of the Count of Flanders. To take prisoner an ambassador, and the ambassador of a crowned king, the feudal lord of the captor, was one of the heaviest of offences, both against the law of nations and the spirit of chivalry. The Earl was not the less enraged that he felt himself caught; and after retorting with, "How, rascal, do you dare to call yourself my prisoner when I have only sent to speak with you?" he composed himself to the delivery of the rebuke he had been preparing in this fashion: "It is by such talkers and jesters of the Parliament of Paris and of the king's chamber as you, that the kingdom is governed; and you manage the king as you please, to do good or evil according to your wills; there is not a prince of the blood, however great he may be, if he incur your hatred, who will be listened to; but such fellows shall yet be hanged until the gibbets be full of them." Bournazel carried this pleasant announcement and the whole transaction to the throne, and the king took his part, saying to those around,

"He has kept his ground well: I would not for twenty thousand francs it had not so happened." The embassy to Scotland was thus for the time frustrated. It was said that there were English cruisers at hand to intercept the ambassador, and that he himself had no great heart for a sojourn in the wild unknown northern land. Possibly the fifteen days' lording it at Sluys may have broken in rather inconveniently on his outfit; but the most likely cause of the defeat of the first French embassy to our shores was, the necessity felt by Bournazel to right himself at once at court, and turn the flank of his formidable enemies; and Froissart says, the Earl of Flanders lay under the royal displeasure for having, in his vain vaunting, defeated so important a project as the mission to the Scots.

A few years afterwards our country received a visit, less august, it is true, than the intended embassy, but far more interesting. In 1384, negotiations were exchanged near the town of Boulogne for a permanent peace between England and France. The French demanded concessions of territory which could not be yielded, and a permanent peace, founded on a final settlement of pending claims, was impossible. A truce even was at that time, however, a very important conclusion to conflict; it sometimes lasted for years, being in reality a peace under protest that each party reserved certain claims to be kept in view when war should again break out. Such a truce was adjusted between England on the one side and France on the other—conditional on the accession of her allies Spain and Scotland. France kept faith magnanimously, in ever refusing to negotiate a separate peace or truce for herself; but, as the way is with the more powerful of two partners, she was apt to take for granted that Scotland would go with her, and that the affair was virtually finished by her own accession to terms.

It happened that in this instance the Duke of Burgundy took in hand

to deal with Scotland. He had, however, just at that moment, a rather important piece of business, deeply interesting to himself, on hand. By the death of the Earl of Flanders he succeeded to that fair domain—an event which vastly influenced the subsequent fate of Europe. So busy was he in adjusting the affairs of his succession, that it was said he entirely overlooked the small matter of the notification of the truce to Scotland. Meanwhile, there was a body of men-at-arms in the French service at Sluys thrown out of employment by the truce with England, and, like other workmen in a like position, desirous of a job. They knew that the truce had not yet penetrated to Scotland, and thought a journey thither, long and dangerous as it was, might be a promising speculation. There were about thirty of them, and Froissart gives a head-roll of those whose names he remembered, beginning with Sir Geoffry de Charny, Sir John de Plaisay, Sir Hugh de Boulon, and so on. They dared not attempt, in face of the English warships, to land at a southern harbour, but reached the small seaport called by Froissart Montrose, and not unaptly supposed by certain sage commentators to be Montrose, since they rode on to Dundee and thence to Perth. They were received with a deal of rough hospitality, and much commended for the knightly spirit that induced them to cross the wide ocean to try their lances against the common enemy of England. Two of them were selected to pass on to Edinburgh, and explain their purpose at the court of Holyrood. Here they met two of their countrymen on a mission which boded no good to their enterprise. These were ambassadors from France, come at last to notify the truce. It was at once accepted by the peaceable King Robert, but the Scots lords around him were grieved in heart at the prospect that these fine fellows should come so far and return without having any sport of that highly flavoured kind which the

border wars afforded. The truce they held had been adjusted not by Scotland but by France; and here, as if to contradict its sanction, were Frenchmen themselves offering to treat it as naught. There was, however, a far stronger reason for overlooking it. Just before it was completed, but when it was known to be inevitable, the Earls of Northumberland and Nottingham suddenly and secretly drew together two thousand men-at-arms and six thousand bowmen, with which they broke into Scotland, and swept the country as far as Edinburgh with more than the usual ferocity of a border raid; for they made it to the Scots as if the devil had come among them, having great wrath, for he knew that his time was short. It was said, even, that the French ambassadors sent to Scotland to announce the truce had been detained in London to allow time for this raid coming off effectively. "To say the truth," says Froissart, mildly censorious, "the lords of England who had been at the conference at Bolinghen, had not acted very honourably when they had consented to order their men to march to Scotland and burn the country, knowing that a truce would speedily be concluded: and the best excuse they could make was, that it was the French and not they who were to signify such truce to the Scots." Smarting from this inroad, the Scots lords, and especially the Douglasses and others on the border, were in no humour to coincide with their peaceful King. They desired to talk the matter over with the representatives of the adventurers in some quiet place; and, for reasons which were doubtless sufficient to themselves, they selected for this purpose the church of St. Giles in Edinburgh. The conference was highly satisfactory to the adventurers, who spurred back to Perth to impart the secret intelligence that though the king had accepted the truce, the lords were no party to it, but would immediately prepare an expedition to avenge Not-

tingham and Northumberland's raid. This was joyful intelligence, though in its character rather surprising to followers of the French court. A force was rapidly collected, and in a very few days the adventurers were called to join it in the Douglasses' lands.

So far Froissart. This affair is not, at least to our knowledge, mentioned in detail by any of our own annalists writing before the publication of his *Chronicles*. Everything, however, is there set forth so minutely, and with so distinct and accurate a reference to actual conditions in all the details, that few things in history can be less open to doubt. Here, however, we come to a statement inviting question, when he says that the force collected so suddenly by the Scots lords contained fifteen thousand mounted men; nor can we be quite reconciled to the statement though their steeds were the small mountain horses called hackneys. The force, however, was sufficient for its work. It found the English border trusting to the truce, and as little prepared for invasion as Nottingham and Northumberland had found Scotland. The first object was the land of the Percies, which the Scots, in the laconic language of the chronicler, "pillaged and burnt." And so they went onwards; and where peasants had been peacefully tilling the land or tending their cattle amid the comforts of rude industry, these the desolating host passed, the crops were trampled down—their owners left dead in the ashes of their smoking huts—and a few widows and children, fleeing for safety and food, was all of animal life left upon the scene. The part, indeed, taken in it by his countrymen was exactly after Froissart's own heart, since they were not carrying out any of the political movements of the day, nor were they even actuated by an ambition of conquest, but were led by the sheer fun of the thing and the knightly spirit of adventure to

partake in this wild raid. To the Scots it was a substantial affair, for they came back heavy-handed, with droves and flocks driven before them—possibly some of them recovered their own.

The king had nothing to say in his vindication touching this little affair, save that it had occurred without his permission, or even knowledge. The Scots lords were not the only persons who broke that truce. It included the Duke of Burgundy and his enemies, the Low Country towns; yet his feudatory, the Lord Destournay, taking advantage of the defenceless condition of Oudinarde during peace, took it by a clever stratagem. The Duke of Burgundy, when appealed to, advised Destournay to abandon his capture; but Destournay was wilful: he had conquered the city, and the city was his—so there was no help for it, since the communities were not strong enough to enforce their rights, and Burgundy would only demand them on paper. What occasioned the raid of the Scots and French to be passed over was, however, that the Duke of Lancaster, John of Gaunt, who had the chief authority over the English councils, as well as the command over the available force, was taken up with his own schemes on the crown of Castile, and not inclined to find work for the military force of the country elsewhere. The truce, therefore, was cordially ratified; bygones were counted bygones; and the French adventurers bade a kindly farewell to their brethren-in-arms, and crossed the seas homewards.

Driven from their course, and landing at the Brille, they narrowly escaped hanging at the hands of the boorish cultivators of the swamp; and after adventures which would make good raw materials for several novels, they reached Paris.

There they explained to their own court how they found that the great enemy of France had, at the opposite extremity of his dominions, a nest of fighting fiends, who

wanted only their help in munitions of war to enable them to rush on the vital parts of his dominions with all the fell ferocity of men falling on their bitterest feudal enemy. Thus could France, having under consideration the cost and peril of galleying an invading army across the Straits, by money and management, do far more damage to the enemy than any French invading expedition was likely to accomplish.

In an hour which did not prove propitious to France, a resolution was adopted to invade England at both ends. Even before the truce was at an end, the forges of Henault and Picardy were hard at work making battle-axes; and all along the coast, from Harfleur to Sluys, there was busy baking of biscuits and purveyance of provender. Early in spring an expedition of a thousand men-at-arms, with their followers, put to sea under John of Vienne, the Admiral of France, and arrived at Leith, making a voyage which must have been signally prosperous, if we may judge by the insignificance of the chief casualty on record concerning it. In those days, as in the present, it appears that adventurous young gentlemen on shipboard were apt to attempt feats for which their land training did not adapt them—in nautical phrase, “to swing on all top ropes.” A hopeful youth chose to perform such a feat in his armour, and with the most natural of all results. “The knight was young and active, and, to show his agility, he mounted aloft by the ropes of his ship, completely armed; but his feet slipping he fell into the sea, and the weight of his armour, which sank him instantly, deprived him of any assistance, for the ship was soon at a distance from the place where he had fallen.”

The expedition soon found itself to be a mistake. In fact, to send fighting men to Scotland was just to supply the country with that commodity in which it superabounded. The great problem was

how to find food for the stalwart sons of the soil, and arms to put in their hands when fighting was necessary. A percentage of the cost and labour of the expedition, spent in sending money or munitions of war, would have done better service. The scene before the adventurers was in lamentable contrast to all that custom had made familiar to them. There were none of the comfortable chateaux, the abundant markets, the carpets, down beds, and rich hangings which gladdened their expeditions to the Low Countries, whether they went as friends or foes. Nor was the same place for *them* in Scotland, which the Scots so readily found in France, where a docile submissive peasantry only wanted vigorous and adventurous masters. "The lords and their men," says Froissart, "lodged themselves as well as they could in Edinburgh, and those who could not lodge there were quartered in the different villages thereabout. Edinburgh, notwithstanding that it is the residence of the king, and is the Paris of Scotland, is not such a town as Tournay and Valenciennes, for there are not in the whole town four thousand houses. Several of the French lords were therefore obliged to take up their lodgings in the neighbouring villages, and at Dunfermline, Kelso, Dunbar, Dalkeith, and in other towns." When they had exhausted the provender brought with them, these children of luxury had to endure the miseries of sordid living, and even the pinch of hunger. They tried to console themselves with the reflection that they had, at all events, an opportunity of experiencing a phase of life which their parents had endeavoured theoretically to impress upon them, in precepts to be thankful to the Deity for the good things which they enjoyed, but which might not always be theirs in a transitory world. They had been warned by the first little band of adventurers that Scotland was not rich; yet the intense poverty of the country whence so many daring

adventurers had gone over to ruffle it with the flower of European chivalry, astonished and appalled them. Of the extreme and special nature of the poverty of Scotland, the great war against the English invaders was the cause. It has been estimated, indeed, by those devoted to such questions, that Scotland did not recover fully from the ruin caused by that conflict until the Union made her secure against her ambitious neighbour. It was the crisis referred to in that pathetic ditty, the earliest specimen of our lyrical poetry, when

"Away was souse of ale and bread,
Of wine and wax, of gaming and glee;
Our gold was changed into lead;
Cryst borne into virginity.
Succour poor Scotland and remede,
That stand is in perplexity."

It is not sufficiently known how much wealth and prosperity existed in Scotland before King Edward trod its soil. Berwick, the chief commercial port, had commerce with half the world, and bade fair to rival Ghent, Rotterdam, and the other great mercantile cities of the Low Country. Antiquarians have lately pointed to a sad and significant testimony to the change of times. Of the ecclesiastical remains of Scotland, the finest are either in the Norman, or the early English which preceded the Edwards. These are the buildings of a noted and munificent people; they rival the corresponding establishments in England, and are in the same style as the work of nations having common interests and sympathies—indeed the same architects seem to have worked in both countries. At the time when the Gothic architecture of England merged into the type called the Second Pointed, there ceased to be corresponding specimens in Scotland. A long period, indeed, elapses which has handed down to us no vestiges of church architecture in Scotland, or only a few too trifling to possess any distinctive character. When works of Gothic art begin again to arise with the reviving wealth of the

people, they are no longer of the English type, but follow that flamboyant style which had been adopted by the ecclesiastical builders of the country with which Scotland had most concern—her steady patron and protector, France.*

The poverty of the Scots proceeded from a cause of which they need not have been ashamed; yet, with the reserve and pride ever peculiar to them, they hated that it should be seen by their allies, and when these showed any indications of contempt or derision, the natives were stung to madness. Froissart renders very picturesquely the common talk about the strangers, thus:—"What devil has brought them here? or, who has sent for them? Cannot we carry on our wars with England without their assistance? We shall never do any good as long as they are with us. Let them be told to go back again, for we are sufficient in Scotland to fight our own battles, and need not their aid. We neither understand their language nor they ours, so that we cannot converse together. They will very soon cut up and destroy all we have in this country, and will do more harm if we allow them to remain among us than the English could in battle. If the English do burn our houses, what great matter is it to us? We can rebuild them at little cost, for we require only three days to do so, so that we but have five or six poles, with boughs to cover them."

The French knights, accustomed to abject submission among their own peasantry, were loth to comprehend the fierce independence of the Scots common people, and were ever irritating them into bloody reprisals. A short sentence of Froissart's conveys a world of meaning on this specialty: "Besides, whenever their servants went out to forage, they were in-

deed permitted to load their horses with as much as they could pack up and carry, but they were waylaid on their return, and villainously beaten, robbed, and sometimes slain, insomuch that no varlet dare go out foraging for fear of death.

In one month the French lost upwards of a hundred varlets; for when three or four went out foraging, not one returned, in such a hideous manner were they treated."

As we have seen, a not unusual incident of purveying in France was, that the husbandman was hung up by the heels and roasted before his own fire until he disgorged his property. The Scots peasantry had a decided prejudice against such a process, and, being accustomed to defend themselves from all oppression, resisted even that of their allies, to the extreme astonishment and wrath of those magnificent gentlemen. There is a sweet unconsciousness in Froissart's indignant denunciation of the robbing of the purveyors, which meant the pillaged peasantry recovering their own goods. But the chronicler was of a thorough knightly nature, and deemed the peasantry of a country good for nothing but to be used up. Hence, in his wrath, he says: "In Scotland you will never find a man of worth; they are like savages, who wish not to be acquainted with any one, and are too envious of the good fortune of others, and suspicious of losing anything themselves, for their country is very poor. When the English make inroads thither, as they have very frequently done, they order their provisions, if they wish to live, to follow close at their backs; for nothing is to be had in that country without great difficulty. There is neither iron to shoe horses, nor leather to make harness, saddles, or bridles; all these things come ready made from Flanders by sea; and should these

* See the cessation of church-building in Scotland brought out in a well-known article in the 'Quarterly Review' for July, 1849, on the Churches and Abbeys of Scotland, understood to be from the pen of Mr. Joseph Robertson.

fail, there is none to be had in the country." What a magnificent contrast to such a picture is the present relative condition of Scotland and the Low Countries! and yet these have not suffered any awful reverse of fortune—they have merely abided in stagnant respectability.

It must be remembered, in estimating the chronicler's pungent remarks upon our poor ancestors, that he was not only a worshipper of rank and wealth, but thoroughly English in his partialities, magnifying the feats in arms of the great enemies of his own country. The records of the Scots Parliament of 1395 curiously confirm the inference from his narrative, that the French were oppressive purveyors, and otherwise unobservant of the people's rights. An indenture, as it is termed—the terms of a sort of compact with the strangers—appears among the records, conspicuous among their other Latin and vernacular contents as being set forth in French, in courtesy, of course, to the strangers. It expressly lays down that no goods of any kind shall be taken by force, under pain of death, and none shall be received without being duly paid for—the dealers having free access to come and go. There are regulations, too, for suppressing broils by competent authority, and especially for settling questions between persons of unequal degrees; a remedy for the French practice, which left the settlement entirely with the superior. This document is one of many showing that, in Scotland, there were arrangements for protecting the personal freedom of the humbler classes, and their rights of property, the fulness of which is little known, because the like did not exist in other countries, and those who have written philosophical treatises on the feudal system, or on the progress of Europe from barbarism to civilisation, have generally lumped all the countries of Europe together. The sense of personal freedom seems to have

been rather stronger in Scotland than in England; it was such as evidently to astound the French knights. At the end of the affair, Froissart expresses this surprise in his usual simple and expressive way. After a second or third complaint of the unreasonable condition that his countrymen should pay for the victuals they consumed, he goes on, "The Scots said the French had done them more mischief than the English;" and when asked in what manner, they replied, "By riding through the corn, oats, and barley on their march, which they trod under foot, not condescending to follow the roads, for which damage they would have a recompense before they left Scotland, and they should neither find vessel nor mariner who would dare to put to sea without their permission."

Of the military events in the short war following the arrival of the French, an outline will be found in the ordinary histories; but it was attended by some conditions which curiously bring out the specialties of the two nations so oddly allied. One propitiatory gift the strangers had brought with them, which was far more highly appreciated than their own presence; this was a thousand stand of accoutrements for men-at-arms. They were of the highest excellence, being selected out of the store kept in the Castle of Beauté for the use of the Parisians. When these were distributed among the Scots knights, who were but poorly equipped, the chronicler, as if he had been speaking of the prizes at a Christmas-tree, tells how those who were successful and got them were greatly delighted. The Scots did their part in their own way: they brought together thirty thousand men, a force that drained the country of its available manhood. But England had at that time nothing to divert her arms elsewhere, and the policy adopted was to send northwards a force sufficient to crush Scotland for ever. It consisted of seven thousand mounted

men-at-arms, and sixty thousand bow and bill men—a force from three to four times as large as the armies that gained the memorable English victories in France. Of these, Agincourt was still to come off, but Crecy and Poitiers were over, along with many other affairs that might have taught the French a lesson. The Scots, too, had suffered two great defeats—Neville's Cross and Halidon Hill—since their great national triumph. The impression made on each country by their experiences brought out their distinct national characteristics. The French knights were all ardour and impatience; they clamoured to be at the enemy without ascertaining the amount or character of his force. The wretched internal wars of their own country had taught them to look on the battle-field as the arena of reason in personal conflict, rather than the great tribunal in which the fate of nations was to be decided, and the communities come forth freed or enslaved.

To the Scots, on the other hand, the affair was one of national life or death, and they would run no risks for distinction's sake. Picturesque accounts have often been repeated of a scene where Douglas, or some other Scots leader, brought the Admiral to an elevated spot whence he could see and estimate the mighty host of England; but the most picturesque of all the accounts is the original by Froissart, of which the others are parodies. The point in national tactics brought out by this incident is the singular recklessness with which the French must have been accustomed to do battle. In total ignorance of the force he was to oppose, and not seeking to know aught concerning it, the Frenchman's voice was still for war. When made to see with his own eyes what he had to encounter, he was as reluctant as his companions to risk the issue of a battle, but not so fertile in expedients for carrying on the war effectively without one. The policy adopted was to clear the country be-

fore the English army as it advanced, and carry everything portable and valuable within the recesses of the mountain-ranges, whither the inhabitants not fit for military service went with their effects. A desert being thus opened for the progress of the invaders, they were left to wander in it unmolested while the Scots army went in the opposite direction, and crossed the Border southwards. Thus the English army found Scotland empty—the Scots army found England full. The one wore itself out in a fruitless march, part of it straggling, it was said, as far as Aberdeen, and returned thinned and starving, while the other was only embarrassed by the burden of its plunder. Much destruction there was, doubtless, on both sides, but it fell heaviest where there was most to destroy, and gratified at last in some measure the French, who "said among themselves they had burned in the bishoprics of Durham and Carlisle more than the value of all the towns in the kingdom of Scotland." But havoc does not make wealth, and whether or not the Scots knew better from experience how to profit by such opportunities, the French, when they returned northward, were starving. Their object now was to get out of the country as fast as they could. Froissart, with a touch of dry humour, explains that their allies had no objection to speed the exit of the poorer knights, but resolved to hold the richer and more respectable in a sort of pawn for the damage which the expedition had inflicted on the common people. The Admiral asked his good friends the Lords Douglas and Moray to put a stop to these demands; but these good knights were unable to accommodate their brethren in this little matter, and the Admiral was obliged to give actual pledges from his Government for the payment of the creditors. There is something in all this that seems utterly unchivalrous and even ungenerous; but it had been well for France had Froissart been able to tell a like story of

her peasantry. It merely shows us that our countrymen of that day were of those who "knew their rights, and, knowing, dared maintain them;" and was but a demonstration on a humbler, and, if you will, more sordid shape, of the same spirit that had swept away the Anglo-Norman invaders. The very first act which their chronicler records concerning his knightly friends, after he has exhausted his wrath against the hard and mercenary Scot, is thoroughly suggestive. Some of the knights tried other fields of adventure, "but the greater number returned to France, and were so poor they knew not how to remount themselves, especially those from Burgundy, Champagne, Bar, and Lorraine, who seized the labouring horses wherever they found them in the fields," so impatient were they to regain their freedom of action.

So ended this affair, with the aspect of evil auspices for the alliance. The adventurers returned "cursing Scotland, and the hour they had set foot there. They said they had never suffered so much in any expedition, and wished the King of France would make a truce with the English for two or three years, and then march to Scotland and utterly destroy it; for never had they seen such wicked people, nor such ignorant hypocrites and traitors." But the impulsive denunciation of the disappointed adventurers was signally obliterated in the history of the next half-century. Ere many more years had passed over them, that day of awful trial was coming when France had to lean on the strong arm of her early ally; and, in fact, some of the denouncers lived to see adventurers from the sordid land of their contempt and hatred commanding the armies of France, and owning, her broad lordships. It was, in fact, just after the return of Vienne's expedition, that the remarkable absorption of Scotsmen into the aristocracy of France, referred to in our preceding paper, began to set in.

This episode of the French expedition to Scotland, small though its place is in the annals of Europe, yet merits the consideration of the thoughtful historian, in affording a significant example of the real causes of the misery and degradation of France at that time, and the wonderful victories of the English kings. Chivalry, courage, the love of enterprise, high spirit in all forms, abounded to superfluity among the knightly orders, but received no solid support from below. The mounted steel-clad knights of the period, in the highest physical condition, afraid of nothing on the earth or beyond it, and burning for triumph and fame, could perform miraculous feats of strength and daring; but all passed off in wasted effort and vain rivalry, when there was wanting the bold peasantry, who, with their buff jerkins, and their bills and bows, or short Scottish spears, were the real force by which realms were held or gained.

The next affair in which M. Michel notes his countrymen as present among us, was a very peculiar and exceptional one, with features only too like those which were such a scandal to the social condition of France. It was that great battle or tournament on the North Inch of Perth, where opposite Highland factions, called the clan Quhele and clan Chattan, were pitted against each other, thirty to thirty—an affair, the darker colours of which are lighted up by the eccentric movements of the Gow Ohrom, or bandy-legged smith of Perth, who took the place of a defaulter in one of the ranks, to prevent the spectacle of the day from being spoilt. That such a contest should have been organised to take place in the presence of the king and court, under solemnities and regulations like some important ordeal, has driven historical speculators to discover what deep policy for the pacification or subjugation of the Highlands lay behind it. The feature that gives it a place in

M. Michel's book, is the briefest possible notification by one of the chroniclers, that a large number of Frenchmen and other strangers were present at the spectacle. This draws us back from the mysterious arcana of political intrigue to find a mere showy pageant got up to enliven the hours of idle mirth—an act, in short, of royal hospitality—a show cunningly adapted to the tastes of the age, yet having withal the freshness of originality, being a renaissance kind of combination of the gladiatorial conflict of the Roman circus with the tournament of chivalry. The Highlanders were, in fact, the human raw material which a king of Scotia could in that day employ, so far as their nature suited, for the use or the amusement of his guests. Them, and them only among his subjects, could he use as the Empire used the Transalpine barbarian—"butoehred to make a Roman holiday." The treatment of the Celt is the blot in that period of our history. Never in later times has the Red Indian or Australian native been more the hunted wild beast to the emigrant settler, than the Highlander was to his neighbour the Lowlander. True, he was not easily got at, and, when reached, he was found to have tusks. They were a people never permitted to be at rest from external assault; yet such was their nature that, instead of being pressed by a common cause into common union, they were divided into communities that hated each other almost more bitterly than the common enemy. This internal animosity has suggested that the king wanted two factions to exterminate each other as it were symbolically, and accept the result of a combat between two bodies of chosen champions, as if there had been an actual stricken field, with all the able-bodied men on both sides engaged in it. It was quite safe to calculate that when the representatives of the two contending factions were set face to face on the green sward, they would fly at each other's throats, and afford in an

abundant manner to the audience whatever delectation might arise from an intensely bloody struggle. But, on the other hand, to expect the Highlanders to be fools enough to accept this sort of symbolical extinction of their quarrel was too preposterous a deduction for any practical statesman. They had no notion of leaving important issues to the event of single combat, or any of the other preposterous rules of chivalry, but slew their enemies where they could, and preferred doing so secretly, and without risk to themselves, when that was practicable.

As we read on the history of the two countries, France and Scotland, we shall find the national friendship which had arisen in their common adversity gradually and almost insensibly changing its character. The strong current of migration from Scotland which had set in during the latter period of the hundred years' war stopped almost abruptly. Scotsmen were still hired as soldiers—sometimes got other appointments—and, generally speaking, were received with hospitality; but in Louis XI.'s reign, the time had passed when they were accepted in the mass as a valuable contribution to the aristocracy of France, and forthwith invested with titles and domains. The families that had thus settled down remembered the traditions of their origin, but had no concern with Scotland, and were thoroughly French, nationally and socially. France, too, was aggregating into a compact nationality, to which her sons could attach themselves with some thrill of patriotic pride. She made a great stride onward both in nationality and prosperity during the reign of that hard, greedy, penurious, crafty, superstitious hypocrite, Louis XI. By a sort of slow corroding process he ate out, bit by bit, the powers and tyrannies that lay between his own and the people. Blood, even the nearest, was to him nowise thicker than water, so he did not, like his pre-

decessors, let royal relations pick up what territorial feudatories dropped; he took all to himself, and, taking it to himself, it became that French empire which was to be inherited by Francis I., Louis XIV., and even the Napoleons; for he seems to have had the principal hand in jointing and fitting in the subordinate machinery of that centralisation which proved compact enough in its details to be put together again after the smash of the Revolution, and which has proved itself as yet the only system under which France can flourish.

Scotland was, at the same time, rising under a faint sunshine of prosperity—a sort of reflection of that enjoyed by France. The connection of the poor with the rich country was becoming ever more close, but at the same time it was acquiring an unwholesome character. The two could not fuse into each other as England and Scotland did; and, for all the pride of the Scots, and their strong hold over France, as the advanced-guard mounted upon England, the connection could not but lapse into a sort of clientage—the great nation being the patron, the small nation the dependant. Whether for good or evil, France infused into Scotland her own institutions, which, being those of the Roman Empire, as practised throughout the Christian nations of the Continent, made Scotsmen free of those elements of social communion, that *amicitia gentium*, from which England excluded herself in sulky pride. This is visible, or rather audible, at the present day, in the Greek and Latin of the Scotsmen of the old school, who can make themselves understood all over the world; while the English pronunciation, differing from that of the nations which have preserved the chief deposits of the classic languages in their own, must as assuredly differ from the way in which these were originally spoken. The Englishman disdained the universal Justinian jurisprudence, and would be a law unto himself, which he

called, with an affectation of humility, “The Common Law.” It is full, no doubt, of patches taken out of the ‘Corpus Juris,’ but, far from their source being acknowledged, the civilians are never spoken of by the common lawyers but to be rallied at and denounced; and when great draughts on the Roman system were found absolutely necessary to keep the machine of justice in motion, these were entirely elbowed out of the way by common law, and had to form themselves into a separate machinery of their own, called Equity. Scotland, on the other hand, received implicitly from her leader in civilisation the great body of the civil law, as collected and arranged by the most laborious of all labouring editors, Denis Godefroi. We brought over also an exact facsimile of the French system of public prosecution for crime, from the great state officer at the head of the system to the Procureurs du Roi. It is still in full practice and eminently useful; but it is an arrangement that, to be entirely beneficial, needs to be surrounded by constitutional safeguards; and though there has been much pressure of late to establish it in England, one cannot be surprised that it was looked askance at while the great struggles for fixing the constitution were in progress.

The practice of the long-forgotten States-General of France was an object of rather anxious inquiry at the reassembling of that body in 1780, after they had been some four centuries and a half in a state of adjournment or dissolution. The investigations thus occasioned brought out many peculiarities which were in practical observance in Scotland down to the Union. All the world has read of that awful crisis arising out of the question whether the Estates should vote collectively or separately. Had the question remained within the bounds of reason and regulation, instead of being virtually at the issue of the sword, much instructive precedent would have been obtained for its settle-

ment by an examination of the proceedings of that Parliament of Scotland which adjusted the Union—an exciting matter also, yet, to the credit of our country, discussed with perfect order, and obedience to rules of practice which, derived from the custom of the old States-General of France, were rendered pliant and adaptable by such a long series of practical adaptations as the country of their nativity was not permitted to witness.

There was a very distinct adaptation of another French institution of later origin, when the Court of Session was established in 1533. Before that, the king's justices administered the law somewhat as in England, but there was an appeal to Parliament; and as that body did its judicial work by committees, these became virtually the supreme courts of the realm. If the reader wants to have assurance that there is something really sound in this information, by receiving it in the current coin of its appropriate technicalities, let him commit to memory that the chief standing committee was named that of the *Domini auditorii ad querelas*. When he uses that term, nobody will question the accuracy of what he says. The Court of Session, established to supersede this kind of tribunal, was exactly a French parliament—a body exercising appellate judicial functions, along with a few others of a legislative character—few in this country, but in France sufficiently extensive to render the assembling of the proper Parliament of the land and the States-General unnecessary for all regal purposes.

In other institutions—the universities, for instance—we find not merely the influence of French example, but an absolute importation of the whole French structure and discipline. The University of King's College in Aberdeen was constructed on the model of the great University of Paris. Its founder, Bishop

Elphinston, had taught there for many years; so had its first principal, Hector Boece, the most garrulous and credulous of historians. The transition from the Paris to the Aberdeen of that day, must have been a descent not to be estimated by the present relative condition of the two places; and one cannot be surprised to find Hector saying that he was seduced northwards by gifts and promises. It is probable that we would find fewer actual living remnants of the old institution in Paris itself than in the northern imitation. There may be yet found the offices of regent and censor, for the qualities of which one must search in the mighty folios of *Bullæus*. There survives the division into nations—the type of the unlimited hospitality of the university as a place where people of all nations assembled to drink at the fountain of knowledge. There also the youth who flashes forth, for the first time, in his scarlet plumage, is called a *bejeant*, not conscious, perhaps, that the term was used to the first-session students of the French universities hundreds of years ago, and that it is derived by the learned from *bec jaune*, or yellow nib. If the reader is of a sentimentally domestic turn, he may find in the term the conception of an *alma mater*, shielding the innocent brood from surrounding dangers; and if he be knowing and sarcastic, he may suppose it to refer to a rawness and amenability to be trotted out, expressed in the present day by the synonymous *freshman* and *greenhorn*.

There is a still more distinct stamp of a French type in the architecture of our country, so entirely separate from the English style, in the flamboyant Gothic of the churches, and the rocket-topped turrets of the castles; but on this specialty we shall not here enlarge, having, in some measure, examined it several years ago.* It was not

* See the article 'Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland,' in the Magazine for August 1850.

likely that all these, with many other practices, should be imported into the nation, however gradually, without the people having a consciousness that they were foreign. They were not established without the aid of men, showing, by their air and ways, that they and their practices were alike alien. He, however, who gave the first flagrant offence, in that way, to the national feeling, was a descendant of one of the emigrant Scots of the fifteenth century, and by blood and rank closely allied to the Scottish throne, although every inch a Frenchman.

To watch in history the action and counteraction of opposing forces which have developed some grand result, yet by a slight and not improbable impulse the other way might have borne towards an opposite conclusion equally momentous, is an interesting task, with something in it of the excitement of the chase. In pursuing the traces which bring Scotland back to her English kindred, and saved her from a permanent annexation to France, the arrival of John Duke of Albany in Scotland, in 1515, is a critical turning-point. Already had the seed of the union with England been planted when James IV. got for a wife the daughter of Henry VII. Under the portrait of this sagacious king, Bacon wrote the mysterious motto — *Cor regis inscrutabile*. It would serve pleasantly to lighten up and relieve a hard and selfish reputation, if one could figure him, in the depths of his own heart, assuring himself of having entered in the books of fate a stroke of policy that at some date, however distant, was destined to appease the long bloody contest of two rival nations, and unite them into a compact and mighty empire. The prospects of such a consummation were at first anything but encouraging. The old love broke in counteracting the prudential policy; and, indeed, never did besotted lover abandon himself to wilder folly than James IV., when, at the bidding of

Anne of France as the lady of his chivalrous worship, he resolved to be her true knight, and take three steps into English ground. When a chivalrous freak, backed by a few political irritations scarce less important, strewed the moor of Flodden with the flower of the land, it was time for Scotland to think over the rationality of this distant alliance, which deepened and perpetuated her feud with her close neighbour of kindred blood. Well for him, the good, easy, frank, chivalrous monarch, that he was buried in the ruin he had made, and saw not the misery of a desolated nation. Of the totally alien object for which all the mischief had been done, there was immediate evidence in various shapes. One curious little item of it is brought out by certain researches of M. Michel, which have also a significant bearing on the conflict between the secular and the papal power in the disposal of benefices. The Pope, Julius II., was anxious to gain over to his interest Matthew Lang, bishop of Gorz, and secretary to the Emperor Maximilian, who was called to Rome and blessed by the vision of a cardinal's hat, and the papal influence in the first high promotion that might open. The archbishopric of Bourges became vacant. The chapter elected one of our old friends of the Scots emigrant families, Guillaume de Monypenny, brother of the Lord of Concreesault; but the King, Louis XII., at first stood out for Brillac, bishop of Orleans, resisted by the chapter. The bishop of Gorz then came forward with a force sufficient to sweep away both candidates. He was favoured of the Pope: his own master, Maximilian, desired for his secretary this foreign benefice, which would cost himself nothing; and Louis found somehow that the bishop was as much his own humble servant as the Emperor's. No effect of causes sufficient seemed in this world more assured than that Mathew Lang, bishop of Gorz, should also be

archbishop of Bourges; but the fortune of war rendered it before his collation less important to have the bishop of Gorz in the archiepiscopate than another person. The King laid his hand again on the chapter, and required them to postulate one whose name and condition must have seemed somewhat strange to them — Andrew Forman, bishop of Moray, in the north of Scotland. There are reasons for all things. Forman was ambassador from Scotland to France, and thus had opportunities of private communication with James IV. and Louis XII. This latter, in a letter to the Chapter of Bourges, explains his signal obligations to Forman for having seconded the allurements of the Queen, and instigated the King of Scots to make war against England, explaining how *icelui, Roy d'Ecosse s'est ouvertement déclaré vouloir tenir nostre party et faire la guerre actuellement contre le Roy d'Angleterre*. Lest the chapter should doubt the accuracy of this statement of the services performed to France by Forman, the King sent them *le double des lettres que le dict Roy d'Ecosse nous a escriptes et aussi de la defiance qu'il a fait au dict Roy d'Angleterre*. The King pleaded hard with the chapter to postulate Forman, representing that they could not find a better means of securing his own countenance and protection. The Scotsman backed this royal appeal by a persuasive letter, which he signed André, *Arcevesque de Bourges et Evesque de Morray*. Influence was brought to bear on the Pope himself, and he declared his leaning in favour of Forman. The members of the chapter, who had been knocked about past endurance in the affair of the archbishopric from first to last, threatened resistance and martyrdom; but the pressure of the powers combined against them brought them to reason, and Forman entered Bourges in archiepiscopal triumph. But the ups and downs of the affair were as yet by no means at an end. That great

pontiff, who never forgot that the head of the Church was a temporal prince, Leo X., had just ascended the throne, and found that it would be convenient to have this archbishopric of Bourges for his nephew, Cardinal Abo. By good luck the see of St. Andrews, the primacy of Scotland, was then vacant, and was given as an equivalent for the French dignity. Such a promotion was a symbolically appropriate reward for the services of Forman; his predecessor fell at Flodden, and thus, in his services to the King of France, he had made a vacancy for himself. He had for some time in his pocket, afraid to show it, the Pope's bull appointing him Archbishop of St. Andrews and Primate of Scotland. This was a direct act of interference contrary to law and custom, since the function of the Pope was only to collate or confirm, as ecclesiastical superior, the choice made by the local authorities. These had their favourite for the appointment, Prior Hepburn, who showed his earnestness in his own cause by taking and holding the Castle of St. Andrews. A contest of mingled ecclesiastical and civil elements, too complex to be disentangled, followed; but in the end Forman triumphed, having on his side the efforts of the King of France and his servant Albany, with the Pope's sense of justice. The rewards of this highly endowed divine were the measure alike of his services to France and of his injuries to Scotland. He held, by the way, *in commendam*, a benefice in England; and as he had a good deal of diplomatic business with Henry VIII., it may not uncharitably be supposed that he sought to feather his hat with English as well as French plumage. It was in the midst of these affairs, which were bringing out the dangerous and disastrous elements in the French alliance, that Albany arrived.

Albany's father, the younger brother of James III., had lived long in France, got great lordships there,

and thoroughly assimilated himself to the Continental system. He married Anne de la Tour, daughter of the Count of Auvergne and Boulogne, of a half princely family, which became afterwards conspicuous by producing Marshal Turenne, and at a later period the eccentric grenadier, Latour d'Auvergne, who, in homage to republican principles, would not leave the subaltern ranks in Napoleon's army, and became more conspicuous by remaining there than many who escaped from that level to acquire wealth and power. The sister of Anne de la Tour married Lorenzo de Medici, Duke of Urbino. From this connection Albany was the Uncle of Catherine de Medici, the renowned Queen of France, and in fact, was the nearest relative, who, as folks used to say in this country, "gave her away" to Henry II. On this occasion he got a cardinal's hat for Philip de la Chambre, his mother's son by a second marriage. He lived thoroughly in the midst of the Continental royalties of the day, and had the sort of repute among them that may be acquired by a man of great influence and connection, whose capacity has never been tried by any piece of critical business—a repute that comes to persons in a certain position by a sort of process of gravitation. Brave he seems to have been, like all his race, and he sometimes held even important commands. He accompanied his friend, Francis I., in his unfortunate raid into Italy in 1525, and was fortunately and honourably clear of that bad business, the battle of Pavia, by being then in command of a detachment sent against Naples.

There are men who, when they shift their place and function, can assimilate themselves to the changed conditions around them—who can find themselves surrounded by unwonted customs and ways, and yet accept the condition that the men who follow these are pursuing the normal condition of their being, and must be left to do so in peace, otherwise harm will come of it;

and in this faculty consists the instinct which enables men to govern races alien to their own. Albany did not possess it. He appears to have been ignorant of the language of Scotland, and to have thought or rather felt that, wherever he was, all should be the same as in the midst of Italian and French courtiers; and if it were not so, something was wrong, and should be put right. It was then the commencement of a very luxurious age in France—an age of rich and showy costumes, of curls, perfumes, cosmetics, and pet spaniels—and Albany was the leader of fashion in all such things. It is needless to say how powerfully all this contrasted with rough Scotland—what a shocking set of barbarians he found himself thrown among—how contemptible to the rugged Scots nobles was the effeminate Oriental luxury of the little court he imported from Paris, shifted northwards as some wealthy luxurious sportsman takes a detachment from his stable, kennel, and servants' hall, to a bothy in the Highlands.

He arrived, however, in a sort of sunshine. At that calamitous moment the nearest relation of the infant king, a practised statesman, was heartily welcome. He brought a small rather brilliant fleet with him, which was dignified by his high office as Admiral of France; he brought also some money and valuable trifles, which were not unacceptable. Wood, in his 'Peerage,' tells us that "The peers and chiefs crowded to his presence: his exotic elegance of manners, his condescension, affability, and courtesy of demeanour, won all hearts." If so, these were not long retained. He came, indeed, just before some tangible object was wanted against which to direct the first sulky feelings of the country towards France; and he served the purpose exactly, for his own handiwork was the cause of that feeling. In a new treaty between France and England, in which he bore a great if not the chief part, Scotland

was for the first time treated as a needy and troublesome hanger-on of France. Instead of the old courtesy, which made Scotland, nominally at least, an independent party to the treaty, it was made directly by France, but Scotland was comprehended in it, with a warning that if there were any of the old raids across the Border, giving trouble as they had so often done, the Scots should forfeit their part in the treaty. This patronage during good behaviour roused the old pride, and was one of many symptoms that Albany had come to them less as the representative of their own independent line of kings, than as the administrator of a distant province of the French empire. The humiliation was all the more bitter from the deep resentments that burned in the people's hearts after the defeat of Flodden, and it was with difficulty that the Estates brought themselves to say that, though Scotland believed herself able single-handed to avenge her losses, yet, out of respect for the old friendship of France, the country would consent to peace with England.

Setting to work after the manner of one possessed of the same supreme authority as the King of France, Albany began his government with an air of rigour, inasmuch that the common historians speak of him as having resolved to suppress the turbulent spirit of the age, and assert the supremacy of law and order. He thus incurred the reputation of a grasping tyrant. The infant brother of the king died suddenly; his mother said Albany had poisoned the child, and people shuddered for his brother, now standing alone between the Regent and the throne, and talked ominously of the manner in which Richard III. of England was popularly believed to have achieved the crown by murdering his nephews. It is from this period that we may date the rise of a really English party in Scotland—a party who feared the designs of the French, and who

thought that, after having for two hundred years maintained her independence, Scotland might with fair honour be combined with the country nearest to her and likeliest in blood, should the succession to both fall to one prince, and that it would be judicious to adjust the royal alliances in such a manner as to bring that to pass. Such thoughts were in the mean time somewhat counteracted by the light-headed doings of her who was the nation's present tie to England—the Queen-Dowager—whose grotesque and flagrant love-affairs are an amusing episode, especially to those who love the flavour of ancient scandal; while all gracious thoughts that turned themselves towards England were met in the teeth by the insults and injuries which her savage brother, Henry VIII., continued to pile upon the country.

Up to this point it does not happen to us to have noted instances of offices of emolument in Scotland given to Frenchmen, and the fuss made about one instance of the kind leads to the supposition that they must have been rare. Dunbar the poet, who was in priest's orders, was exceedingly clamorous in prose and in verse—in the serious and in the comic vein—for preferment. Perhaps he was the kind of person whom it is as difficult to prefer in the Church as it was to make either Swift or Sydney Smith a bishop. His indignation was greatly roused by the appointment of a foreigner whom he deemed beset by his own special failings, but in far greater intensity, to the abbacy of Tunland; and he committed his griefs to a satirical poem, called 'The fenyet Freir of Tunland.' The object of this poem has been set down by historians as an Italian, but M. Michel indicates him as a countryman of his own, by the name of Jean Damien. He is called a charlatan, quack, and mountebank, and might, perhaps, with equal accuracy, be called a devotee of natural science, who speculated ingeniously

and experimented boldly. He was in search of the philosopher's stone, and believed himself to be so close on its discovery that he ventured to embark the money of King James IV., and such other persons as participated in his own faith, in the adventure to realise the discovery, and saturate all the partners in riches indefinite. This was a speculation of a kind in which many men of that age indulged; and they were men not differing from others except in their scientific attainments, adventurous propensities, and sanguine temperaments. This class still exists among us, though dealing rather in iron than gold; as if we had in the history of speculation, from the alchemists down to Capel Court, something that had been prophesied in that beautiful mythological sequence liked so much at all schools, beginning—

"Aurea prima nata est ætas, quæ vindictæ
nullo
Sponde sua sine lege fidem rectumque
colebat."

It might be a fair question whether the stranger's science is so obsolete as the style of literature in which he is attacked, since Dunbar's satirical poem, among other minor indications of a character unsuited to the higher offices in the Christian ministry, insinuates that the adventurer committed several murders; and although the charge is made in a sort of rough jocularly, the force of it does not by any means rest on its absurdity and incredibility. He was accused of a mad project for extracting gold from the Wanlockhead Hills, in Dumfriesshire, which cannot be utterly scorned in the present day, since gold has actually been extracted from them, though the process has not returned twenty shillings to the pound. This curious creature completed his absurdities by the construction of a pair of wings, with which he was to take a delightful aerial excursion to his native country. He proved his sincerity by starting in full feather from Stirling Castle. In such af-

fairs it is, as Madame du Deffaud said about that walk taken by St. Denis round Paris with his own head for a burden, *le premier pas qui coute*. The poor adventurer tumbled at once, and was picked up with a broken thigh-bone. Such is the only Frenchman who became conspicuous before Albany's time as holding rank and office in Scotland.

Albany had not long rubbed on with the Scots Estates when he found that he really must go to Paris, and as there seems to have been no business concerning Scotland that he could transact there, an uncontrollable yearning to be once more in his own gay world is the only motive we can find for his trip. The Estates of Scotland were in a surly humour, and not much inclined to allow him his holidays. They appointed a council of regency to act for him. He, however, as if he knew nothing about the constitutional arrangements in Scotland, appointed a sort of representative, who cannot have known more about the condition and constitution of Scotland than his constituent, though he had been one of the illustrious guests present at the marriage of James IV. He was called by Pitscottie 'Monsieur Tilliebattie,' but his full name was Antoine d'Arce de la Bastie, and he had been nicknamed or distinguished, as the case might be, as the Chevalier Blanc, or White Knight, like the celebrated Joannes Corvinus, the Knight of Wallachia, whose son became king of Hungary. M. Michel calls him the "*chevaleresque et brillant La Bastie, chez qui le guerrier et l'homme d'état étaient encore supérieurs au champion des tournois*." He was a sort of fanatic for the old principle of chivalry, then beginning to disappear before the breath of free inquiry, and the active useful pursuits it was inspiring. M. Michel quotes from a contemporary writer, who describes him as perambulating Spain, Portugal, England, and France, and proclaiming himself ready to meet all comers of suffi-

cient rank, not merely to break a lance in chivalrous courtesy, but à *combattre à l'outrance*—an affair which even at that time was too important to be entered on as a frolic, or to pass an idle hour, but really required some serious justification. No one, it is said, accepted the challenge but the cousin of James IV. of Scotland, who is said to have been conquered, but not killed, as from the nature of the challenge he should have been; but this story seems to be a mistake by the contemporary, and M. Michel merely quotes it without committing himself.

Such was the person left by the regent as his representative, though apparently with no specific office or powers acknowledged by the constitution of Scotland. Research might perhaps afford new light to clear up the affair, but at present the only acknowledgment of his existence, bearing anything like an official character, are entries in the Scots treasurer's accounts referred to by M. Michel, one of them authorising a payment of fifteen shillings to a messenger to the warden of the middle march, "with my lord governor's letters delivered by Monar. Labawte;" another, payment to his servant for summoning certain barons and gentlemen to repair to Edinburgh; and a payment of twenty shillings, for a service of more import, is thus entered:—"Item, deliverit be Monsieur Labawtez to John Langlandis, letters of our sovereign lords to summon and warn all the thieves and broken men out of Tweeddale and Eskdale in their own country—quhilk letters were proclaimed at market-cross of Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Jedwood."

This proclamation seems to have been the deadly insult which sealed his fate. The borders had hardly yet lost their character of an independent district, which might have merged into something like a German margravate. There had been always some family holding a preponderating and almost regal power

there. At this time it was the Homes or Humes, a rough set, with their hands deeply dipped in blood, who little dreamed that their name would be known all over Europe by the fame of a fat philosopher sitting writing in a peaceful library with a goosequill, and totally innocent of the death of a fellow-being. It was one of Albany's rigorous measures to get the leaders of this clan "untopped," to use one of Queen Elizabeth's amiable pleasantries. This was a thing to be avenged; and since La Bastie was taking on himself the responsibilities of Albany, it was thought as well that he should not evade this portion of them. To lure him within their reach, a sort of mock fight was got up by the borderers in the shape of the siege of one of their peel towers. Away went La Bastie in all his bravery, dreaming, simple soul, as if he were in Picardy or Tourain, that the mere name of royalty would at once secure peace and submission. His eye, practised in scenes of danger, at once saw murder in the gaze of those he had ventured among, and he set spurs to his good horse, hoping to reach his headquarters in the strong castle of Dunbar. The poor fellow, however, ignorant of the country, and entirely unaided, was overtaken in a bog. It is said that he tried cajoling, threats, and appeals to honour and chivalrous feeling. As well speak to a herd of hungry wolves as to those grim ministers of vengeance! The Laird of Wedderburn, a Home, enjoyed the distinction of riding, with the Frenchman's head, tied by its perfumed tresses at his saddle-bow, into the town of Danse, where the trophy was nailed to the market-cross. As old Pitcottie has it, "his enemies came upon him, and slew and murdered him very unbonestly, and cutted off his head, and carried it with them; and it was said that he had long hair platt over his neck, whilk David Home of Wedderburn twust to his saddle-bow, and kepted it."

This affair brought Scotland into difficulties both with England and France. Henry VIII. professed himself displeased that a French adventurer should have been set up as ruler in his nephew's kingdom, and Francis I., who had just mounted the throne of France, demanded vengeance on the murderers of his distinguished subject, with whose chivalrous spirit he had a congenial sympathy. There is an exceedingly curious and suggestive correspondence between France and Scotland at the commencement of M. Teulet's papers, which has been aptly compared to the papers that have been returned to Parliament by our Indian Government on the negotiations with some wily Afghan or Scinde chief, in which reparation is demanded for outrages on a British subject. There is much fussy desire to comply with the demands of the great power, but ever a difficulty, real or pretended, in getting anything done; and probably it often is in the East, as it then was in Scotland, that the difficulty in punishing a set of powerful culprits has a better foundation in their power of self-defence than the government is inclined to acknowledge. Evil days, however, for a time clouded the rising sun of France. The battle of Pavia seemed to set her prostrate for the time; and when Scotland, having then many inducements the other way, was reminded of the old alliance, she answered the appeal with her old zeal.

This article does not aspire to the dignity of history. It has dealt chiefly with the under current, as it were, of the events connected with the doings of the French in Scotland—the secondary incidents, which show how the two nations got on together in their familiar intercourse. Their intercourse, however, now develops itself in large historical features, to which it is thought fitting to offer, in conclusion, a general reference, merely hinting at their connection with the preceding details. Ostensibly,

and as a matter of state policy, the old alliance was so strong that it seemed as if Scotland were drifting under the lee of France to be a mere colony or dependency of that grand empire—though there were influences at work which, in reality, utterly defeated this expected consummation. There was a brilliant wedding when James V. went to bring home Madeleine of France; and was so honoured that, according to the documents given by M. Teulet, the officers charged with the traditions of state precedents grumbled about this prince of a northern island, who knew no civilised language, receiving honours which had heretofore been deemed sacred to the royal blood of France. The national policy that held by this marriage would have had but a frail tenure, for poor Madeleine soon drooped and died. She had said, as a girl, that she wanted to be a queen, be the realm she ruled what it might; and so she had a brief experience—this word seems preferable to enjoyment—of the throne of cold uncomfortable Scotland. There was speedily another wedding, bearing in the direction of the French alliance, for that was still uppermost with the governing powers, whatever it might be with the English and Protestant party daily acquiring strength among the district leaders, nobles or lairds. It may have seemed to these, that when the queen was no longer a daughter of France, but a young lady, the child of one feudatory and the widow of another, with no better claim to share the throne than her beautiful face, there was no further danger from France. But the young queen was a Guise—one of that wonderful race who seemed advancing onwards, not only to the supreme command of France, but to something still greater, for they have been known in their boasting to speak of their house being directly descended from Charlemagne. When the daughter was Queen of France, and the mother ruled Scotland, the time for the

is not put, so far as we are aware, at the disposal of the public; and any account of it is, in a manner, a digression into something like private affairs. Reverting to the common, published impression of M. Michel's book, let it suffice to say that it is well filled with blazons of the armorial achievements of our countrymen, assuredly valuable to workers in heraldry and genealogy, and interesting to those descendants of the stay-at-home portions of the several families which established themselves so comfortably and handsomely in the territory of our ancient ally.

Looking apart from matters of national interest to the literary nature of M. Michel's volumes, we find in them specialties which we know will be deemed signally meritorious; but of the merits to be found in them we have some difficulty in speaking, since they are literary virtues of a kind rather out of the way of our appreciation—beyond it, if the reader prefers that way of expressing what is meant. There is throughout these two volumes the testimony to an extent of dreary reading and searching which would stimulate compassion, were it not that he who would be the victim, were that the proper feeling in which he should be approached, evidently exults and glories, and is really happy, in the conditions which those who know no better would set down as his hardships. There are some who, when they run the eye over arrêts and other formal documents, over pedigrees, local chronicles telling trifles, title-deeds, and such-like documents, carry with them a general impression of the political or social lesson taught by them, and discard from recollection all the details from which any such impression has been derived. M. Michel is of another kind; he has that sort of fondness for his work which induces him to show you it in all stages, from the rude block to the finished piece of art, so far as it is

finished. You are entered in all the secrets of his workshop—you participate in all his disappointments and difficulties as well as his successes. The research which has had no available result is still reported, in order that you may see how useless it has been. We repeat that we have not much sympathy with this kind of literature, yet would not desire to speak profanely of it, since we know that some consider it the only perfect method of writing books on subjects connected with history or archæology. The "citation of authorities," in fact, is deemed, in this department of intellectual labour, something equivalent to records of experiments in natural science, and to demonstrations in geometrical science. Our own sympathy being with the exhibition rather of results than of the means of reaching them, we have not, unfortunately, that high respect for footnotes filled with accurate transcripts of book-titles, which is due to the high authorities by whom the practice has been long sanctioned. We can afford it, however, the sort of distant unsympathising admiration which people bestow on accomplishments for which they have no turn or sympathy—as for those of the juggler, the acrobat, and the accountant. M. Michel's way of citing the books he refers to is indeed, to all appearance, a miracle of perfection in this kind of work. Sometimes he is at the trouble of denoting where the passage stands in more than one, or even in every, edition of the work. He gives chapter or section as well as page and volume. In old books counted not by the page but the leaf, he will tell you which side he desires you to look at, right or left; and where, as is the way in some densely printed old folios, in addition to the arrangement of the pages by numeration, divisions on each page are separated by the letters A B C, he tells you which of these letters stands sentry on the paragraph he refers to. There

is, at all events, a very meritorious kind of literary honesty in all this, and however disinclined to follow it, no one has a right to object to it.

And, after all, a man who has gone through so much hard forbidding reading as M. Michel has, is surely entitled to let us know something about the dreary wastes and rugged wildernesses through which he has sojourned—all for the purpose of laying before his readers these two gay attractive-looking volumes. Towards his foreign reading, we in the general instance lift the hat of respect, acknowledging its high merits, on the principle of the *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Upon the diligent manner in which he has, in our own less luxuriant field of inquiry among Scots authorities, turned over every stone to see what is under it, we can speak with more distinct assurance. Take one instance. The young Earl of Haddington, the son of that crafty old statesman called Tam o' the Cowgate, who scraped together a fortune in public office under James VI., was studying in France, when he met and fell in love with the beautiful Mademoiselle De Ohatillon, grand-daughter of the Admiral Coligny. When only nineteen years old he went back to France, married her, and brought her home. He died within a year, however, and the countess, a rich beautiful widow, returned to her friends. She was, of course, beset by admirers, and in reference to these, M. Michel has turned up a curious passage in 'Les Histoires de Failemant des Réaux,' which, if true, shows the persevering zeal with which our queen, Henrietta Maria, seized every opportunity to promote the cause of her religion. The countess, being Huguenot, and of a very Huguenot family, the queen was eager that she should be married to a Roman Catholic, and selected the son of her friend Lady Arundel. The dominion over her affections was, however, held by "un jeune Ecos-

sois nommé Esbron, neveu du Colonel Esbron." The name is French for the chevalier Hepburn, one of the most renowned soldiers in the French service in the early part of the seventeenth century. The mamma Ohatillon was dead against either connection. She got a fright by hearing that her daughter had been carried off to the Fenébre, or the services of Easter-week which inaugurate Good-Friday; she consequently gave her a maternal box on the ear, carried her off, and, to keep her out of harm's way, forthwith married her to the Comte de la Suze, *tout borgne, tout ierogne et tout indetté qu'il étoit*. M. Michel's purpose is not with this desirable husband, nor with his wife after she ceases to be connected with Scotland, but with the young Hepburn who comes casually across the scene. Following in his track entirely, the next quarter where, after appearing in the 'Histoires,' he turns up, is Durie's 'Decisions of the Court of Session.' This is by no means one of the books which every well-informed man is presumed to know. So toughly is it stuffed with the technicalities and involutions of old Scots law, and so confused and involved is every sentence of it by the natural haziness of its author, that probably no living English writer would dare to meddle with it. No Scotaman would, unless he be lawyer—nor, indeed, would any lawyer, unless of a very old school—welcome the appearance of the grim folio. In citing from it the decision of Hepburn *contra* Hepburn, 14th March 1639, even the courageous M. Michel subjoins: "Si j'ai bien compris le text de cet arrêt conçu dans un langage particulière." This peculiar arrêt begins as follows:—The brethren and sisters of umquhile Collonel Sir John Hepburn having submitted all questions and rights which they might pretend to the goods, gear, and means of the said umquhile Sir John, to the laird Wauchton and some other friends,

wherein the submitters were bound and did refer to the said friends to determine what proportion of the said goods should be given to George Hepburn, the son of the eldest brother to the said Sir John, which George was then in France at the time of the making of the said submission and bond, and did not subscribe the same, nor none taking the burden for him; upon the which submission, the said friends had given their decret arbitral. The living brethren and sisters of the said Sir John being confirmed executors to him, pursues one Beaton, factor in Paris, for payment of 20,000 pounds addebted by him to the said umquhile Sir John, who, suspending upon double poiding," &c.

Perhaps we have said enough to exemplify the dauntless nature of M. Michel's researches. It is impossible to withhold admiration from such achievements, and we know that, in some quarters, such are deemed the highest to which the human intellect can aspire. But we confess that, to our taste, the results of M. Teulet's labours are more acceptable. True, he does not profess to give the world an original book. He comes forward as the transcriber and editor of certain documents; but in the gathering of these documents from different quarters, through all the difficulties of various languages and alphabets, in their arrangement so as to bring out momentous historical truths in their due series, and in the helps he has afforded to those who consult his volumes, he has shown a skill and scholarship which deserve to be ranked with the higher attainments of science. We had formerly an opportunity of paying our small tribute to M. Teulet's merits when we referred to his supplemental volume to La-

banoff's *Correspondence of Queen Mary*.* Among not the least valued of the contents of our book-shelves, are six octavo volumes containing the correspondence of La Mothe Fénelon, and the other French ambassadors to England and Scotland during the latter years of Queen Elizabeth's reign, for which the world is indebted to M. Teulet's researches. The immediate merit of the book, the title of which is referred to at the beginning of this article, is, that it is now at the command of the public. It is indeed a reprint, with some additions, of the papers—at least all that are worth having—which were previously an exclusive luxury of the Bannatyne Club—having been printed in three quarto volumes, as a gift to their brethren, by certain liberal members of the Club. These papers go into the special affairs of this country as connected with France and Spain from the beginning of our disputes with our old ally down to the accession of James VI. In the hands of the first historian who has the fortune to make ample use of them, these documents will disperse the secluded and parochial atmosphere that hangs about the history of Scotland, and show how the fate of Europe in general turned upon the pivot of the destinies of our country. It is here that, along with many minor secrets, we have revealed to us the narrow escape made by the cause of Protestantism, when the project on the cards was the union of the widowed Queen Mary to the heir of Spain, and the political combinations still centring round the interests and the fate of the Queen of Scots, which led to the more signal and renowned escape realised in the defeat of the Armada.

* Article, 'The French on Queen Mary,' *Magazine* for November 1859.

KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

SEVEN years ago, when the war with Russia was about to end—was, in fact, already virtually ended—and when the war-fever of the English had been abated by copious blood-letting, and by the absence of further stimulant to hostility since Sebastopol had ceased to resist, people were already talking about the future history of the strife. It seemed to be agreed that the public, which had so eagerly swallowed all the information it could get, and snapped at all the opinions which floated so thickly on the stream of current history, was for the present glutted with the subject, and that to offer it any more Crimean information, however cunningly dressed, would be like fishing with a May-fly for a July trout. On the other hand, the subject seemed to be essentially one of contemporary importance. It had not the elements which gave lasting interest to the Peninsular war. It had developed no great reputations in which the nation could for the future undoubtingly confide. It had left us victorious over no great conqueror. Its memorials were not such as we should choose to dwell on; for though the nation was very proud of the early triumphs of the Alma and Inkermann, still the later course of the struggle had been, though successful in its end, yet disastrous and gloomy in its progress, and had left, partly through the more brilliant share which our allies took in the final action, but principally through the forebodings of our own press, a sense of comparative failure. Mr. Kinglake comes upon the stage at a fortunate time. The weariness of the subject, once felt, has disappeared, while the strong contemporary interest in the actors

remains. That interest is national in the sense of being fixed, not on a few great objects, but on a great number of inferior objects connected with the war. It is not so much patriotic as domestic. The graves of Cathcart's Hill, the trenches filled with dead, the burial-grounds of Scutari, have a strong though softened hold on innumerable hearts. Everywhere in England—in remote parishes, in small communities, in humble households—remembrance of the great features of the struggle is kept alive by the presence of those who survived it. A strong conviction that French manœuvring was not entirely directed against the enemy, and that a fair scrutiny would leave us more reason for self-satisfaction than at first appeared, has long been afloat. And a succession of great conflicts in which we have been strongly interested has schooled us in military doctrines, and has rendered us better able to appreciate the operations of armies than we were either at the beginning or the end of the Crimean war.

If the time for the history is happily chosen, so is the historian. Few men who have written so little have so established their reputation as Mr. Kinglake. His *'Eothen,'* immensely popular at first, has settled into an English classic. It is full of interest, full of remarkably vivid descriptions, full of original writing; and though the style does not reject effects which a very pure taste would condemn, yet it possesses the eminent merits of vigour, condensation, and richness. In the fulness of the fame thus earned, Mr. Kinglake accompanied the army to the Crimea. The scenes of the war consequently possessed for him a reality which no reading, no im-

'The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.' By Alexander William Kinglake. 2d Edition. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

agination, no second-hand description can impart. He had seen the Euxine covered with the vast flotilla of the Allies. He had set foot on the hostile coast at the same time as the combined armies. He had accompanied them in their compact advance, when their columns seemed but spots and patches in the vast circle of sea and plain. His own eyes had beheld the battle of the Alma, and the signs of death and suffering that remained next day to mark the phases of the struggle. And when afterwards he came to record the incidents of the war, though no individual observation could embrace all the details, there was always present with him the invaluable power which personal knowledge confers, to define, to affirm, or to reject. And as it was soon understood that he intended to write the history of the war, he, in his double capacity of approved author and actual spectator, became almost, as a matter of course, the depository of a vast amount of information connected with the subject, oral and documentary, private and official. He had a large acquaintance with the political as well as the military actors in the drama. Few men, then, could have had so free access as he to the materials of which the history must be wrought.

Moreover, he had shown in his former work that he possessed another qualification for his task. History cannot be written at a heat. Patient inquiry, long meditation, the fortitude necessary for the abandonment of convenient conclusions too hastily come to, are all indispensable to success. But with this pursuit of the necessary details, unity of effect, as numberless failures have shown, is almost incompatible. Now, Mr. Kinglake had given remarkable proof that he could bestow a microscopic attention on particulars without sacrifice of breadth. It is generally believed that he spent nine years in bringing the single volume of 'Eothen' up to the standard of his own fas-

tidious taste. The sarcastic advice of Pope to an aspiring author—"Keep your piece nine years"—had been literally accepted, but with a result very different from that which the adviser anticipated. Instead of becoming dissatisfied with a work looked at after a long interval and with changed feelings, Mr. Kinglake proved that he could not only "strike the second heat"—the process which Ben Jonson says is so necessary for the forging of ideas into happy forms of expression—but that he could bring his thoughts again and again to the intellectual smithy to be recast and shaped without finding the fire extinct. Here, then, was evidence of a quality most valuable to one who must long and patiently grope amid masses of evidence and details, sometimes conflicting, often worthless, and yet retain freshly the power of throwing the selected results into a form clear, harmonious, and striking.

We have thus broadly stated some of Mr. Kinglake's eminent qualifications for his task, and a detailed notice of his work will necessarily include others. And it is easy to believe that he might have selected a variety of subjects, his execution of which would have insured unqualified praise. But for the present task, as might have been seen before he commenced it, his fitness was marred by one circumstance. His political course had proved that his animosity towards the French Emperor amounted to a passion, or, as those who did not care to pick their words might say, a mania. It might be guessed beforehand, therefore, that the Emperor would scarcely meet with fair play at his hands. And considering the share taken by that personage in the events which Mr. Kinglake had undertaken to record, to misrepresent his policy or his doings would be to distort the history. Any one who entertained such a misgiving must have found it strengthened when, on glancing over the table of contents, he perceived that nearly a quarter of the

first volume, amidst what purports to be a record of the "transactions that brought on the war," is occupied with an account of the *coup d'état* which substituted an empire for a republic in France. On reading the volume his suspicions would inevitably be converted into certainty. More than that, indeed, for he would find that his anticipations were far exceeded by a satire so studied, so polished, so remorseless, and withal so diabolically entertaining, that we know not where in modern literature to seek such another philippic. Had Mr. Kinglake contrived in this chapter to have completely relieved his feelings and have been contented with flaying the Emperor and thus have done with him, leaving him to get through the rest of the book as naturally and comfortably as he could be expected to do without his skin, we might consider it as an episode which we should have been at liberty to set apart from the main purpose of the work. But like King Charles I., whom David Copperfield's friend, Mr. Dick, never could keep out of his memorial, this diabolical caricature of despotism haunts the narrative at every turn. The canvass is spread, the palette is laid, the artist is at his easel full of his subject—all the great personages of the time are to figure there, and great incidents are to form the background. The spectator is at first charmed with the progress of the design; but presently, amidst the nobly-drawn portraits, there is a sketch of a monarch with cloven feet appearing beneath his robes, and a tail curling under his throne; and whereas the rest of the picture is in true perspective, all that relates to this figure has a separate horizon and point of sight. The result is as if Gilray in his bitterest mood had got into Sir Joshua's studio and persuaded him to let their fancies mingle in one incongruous work.

We have thus stated our one point of difference with the author of these fascinating volumes. With

this exception we have little to do but to praise—and indeed, as a piece of writing, we have nothing to do but to praise the work from beginning to end. How materials in many respects so unpromising could be made so interesting, is marvellous. Many a reader who remembers what a tangled skein of politics it was that led to the war—many a soldier who has a confused recollection of a jumble of Holy Places, and the Four Powers, and Vienna Conferences, and who would be glad to know what it was he was fighting about, now that it is all over—will take up these volumes as a duty, and will be surprised to find that the narrative approached in so resolute a frame of mind, is more easy to read and more difficult to lay down than the most popular of the popular novels.

The dispute about the Holy Places, though not in itself in any appreciable degree the cause of the war, was the introduction to the events that led to hostilities. There is something almost ludicrous, something more befitting the times of Philip Augustus and of Cœur de Lion than those of Louis Napoleon and Lord Palmerston, in the idea of great European potentates appearing as the backers of two denominations of monks, who were quarrelling about the key of a church-door in Palestine. Nevertheless, the Czar, as the chief of a people whose passions were strongly aroused by the dispute, had a real and legitimate interest in the matter. To suppose that the President of the French Republic, or any section of the people over whom he presided, really cared whether the Greek or the Latin Church had the custody of this important key, would be absurd. But the President it was who opened the question by advocating the claims of the Latins. His object in doing so is by no means clear. Mr. Kinglake accounts for it by saying, "The French President, in cold blood, and under no new motive for action, took up the forgotten cause of the Latin Church

of Jerusalem, and began to apply it as a wedge for sundering the peace of the world." Now, that Louis Napoleon was desirous of disturbing the peace of the world, is Mr. Kinglake's argument throughout. It is to his book what the wrath of Achilles is to the 'Iliad;' and he tells us that the reason for this truculent desire was to prop up the French Empire. But that reason, though it may plausibly explain the acts of the French Emperor, does not account in the least for the acts of the French President. We presume Mr. Kinglake hardly wishes us to infer that Louis Napoleon sowed the seeds of war during his Presidency, as provision for the possible necessities of a possible Empire. Yet the historian's theory would seem to demand the inference.

The poor Sultan, meanwhile, who might well exclaim 'A plague o' both your Churches!' was the unwilling arbiter of this dispute between his Christian subjects, and was urged by the great champion on each side to decide in favour of his protégé. Who might have the key, or whether there was any key at all, or any sanctuary at all, or any Greek or Latin Church, was to this hapless potentate a matter of profound indifference. The French envoy put on the strongest pressure, and the Sultan inclined to the side of the Latins; the Russian minister thereupon squeezed from him a concession to their adversaries; and between the two he managed, as might be expected, to disgust both sects, and to anger the Czar without satisfying the Emperor. The displeasure of Nicholas was extreme, and he prepared to support his further arguments by marching a large army towards the Turkish frontier. And the first use of this force was to give momentum to the mission of Prince Mentschikoff, who was sent to Constantinople as the organ of his Imperial master's displeasure. The selection of the envoy showed that the Czar wished to take the most direct and violent

course to the fulfilment of his aim; for the Prince's diplomacy was of that simple kind—the only kind he seemed capable of employing—which regards threats as the best means of persuasion.

These strong measures were the first indications that war was possibly impending. And as they appeared to spring from the religious fervour of the Czar, which had been roused to this pitch by the gratuitous intermeddling of Napoleon in the question of the Holy Places, it would at first seem as if it were indeed the French ruler who had first blown the coal which presently caused such a conflagration. But in the interval between the decision of the Sultan about the churches, and the appearance of Mentschikoff at Constantinople, Nicholas had held with Sir Hamilton Seymour the remarkable conversations which explain the real designs cloaked by the religious question. In these interviews he uttered his famous parable of "the sick man," representing that the Turkish Empire was dying, and might fall to pieces any day, and proposing that the event should be provided for by an immediate arrangement for dividing the fragments. Provided he had the concurrence of England, the Czar would not, he said, care what any other Powers might do or say in the matter.

Here then was a foregone conclusion plainly revealed. The religious ire of the Czar, the movement of his troops, the mission of Mentschikoff, were all to be instruments for hastening the dissolution of the sick man, and appropriating his domains. It was no new idea; for Nicholas was but following the traditional policy of his house. And if it could be believed that his expectations of the speedy collapse of the Turkish Empire were real, it would be unjust to blame him for wishing to profit by the event. We are too apt to judge of the policy of other Governments by the interests of England, and to condemn as unprincipled what is opposed to

our advantage. Nevertheless, to a ruler of Russia, no object can appear more legitimate than the possession of that free outlet to the world, which alone is wanting to remove the spell that paralyses her gigantic energies. Looking from the shores of the Euxine, she is but mocked by the vision of naval glories and of commercial prosperity; but let her extend her limits to the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and no dreams of greatness can be too splendid for her to realise. But there is no proof that the Czar's anticipations respecting Turkey were grounded on anything more solid than his strong desire to render them true. In fact, the forecast of the Czar is much the same as that of Mohammed Damoor, as described in 'Eothen:' who, having prophesied that the Jews of Damascus would be despoiled on a particular day, took steps to verify his prediction by first exciting and then heading the mob of plunderers.

The reply of England to his overtures satisfied him that he could not hope for her complicity in his design upon Turkey. Had it been otherwise, the sick man would, no doubt, have been so cared for that, sick or well, there would soon have been an end of him. But the Czar perceived he must for the present forego his desire for the vineyard of Naboth. Yet there were several reasons why he should still draw what profit he could from the present opportunity. He had a pretext—an indifferent one it is true, but still it was more convenient to use it than to look for another. He had been at the trouble of military preparations, and was naturally desirous that they should not be barren of result. And, in the matter of Montenegro, Turkey had just succumbed to him so readily on a threat of war, that it seemed very unlikely he should ever find her in a better frame of mind for his purpose. Therefore, though the sick man was reprieved, yet he was not to go scot-free; and Mentschikoff

was charged, while ostensibly urging the Sultan to reconsider the question of the Holy Places, to keep in reserve a demand of much deeper significance.

Scornful in demeanour and imperious in language, Mentschikoff entered Constantinople more like the bearer of a gage of defiance than a messenger of peace. His deportment startled the Divan out of its habitual calm; and the British Chargé d'Affaires, at the instance of the Turkish Ministers, requested our Admiral at Malta to move his squadron into the Levant. This demand was not complied with; but the French fleet was ordered to Salamis. And this movement is condemned by Mr. Kinglake as most impolitic; for it happened, he says, at a time when "the anger of the Emperor Nicholas had grown cool," and it "gave deep umbrage to Russia." From which he means us to infer that Louis Napoleon, following his deep design of fanning the flame of discord when it should seem to languish, was so timing the advance of his fleet as to neutralise the pacific influences which had begun to have their away.

Now what are the circumstances of the case? The French Emperor knew nothing of the conversation with Sir Hamilton Seymour, which did not transpire till long afterwards. Neither he nor the British Government were aware of the Czar's real demands. Ostensibly the matter of controversy was still the original question between him and the Czar concerning the Holy Places. And while one of the disputants, France, had urged her views in the ordinary way by the mouth of her ambassador, her opponent was preparing to coerce the arbiter by a menacing mission backed by an army and a fleet. The army already touched the frontier, the fleet was prepared to sail for the Bosphorus. Will anybody except Mr. Kinglake blame the French Emperor for sending his fleet to Salamis? or say that he was bound, before taking such a step, to consider whether it

might not give deep umbrage to Russia?

Mentschikoff then proceeded to urge his demands. These were, that in addition to the concessions required respecting the Holy Places, the Sultan should, by treaty with the Czar, engage to confirm the Christian subjects of the Porte in certain privileges and immunities. Though the Sultan was very willing to confirm them in these privileges, he was by no means willing to bind himself by treaty with the Czar to do so; for by doing so he would give the Czar a right, as a party to the treaty, to see that it was fulfilled; and hence those who were to benefit by the privileges would naturally regard most, not him who granted them, but him who could compel their observance. In fact it was virtually conferring on the Czar the protectorate of the Sultan's Christian subjects.

It was while the Turkish Ministers were in the deepest embarrassment between the consequences of listening to such a proposition on the one hand and the fear of offending the Czar by refusing to entertain it on the other, that Lord Stratford appeared on the scene. The coming of the British Ambassador, and the diplomatic duel that ensued between him and Mentschikoff, where predominant influence in the Sultan's counsels was to be the prize of the victor, forms one of the most brilliant passages in this brilliant book. The mere presence of the Ambassador of England restores the Sultan and his Ministers to complete self-possession. When Mentschikoff blusters, they refresh themselves by a view of Lord Stratford's commanding aspect; when the Russian menaces war, they are comforted by a hint from the Englishman respecting the English squadron. Of such dramatic excellence is this portion of the story, that the enthralled reader forgets to inquire how it was that in a dispute between France and Russia respecting the subjects of Turkey, the Ambassador of England should be the

foremost champion. But we see him throughout as the power that moves the Mussulman puppets, and from whose calm opposition the menaces of Mentschikoff recoil harmless; and we see in the distant St. Petersburg the great Czar himself lashed to fury at feeling himself foiled by one whom he has long, we are told, considered as a personal foe. We cannot but feel proud in these circumstances of the position of our representative, though it would be difficult to say, perhaps, what advantage besides this feeling of pride we, as a nation, derived from it. But it is clear that, while the Czar was dreaming, as of something possible to be realised by a great display of power, of a protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Porte, here was a British protectorate of the most absolute character already established over the Porte and its subjects, Christian and Mussulman; and we might almost infer that nothing further was requisite on Lord Stratford's part but to humour Mohammedan prejudices by submitting to a few insignificant religious rites in order to qualify him for at once taking his place as Chief of the Ottoman Empire, and the true Commander of the faithful.

In the diplomatic encounter, Mentschikoff had no more chance than the fiend in a moral tale of *diablerie*, who urges weak man to sign his soul away after the good angel has come to the rescue. Baffled at all points, he departs with all the diplomatic train, muttering vengeance. And here ends the first act of the drama, when the pretexts of the Czar have vanished and he shows his true design. The next begins with the crossing of the Pruth by the Russian forces, in order to secure the material guarantee of the Danubian provinces. But the menacing position of Russia was not the only change in the situation. England, who in the earlier dispute had no more interest than the other Western Powers in opposing Russia, had in the progress

of the controversy made herself so prominent that she was, in the judgment of Lord Clarendon, bound to defend the provinces of the Sultan against an unprovoked attack by Russia. That she had laid herself under this obligation was entirely owing to the lofty part which Lord Stratford had played in the drama. On the other hand, had Lord Stratford not been so ready and conspicuous in his championship, the Divan, feeling itself unsupported, might have yielded to the demands of Russia.

For a great part of the narrative, then, the principal positions have been occupied by England, Russia, and Turkey; and the interest imparted to scenes which, from an ordinary hand, would have been eminently tedious, is wonderful. But at this juncture, King Charles I., who has long been impending, can no longer be kept out of the memorial. The iniquitous machinations of the French Emperor are brought into the foreground. The occasion for enlarging on them is that which we shall presently state. But first we must say that it is from no wish to dilate on what we think the blemish of the book that we expatiate on this theme. It is because it is mixed up with all the main parts of a work which we are bound to treat as an authentic history. But it happens that, for a reason to be noted hereafter, we can, without injury to the texture, separate this portion from the rest; and we therefore propose to follow this thread of the narrative to its end, and so, having done with it, to be at liberty, for the rest of these volumes, to approve no less warmly than we admire.

Austria naturally felt considerable interest in the movements of a formidable neighbour, whose troops were now winding round her frontier, who, by overrunning Turkey, would enclose some of her provinces, and who, at the next step in advance, would control the Lower Danube. She therefore, in conjunction with Prussia, made com-

mon cause with the Western Powers, so far as to offer a strong remonstrance against the occupation of the Danubian provinces, and to join in their efforts to preserve peace. Mr. Kinglake contends that this kind of pacific pressure would have secured its object, and that if it had not, Austria would have joined France and England in having recourse to sterner measures. But he says that, without waiting for the result of this joint coercion, England was persuaded to join France in a separate course of action, which, without necessity, involved us in a war desired only by the French Emperor. "In order to see how it came to be possible," says the historian, "that the vast interests of Europe should be set aside in favour of mere personal objects, it will presently be necessary to contract the field of vision, and, going back to the winter of 1851, to glance at the operations of a small knot of middle-aged men who were pushing their fortunes in Paris."

And here is interpolated—for as an interpolation we regard it—that curious episode which has for its subject the *coup d'état* and the establishment of the second French Empire. Standing apart from the purpose of the book, its isolation gives it peculiar distinctness. But its inherent character is such that it needs no art or accident to bring it into strongest relief. It is a singularly clever and singularly acrimonious attack upon the foremost statesman and most powerful potentate of these times. And it makes demands on our credulity which are too heavy for anything short of absolute proof to maintain. For we are asked to believe that a set of men with no more character or consideration than Falstaff and his associates, were able to call on the French nation to stand and deliver, and that the nation thereupon submitted to be knocked down, to have its throat cut, and to be plundered by these minions of the moon. Now, does anybody think that diadema, such

as that of France, are to be stolen from a shelf by any cutpurse who wants to put them in his pocket? Or does anybody think that a mere cutpurse, having succeeded in the theft, could so have worn his stolen diadem as to enhance its splendour and renown? That which made the Empire possible, and that which maintains it now, was the conviction that the choice of the nation lay between it and Red Republicanism. And to establish, in any degree, his case, Mr. Kinglake should have proved that no such conviction existed. But if it be true that France found in the Empire a refuge from anarchy, then reasonable men will not be ready to scrutinise, in too severe a spirit, the means taken to consolidate the throne. Granted that the army, the instrument employed by the President, disgraced itself by an indiscriminate and unprovoked slaughter—that the opposition of political adversaries was silenced in a very arbitrary fashion—that a foreign war would probably be necessary for the security of the new dynasty,—yet will it be said that a result which has tranquillised France, which has developed her resources and exalted her reputation, leaves in the establishment of the Empire nothing except what the world must regret and condemn? And looking at the portrait which Mr. Kinglake has drawn, with so bold and incisive a touch, of this potentate of wooden face, base soul, and feeble resolve, who turns green in moments of danger—who, with the aid of swindlers and bravoos, has yoked France to his chariot, and drives it in a career of blood with the great Powers of Europe bound to its wheels—we ask, not only is it brilliant as a work of art, but is it like the original? We do not profess to believe that the Empire is the perfection of government. We do not maintain that Louis Napoleon is a model of virtue and disinterested policy. But if his place in Europe were suddenly vacant, will Mr. Kinglake tell us

how it would be better filled, or what precious things might not be thrown into the gulf before it could be closed? And if no answer can be given to the question, we may well doubt the expediency of contributing to bring so important a personage and so powerful an ally into contempt.

"After the 2d December in the year 1851," says Mr. Kinglake, in concluding the portion of his work relating to the *coup d'état*, "the foreign policy of France was used for a prop to prop the throne which Morny and his friends had built up. . . . Therefore, although I have dwelt awhile upon a singular passage in the domestic history of France, I have not digressed." Now, even if he could prove the necessities of the French Empire to have been the main motive of the part England took in the war, we should still dispute this. No doubt it is the business of the historian of an important series of events to trace them to their sources, and the more clearly he can show the connection hidden from ordinary minds, the more sagacious and ingenious he will appear. But if there were no limit to this, the history of any event might spread to an extent altogether boundless; and therefore to justify digression, it is necessary for the historian to show that the incidents which led to the result had a necessary and not an accidental influence in procuring it. For instance, in the case of a popular uprising against a despotism or a superstition, it would be expected that the historian should trace all the successive steps by which the national feelings were roused from suffering to resistance, because those steps led inevitably and naturally to that particular result, and not to any other. In such a case history is performing her proper function of explaining, for the guidance of posterity, the obscure process by which certain conditions produce certain effects. But where a war has been caused by the caprice and unreasoning anger of a

potentate, it is beside the purpose to trace up to his very cradle the effect of early mismanagement or neglect in rendering him passionate or capricious, for no political lesson can be taught where results cannot be calculated. In such a case it will be sufficient to state the fact, that the war originated in the irascible temper and unaccountable impulse of one who had the power to give his anger such tremendous vent. It would be absurd to pause in the history, and to introduce his biography, merely to prove that it is a bad thing when great power is lodged in the hands of a person who is the slave of violent caprice. And in the present instance, if it had been stated in two sentences that the conditions under which the French Empire had started into existence were such as to render a foreign war, or a commanding position in Europe, necessary to its stability, the statement would have fully satisfied the requirements of history, and would have received general assent.

However, having considered it necessary to prove this proposition by a separate history of the transition which France underwent from a republic to an empire, Mr. Kinglake undertakes to show how we were dragged into war by this necessitous Emperor. He asserts many times that the operations of the French and English fleets caused the war.

"The English Government," he says, "consented to engage in naval movements which affected—nay governed—the war." And again, "The French Emperor had no sooner engaged the English Government in a separate understanding, than he began to insist upon the necessity of using the naval power of France and England in the way which he proposed—a way bitterly offensive to Russia. Having at length succeeded in forcing this measure upon England, he after a while pressed upon her another movement of the fleets still more hostile than the first, and again he succeeded in bringing the English Government to yield to him. Again, and still once again, he did the like, always in the end bringing England to adopt his hostile

measures; and he never desisted from this course of action, until at last it had effected a virtual rupture between the Czar and the Western Powers."

And in this way throughout these transactions the Emperor plays a part much the same as that which Satan took in the scenes in Paradise; and at every turn we see him moving deviously, quite serpentine in craft and baseness, or squatting toad-like at the ear of the slumbering British Government, till now, at the Ithuriel touch of history, he starts up in his true form of malignant demon.

The various items of the present charge against him are collected by Mr. Kinglake in a compendious form:—

"Not yet as part of this narrative, but by way of anticipation, and in order to gather into one page the grounds of the statement just made, the following instances are given of the way in which the English Government was, from time to time, driven to join with the French Emperor in making a quarrelsome use of the two fleets:—On the 13th of July 1853, the French Emperor, through his Minister of Foreign Affairs, declared to the English Government that if the occupation of the Principalities continued, the French fleet could not longer remain at Besica Bay. On the 19th of August he declared it to be absolutely necessary that the combined fleets should enter the Dardanelles, and he pressed the English Government to adopt a resolution to this effect. On the 21st of September he insisted that the English Government, at the same moment as the French, should immediately order up the combined squadrons to Constantinople. On the 15th of December he pressed the English Government to agree that the Allied fleets should enter the Buxine, take possession of it, and interdict the passage of every Russian vessel. It will be seen that, with more or less reluctance and after more or less delay, these demands were always acceded to by England; and the course thus taken by the maritime Powers was fatal to the pending negotiations; for, besides that in the way already shown the Czar's wholesome fears were converted into bursts of rage, the Turks at the same time were deriving a dangerous encouragement from the sight of the French and English war flags; and the result was, that the negotiators, with all their skill and all

their patience, were never able to frame a Note in the exact words which would allay the anger of Nicholas, without encountering a steadfast resistance on the part of the Sultan."

We have only, then, to take in their turn the items thus enumerated to ascertain the justice of the charge. The first of the naval movements was the advance of the fleets to Besica Bay. This made the Czar very angry. But it was in itself a perfectly lawful operation, and quite consistent with friendliness and desire for peace. It by no means balanced the aggressive advance of the Czar into the Principalities and the orders to the Sebastopol fleet. Moreover, however irritating to Nicholas, he condoned it, for we find him long afterwards accepting the Vienna Note framed by the four Powers, the acceptance of which by Turkey would have settled the dispute. That it was not accepted by Turkey was due entirely to Lord Stratford and the Turkish Ministers. "The French Emperor," says Mr. Kinglake, "did nothing whatever to thwart the restoration of tranquillity." It is evident, then, that the movements of the fleets thus far had produced no effect which was not completely neutralised, and that the Emperor's desire for war did not prevent him from contributing to the general effort for peace.

The next movements of the fleets was into the Dardanelles. The Sultan was engaged by treaty to forbid the entrance of the fleets of any Power so long as he should be at peace. What, then, were the reasons for entering the Straits? Were they purely provocative? Now, we find that the demand for war on the part of the Turkish people had at this time become so urgent, that the Ambassadors to the Porte regarded it as almost irresistible. The French Ambassador viewed it, Mr. Kinglake says, "with sincere alarm." He wrote a despatch to his Government, imparting to it what we must admit to have been also "sincere alarm," for there is no evidence or

insinuation of the contrary; and that alarm being shared by our Government, the fleets were ordered to enter the Dardanelles that they might be ready, if wanted, to support the Turkish Government against the belligerent wishes of its own subjects.

But another important circumstance had occurred before the entry of the fleets. In invading the Principalities, the Czar had announced that this was not meant as an act of war. And the Sultan's hold on these provinces was of such an anomalous kind that his advisers held him to be at liberty to construe the invasion as an act of war, or not, at his own pleasure. He had now given notice to the Czar that unless the Russian troops should quit the Principalities in fifteen days he would declare war. Fourteen of the fifteen days had elapsed when the fleets entered. Except for observing the strict letter of the treaty, it was not of the least importance whether they entered a day sooner or later. "Yet Mr. Kinglake tells us the Czar was very indignant at the violation of the treaty, and he laments that another day was not suffered to elapse before the movement. Now, considering all the circumstances—that the fleets had already been for a long time at the disposal of the Ambassadors, who might summon them to Constantinople whenever they judged necessary, and that the Czar knew it—that war steamers had already been called up to the Bosphorus by both the Ambassadors, French and English, and the treaty thus broken as completely as by the passage of a hundred fleets—that the Czar had himself, by the invasion of the Principalities, deprived himself of the right to complain of the violation of the treaty—that fifteen days' notice of a declaration of war had been given, and that the full term must have expired before the fleets could arrive at Constantinople—considering all this, the provocation is reduced to such an infinitesimal quantity, that

it is barely worth a passing mention. There is no evidence whatever that the prospects of peace were in any way affected by the advance of the fleets. Yet a hasty reader of Mr. Kinglake's narrative might easily imagine that it produced the direst consequences. "When the tidings of this hostile measure," he says, "reached St. Petersburg, they put an end for the time to all prospect of peace." And again—

"The Czar received tidings of the hostile decision of the maritime Powers in a spirit which, this time at least, was almost justified by the provocation given. In retaliation for what he would naturally look upon as a bitter affront, and even as a breach of treaty, he determined, it would seem, to have vengeance at sea whilst vengeance at sea was still possible; and it was under the spur of the anger thus kindled that orders for active operations were given to the fleet at Sebastopol. The vengeance he meditated he could only wreak upon the body of the Turks, for the great offenders of the West were beyond the bounds of his power."

Would not the reader imagine from this that the attack of Sinope had been proved by full evidence to be the immediate result of the exasperation of the Czar at the advance of the combined fleets? But Mr. Kinglake acquaints us in a note with the real grounds on which he makes this confident assertion:—

"This conclusion is drawn from dates. The hostile resolution of the Western Powers was known to the Czar a little before the 14th of October, and about the middle of the following month the Black Sea fleet was at sea. If allowance be made for distance and preparation, it will be seen that the sequence of one event upon the other is close enough to warrant the statement contained in the text. In the absence, however, of any knowledge to the contrary, it is fair to suppose that the Czar remembered his promise, and did not sanction any actual attack upon the enemy unless his commanders should be previously apprised that the Turks had commenced active warfare."

We read this note with surprise. It proves that Mr. Kinglake can,

when in hot pursuit of the foe, step to a conclusion over grounds where few can follow. The fleets entered the Dardanelles on the 22d October. The attack of Sinope took place on the 30th November. The Turks and Russians had been at war for six weeks; and though the Russian Minister had announced in a circular some time before, that the Czar, in hopes still of a peaceful solution, would remain on the defensive as long as his dignity and interests would allow, yet, as Mr. Kinglake himself says, "After the issue of the circular, the Government of St. Petersburg had received intelligence not only that active warfare was going on in the valley of the Lower Danube, but that the Turks had seized the Russian fort of St. Nicholas on the eastern coast of the Euxine, and were attacking Russia upon her Armenian frontier;" and he fully absolves the Czar from any breach of faith in this matter. Yet he would gravely have us believe that the attack of the ships of one Power upon those of another with which it is at open war requires explanation, and that the most natural explanation possible is to be found in attributing it to a slow retaliation for an imaginary injury inflicted by two other Powers. It is as if we should be told that, in the early rounds of a celebrated pugilistic encounter, Mr. Sayers had hit Mr. Heenan very hard in the eye, not because they were fighting, but because one of the bystanders had previously trodden on the champion's coat.

As the reader will probably decline to follow Mr. Kinglake over his slender bridge of inference, we must look beyond Sinope for the naval movement instigated by the French Emperor and turning the scale in favour of war; and, as only one remains to be accounted for, we have not far to look. The next orders sent to the fleets were intended to obviate another disaster and disgrace such as that of Sinope. They provided that Russian ships met with in the Euxine should be requested, and, if necessary, con-

strained to return to Sebastopol. This, Mr. Kinglake terms "a harsh and insulting course of action." He says the English Cabinet during their deliberations "were made acquainted with the will of the French Emperor; . . . the pressure of the French Emperor was the cogent motive which governed the result; . . . the result was that now, for the second time, France dictated to England the use that she should make of her fleet, and by this time, perhaps, submission had become more easy than it was at first." But Lord Clarendon has been quoted by Mr. Kinglake as saying, months before, that it had become the duty of England to defend Turkey. According to Mr. Kinglake, when independent Powers are acting together, to propose is to dictate, and to acquiesce is to submit. To make a suggestion is imperious, and to adopt it is ignominious. But what kind of an alliance would this be? or how would concert be possible under such circumstances? The proposal of the French Emperor was so offered as to show that he was thoroughly convinced of its expediency. If he was so convinced, he was right so to offer it. And why did the English Ministry adopt it? Because the English people more than kept pace with the wishes of the Emperor. "A huge obstacle," says the historian, "to the maintenance of peace in Europe was raised up by the temper of the English people; . . . the English desired war." It is strange doctrine then, that an English Ministry which, by assenting to the proposition of an ally, expresses the temper of the English people, thereby submits to foreign dictation.

But the strangest part of the French part of the story is behind. We have seen how Mr. Kinglake traces from the first the devious wiles of the French Emperor—how it was his craft that first made the question of the Holy Places important—how his "subtle and dangerous counsels" hurried Eng-

land into war, and all because war was necessary to the stability of his throne. The complicated texture of his intrigue is followed and traced with immense patience and ingenuity; and yet, when the work is complete, and his imperial victim stands fully detected and exposed as the incendiary of Europe, the detective suddenly destroys his own finely-spun web at a blow. England was the tool of the French Emperor, but the French Emperor was the tool of a still more astute and potent personage. "When the Czar began to encroach upon the Sultan, there was nothing that could so completely meet Lord Palmerston's every wish as an alliance between the two Western Powers, which should toss France headlong into the English policy of upholding the Ottoman Empire. . . . As he (Lord Palmerston) from the first had willed it, so moved the two great nations of the West." The elaborated structure of French intrigue falls, and our gay perennial Premier is discovered smiling amid the ruins. Thus Punch murders his wife and infant, hangs the executioner, and shines as the dexterous and successful villain, till, at the close of the piece, Mr. Codlin, the real wire-puller, draws aside the curtain and appears at the bottom of the show, while the great criminal and his victims revert to their proper condition of sawdust and tinsel.

The terms of the alliance between France and England are surely not difficult to understand. The policy of upholding the Ottoman Empire was, as Mr. Kinglake says, "an English policy." The object for which the Governments of France and England were actively united was an English object. Naturally we inquire what inducement the Emperor had then to form the alliance? Mr. Kinglake furnishes us with the correct response. It seemed, he says, to the Emperor "that, by offering to thrust France into an English policy, he might purchase for himself an alliance

with the Queen, and win for his new throne a sanction of more lasting worth than Morny's well-warranted return of his eight millions of approving Frenchmen. Above all, if he could be united with England, he might be able to enter upon that conspicuous action in Europe which was needful for his safety at home, and might do this without bringing upon himself any war of a dangerous kind." The advantages of the alliance were to be reciprocal. The Emperor was to gain in position and reputation, in return for aiding with his fleets and armies the attainment of an English object. Mutual interest and mutual compromise were the basis of this, as of most alliances. We had not to accuse the Emperor of any breach of faith in executing his part of the compact. Being already, as Lord Clarendon said, committed to the defence of Turkey, it made a vast difference to us whether we should enter on a war with Russia alone, or should be aided by the immense power of France. And it was only fair that the Emperor should be allowed to occupy, in the transactions which ensued, that position, the attainment of which was his grand object in seeking the alliance. Yet Mr. Kinglake blames this necessitous potentate because he did not sacrifice his position and himself to our interests—because he did not chivalrously place his army and navy at our service for the promotion of English policy, and remain quietly in the background, with his generous feelings for his reward; and he blames our own Government for making these compromises which alone could render the alliance possible.

And here, we rejoice to say, our serious differences with Mr. Kinglake end. After so much entertainment and instruction as we have derived from his book, it seems almost ungrateful to make to it so many exceptions. But if we have occupied much of our space thus, he must remember that it takes longer to argue than to acquiesce.

Moreover, it is partly owing to his own excellences that we have been able to find matter for dispute. Many a writer would have so muddled his facts and his prejudices that we should have found it hard to do more than suspect the presence of error in the cloudy medium. But his style is so clear, so precise, that the reasoning everywhere shines through and a fallacy or an inconsistency has no more chance of escaping detection than a gold fish in a crystal aquarium. And besides, Mr. Kinglake himself most honestly and liberally furnishes us with the facts, and even the inferences, necessary to rectify his theory. Thus the effect, in his history, of his hostility to the Emperor is not that of a false proportion in a rule of three, which extends and vitiates the whole process. It is only like a series of erroneous items introduced in a sum in addition, which may be separated and deducted, leaving the total right.

The course of the transactions that led to the war may then be traced as clearly as diplomacy, dealing with many great interests and many unseen motives, generally permits. The squabble about the Holy Places was not the origin but only the pretext of the dispute with Turkey. The conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour and the mission of Mentschikoff prove that the Czar was already seeking to dislocate the fabric of the Turkish Empire, and only took that lever because it lay readiest to his hand. "A crowd of monks," says Mr. Kinglake, in his picturesque way, "with bare foreheads, stood quarrelling for a key at the sunny gates of a church in Palestine, but beyond and above, towering high in the misty North, men saw the ambition of the Czars." But the real design could not long be hidden by the pretext. And the execution of that design would be subversive of that balance which it was the duty and interest of the other Powers to maintain. It was for the Czar, then

to choose a time for his project when he might find each of the other Powers restrained by some counter-acting motive from opposing his ambition. Looking over Europe, he thought that he perceived the favourable moment. Austria, the Power most interested from her contiguity, and from the importance to her of free use of the great water-way of Southern Germany, if she had much reason to resist, had also much reason to acquiesce. She still felt too keenly, financially and politically, the effects of the heavy blows dealt her in 1848-9 to be ready or willing for war. She was under a huge debt of gratitude to Nicholas, who, in the hour of her direst necessity, had advanced to save her, without condition and without reward. He possessed, too, a great personal ascendancy over the young Emperor of Austria. And, lastly, at this time Austria had a hostile altercation with Turkey, which would render it more than ever difficult for her to take part with the Sultan.

It might be calculated that Prussia would follow the lead of Austria. Her interests were the same in kind, but far less in degree. Once satisfied that full guarantees for the freedom of the Danube would be given, she would no longer have special interest in the subject.

As to France, there seemed to be no special reason why she should interfere. And if she should interfere, the Czar's sentiments towards the new Empire were such as would rather lead him to disdainful defiance than conciliation.

At first he anticipated no difficulty in persuading the English Government to join in his designs. Finding, however, by the rejection of his overtures, that he could not hope for the support of England, he probably postponed the extreme measures of aggression. But, for the reasons we have stated in a former paragraph, he was unwilling to let the opportunity pass totally unimproved; and hence the de-

mands of Mentschikoff for granting the protectorate of the Greek Church in Turkey to the Czar.

It was Lord Stratford's share in the diplomatic contest that ensued, which first gave England prominence in the dispute. And whether the part he took was in accordance with instructions from his Government, or was due to the influence of his personal character, the result was to assure England that the predominance of her Ambassador in the councils of the Porte, whatever advantage it might confer, carried with it grave responsibility. When Mentschikoff withdrew in anger from the scene, England was, in the opinion of her own Ministers, committed to the defence of Turkey.

We have seen that the Czar's original design was made dependent on the concurrence of England. When he found that this was unattainable, the design was modified. He now found that even in this modified form England would not only not concur, but would oppose it. Why then did he persist? It was because he did not believe that the opposition of England would go the length of war.

Lord Aberdeen, the English Premier, besides being the personal friend of Nicholas, and therefore disposed to view Russian policy with comparative indulgence, was the open and professed friend of peace at any price. He had that horror of war which in a statesman is an unpardonable and fatal weakness. And in this particular he was believed only to represent the feeling of the English people. The Czar, in common with most of the world, was convinced that they were entirely absorbed in the pursuit of commerce. He took the Exhibition of 1851 for the national confession of faith. He believed that England had no god but gold, and that Mr. Cobden was her prophet.

This fallacy Mr. Kingleake exposes in his happiest style:—

"All England had been brought to the opinion that it was a wickedness to incur war without necessity or justice; but when the leading spirits of the Peace Party had the happiness of beholding this wholesome result, they were far from stopping short. They went on to make light of the very principles by which peace is best maintained, and although they were conscientious men, meaning to say and do what was right, yet, being unacquainted with the causes which bring about the fall of empires, they deliberately inculcated that habit of setting comfort against honour which historians call 'corruption.' They made it plain, as they imagined, that no war which was not engaged in for the actual defence of the country could ever be right; but even there they took no rest, for they went on and on, and still on, until their foremost thinker reached the conclusion that, in the event of an attack upon our shores, the invaders ought to be received with such an effusion of hospitality and brotherly love as could not fail to disarm them of their enmity, and convert the once dangerous Zouave into the valued friend of the family. Then, with great merriment, the whole English people turned round, and although they might still be willing to go to the brink of other precipices, they refused to go further towards that one. The doctrine had struck no root. It was ill suited to the race to whom it was addressed. The male cheered it, and forgot it until there came a time for testing it, and then discarded it; and the woman, from the very first, with her true and simple instinct, was quick to understand its value. She would subscribe, if her husband required it, to have the doctrine taught to charity children, but she would not suffer it to be taught to her own boy. So it proved barren."

Caustic as this is, it is only too indulgent to the Peace Party. Not that it is of special importance now to crush what is already so depressed and abased as to have lost its power of mischief. The course of the leaders of the party has been such that they could not continue to enjoy any large measure of popularity, except upon the anomalous condition that a great number of Englishmen should join in hating England. For years past no

petulant despotism, no drunken republic could shake its coarse fist in the face of this country, without finding its warmest supporters in those men of the olive branch, who were never weary of urging us to offer both cheeks to the smiter. Their mode of interference in a quarrel is like that of the affectionate friends, who, if a man were attacked, would cling round him and hamper him, reviling him for his pugnacity, while his adversary ran him through the body. Long fallen from their position as oracles, they lie at the base of their tall pedestals, and "none so poor as do them reverence." But, in granting them honesty of purpose, Mr. Kinglake falls, we think, into the now common error of pushing candour to excess. A man's mistakes are honest when he is led into them by motives irrespective of his interests. The fanatic who sacrifices his own advantage along with that of other people cannot be accused of baseness. But these men had a direct interest in preaching the doctrine of the necessity of national poltroonery. The substitution of a purely commercial policy for that which the nation had hitherto followed, was intimately blended with their own personal advantage. The motive, therefore, that inspired the error renders it inexcusable.

Blind, then, to consequences, the Czar continued his course of aggression. He marched his troops into the Principalities. Thereupon, no longer opposed only by England, he finds himself met by the concerted action of the four great Powers. And the question of interest at this particular stage is, Whether the primary object of defending Turkey was to be best attained by the action of the four Powers, or by the increased decision in action of England and France. Now it is to be observed, that the Czar knew long before he occupied the Principalities that Austria would resist the step. Yet the united remonstrance of the four Powers had failed to induce him to abandon it. And it also failed afterwards to induce him to re-

tract it. Through remonstrance, opposition, and the earlier stages of the war, he continued to hold the provinces. It becomes then a question, when we are considering the statement that the peaceful pressure of the four Powers would have attained our object in the most desirable way, whether a course of action so slow was consistent with our engagement to defend Turkey. It is a matter at least open to doubt.

But granting that either the slow action of Austria, or the more decisive policy of France, would have equally availed, if adopted by common consent, was that unanimity possible? Austria had many reasons for limiting her interference to diplomatic pressure. Moreover, her ground of complaint against Russia was the occupation of the Principalities, not the threatening of Turkey. Should Russia adopt some other method of coercing Turkey, such as sending her fleet into the Bosphorus, and withdrawing her troops from the provinces, the interest of Austria in the dispute would almost vanish, while that of the Western Powers would increase. And how would it suit France to adopt the course of Austria, and to aim at a settlement by united action? The French Emperor's great inducement in joining in the dispute at all was the prospect of increased reputation. And when the figure representing the credit to be gained by joint diplomatic coercion came to be divided by four, would the quotient satisfy his expectations? It is not too much to say that England was compelled to choose between France and Austria, since it was unlikely they would long continue in a common course. And as the action of England in a war with Russia must be principally through her fleet, it became of immense importance that the French navy should act with us rather than be neutral or hostile. In such circumstances, then, it is by no means clear that we did wrong in holding with France.

From this period, then, it becomes apparent that, if Russia should persist in aggression, war was inevitable. And Russia did persist in aggression. And if it be considered as established that the Czar was led so to persist by a conviction that England would not resort to war — which is the general and probably correct opinion — we do not see how it can be denied that a course of action which must deceive him would be the most likely to cause him to desist; and that the naval movements that ensued were only such as would convince him of our intention without driving him to extremity. It is plain that the two theories — one of which is that the pacific disposition of our Government allowed us to drift into war, and the other that our menacing action irritated the Czar beyond control, and therefore caused the war — are incompatible.

The fleets then moved to the entrance of the Dardanelles; and, while the Czar was recovering from the anger produced by that step, the representatives of the four Powers in conference at Vienna produced their Note, a mediatory document which would, it was hoped, settle all difficulties. It was readily accepted by Russia, the reason for which became apparent when it was offered to Turkey; for the Turkish Government at once rejected it, on the ground that it might be so interpreted as to secure to the Czar the protectorate he aimed at. They proposed alterations, with the concurrence of the mediatory Powers, which the Czar in his turn rejected; and the Sultan thereupon declared that, if the provinces were not evacuated in fifteen days, Turkey would be at war with Russia. The fleets moved through the Dardanelles. The next step was the attack on the Turkish squadron at Sinope by the Russian admiral. The English people were now thoroughly roused. They were indignant, not so much at the breach of faith imputed to the Czar in mak-

ing the attack, as at the ruthless destruction and slaughter of the Turkish force by its far more powerful enemy. The attack, too, had taken place almost under the guns of the combined fleets, and it was evident that, if their presence at Constantinople meant anything, and if we really were engaged to defend Turkey, the repetition of such a disaster to our ally must be prevented. A measure to this effect, but by no means strong enough to express the feeling of England, was adopted; the combined fleets were ordered by their respective governments to keep the peace by force, if necessary, in the Euxine. But as there had been as yet no actual collision between their forces and those of the Czar, a door to peace was still left open. Of this he did not choose to avail himself, but declared war against France and England on the 11th April 1854.

Such is an outline of the successive events preceding the war which, unpromising as such a record of futile diplomacy may seem, Mr. Kinglake has wrought into one of the most brilliant of historical pictures. 'Eothen' itself is not more entertaining, more rich in colour, more happy in quaint and humorous turns of expression; while, from the false effects that are sometimes seen in the earlier work, the present narrative is entirely free. The style is indeed a model of ease, strength, clearness, and simplicity. Nor has labour been spared; and the reader who has so often been expected by historians to be already familiar with political and diplomatic lore, and has been left to repair his deficiencies as he may, will be grateful to Mr. Kinglake for some of the elementary instruction which he has conveyed in such a delightful form, as, for instance, the chapter on "the usage which forms the safeguard of Europe." And remembering what animation and vigour personal feeling, even when so strongly biased, cannot fail to infuse, and seeing that, in the present case, it has not prevented the writer from fully

stating the facts and deductions which most contradict his favourite theories, we cease to lament the absence of that judicial calmness which would have deprived his history of half its charm.

The first glowing scenes now shift to one still more splendid. Diplomacy has played out its part; its subtlest essays seem but mere babble to the ear that is listening for the impending clang of arms. Statesmen and ambassadors gather up their futile documents, and retire to the side scenes, to make way for the sterner disputants who throng the stage.

If Mr. Kinglake was unsparing in his denunciations of French intrigue, he is no less bold and outspoken in criticising the military merits of our allies. But we no longer find the same reasons for dissenting from his conclusions. Many, no doubt, will say that it would have been politic to suppress some of those revelations which will jar most on the sensitive ears of our neighbours. But, if history is to be written at all, it must be written with all the truth attainable. History, which conceals and glosses, is but historical romance. Moreover, a plain English statement was wanting to redress the balance between us and the French. It must not be forgotten that the example of writing a narrative apportioning to both parties in the alliance the sum of glory gained was set in France, and that a share, ridiculously small, was awarded to the English. We remonstrated at the time, in these pages, against the unfairness and impolicy of allowing such a book as De Bazancourt's to go forth to the world with the seeming sanction of the Emperor, at a time when the war was yet unfinished. A man of no reputation or ability to justify the selection had been accredited to the French generals in the Crimea. Furnished thus with information, which might be presumed to be reliable, he produced a narrative in which the entire credit for the planning and execution of

the successful operations of the war was assigned to the French with impudent mendacity. As might naturally be expected from a nation that believes in Thiers, his account was accepted by the French as veritable history. In England it was but little read. Contemptible as a composition, its representations of facts were not such as to give it a claim to which nothing else entitled it. But, so far as it was read here, it gave just offence. That the Emperor did not disapprove is shown by the fact that the same valuable chronicler was taken to Italy as historiographer of the war in 1859, when another compound of bombastic glorification and misrepresentation was given to the world under imperial auspices. No Englishman or candid Frenchman who reads the account of the Crimean Campaign by the Baron De Bazancourt will deny that it was incumbent on us to tell our own tale; and we rejoice that it is told by one who, with such remarkable faculty for charming an audience and imparting to it his own impressions, trusts, nevertheless, to facts and proofs derived from the documents intrusted to him, for supporting his claim for justice.

The long European peace had left the armies of the Great Powers with little except a traditional knowledge of civilized war. It is true that part of the English army had seen service in India; a large portion of the French troops had made campaigns in Algeria; and the Russians had for years carried on a desultory warfare in Circassia. But none of these theatres of operations had been of a kind to serve as schools of training for encounters with a disciplined foe. Nor had they developed amidst the officers that high talent for superior commands to which either country could turn with confidence. Accordingly, the English fell back upon their traditions of the old wars of Wellington, as embodied in his friend Lord Raglan. Whether he was likely to make a great gene-

ral or not, it was impossible for anybody to say, for his career had not been such as to offer any field for the display of the talents requisite in a commander. Sixty-six is not perhaps the most favourable age for a first essay in any walk in life. But it was known that he was accustomed to military business; that his conciliatory and courteous manners would be of great service in an allied army, and that his rank and dignity would ensure the respect necessary for the maintenance of our proper position in the alliance; while, if he had not commanded armies himself, he had been intimate with him whom we regarded as the commander without a peer. The French had no available relics of the wars of the First Empire; and if any such had existed, there were other claimants to be considered, namely, those soldiers of fortune to whom the Emperor was under obligations for their share in the *coup d'état*. The claims of St. Arnaud surpassed all others. He was a frothy, vainglorious, gallant man, who had never shown capacity for any operation more considerable than a raid against the Arabs. His published letters breathe a high ambition and spirit of enterprise, but do not reveal any rare military quality. Lord Russell himself could not be more ready to take the lead in any description of onerous undertaking. But his self-confidence seems to have had no deeper root than vanity; for, whereas his letters to his relations are full of the great part he is playing, or means to play, neither his acts, nor the official records of his doings as Commander of the French army, corroborate the views of his own pre-eminence which he imparted to his family. Mr. Kinglake drily accounts for the selection of this commander by saying that he was ambitious of leading the enterprise, and that "the French Emperor took him at his word, consenting, as was very natural, that his dangerous, insatiate friend, should have a command

which would take him into the country of the Lower Danube." If it is by this intended we should infer that the wily potentate expected the climate to disagree with him, the anticipation was fulfilled; for a frame already weakened by long disease broke up entirely under the assault of the fever of Varna. The Russians possessed a fine old remnant of antiquity in Prince Paskiewitch, which was furbished up, and did very well till, meeting with a mischance before Silistria, at the outset of the war, he vanished, and the effort to supply his place with a creditable general was not successful. As regards military talent, then, it would not seem that either belligerent possessed an advantage which would preclude Fortune from exercising her proverbial function of favouring the brave.

While the English and French troops were on the way to Turkey, the Russians had opened an offensive campaign. The method of doing this was prescribed to them by the features of the theatre of war. The Danube, flowing round Wallachia, turns northward and meets the Pruth, so as to include between the two rivers and the sea a narrow strip; the part of which, north of the Danube, is a Russian province, Bessarabia, and that south of the Danube a Turkish province, the Dobrudja. Should the Russians seek to pass into Turkey through Wallachia, they would lend a flank to an attack from Austria, if she were to carry her hostility to the point of war, and their troops would be very critically placed between Austrian and Turkish foes. But by advancing along the strip the Russians passed at once from Russian to Turkish territory; while the Danube covered their right flank from Austria. Still, in order to proceed beyond the Dobrudja in the direction of the Balkan, and thence towards Constantinople, as they had done with such signal success in 1829, it was indispensable that they should begin by taking Silistria—and more than ever indispensable now that

the Allies had command of the Euxine. Accordingly, the opening of the campaign was marked by the siege of Silistria by the Russians.

Although it soon appeared that Silistria was bravely defended, it was not expected that the fortress could hold out long. And therefore in anticipation of such decisive movements as those of 1829, the first intention of the Allies was to fortify Gallipoli, thus securing the Dardanelles as a channel of supply, and the Chersonese peninsula as a secure base from whence to operate in Turkey. But it soon appeared that Russia was stumbling at the first obstacle. Gallipoli, therefore, ceased to be of present importance; and the next idea was to transport the armies to that point from whence they could most speedily meet the enemy. And that point was evidently Varna.

Mr. Kinglake chronicles two facts relating to this period, not hitherto published, and the knowledge of both of which he probably derived (certainly of one) from Lord Raglan's papers. The first is the project of St. Arnaud to obtain command of the Turkish forces. How this was defeated is recorded in one of Mr. Kinglake's most characteristic passages, where the lively, pushing, aspiring Marshal finds his confidence in his own scheme suddenly evaporating before the grave dignified courtesy of Lord Stratford, and the mildly implied disapproval of Lord Raglan. The other is that, after the embarkation was agreed on, St. Arnaud suddenly announced, that he should move his army by land to the south of the Balkan; and that, according to his plan, the English should take the left of the proposed strategical line, and therefore be farthest from their supplies coming from sea. This scheme, also, he relinquished; but the fact is notable, first, as showing the propensity to take what advantage he could at the expense of his ally; and secondly, as correcting the view of his own predominance and superior earnestness

for action, conveyed in his private correspondence and in De Bazancourt's narrative.

The armies landed at Varna, and a campaign in Bulgaria was expected. "My plan is," quoth St. Arnaud, "to save the fortress, and to push the Russians into the Danube." He tells his brother in Paris that the operation of moving to aid Silistria will be hazardous, for the Russians may come down on his right and rear, seize the road of Varna and Pravadi, and cut him off from the sea. "But, be easy," he says consolingly, "I have taken my precautions against the manœuvre; and I will defeat it." Not difficult to defeat, one might think, since the enemy who should attempt it must be commanded by a lunatic. However, while the Allies were still waiting in vain for the means of transport to take the field, their difficulties and projects were ended by an unlooked for incident. The Russians finding the outermost barrier of Turkey impregnable, raised the siege, and withdrew across the Danube. The immense amount of military reputation which they thereby lost was placed with interest to the credit of the Turks. But the position in which the Allied Generals found themselves, thus hurrying to save a fortress which saved itself, and left without an enemy, was extremely bewildering. St. Arnaud seems characteristically to have imagined that the Russians were frightened by his reputation into retreat. "They fly me," he says, while lamenting the loss of a triumph for himself and his army, which he had contemplated as certain. Not only the Generals but their Governments were embarrassed and mortified at being thus baulked. The Emperor's object could not be attained by mere success without glory. The British people, already impatient of delays, the causes of which, though inevitable, they could not understand, were clamorous for action. Nor did they content themselves

with insisting that something should be done. They indicated the line of action. Urged, as Mr. Kinglake contends, by the press, they shouted with one voice for an attack on Sebastopol, and this measure the Government enjoined Lord Raglan to execute. The French Government did not urge St. Arnaud to propose the step; but if the English were willing for it, he was not at liberty to withhold his consent. Two questions occur here: was the Government right in thus ordering the commander of the army to take a step to which his own judgment might be opposed? and was the step thus indicated a wise one?

Now, Mr. Kinglake seems to think that if the Government was justified in controlling its General, it was only because its army was acting in concert with that of another power, and was dependent on the aid of the fleets.

"In common circumstances, and especially where the whole of the troops to be engaged are under one commander, it cannot be right for any Sovereign or any minister to address such instructions as these to a General on a distant shore; for the General who is to be intrusted with the sole command of a great expedition must be, of all mankind, the best able to judge of its military prudence, and to give him orders thus cogent is to dispense with his counsel."

We, on the other hand, think that the selection of the territory which is to be the scene of operations, should always rest with the Government, and for this reason, that the selection must depend even more on political than on military considerations. Suppose, for instance, that the Allied generals had desired to follow the enemy over the Danube, it is evident that it would be of vast importance in the campaign that would follow whether Austria should be friendly, or neutral, or hostile. But which she would be was a matter of which the Generals could only be informed through their Governments, who must possess the best information

attainable on the subject. And again, the effect of the invasion of the Crimea on Austrian counsels, on Russian designs, and on English and French interests, were all political considerations, to be decided by the Governments, and not by the Generals. But, the territory fixed on, the manner of operating therein should be left to the Commander—and this the British Government did.

With regard to the other question, Mr. Kinglake appears to think that, after the Russians had evacuated the Principalities (as they did immediately on re-crossing the Danube), there was no further ground for continuing the war, and that a naval blockade would have forced her to conclude peace. But to have forced her to make peace, returning to the *statu quo*, would by no means have answered our ends, for it would have left her to repeat the aggression on a more favourable opportunity, with the advantage of better understanding the conditions of success. That she would have consented at that time to give any pledge for the security of Turkey, is incredible, if we consider the course taken by her diplomatists at the conferences in the following year, when she had suffered so severely. But to capture Sebastopol and its fleet, would give us the security we wanted, and the pressure of the blockade might then be depended on for ending the war. The question then, in our judgment, resolves itself into this: Was there a reasonable hope of at once succeeding in the object of the invasion; and was common foresight exercised in providing for the possibility of failure?

Events have answered the last question. Due provision was not made for the possibility of a first failure. The country was aghast at the position in which the army found itself; and we think that, in making the statement we are about to quote, Mr. Kinglake is recording a state of opinion, which, though perfectly just, and always

maintained to be just in these pages, both during and after the war, had no existence at the time he speaks of.

"Those who thought more warily than the multitude foresaw that the enterprise might take time; but they also perceived that even this result would not be one of unmixed evil; for if Russia should commit herself to a lengthened conflict in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, she would be put to a great trial, and would see her wealth and strength ruinously consumed by the mere stress of the distance between the military centre of the empire and the south-westernmost angle of the Crimea."

All this is true; so true that Russia would have done well to leave Sebastopol to its fate, rather than make those efforts to maintain it which were so ruinous. Moreover the Crimea is, from its geographical circumstances, always the most favourable point of Russian territory for the operations of an enemy who commands the sea. Its form of an extended peninsula renders it vulnerable at many points; it does not afford the means of supplying the force necessary for its defence; and the supplies and reinforcements, having to pass through a region that is always a desert and sometimes a swamp, must be despatched with vast expense and loss. The conditions of the theatre of operations selected were then all in our favour; it only remained to provide adequately for the chances of war, to render the enterprise judicious.

But there was no thought except of speedy success. Beyond a triumphant lauding, battle, and assault, no man looked. It was a piece of national gambling where an army was staked upon the turn of the cards; inexcusable, therefore, even had the chances been still more in our favour.

Still the chances in our favour were great. The Russian force in the Crimea was inferior in numbers. Sebastopol might have been captured with the co-operation of the fleets. That co-operation was a main element of success. We were

deprived of it by Mentschikoff's stroke of sinking his ships, so as to block the harbour and exclude the fleets. Was this a step, the possibility of which the Government of a great maritime nation ought to have omitted from its calculations? It was not difficult—it was even obvious—to anticipate that a fleet otherwise useless might thus be turned to account.

That the invasion was politically a fortunate step, we have no doubt. All the sufferings, all the losses, all the expense, and all the discontent at home, could not prevent the course of affairs from turning ultimately to our advantage, because the distresses of the enemy were far greater. Russia at the end of the war was absolutely prostrate, while England was only beginning to handle her vast and increasing resources. But this, as it was never contemplated, is beside the purpose of estimating the wisdom of the people and the Government who committed the armies to the enterprise. The Government is obnoxious to the charge of not providing for a contingency that ought to have been foreseen, by furnishing the means for sustained operations. And the Government might, in great measure, exonerate itself at the expense of the nation. For years before, no Member of Parliament could have proposed an increase on the estimates in order to render the army an efficient engine of war, without being covered with obloquy. At that time, what troops we had were barely tolerated by the people. Considering all things, we cannot think the step wise. But we are very strongly of opinion that, as a means of coercing Russia, it was fortunate.

Many conferences between the Allied Generals took place at Varna, and on the voyage. No pictures can differ more widely than those of the attitude of St. Arnaud on these occasions, as drawn on the one hand by himself and De Bazancourt, on the other by Mr. Kinglake. In his own letters, and in the vera-

cious French Chronicle, he is the moving spirit of the enterprise—he “dominates the discussion”—he infuses life into everybody—nothing checks him except the slowness of the English. He is feared by the Russians, admired by the British, adored by the French. Mr. Kinglake, on the contrary, represents him as being in council without decision and without weight; glad to solve his own difficulties by deferring to Lord Raglan; forming plans merely to abandon them; and painfully conscious that he has not the hold on the respect of his own army necessary to enforce his authority. He had become strongly impressed with the idea that a landing would be best effected at the mouth of the Katcha. It would be nearer Sebastopol. The position on the Alma would thus be avoided; and the march over plains, where it might be difficult to find water, would be unnecessary. On the other hand a reconnoissance made by Lord Raglan and Sir John Burgoyne, with the French Generals, showed that the mouth of the valley was narrow, that the troops as they landed would be exposed to a flanking fire from guns which would be, by their position, secure from the counter-fire of the ships, and that the enterprise might be opposed by the whole Russian army. These objections seemed to Lord Raglan so strong that he decided on landing at Old Fort. The result showed the correctness of the decision, for the landing was unopposed, and the single action of the Alma cleared the way to Sebastopol. Nevertheless, St. Arnaud, writing to his brother after the landing, contends that he was right. “Observe, brother,” he says, “I have a military instinct which never deceives me, and the English have not made war since 1815.”

Mr. Kinglake's account of the disembarkation which he witnessed, of the delay caused by the mysterious shifting, by the French, of the buoy that was to mark the spot for the operation—of the different modes of

treating the villagers practised by the English and by the French troops, and of the march towards the Alma, are described with the particularity and vivacity which might be expected from so keen an observer and so skilful a narrator. He rightly describes the movement as being of the nature of that proper to movable columns. It was, in fact, like the march of a convoy, where the escort was vast, and the conditions favourable. The conditions were favourable, because the open nature of the country permitted the waggons, instead of straggling along a great extent of the road, on any part of which they might be attacked, to move in compact order near the entire army. But we quite agree with him in thinking that the Russian leader showed great incapacity and culpable want of enterprise in suffering the march to proceed unmolested. The country was particularly favourable to cavalry, in which arm he was greatly superior. By incessantly threatening the left flank he would have compelled us to show front in that direction, and the whole army would have been obliged to halt, under penalty of witnessing the defeat of a separated portion. We could not have closed with the force thus menacing us, because the effort to do so would have withdrawn us from our proper direction, and from the sea, and because, also, the enemy could always retire under cover of his cavalry, to a new position on our flank. If Mentschikoff could have felt secure of being able to file into position behind the Alma, in time to oppose us there, he might have employed his whole army in this menacing movement. He made only one effort of the kind, that on the Bulganak, where a skirmish took place; but the demonstration was feeble, not supported, and of no avail as a check, because the army had always designed to halt there for the night. Nevertheless, the precautions taken by Lord Raglan, in throwing back the left flank, before bivouacking, to meet a possible attack of the

kind, and the consequent delay in resuming the march next morning, show how much was to be apprehended from such a mode of harassing us as was open to a skilful leader.

The ground on which the battle of the Alma was fought is not difficult to understand. The plain over which the Allies advanced slopes gently downward for a mile. At the bottom of the slope is a bank, and below the bank a flat valley, three or four hundred yards wide, in which flows the Alma. If, then, a person turning his back to the sea, at the mouth of the river, moves up the Allies' bank, he has on his right, across the valley, for the first mile, a steep cliff, as if part of the coast-line had turned back along the course of the river. The cliff then begins to resolve itself into broken heights, still steep, but not impracticable. These continue for nearly two more miles, when, the heights receding still farther, the slope to the river becomes more gentle, and undulates in knolls, the general character of the ground, however, being an upper and lower line of heights, with an intermediate plateau. The ground continues of this nature far up the stream. Everywhere the last summits formed the edge of a plain which could not be seen from the Allies' side of the stream.

The Russian cavalry prevented reconnoissances which would have given some assurance of the manner in which Mentschikoff occupied the position. In the absence of these, maps, and plans, and a distant view, coupled with a rough estimate of the enemy's force, were all that could be relied on. With such data as these afforded, Marshal St. Arnaud came to confer with Lord Raglan the night before the battle; and we must say that we think Mr. Kinglake is rather hard upon the Marshal in his description of the interview. He seems to think there was something presumptuous in the fact of his coming with a prepared plan, bringing with him, too, a

rough sketch of it drawn on paper. Now, that such a conference was highly necessary between two commanders about to fight a battle in concert, nobody will deny. And it is a very good thing on such occasions to have a plan constructed on the probabilities, because it serves as a basis for discussion. The Marshal's plan was founded on the conjecture, that, as the plain at the top of the cliff could be swept by the guns of the ships, a space would be left near the sea unoccupied by the Russians. Into that space he proposed to push two divisions (Bosquet and the Turks), by two roads that led to it up the cliff. The remaining divisions were to advance against the Russian front; and he calculated that they would occupy so much of that front that the movement of the British, forming the left of the Allies, would be against the right flank of the enemy.

Such was the plan that the Marshal brought to discuss with Lord Raglan. But it seems that if he came with the hope of getting any suggestions or ideas in exchange, he was disappointed. "Without either combating or accepting the suggestion addressed to him, he simply assured the Marshal that he might rely upon the vigorous co-operation of the British army. The French plan seems to have made little impression on Lord Raglan's mind. He foresaw, perhaps, that the ingenuity of the evening would be brought to nothingness by the teachings of the morrow." And when they came next day into presence of the enemy, Mr. Kinglake says: "If Lord Raglan had not already rejected the French plan of a flank attack by our forces, it would now have fallen to the ground. It had never made any impression on his mind." In a note he says: "It became a plan simply preposterous as soon as it was apparent that St. Arnaud would not confront any part of the Russian army except their left wing; for to make two flank movements, one against the enemy's left, and the

other against his right, and to do this without having any force wherewith to confront the enemy's centre, would have been a plan requiring no comment to show its absurdity."

Now Lord Raglan's part in the interview is meant, as recorded, to show to his advantage. Yet we cannot think that this way of conducting conferences can be considered as displaying talent. Anybody can appear to conceal an opinion—even if he hasn't got one. The Marshal might, according to this account, justly feel himself aggrieved—first for having no notice taken of his plan; and, secondly, for having no grounds afforded for acting in concert with his ally in the coming battle. Nor do we think the plan absurd in principle, though it was erroneous in details. If to turn one flank of an enemy is an advantage, to turn both flanks will, in general, increase the advantage: whether it is practicable depends on the relative length of the opposing lines. Now the Russians had 39,000 men; the Allies had 63,000. And the English order of battle enables our line to cover more ground than equal numbers of the enemy. Therefore, after forming on an equal front, there would still be at least 12,000 men disposable for the turning of each flank; and 12,000 men on your flank is a serious matter. We say then that the plan, which was, of course, a suggestion, to be modified according to circumstances, was not in itself absurd in principle.

The Marshal, therefore, with Lord Raglan's concurrence, as the French say—but, according to Mr. Kinglake, with such expectations as he might have derived from the foregoing not very explicit interview—proceeded to execute his part of the plan by making his right column pass close to the sea. This was an error, for it was founded on a false assumption; he supposed the Russian left to be nearer the sea than it really was. He could not ascertain the truth, because, as is not uncommon in battles, he could not

make a close reconnoissance, and the plain behind the cliff, being invisible from below, might contain an unknown number of Russians. A computation of the forces visible would not give certain means of judging of this point, because troops had been joining Mentschikoff from various parts—a large detachment had come in that morning.

The consequence, then, of this error was that more of the French line than had been expected overlapped the Russians—so much so that those on the extreme right never joined in the action. Moreover, they were on a narrower front than their numbers warranted; for though three divisions were in front, and two following them, yet the three in front formed two lines. If the two in rear are to be considered as a reserve, it was twice as large as is common. Thus the English only completed the front necessary to correspond with the Russian front without overlapping it, and their attack, therefore, was almost entirely a direct attack. The right French column was thrown away. The next to it only engaged in a distant artillery fire; even the third and fourth found themselves opposed to a force inadequate to their numbers. As Mr. Kinglake well observes, if all the army had been of one nation, the direct attack would not have been made till that on the flank had already shaken the enemy's line. But circumstances rendered it difficult to hold back the English divisions. The French did nothing to be proud of in the battle. We perfectly agree with Mr. Kinglake that the official accounts and that of De Bazancourt are mere bombastic inventions. We know that they were opposed by numbers small in proportion to their own. That some of their divisions showed but little *elan* and made small progress, was evident during the battle. And with regard to their losses, which St. Arnaud places at 1200, we do not deny that they may have lost that number of men that day; but if

they did, the cholera must have been unusually severe on the 20th September, for there were no signs of such mortality on the battle-field.

The English then advanced, because the French demanded support, and because it might not have been judicious to remain longer inactive when our allies were engaged. Our divisions therefore advanced across the river. In doing so their order was broken by several causes. First, the vineyards and enclosures between the troops and the river; then the river itself; and lastly, the fact that the divisions in deploying had, by mistaking distance, considerably overlapped. It is evident that if an inferior army about to be attacked in position could choose how the attack should be made, it would desire that a great part of the enemy's force should be directed where it would be useless, and that the remainder should make a direct advance. This was what the Allies did. But though there was no great generalship, the soldier-ship of the English was admirable. The divisional, brigade, and regimental officers took advantage of a sheltering rim of ground on the opposite bank to restore some degree of order in the broken ranks, and then led them straight up the slope in the teeth of the Russian guns. Torn by cannon-shot at close range, and by a hail of musketry from the numerous infantry—for here Mentschikoff had placed his heaviest masses—they nevertheless went on in a line, which, if irregular, was still irresistible, drove the Russians back, and captured a gun. Then, being without support, having lost heavily, and being assailed by fresh reserves, the front line gave way and retreated down the hill. But by this time the Duke of Cambridge's division was across the stream and moving up. The broken masses passed through the ranks, which closed and advanced solidly, with the same success as the first line, and the success was more enduring. English guns, hitherto opposed to the Russian artillery, were now

brought across the stream—they were set free to do so partly by the progress of the French on the flank, partly by the action of two guns that Lord Raglan had brought across the stream in the space between the armies, and which, taking the Russian line in reverse, caused it to fall back. The English divisions thus maintained themselves—the heavy columns that advanced against them were repulsed partly by artillery, partly by the fire of the line—the Russians fell back slowly to the top of the heights, and retreated along the plain, pursued by the fire of our horse-artillery. The English batteries then advanced. When they reached the plateau the enemy's masses were already at some distance, moving towards Sebastopol. The French on the right were coming up so deliberately that it was evident they had, no thought of molesting the enemy's retreat, and on a proposition being made to them to join in a pursuit they declined it.

Whether it was or was not owing to the cause to which Mr. Kinglake attributes it—namely, to the fact that the French leaders, selected as they almost all were for their share in the *coup d'état*, were men in whom the troops had no confidence—it is certain that the reputation of the French army was not augmented by this action. The report of St. Arnaud paints their valour and skill in the most brilliant colours. He does not scruple largely to exaggerate the numbers of the enemy. There were, according to him, 40,000 Russian bayonets, 6000 cavalry, and 180 guns opposed to the Allies. The true numbers were, according to Mr. Kinglake, 36,000 infantry, 3400 cavalry, and 108 guns. The advantages of the Russians consisted in their strong position, their superiority in cavalry, and their 14 heavy guns. The movement of the French was ineffective, partly from misdirection, partly from their slowness to close with the enemy. To the English, therefore, fell a task as difficult as

that which would have fallen to them in ordinary cases had the Russians been equal in strength to the Allies—and the battle of the Alma is eminently an English victory.

It is evident that if the general of an inferior army can oppose one great mass of his enemy with a small number of his troops, and is thus at liberty to meet the remainder on equal terms, he has gained a great point in his favour; and this Mentschikoff did. Yet we perfectly agree with Mr. Kinglake that Mentschikoff showed no talent, and did no justice to his troops. As we have seen, he allowed the march to be unmolested. He made no use of the time at his disposal to strengthen his position artificially. Mr. Kinglake rightly asserts this in contradiction to official and other authorities. Fords might have been rendered impracticable, roads obstructed, field-works thrown up, and the advancing troops would thus have been detained under the heavy fire of the defenders, till on closing, if they should succeed in closing, it would be with numbers too much diminished for success. But there were no intrenchments nor obstacles worth mentioning on the field. And we regret to observe that Mr. Kinglake, though he explains in a note that he knows the term to be inapplicable, and that he only follows an established precedent, talks of the position of the Russian battery as "the Great Redoubt." We regret it, because the impression conveyed is false to those who do not know the truth, and irrelevant to those who do. The only work was a bank of earth not a yard high, which partially covered the Russian guns of position, and which was probably intended as much for preventing them from running down the hill as for anything else. There were no embrasures, for as the guns looked over the bank none were necessary; it had not even the additional impediment of a ditch in front, the earth which formed it being taken from spaces

dug between the guns. It was no more like a "Great Redoubt," than it was like the Great Wall of China. And this being the case, all such expressions as "storming" are quite inapplicable.

It is evident that, if an army superior in numbers wishes to bring its superiority to bear, it must out-flank the enemy on one or both sides. Which flank, then, would it have been best in the present case to turn? The French turned the left. There was the natural temptation of advancing over ground where the turning columns were protected by the fire of the fleet. But they moved against an imaginary foe, and a large part of the force might have been as well on board ship for all the effect it had on the action. Moreover, though the turning movement was completed, yet it had none of its legitimate effects, for the Russians left only two guns and no prisoners. It is clear then that none of the advantages to be expected from a successful attack in flank followed here.

Now suppose—as there are but two flanks to an enemy, and no great things had been done by turning one—that the manœuvre had been effected against the other. The Allies would have moved away from the sea up the river. The road next the sea was closed to the Russians by the ships' broadsides. Opposite the next road, that by which Bosquet led his second brigade, the Turks might have been left. The right of the French would then have been where the right of the English really was, that is, in the village of Bourliouk. And the English would have stretched so far beyond the enemy's right, that at least three divisions would have been available for turning that flank. To the Russians, seeing this, only certain alternatives would be possible: either to try to thrust themselves between us and the sea—in which case the cliff would have restricted them to the one road guarded by the Turks,

and where any part of their force that made the attempt would be lost if it should fail, as it certainly would fail; or, secondly, an extension of their already sufficiently extended line till its length corresponded with that of the Allies, by which extension it would be fatally weakened; or, thirdly, a movement of the entire army to the right, which would have uncovered the Sebastopol road, and was therefore not to be thought of. Therefore the Russians must have stood to fight on the ground they occupied, throwing back their right wing to meet the threatened attack on their flank. The Allied artillery should then have been massed—one portion to oppose the great battery, one to pour a storm of shot on the right wing, the object of attack; and the horse-artillery and one or two batteries, after flanking the advance from their own side of the river, should have been held ready to follow the flanking columns of attack as soon as they should be established on the other bank. The advance, instead of being in echelon from the right, would be in echelon from the left—the Light Division, followed by the First and Fourth, would make the turning movement and attack the right wing—the remaining English divisions would advance upon the centre, and upon the angle formed by the centre and right; and, as soon as the Russian line fronting the river should be shaken by the front and flank attack and the reverse fire, the French divisions advancing would find their share of the task easy. Two results would have followed, both important—the first, that the position would have been carried with much less loss of life—secondly, that the losses of the Russians would have been far greater. For it is to be observed that, by turning the left of the Russians, and interposing between them and the sea, they were driven back along their proper line of retreat; whereas, had the right been

turned, the English left wing, pushing obliquely across the enemy's rear, would have reached the Sebastopol road on the top of the plateau, and the result of that would have been to drive the beaten troops towards the sea, and to enclose all that part of the Russian left which should be last to retreat between our line and the cliffs, thus capturing many prisoners. And as the enemy were superior in cavalry, the English left must have carefully guarded itself, during its advance, from the Russian horse, first, by our artillery on our own side of the river, and afterwards by guns following in support, by battalions on the left echeloned in squares, and by our own cavalry. Many reasons, then, induce us to consider the French attack a mistake. And the more complete turning movement which Mr. Kinglake seems, as if by authority, to ascribe to Marshal Pelissier, as what *he* would have done—namely, “to avoid all encounter with the enemy on his chosen stronghold by taking ample ground to their left, and boldly marching round him”—would have been objectionable, inasmuch as it would have left no option of retreating on Eupatoria, in case the attack should prove unsuccessful; and no plan can be sound that does not provide for the contingency of defeat.

Mr. Kinglake modestly declines to give an opinion on the question of what plan might have been better. But he need not have scrupled to do so, as he deals extremely well with the technicalities of military art. His account of the manœuvres preceding and during the battle is remarkably clear. His discussion as to the respective merits of lines and columns shows that he thoroughly appreciates the philosophy of the subject. But it is not so much to the credit of his estimate of what constitutes generalship, that he implies so great approval of Lord Raglan's solitary ride beyond the enemy's front, and of his continued occupation of the knoll there

throughout the stress of the battle. Of course it would be a great advantage to a general in every action to be able to see exactly what was passing in rear of the enemy's line. But it would be an advantage only as it would give him the means of directing his own troops with greater certainty. To see the enemy's rear, at the expense of losing the control of his own army, would be quite the reverse of an advantage. And imagine the state of things if two opposing generals in a battle should be absorbed in their efforts to pass, like two pawns at chess, behind the opposing lines. If it had appeared to the general that an opportunity existed for wedging a part of his force within a weak spot of the enemy's line, staff officers might have been sent to ascertain the fact, while the guns and their escort required to effect the manœuvre might have been brought from the reserve, or the nearest available division, and posted in readiness to advance. We know that during this excursion of Lord Raglan the English divisions were confused for want of a controlling power to direct them. The action of the English artillery was without unity, at a time when a concentrated fire against the hill on which the attack was to be made would have had a most important influence on the result. Mr. Kinglake tells us that Lord Raglan from his knoll witnessed the first advance of the troops of our first line, and saw that they would not be able to hold their ground because they were not supported; but adds, that he did not attempt to apply a remedy, because no order sent by him could possibly arrive in time to be of service. Surely this of itself might have convinced Mr. Kinglake that the general's place was elsewhere. And we will add, that, at the close of the struggle, our successful troops did not receive that impulsion which none but the supreme directing authority can give, and which was necessary to push the victory home.

But though we do not think the occasions for praising Lord Raglan are always judiciously chosen, we thoroughly agree in Mr. Kinglake's estimate of the character of that kind excellent gentleman and gallant soldier. His tact, temper and bearing were all of a kind calculated to be of eminent service in an allied command, and secured to him at once the attachment of his own army and the respect of the French.

Mr. Kinglake has scarcely accomplished half of that task which is so weighty, but which his qualities as a narrator have made to seem so light. And it is because so many events yet remain to receive his impress, that we would venture to remind him how the French army in the Crimea, though it did not by its first achievements enhance its reputation, yet performed many great and gallant actions. The aid which Bosquet brought us at Inkermann, though long in coming, was effectual. The part of the French in that battle, infantry and artillery, was highly honourable. They often maintained terrible conflicts in the trenches, where both sides fought well, but where the French were victors. Their arrangements for receiving the attack on the Tchernaya were such that the assailant never had a chance of penetrating their lines. And their terrible losses in the final assault prove the magnitude of the obstacles they encountered, and the ardour with which they overcame them. But while we do not forget this, neither can we regret that thus far Mr. Kinglake has sought to redress the balance of history, by awarding to our army its share of credit. Reputation is the breath of its nostrils, and our allies have appeared but too desirous to monopolise what was gained in this war.

And we also venture to observe that Mr. Kinglake's enemies — and he has scattered in these volumes dragon's teeth enough to produce a plentiful crop — may find occasion to say that in praising his friends

he is equally uncompromising as in censuring his foes. Small traits of character receive undue prominence, small merits, undue laudation; as, for instance, when the way in which the Highland Brigade was made to drink at the Bulganak is praised as if it were a stroke of military genius, and where a paragraph is devoted to describing how its commander pronounced the not very remarkable words, "Forward, 42d!" and when it is further added, "As a steed that knows his rider," the great heart of the battalion bounded proudly to his touch," Mr. Kinglake lets himself slip into a style much beneath his own. But what no enemy can deny is the extraordinary animation, clearness, sustained interest, and dramatic as well as descriptive excellence of the work. A vast field for these qualities yet remains — the flank march, the commencement of the siege, the hurricane, the action of Balaklava (fine soil for dragon's teeth), the battle of Inkermann, the long calamities and glories of the trenches, the death of the Czar, and of the English commander, the final assault, and the destruction of the stronghold — into all these scenes we shall follow Mr. Kinglake, confident of seeing them treated by a great artist.

As a concluding remark, we will say that we think no history of this war can be complete which does not devote a chapter to the discussion of the causes which made the British army of 1854 so different in all except fighting power, from the British army of 1814, as a machine of war. The long peace, the growth of the commercial spirit, the Peace Party, the administration of the army by the Duke of Wellington, and the influence of the long-continued public demand for economy, must all be taken into account before the breaking down of that machine, as to be recorded hereafter, can be fairly and fully accounted for, and a true comparison drawn between our military system and that of the French.

THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

THE Session has commenced under circumstances so unfavourable to the Ministry that even their most sanguine friends are dejected. The omens are unmistakably against them, and the auspices are corroborated by the more palpable evidence of hard facts. The Session was barely a week old when the first division took place, and left the Ministry in a minority. It was a Government question, but the Opposition motion, brought forward by Mr. Peacocke, was carried by the large majority of 118 to 73. This was a bad beginning; and, unenlightened by the result, the Ministry have since then exposed themselves to, and undergone, two similar defeats. The events of the same week out-of-doors brought them a worse and less avoidable disaster. Two elections went against them. We certainly do not claim the Cambridge election as any great triumph of Conservative principles, but it was a blow to the Ministry. Lord Palmerston's reputation is deservedly great, and in not a few elections the Ministerial candidate has escaped defeat by proclaiming himself simply a Palmerstonian, and asserting that the Premier was as good a Conservative as any member of the Opposition. The ex-member for Cambridge, Mr. Stenart, although returned as a Conservative, subsequently became a "Palmerstonian;" but no sooner did his constituents obtain an opportunity of showing their sentiments by their votes, than they declared in favour of a Conservative who avowed himself an opponent of Lord Palmerston. This, we say, may be called a trifle, but it is a straw which shows which way the wind is blowing. The other electoral contest—at Devonport—was a very different affair. In former elections for that borough the Liberals had won the day. Moreover, owing to the large

Government dockyards, the constituency of Devonport is peculiarly amenable to Ministerial influence. In spite of all this, the Ministerial candidate, although strenuously backed by the whole influence of the Admiralty, and himself a Grey to boot, has been defeated, and one of the most staunch of Conservatives and a thorough party-man, Mr. Ferrand, has been elected by a majority of thirty. This is a triumph for the Opposition too remarkable to be explained away. The Government has been defeated in its own dockyard. Driven to candour by the very magnitude of the disaster, a Ministerial journal* says:—"It is a surprising innovation. Constituencies like Devonport, where the Government is a great employer of labourers having votes, have hitherto been considered almost as nomination boroughs." Even the Whigs have got sick of "innovations" now, finding they will no longer go down with the public; but such an innovation as that accomplished by the constituency of Devonport must cut them to the heart. If they can no longer get their candidates returned even in Government pocket boroughs, what are they to do? In Ireland a Government appointment went a-begging for a year, because no Whig member would risk the new election that must follow his acceptance of it. It would seem that the Government are now in the same sad predicament on both sides of the Irish Channel.

Obviously the "Conservative reaction" has entered upon a new phase. The country is resolved to have not only a Conservative policy, but a Conservative Ministry. At first, when it was seen that the Whig Ministry abandoned its mischievous attempts to degrade the franchise, many constituencies contented themselves with electing

* The 'Daily News.'

men of Conservative tendencies, even though they gave a general support to the Government. But this feeling is dying away; neutrality is being abandoned for active opposition. The change is doubtless due to more causes than one. But the chief influence in producing the change is a love of fair-play. This is peculiarly the case in regard to the English constituencies, where public opinion is more calm and better balanced on political questions than it is in the sister kingdoms. There is a striking difference, we may remark, in the modes of political feeling and action which characterise the three great sections of the United Kingdom. Party-spirit and religious zeal (which, though generally, are not always coincident forces) predominate in Ireland. In Scotland, although the ecclesiastical spirit is very strong, the peculiar characteristic of the people in politics is their attachment to ideas pure and simple; they are the great theorists and innovators, and will go all lengths in the logical application of their principles. Fortunately the English constituencies are admirable ballast, and keep straight the vessel of the State. They care little for "ideas," but a great deal for good and safe government: they are businesslike and matter-of-fact, and, above all things, are lovers of fair-play. In many an English constituency the representation, by mutual agreement, is divided between the rival parties. A Whig and a Tory are returned together, or two Tories and a Whig, or one Tory and two Whigs; and in some boroughs, where there is a great landed proprietor who owns nearly the whole area of the borough, the duke or other magnate is allowed to name one member and the majority of the constituency the other. This is a businesslike compromise which aptly illustrates English character. Every one knows that 'property must have a great influence, whether wielded by a territorial magnate or by a millowner; but in assigning one seat to the magnate,

the constituency is, by a well-understood agreement, left free to choose its own man for the other, without any interference on the part of the magnate's influence. In the other case (which generally occurs in counties), where the representation is divided, equally or unequally, between the rival political parties, the same spirit of compromise is apparent. It saves many contested elections, and it is likewise a virtual adoption of the principle of the representation of minorities. Scotchmen would do none of these things: a divided representation would seem to them as good as none. As long as any party in the Scotch constituency has a majority, however small, it will insist upon carrying its own men. The spirit of compromise which distinguishes English constituencies arises partly from their love of fair-play, partly from the fact that they are not such servile politicians as the Scotch, and deal with politics not as an affair of immutable principles or scientific deduction, but as an ordinary business matter, which they decide by striking a balance of the miscellaneous considerations which affect them. Now, that balance is turning every day more strongly against the Liberals. The Scotch may think it best to have Liberals in office even though they carry out a Conservative policy. But Englishmen don't like this. In the first place, it is not fair. Each side should have its innings, and the Whigs have confessedly played out their game. Office has its sweets, and John Bull thinks that it is more than time that the Tories should get their turn of the good things. A man cannot live upon politics any more than upon love; and although to the leading statesmen on both sides the emoluments of office are as nothing, the tenure of political power by one party or the other makes a material difference to each. John Bull understands this. Moreover, if the retention of office by the Liberals is not fair, it is also not manly or honest. John Bull, like old George III., does not

like "Scotch metaphysics." He does not appreciate the casuistical reasoning by which it may be shown that a Ministry which took office to do one thing, may stay in office to do the opposite. Since the Whigs have given up their principles, he thinks they should also give up their places. Doubtless, too, if he takes any interest in the morals of Whiggery (which we greatly doubt, seeing they are so purely speculative), he must come to the conclusion that the principles of the party are rotting so fast on the Treasury seats that it is high time to give them an airing in the bracing atmosphere of the Opposition benches.

The country now sees that, if it had known the truth four years ago, the present Ministry would never have been in existence. The Whigs and Radicals overthrew the Conservative Government in 1859 by means of false statements and false professions. It took some time before the real state of the case could be demonstrated, but gradually it was made plain by the conduct of the Liberals themselves. Slowly but steadily the truth has dawned upon the constituencies; they feel that they were duped by the present occupants of office, and they are now conscious also that they did injustice to the Conservatives. The Whig chiefs who, before they got into office, deemed Parliamentary Reform a matter of such urgency that they promised to hold a special session in November in order to pass a Reform Bill, first delayed to fulfil their promise, and then threw up the matter altogether. The excuse which they plead is, that they found Parliament unfavourable to any further tampering with the constitution. But if Parliament was right, they themselves were condemned; if it were wrong, why did they not dissolve, and appeal to the country? Had they been in earnest, they would have dissolved: but they knew that a dissolution would have been followed by the election of a Parliament still more hostile to them and to their measure. And therefore they

chose rather to remain self-condemned, and to be pointed at with the finger of scorn, by the one party as recreants, by the other as impostors, rather than save their honour at least by the sacrifice of office. This tells against them now. The revulsion of public feeling was not, and could not be, immediate—for the duplicity and insincerity of the Ministry only revealed itself by degrees; but it was certain from the first, and has now become overwhelming. The Ministry have come to be regarded with contempt, and every new election is taken advantage of by the constituencies to give expression to their censure. But this is not the whole of the change which the last four years have wrought on the public mind. Alongside of the consciousness of the sins and demerits of the present Ministry, there has arisen the conviction that the principles of the Conservative party are the right ones for the country. The constituencies now feel not only that the present Ministry is a bad one, but that its predecessor was a good one. They have become sensible that, if any Reform Bill were needed at all, the Bill brought forward by Mr. Disraeli was the one that best deserved to be adopted. They are now conscious that if any change at all were requisite in the matter of Church-rates, Mr. Walpole's Bill was well deserving of support, and that the measure of total abolition to which the present Ministry have pledged themselves is wholly out of the question. Finally, and for a good while past, the country has come to see that, led away by the misrepresentations of the Whigs, it did gross injustice to the foreign policy of the Conservative Government. We do not know by what fatality it was that Lord Malmesbury's despatches on the Italian question were not published until too late to affect the division on the vote of want of confidence in June 1859. Had they been published earlier, we believe the issue of that division would have been different. Every one may remember (or may

see for himself by referring to the file) the effect which the publication of those despatches produced on the 'Times,' and how the leading journal, thus enlightened as to the facts, frankly, and without any reservation, admitted that Lord Malmesbury had been right throughout. And certainly no one can forget how Lord John Russell, when taking farewell of the House of Commons, took occasion — or rather made occasion — to say that he approved of the policy of his predecessor, and that (which is more than his colleagues could say) he had been of that opinion from the beginning. The impression, originated and studiously fostered by Lord Palmerston and his followers, that the Conservatives are unfriendly to the cause of freedom and independence in Italy, is totally unfounded. They have certainly mistrusted the disinterestedness of the policy of the French Emperor, and have cautioned the Italian Government against seeking to reach the height of its ambition by machinations which would only redound to its own disadvantage; and on both of these points the Italians themselves must now be convinced that the warnings and advices of the Conservative statesmen were well-founded. At all events, taught by a bitter experience, the Italian Government is now following the very course which the Conservatives recommended. We may add a word on our own part. The Magazine will certainly be admitted to be as sound an exponent of Conservatism as is to be found either in or out of Parliament, and we can refer to our own pages to demonstrate how heartily we have sympathised with the Italian cause, wherever it was not marred by such secret traffickings with the French Government, as the Italians themselves now regret and condemn; or by violations of law which, though natural to times of revolution, may be condoned, but cannot be approved.

The Ministerial programme for the present Session contains another confession of errors on the part of

the Government, and a fresh proof of the wisdom of the opinions of the Conservative party. Destitute, as usual, of the capacity to originate measures of useful legislation, the Budget is to be brought forward early, to cover the prospective barrenness of the Session. And what is the feature of this year's Budget, upon which the Ministry rely to cover their flagrant incapacity in other matters of administration? It is a reduction of the naval and military estimates! It is the adoption of the very course so earnestly advocated last year by the Opposition, and so strenuously resisted by the Government. Hardly eight months have elapsed since Lord Palmerston and his colleagues confidently and haughtily maintained that no reduction could be made upon the large sums voted for the support of the national armaments, without destroying the influence and safety of the country. Mr. Disraeli, during last Session, argued strongly in favour of making such a reduction, on the ground that so heavy an expenditure was uncalled for, and was in reality damaging to our military power, by trenching so deeply upon the financial resources of the State. Again and again he pressed these views upon the Government — it was his constant theme all through last Session; but the Government refused to accept the warnings, and resolutely maintained that no reduction could be made. What, then, are we to think of them now? In what respect is the attitude of the times more favourable for a reduction now than it was eight months ago? In so far as there has been any change, the change has been clearly for the worse. There has been a revolution in Greece, of the issues of which as yet we have hardly seen the beginning. Servia has been arming, by the secret assistance of Russia; and the Danubian Principalities, and northern provinces of Turkey generally, are in a more unquiet state than they have been for years. And now we have a revolution in Poland, which is throwing all Cen-

tral Europe into agitation, and furnishing fresh opportunities for the intrigues or intervention of other Powers. So far, then, as there has been any change in the situation since last summer, the change, we repeat, has been for the worse. Nothing could demonstrate more strikingly than this the consciousness of the Government that they were wrong last Session, and that the Conservatives were right. It is a new triumph for the Conservative party—a fresh condemnation of themselves by the Ministry. The trump card with which the Ministry are to lead off this Session has been stolen from the hands of the Opposition.

It is high time, indeed, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer were retrenching his expenditure; for, weak as the Administration has been in other respects, the management of the finances has been peculiarly disastrous. Although the present Ministry took office with a surplus, which they owed to their predecessors, in the two succeeding years (1860-2) in which Mr. Gladstone had the exclusive direction of the finances, his mismanagement accumulated a deficit of four millions sterling. Nor is this all. For in the same period Mr. Gladstone anticipated the revenue of the country to the extent of £3,200,000,—namely, £2,000,000 anticipated upon the income-tax, and upwards of £1,200,000 upon the malt-credit. This enormous deficit—*seven and a half millions sterling*—was, moreover, accumulated during a period when the national Exchequer enjoyed windfalls such as very rarely come to the aid of a Minister of Finance. The falling-in of the terminable annuities has reduced the charges on the National Debt to the extent of £2,000,000; and there was also the unexpected repayment of a portion of the Spanish loan. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, has enough to do with the surplus which he will obtain by the proposed reduction of the expenditure. He has first to restore the Exchequer balances to their proper amount, by repaying the £2,684,000 which he abstracted

from them to meet his exigencies between March 1860 and March 1862. He has likewise to get rid of the addition to the National Debt which he created, to the extent of £461,000. And, finally, he has to cease his forestalments of the revenue. When he has done these things, where will be his surplus? Mr. Gladstone, in former times, used to denounce the slightest forestalment of the yearly revenue as a flagrant “violation of political morality;” and there is no question that such a procedure can only be excused under exceptional circumstances and to a very small amount. The House of Commons, therefore, as watchful guardians of the public revenue, will surely call upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer to restore matters to their normal condition before he does anything else. The same must be done in regard to the Exchequer balances. And if it be not an equally pressing necessity to pay off the £461,000 of new debt, surely Mr. Gladstone, who aspires to the reputation of a great Finance Minister, will be ashamed to leave unpaid off a portion of the national obligations which will hereafter be known as “Gladstone’s Debt.” Unfortunately, when we think of 1853-4, we must allow that this is not the only portion of the National Debt which may be thus designated.

Most financiers, and all sound ones, in such circumstances, would devote the surplus of revenue which might accrue to redressing the adverse balance of former years. But Mr. Gladstone belongs to a new school. He leaves the balances to come right as they may, or bequeaths them as an embarrassment to his successor; while he goes on in his seemingly endless process of devising financial alterations, which always leave him deeper in the mire. He loves to carry every inch of canvass—he crowds all sail as he drives his financial pinnacle through strange waters; but he has shipped so many seas that the Exchequer has become waterlogged. He had

better bale out the water before he goes any further. But this is precisely what he will not do. He must have a "sensation" budget. He must reduce some branches of the revenue and experiment with more. Already he lifts up a corner of the curtain to give us a glimpse of the grand tableau of jugglery which he has in store for us; and in due time the House will be wheedled and overwhelmed by the suave rhetoric of the great financial juggler. Possibly, however, the country will think that it has had too much of this already. It thinks of the cheap paper and cheap wines, and cannot see anything in these changes to atone for a deficit of seven millions and a half. Mr. Gladstone's abolition of the paper-duties was done not only at a wrong time, but in a wrong way. He not only landed himself in a deficit, but he landed the papermakers in a dilemma. He struck off the excise-duty on the one hand and the import-duty on paper off the other, and called it "free trade;" but while making free trade in the manufactured article, he ought to have taken care that there should be free trade likewise in the raw material. Several Continental countries send their paper, untaxed, to compete in the English markets with the produce of our own paper-mills, while at the same time they place a prohibitory duty on the export to our shores of rags. Our papermakers do not object to fair competition, but they object to be subjected by legislative enactment to so serious a disadvantage. If the crop of cotton in America were to fall off in extent (as it has done during this civil war), and the Americans, when peace is restored, were to place (as they have talked of doing) a prohibitory duty upon the export of cotton, while we did not retaliate by placing an import-duty on the manufactured article from their ports, what would our manufacturers think of this sort of "free trade?" Why, such a state of matters would produce a cala-

mity in our manufacturing districts equal to that under which we are now suffering, and ruin the cotton industry in this country permanently. Yet this is the condition of affairs which Mr. Gladstone voluntarily chooses to impose upon our paper manufacture, in deference to the clamour and exhortations of his Radical friends. What has become of the touching picture which the eloquent financier portrayed of paper-mills springing up all over the country, — when every hamlet was to have its little factory, engaging the surplus labour of the lads and lasses; and every glen that had a streamlet was to be made musical with the noise of a paper-mill? We have not heard of any such results — we have not heard of any extension at all of the manufacture; and as for Mr. Gladstone's arcadian dreams of paper-making, while foreign Governments act towards us in the way they do, he surely cannot possibly hope for their realisation — unless, indeed, he expects the whole country to go to rags under his financial mismanagement.

The other basis upon which Mr. Gladstone founds his reputation as a great financier, and as an ample compensation for his past annual deficits, is his reduction of the duties upon French wines. We readily admit that these wines have been poured into this country in greatly increased quantities during the last eighteen months; but will this continue? And what is the advantage we derive from the change? "Gladstone's wines" has become a current name for these beverages, but it is certainly not a "household word." Any one who confesses, with rueful face, that he has made acquaintance with these wines, never fails to explain that it was at another man's table, or at some villainous restaurant's, — never at his own. No decanter will circulate if its contents are known to have been favoured by the legislation of Mr. Gladstone. People have become wary and suspicious at dinner parties now; and

a Paterfamilias may be heard giving the caution which old Squire Hazeldean gave to his son when about to dine with Dr. Riccabocca, "Whatever you take, Frank, don't touch his wines!" Those "cheap wines" have been tried—or, at least, if tried, have been condemned and discarded at every respectable dinner-table. They don't suit the middle classes; that is an incontrovertible fact. We are not less sure they are equally ill suited to the tastes and requirements of the working-classes. They have hitherto been tried largely as a novelty; but they do not improve on acquaintance, even if we could forget the much better use which Mr. Gladstone could have made of his opportunities. Depend upon it, Nature knows better than any Chancellor of the Exchequer how to provide for our bodily wants, and supplies the essential wants of each people from the products of their own country. Let our working-classes get good beer at its natural price, and it will be infinitely better for their health, and more to their taste, than giving them cheap foreign wines, whose thinness and acidity are not suited for our climate, and which cannot compete with beer as nourishers and supporters of the bodily strength. When we remember, on the one hand, that seven and a half millions sterling have been lost to the country in Mr. Gladstone's financial experiments; and, on the other, how much better would have been a reduction on the duties of tea, sugar, and beer, it will be admitted that he could hardly have wasted so much money with less benefit to the community. Abundance of acid wines and plenty of paper—it is a curious prescription for Mr. Gladstone to found his reputation upon.

But Mr. Gladstone is resolved to proceed in his eccentric course. His crotchet this year is to cheapen tobacco. Three and a half years ago (in November 1859) Mr. Bright delivered two orations at public meetings in favour of the abolition of

the duties on tea, sugar, and tobacco, and the substitution therefore of an enormous income-tax. But Mr. Bright thought that the tea and sugar duties were more deserving of reduction than the duty on tobacco, whereas Mr. Gladstone gives a preference to tobacco. How is this to be accounted for? On the surface it appears a new piece of financial eccentricity; and in every view of the matter the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we should think, will find no small difficulty in obtaining the consent of Parliament to his proposal. There can be no question that tea, sugar, and beer have each and all prior claims upon the favour of Parliament, if the wellbeing of the community is to be consulted. But Mr. Gladstone, in the speech which he made when introducing his proposal, propounded the extraordinary doctrine that a Chancellor of the Exchequer (and of course of the Government which must approve his act) has nothing to do with the wellbeing of the community. His only duty, says Mr. Gladstone, is to get as much money as possible out of the taxed commodities. Judged by this rule, Mr. Gladstone has certainly been a most unsuccessful Minister. We cannot, indeed, accept this view of a Minister's obligations to the country; but, even if it were accepted, it would not furnish any justification of Mr. Gladstone's proposal. He says that the present duty upon tobacco is so high that smuggling is carried on to a large extent, and cannot be prevented by the Custom-house officers. This would be a good argument for abolishing the duty or reducing it to a trifling amount, but it is totally inapplicable to the case when he proposes to leave a tax of five shillings a pound on manufactured tobacco, which is more than equal to the price of the best manufactured tobacco, freight included. The smuggler would still make a profit of more than a hundred per cent on the value of the commodity; and does any one believe that smuggling would cease, or even be sensibly diminished,

when the premium upon smuggling is so great, and when (as Mr. Gladstone states) the facilities of evasion are so plentiful? If Mr. Gladstone were honest in the plea upon which he rests his proposal for this reduction of customs-duty, he would be labouring under a great delusion. But we take another view of the matter. It seems to us that his real object is secretly to carry out Mr. Bright's scheme of finance, and with great craft he begins with the duties on tobacco, where his operations are least likely to excite suspicion, but which, if accomplished, will render the subsequent steps of the scheme not only easy but inevitable. There may be little to find fault with in the present proposal considered by itself; but what is its bearing in regard to our financial system? Reduce the duty on tobacco, and what other customs-duty can be maintained? Mr. Gladstone was never more eloquent and plausible than when proposing to reduce the duty on foreign wines; now he is playing the same artful game in regard to tobacco. Can Parliament be any longer blind to the course to which he is committing it? Honest financiers, who could afford to make a reduction of taxation, would begin with tea, sugar, and beer, as the duties on these can be remitted with the greatest advantage to the community; while those on luxuries, such as foreign wines and tobacco, could be maintained without inconvenience or complaint. But just for this very reason Mr. Gladstone, who aims at accomplishing Mr. Bright's scheme of taxation, begins at the other end—knowing well that if he can reduce the taxes on tobacco as well as on foreign wines, the abolition of the other customs-duties will follow as a natural consequence. A reduction to the extent of one-half the duties on luxuries cannot be balanced save by totally abolishing the duties on the necessities of life. We have a strong conviction that this is his game; for the good reason that upon no other supposition is his conduct intelligible. Mr. Gladstone is not a fool; he must

have an adequate motive for this seemingly crotchety course; and we believe we have named it. Let the House of Commons look to it, before they are led too far into the toils to be able to recede.

Plausible in the extreme, and ever seeking to conciliate or overreach his audience by all the arts of rhetoric and casuistry, Mr. Gladstone changes his arguments and mode of dealing with the House almost every year as may best suit his plans. Financial principles he has none—save the great one which he conceals. All arguments are fair, he thinks—all professions of opinion justifiable, in order that he may carry his point, and lead the House step by step unwittingly towards his goal. We need not allude to the rhetorical craft by which, in 1860, when he wished to gain the assent of the House to an increase of the income-tax, he maintained that there was a deficit of twelve millions; whereas, in the following year, when the balance was worse by 2½ millions, but when he eagerly desired to obtain the abolition of the paper-duties, he boldly represented that there was a surplus. At one time he represents that the proper way to proceed with a Budget is by a multiplicity of separate bills; at another time (when it suits his purpose better) in the form of a single bill. But his disregard of financial principles, or rather his alternate adoption and repudiation of principles the most opposite, is a still more glaring offence. In the case of the French Treaty, he was wholly in favour of Reciprocity; in the case of the Paper-duties, he represented that it was right for us to abolish them without any attempt at obtaining reciprocity and although some countries actually prohibited the export of the raw material of the manufacture! He reduced the duty on French wines on the ground that the reduction would benefit the morals of the working-classes, by enabling them to drink light wines instead of strong spirits; he now justifies his proposed reduction of the duty on tobacco on the

very opposite principle—to wit, that a Chancellor of the Exchequer has nothing whatever to do with the morals or wellbeing of the people. His dogma for the hour is, that his only duty is to make the taxes as profitable as possible. We have shown that it is very doubtful if his present proposal will have that effect; but, in any case, how would his new dogma accord with his policy in the last two years in wholly abolishing the duties on paper and other commodities? He is the most dangerous Minister that has ever been entrusted with the management of the British finances. He has not only involved the country in an accumulation of deficits, but he has had the art to persuade Parliament to do this with its eyes open; while at the same time he leads it onward, with its eyes carefully bandaged, towards the goal of democratic finance—which of late years has become the cynosure of his policy, and which he knows would at once become unattainable if his real purpose were avowed.

Now that we are to have a surplus—in consequence of the Ministry at length adopting the views of the Opposition—the first duty which devolves upon the House of Commons is to retrieve the financial mistakes of the past, and to rid us of its burdens. What the Conservative leaders advocated last session was not reduction of taxation, but retrenchment of expenditure. The Government had incurred a deficit of £7,500,000 in two years, and the first thing to be thought of was, to reduce the expenditure, in order that the deficit might be cleared off. Let Mr. Gladstone do this—let him clear off the serious deficits in his previous years of office; and then—but not till then—ought he to propound new reductions of the revenue. But such a businesslike proceeding would not make a sensation budget; it would not surround the Ministry with that bright gleam of popularity which is to retrieve their position, and carry them through another session of barrenness and humili-

ation. In all probability Mr. Gladstone's proposal is to ignore the past deficits, and devote the whole of his prospective surplus to the reduction of taxation. By a reduction of taxes the country is to be bribed into forgetfulness of the past, and rendered placable to the appeal for respite on the part of a falling Ministry. It is not to be expected that Mr. Gladstone will confine his favours to tobacco: he must support his great remission of duty on this luxury by minor reductions on articles of more usefulness. While striking four shillings a-pound off tobacco, he will strike a few pence or farthings off the price of tea and sugar. In fact, he will probably, in his usual way, give a trifling sop all around, in order that he may be allowed to carry his great point in the reduction of the duties on tobacco. The House will do much better to abolish, or greatly reduce, the duties on hops and beer. Surely it is intolerable that foreign luxuries, like tobacco and French wines, should receive the favours of the Legislature while the produce of our own soil and industry, constituting a healthy element of the national food should be subjected to heavy taxation. This is a matter which affects urban constituencies as well as the agricultural interest. Put it to the vote in any town or county in the land, whether they will have five shillings a-pound struck off the duty on tobacco, or get the fiscal burdens removed from beer, and there cannot be a doubt that the whole suffrages would be given in favour of beer and against tobacco. Therefore if Mr. Gladstone—as is most likely—be resolved once more to play an *ad captandum* game, we trust the House of Commons will be on the alert to see that any possible reductions of taxation are effected on articles which enter largely into the food of the people, and not wasted—with what ulterior object, we need not repeat—upon an enormous remission on the duties on tobacco and cigars. But it still more behoves the House to see that Mr. Gladstone's previous de-

ficits are cleared off. Mr. Gladstone must put the finances in the condition in which they were when he took office. We do not presume he will venture to continue his practice of forestalling the revenue payments; but he has to refund the two millions which he abstracted from the balances in the Exchequer in the two years subsequent to March 1860, and he has also to pay off about half a million sterling which has been added to the National Debt during his present term of office. Let him do these things first; and then we will see how much he has to spare for promoting the introduction of cigars for the million! Let us clear off our past deficits, before, under the leadership of this financial sophist, we plunge into others that we know not of.

The past month has furnished a most singular proof of the want of sagacity which has characterised the commercial policy of the Whigs since 1847. On coming into office at that time, their only thought was, how to rival Sir R. Peel in his highly popular reforms of the tariff. Unable to equal him in administrative sagacity, they simply travestied his policy by carrying it to excess. They abolished or reduced customs-duties, and totally relinquished the Navigation Laws, without a thought of how the country would fare in its future commercial relations with other countries. Again and again they were warned that they were rashly and foolishly relinquishing a valuable vantage-ground without even attempting to obtain those advantages for our commerce which other countries would be willing to cede in return. What has been the consequence? The 'Magazine' has so often in former years predicted what would be the result, that we need not now go over the old ground. Fortunately the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs has told the tale of Ministerial failure so well, that his speech on Feb. 17, in answer to Mr. Fitzgerald, completely substantiates the correctness of our old predictions. We print it here as furnishing ample matter for reflection to politicians on both sides of the House:—

"When the hon. member for Rochdale went to Paris to negotiate the French treaty, the first thing he was asked was, What had he to offer? If he had gone to Paris with his hands empty, it was not probable that he would have succeeded in obtaining the concessions which the French Government made to him. Fortunately, however, the hon. gentleman had much to offer. There were heavy duties on wine and other articles of French produce and manufactures, and in consideration of a reduction in those duties the French Government consented to various changes in their tariff which had proved very beneficial not only to this country but to France. It was necessary to bear in mind that in our domestic legislation we differed from France. We at once gave the whole world the benefit of the concessions which had been made to our ally. France, on the other hand, withheld from others the privileges she had conceded to us, and thus retained in her hands the means of bargaining with other Powers for mutual commercial concessions. When one nation sought any favour from another nation, there were various grounds on which the request might be based. An appeal might be made to the generosity of the other Power, but it was doubtful whether that would have much effect; or an appeal might be made to a treaty which gave the applicant the privileges of the most favoured nation, and a claim advanced for certain privileges which had been granted to another State. Therefore it was, above all things, desirable that when one had no concessions to offer in return for the advantages sought, some other Power, which possessed the means of bargaining, should commence the negotiations. That was the reason why France had been allowed to precede us in the present instance, and every concession which was made to her gave us a right to claim the same. If we had taken the initiative, the Italian Government would very naturally have said, 'You have nothing to give us in exchange for what we give you, and if we freely concede your demands we shall be placed in a bad position in making terms with France.' So far from Her Majesty's Government not having endeavoured to make treaties of commerce with other nations, the fact was that there was scarcely a Power in Europe with whom negotiations had not

been opened during the last year or two. The Belgian Government were asked to make a treaty of commerce with us, as they had done with France; and it was pointed out to them that it would be an unfriendly act, having entered into a treaty with France, to refuse to negotiate one with England. They replied by asking what we could give to them in return, and they suggested that if they gave to us what they had given to France, we [having nothing of our own to offer them] should consent to capitalise the Scheldt dues. Now, the capitalisation of the Scheldt dues had nothing whatever to do with a treaty of commerce, and our Government [*nota bene*, having nothing to bargain with!] at once refused to admit the principle of purchasing a treaty. [And yet, in the very year previous, they had "purchased" the treaty with France!] . . . The House was aware that last year the French Government were negotiating a treaty with Prussia and the Zollverein. As soon as that fact became known, our Government applied to Prussia and the Zollverein to make with us a similar treaty of commerce. The reply was precisely the same we received from Belgium—that negotiations could not be entered into with us until those in progress with France were concluded. France, it was said in effect, can give us an equivalent. You can give us none."

During the present month the conflict of parties in the Legislature will be suspended as far as the business of the country will allow. The nation and its representatives will have little taste for polemical discussion during the month that is to witness the joyous event of the marriage of the heir apparent to the throne. The country will be in jubilee, and London will be absorbed in the fêtes and royal ceremonial attendant upon the nuptials. The good wishes of all flow out to the young Prince and his Danish bride. The hopes of the nation centre in him. The hearty greetings of the people await him on this happy occasion. He has proved himself worthy of the esteem which he so fully enjoys. Since the days of the Black Prince, no heir to the throne has given so many happy auguries of his future. Unlike the peerless son of Edward III., we trust that he will be spared "long to reign

over us," after the evil hour for us when his royal mother shall exchange her earthly crown for a better one. Before the royal pageantries and popular illuminations begin, and the acclamations of the first nation in the world arise to greet him and his beautiful bride, we tender them our sympathies, our congratulations, and our best wishes for their happiness. The union promises to be a happy one for the royal pair. It is a present happiness, and we trust it will be a lasting comfort, to our beloved Queen. It is the first gleam of returning sunshine to her heart after the darkness of sorrow and bereavement which so suddenly settled down upon her fifteen months ago. We know no drawback upon the general joy. Even in a political point of view this alliance is fortunate, and desirable above any other that could be formed. The country is thrice happy to know that this is a union of hearts as well as of hands, and that the bride-elect possesses in an eminent degree those advantages of person, charms of manner, and piety and amiability of character, which captivate affection and secure domestic happiness. While as a good princess and queen she will win our hearts, it is an additional pleasure to feel that, as a Scandinavian Princess, she will rivet an old and national alliance, and draw into closer bonds the kindred races of the North.

Though there will be a temporary truce, we fear the conduct of the Government, whether as represented by Mr. Gladstone or by Lord Russell, will not be such as the Conservative Opposition can approve. Even apart from its acts, the position of the Ministry is so unnatural, and its reputation so tarnished and discredited, that it cannot possibly hope for a much longer respite. Every week its position is becoming more untenable. In vain do its friends endeavour to frame apologies for its defeats and pleas for its existence. In vain does the leading journal at one time claim as a merit for the Premier that he has "no

principles;" in vain does it, at another, seek to intimidate electors by declaring that "unprincipled constituencies make unscrupulous Governments." We should have thought that "unprincipled constituencies" were the very ones to support a Premier with no "principles." However, as the subsequent election at Totnes showed, the threat was no idle word: and Government influence and the most tyrannical pressure were employed to coerce the free action of that constituency. But this course also has failed. At Totnes the Government simply escaped defeat: Liberals were returned as Liberals had been before. But at Devonport, another pocket borough of the Ministry, the Government was defeated, and for the first time for several elections a Conservative headed the poll. Ministerial tyranny had been carried too far. It succeeded in the first instance, but would not be brooked in the second. The "unscrupulous Government" has received a check in the corrupt exercise of its powers which it can never forget. It was at once a triumph for Conservatism and for the principle of freedom of election. We do not wonder that Mr. Ferrand when he took his seat in the House should be received with hearty acclamations from the Conservatives, who crowded the Opposition benches to do him honour. The Conservative party is now stronger by eleven votes—counting twenty-two on a division—since June 1859, when the united Whigs and Radicals succeeded in overthrowing Lord Derby's Government by a majority of only thirteen.

It is amusing to see the subterfuges by which the Whigs seek to conceal their discomfiture. Feeling themselves going downhill very fast, disintegrating, expiring, they cry out that "there are no parties nowadays." Some of them even go the length of saying that there are "no principles;" the correct-

ness of which statement we shall not dispute as regards themselves. They should know best; and, indeed, as all their old principles are dead and gone, dismissed into the limbo of vanities, we do not see how they can have any left. It is certainly suspicious that the Whigs should have innocently discovered that the age of party is past, at the very time that the Tory party has regained its old ascendancy in the Legislature. Plain people will not be at a loss to assign a reason. The Whigs as a party are extinct, and, like Che-terfield and Tyrawley, "they don't wish it to be known." The only thing that can keep the Whigs alive in the imagination of the public, is to show that party is dead. Happily the country has only to look at the Opposition side of the House to see that the Tory party is alive, and exuberant in strength and hope. It is fortunate for the interests of the State that they are so. The main attack upon the bulwarks of the Constitution has been decisively repulsed—the legions of "Reform" have been scattered in such hopeless rout that their leaders have thrown away their standards and disavow their cause. But the fight still goes on against another front of the Constitution, which, until lately, was but ill defended. This combat, so interesting and important, is itself a test of party; and seldom have the organisation and discipline of party been more strikingly displayed than in this keen warfare. Party dead! No, truly. "An opinion has been industriously promulgated of late," justly observes a contemporary,* "that party distinctions have ceased in public life, and that there are no contested principles between the two great political connections of the State. Yet simultaneous with the propagation of this doctrine has been the most systematic and successful assault in Parliament upon the Church of England that it has encountered since 1640."

* 'Church and State Review,' art. 'Practical Politics.'

Repulsed from the political front of the Constitution, the waves of combat still dash furiously against our religious institutions. It is time that the Conservatives should overthrow the enemies of the Constitution in this quarter also by a decisive victory. It will be their crowning triumph. In truth there is no other beyond it. When they have terminated this combat, the Conservative triumph is complete in the Legislature, as it already is in the country. The Church is part and parcel of the British Constitution; and very heartily do we approve of our ecclesiastical contemporary's exhortations to Churchmen to look after their special interests. The Church is a party question like any other; and in the intense competition of a constitutional country, the Church must organise its press, like the other institutions of the land.

There is a good time coming sure enough, and the cause of its coming is easily understood. The Conservative party are superior alike in sincerity and in statesman-like ability to the party which has so long prided itself in the advocacy of organic changes. Moreover, they represent the normal feeling of Englishmen. Conservatism is the distinguishing feature of the British character. The public of this country has no love for those theoretic ideals of government, those paper-constitutions, which have so often fascinated and brought misery upon other nations. The reign of Innovation is ever short-lived with us; and the supremacy of the party who represent that principle must be equally transi-

tory. The Whig party, who became champions of innovation in order to regain the power which they had lost, now find that their old vantage-ground has slipped from under them. They have had their day as rough-hewers of the Constitution, and now give place again to the more masterly artists who know how to chisel the marble while preserving the lineaments of the noble design. This natural decline of the Reform party has been rendered more inevitable by the very efforts they have made to maintain themselves in power. Everything portends the speedy ascendancy of the Conservative party in Parliament; and the leaders of the party are the very men to lend to such a cause the lustre of personal renown. Derby, Malmesbury, Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, Pakington, Walpole, Stanley, Cairns, Whiteside, are names of which any party and any cause might be proud. They have the advantage of years, too, on their side; for compared with their rivals, they are all in the vigour of life, and in the prime of statesmanhood. The tide of public opinion has long been rising in their favour, and they have not long to wait. They are strong, and therefore are calm; they are patriotic, and will not imitate the factious tactics of their rivals. But their final success is at hand; and their triumph will be all the more glorious, inasmuch as it promises to partake less of the character of a party-victory, than of an ovation offered to them by the whole enlightened classes of the community.

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SENSATION DIPLOMACY IN JAPAN.

It is one of the most singular features of our institutions that, when our diplomatic relations with remote and semi-barbarous countries become so involved that even the Government is at a loss to know what course to pursue, the public take up the question in a confident off-hand way; and though, by the force of circumstances, deprived of the information possessed by the Foreign Office, they do not hesitate either to denounce or to approve the policy recommended by those who have studied the subject on the spot, and who alone can be competent to form an opinion on the matter. It is true that papers are occasionally laid before Parliament, but what proportion of those who hold such decided views have read them? In the case of the Arrow, when people voted for peace or war with China, how many members of parliament had informed themselves on the merits of the question? and what did their constituents know about it? Yet so it is; the ultimate decision upon all important and complicated questions of foreign policy necessarily rests with the

most ill-informed class. If they generally decide wrong, we must console ourselves by the consideration that even free institutions have their drawbacks, but in compensation have made us so rich and powerful, that we can always scramble out of any scrape they may get us into. In countries despotically governed, the merits of a secret diplomacy are inestimable; but where the Government is responsible, though it would be difficult to substitute an open system, secret diplomacy is attended with grave inconveniences, for it becomes impossible to furnish that public who sit, as it were, in appeal with the whole facts of the case upon which they are called to decide. It is then clearly the interest of the Foreign Office to encourage the dissemination of accurate political information in a popular form, when the publication of it does not involve a breach of confidence; and inasmuch as Blue-Books are not generally considered light or agreeable reading, and are somewhat inaccessible, the diplomatist who has a political story to tell, and can do

'The Capital of the Tycoon.' By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B. London: Longmans.

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it without betraying State secrets, is a public benefactor. In these days of official responsibility, it is not only due to the public but to himself that he should have an opportunity of stating his case. It may happen that his conduct will be brought publicly in question and decided upon before he has an opportunity of laying before the world all the facts. Great injustice is frequently done to officials serving in distant parts of the world, who even at last are unable to remove the erroneous impressions formed upon incorrect or insufficient information. This has been specially the case in China and the East: a policy based upon an acquaintance with the local conditions as intimate as it was possible for a foreigner to obtain, has been upset by a majority of ignorant legislators, who too often receive their impressions from superficial travellers, or residents with special interests at stake. It is clear that the opinion of a merchant is not so likely to be right in diplomatic questions as that of a trained official, who has passed half his life in studying the language, institutions, and people of the country to which he has been accredited; yet when it comes to be a question between the mercantile community and the minister, the latter is in danger of going to the wall.

While, on the one hand, the traditions of the Foreign Office are opposed to what may be termed diplomatic literature—and they dole out their own information with a somewhat niggard hand—the British community resident in the East, hampered by no such restraints, and aided by a scurrilous press, may prejudice the public mind at home to such an extent that no subsequent defence is of much avail. We cannot wonder then, if, after five-and-twenty years' experience of China and Japan, Sir Rutherford Alcock should take the opportunity of giving a full, true, and particular statement of the political difficulties by which he is surrounded, in anticipation of a crisis which he sees im-

pending, which no diplomacy will be able to avert, but in which he will on his return probably find himself involved.

"By whatever measures," he remarks, "of a coercive nature, we might seek to attain this object" (the execution of the Treaty in all its stipulations), "it should be clearly seen that there is war in the background, more or less near, but tolerably certain sooner or later to come. During the last two years, whatever a conciliatory spirit could suggest, with temper, patience, and forbearance in all things, had been tried. Diplomacy had wellnigh exhausted its resources to induce the Japanese Government to take a different view of its interests, and to act in accordance with the spirit of the treaties entered into. Little more remained to be tried in this direction, nor could much hope be entertained that better success would follow a longer persistence in the same course."

The nature of our political relations with Japan is such, that a history of three years' diplomacy in that country is not attended with the inconveniences which would be incidental to a similar narrative from a European court. Our relations with other friendly nations are in no way involved, and there can be no objection to such a work as that now before us, even in a red-tape point of view. Still, we are not aware of a work of this kind, from the pen of a minister actually at his post, ever having appeared; and although our author gives us a most detailed and graphic account of the moral and social state of Japan, it is the record of his diplomatic relations with the Government of the Tycoon that we regard as being at once the most novel and interesting feature of his book.

"I should probably have hesitated," says Sir Rutherford in his preface, "had it not seemed important to furnish materials for a right judgment in matters of national concern connected with Japan, and our relations there, while it might yet be time to avert, by the intelligent appreciation of our true situation, grievous disappointment, as well as increased complications and calamities. A free

expression of opinion in matters of public interest is not to be lightly adventured upon, however, and in many cases those holding office are altogether precluded from such action. At the same time, much mischief is often done by undue reticence in matters which must, in a country like ours, be the subject of public discussion. It so happened that I was relieved from any difficulty on this head by the publication *in extenso* of the greater number of my despatches, which were printed and laid before Parliament. And not only was the necessity for silence obviated by such publication in this country, but a similar course was followed at Washington in respect of the despatches of my colleague, the American Minister, during the same period. As in each of these series there is a very unreserved expression of opinion as to the political situation of the country, the action of the Japanese authorities, the views entertained by colleagues, and the conduct of the foreign communities, the decision of the respective Governments of both countries to make the despatches public, and this so freely as to leave little of a confidential character unprinted, effectually removed all the impediments which might otherwise have existed."

The general reader must not suppose, however, that because politics engage a large share of the work before us, he will, on that account, find it dull. Japan is probably the only country in the world in which diplomacy becomes a pursuit of thrilling excitement. Sometimes it leads to some curious discovery, and reveals to us some part of the political machinery in the government of the country heretofore unsuspected and unknown. Sometimes it furnishes amusing illustrations of the Japanese mode of diplomatic fencing; at others, it involves a frightful tragedy or a quaint official ceremony. Without these details to illustrate each phase through which our political relations have passed, we should never have been able to realise the difficulties with which our officials in those remote regions have to contend, or the nature of the opposition persistently offered by the Japanese Government.

The task of permanently installing for the first time a legation in a city of upwards of two millions of people having been safely accomplished, Mr. Alcock entered upon his first diplomatic struggle, the point of which was merely to fix a day for the purpose of exchanging the ratifications of Lord Elgin's Treaty. The discussion preliminary to this formality occupied no less than seven days. At last the details are arranged, and it is decided that the Treaty is to be carried in procession through the city, under a canopy ornamented with flags and evergreens, surrounded by a guard of marines, and followed by fifty blue-jackets; Captain Hand, with a large number of his officers in uniform and on horseback, following immediately after the four petty officers carrying the Treaty. We can well imagine the effect which so novel a procession was likely to produce upon the inhabitants of Yedo. When the formalities were accomplished, "signals, arranged by the Japanese in advance (by fans from street to street) conveyed the news to the Sampson with telegraphic speed in a minute and a half, a distance of six miles." So our Minister hoists his flag, and settles himself down in solitary grandeur, to pass his life of exile in solving the difficult problem of reconciling the civilisation he represents with that which surrounds him, but which the jealousy of the Government will not permit him to investigate. This does not, however, prevent our author from entering upon lengthy and interesting philosophical disquisitions upon the many moral, social, and political questions which must, under such circumstances, present themselves to a thoughtful mind. He has not been six weeks so employed when he is suddenly roused from his speculations by a tragical event which occurs at Yokuhama. As this is the first of a series of exciting incidents, we will give our readers an epitome of those which occurred during three years, and the particulars of which are detailed

at length in various parts of the book:—

"A Russian officer, with a sailor and a steward, were suddenly set upon in the principal street by some armed Japanese, and hewn down with the most ghastly wounds that could be inflicted. The sailor was cleft through his skull to the nostrils—half the scalp sliced down, and one arm nearly severed from the shoulder through the joint. The officer was equally mangled, his lungs protruding from a sabre-gash across the body; the thighs and legs deeply gashed."

In the succeeding tragedies the wounds are invariably of the above savage nature, but we will not always inflict upon our readers a full description of the horrible details.

Two months after this the servant of the French Consul is cut to pieces in the street—cause unknown. By way of varying the excitement, the Tycoon's palace is burnt down about the same time, and the Japanese Ministers propose to stop all business in consequence. This is of course not considered a legitimate way of evading disagreeable questions. Diplomatic difficulties continue to be discussed, and the greater part of the settlement of Yokuhama is burnt down:—

"While yet occupied by these events, we were startled by another of more immediate and personal import. It was near midnight; Mr. Eusden, the Japanese secretary, was standing by my side, when the longest and most violent shock of an earthquake yet experienced since our arrival brought every one to his feet with a sudden impulse to fly from under the shaking roof. It began at first very gently, but rapidly increased in the violence of the vibrations until the earth seemed to rock under our feet, and to be heaved up by some mighty explosive powder in the caldrons beneath."

The nerves of our author scarcely recover from the shock of the earthquake when they receive another of a different description. A hasty step is heard outside his room, and "Captain Marten, of H.M.S. Roebuck, threw back the sliding-panel. 'Come quickly; your linguist is being carried in badly wounded.' My heart misgave me that his

death-knell had struck." Of course it had; they seldom miss their stroke in Japan. "The point" (of the sword) "had entered at his back and came out above the right breast; and, thus buried in his body, the assassin left it, and disappeared as stealthily as he came." While discussing this matter, in dashes the whole French Legation—the French Consul-General at the head: "'Nous voici! nous venons vous demander de l'hospitalité—l'incendie nous a atteint.' Then follows Monsieur l'Abbé in a dressing-gown—a glass thermometer in one hand, and a breviary in the other; then the Chancellor in slippers, with a revolver and a *bonnet de nuit*." What with an assassination in one Legation and a fire in another on the same night, our diplomatists have their hands full. Our author, however, seems to have passed a few nights in comparative tranquillity after this, before he is again roused at four o'clock in the morning by the arrival of an express from Kanagawa with the news that about eight o'clock in the evening two Dutch captains had been slain in the main street of Yokuhama—"a repetition, in all its leading circumstances and unprovoked barbarity, of the assassination perpetrated on the Russians." After this, beyond a few bad earthquakes, nothing happens for a month or so, "when, on my return from a visit to Kanagawa, the first news that greeted me as I entered the Legation was of so startling and incredible a character that I hesitated to believe what was told me. The Gotairo or Regent was said to have been assassinated in broad daylight on his way to the palace, and this, too, in the very midst of a large retinue of his retainers!" The account, which our author gives at length, of this occurrence, and of the causes which led to it, is most characteristic: we have only space for the result:—

"Eight of the assailants were unaccounted for when all was over, and many of the retinue were stretched on the ground wounded and dying, by the side of those

who had made the murderous onslaught. The remnant of the Regent's people, released from their deadly struggle, turned to the norimon to see how it had fared with their master in the brief interval, to find only a headless trunk: the bleeding trophy carried away was supposed to have been the head of the Gotairo himself, hacked off on the spot. But, strangest of all these startling incidents, it is further related that *two* heads were found missing, and that which was in the fugitive's hand was only a lure to the pursuing party, while the true trophy had been secreted on the person of another, and was thus successfully carried off, though the decoy paid the penalty of his life."

The head of the Regent is said to have been got safely out of Yedo, and presented to the Prince, who was his enemy, and who spat upon it with maledictions. It was reported afterwards to have been exposed in the public execution-ground of the spiritual capital, with a placard over it, on which was the following inscription: "This is the head of a traitor, who has violated the most sacred laws of Japan—those which forbid the admission of foreigners into the country." After this, with the exception of a "murderous onslaught made by a drunken Yaconin on an English merchant at Hakodadi," there is another lull, varied only by putting the Legations in a state of defence. They "were filled with Japanese troops, field-pieces were placed in the courtyards of the several Legations, and the ministers were urgently requested to abstain from going outside!" A month passes, and life is absolutely becoming monotonous, from the absence of the usual stimulant in the shape either of a fire, a murder, or a good earthquake, when there suddenly appeared, "as we were sitting down to dinner one evening, the Abbé Gérard, pale and agitated, bringing with him, in a norimon, M. de Bellecourt's Italian servant, who had been attacked, while quietly standing at the gate of the French Legation, by two Samourai (daimio's retainers) passing at the moment, and

by one of whom he had been severely wounded."

A strong digestion must be essential to the comfort of the diplomatist in Japan, for "next month, a few minutes before the dinner-hour, there was a rushing and scuffling of many feet along the passages, the noise of which reached me in my dressing-room, at the extremity of the building, and presently, high above all, came the ominous cry of 'Cadfee!' (fire)." The Legation was nearly burnt to the ground, but the Japanese servants behaved well, and ultimately succeeded in extinguishing the flames. We will not recount, in our list of excitements, all the escapes from murderous Yaconins and disagreeable rencontres which are recorded, though they would satisfy any moderate craving for "sensations;" and passing rapidly by, as not worthy of notice, the case of an Englishman who shot a Japanese (and for having punished whom Mr. Alcock was afterwards fined at Hong-Kong), come at once to the night of the 14th of January, "when, about ten o'clock, I received a brief note from Mr. Harris, asking me to send surgical aid to Mr. Heuskin, who had been brought in wounded."

Mr. Heuskin was the secretary of the American Legation—a man universally liked, and a most able public servant. He had received a frightful gash across the abdomen, which proved fatal, besides other thrusts and cuts of less moment. His funeral was attended by all the members of the different Legations, at the risk, however, of their lives. About this time, says our author, "an event occurred calculated to give greater significance to the numerous sinister rumours afloat. Hori Oribeno Kami, the most intelligent, experienced, and respected of the governors of foreign affairs—the one best versed in European business, and the most reasonable and conciliatory of his class—disappeared from the scene." In other words, he had ripped himself up. The writer of this article, who had

formerly been well acquainted with this minister, happening to arrive in Japan shortly after his death, received, from the Dutch Consul the following account of the event:— That gentleman had called on Hori Oribeno Kami one day, had found him in rather low spirits, and, on inquiring the cause, was informed by the fated minister that he was about to put an end to himself on the following day; that he had already issued his invitation-cards for the banquet at which the ceremony was to take place; and, further, expressed his regret that the custom of the country limited the invitation to his relations and most intimate friends, and that he was thus deprived of the pleasure of requesting the company of his visitor to partake of the meal which was destined to terminate in so tragic manner.

The foreign Legations after this come to the conclusion that life at Yedo is attended by too many anxieties, and retire to Yokuhama till the Government should promise to make things safer and more comfortable. This they ultimately pledge themselves to do. Our author has occasion shortly after to make a long overland journey through the country, and on the night of his return to Yedo the Legation is attacked by a band of assassins, who severely wound Messrs. Oliphant and Morrison, and very nearly murder everybody. Some idea of the nature of that midnight struggle may be formed from the following list of persons killed and wounded in the passages and garden of the Legation:—

Killed.

One of the Tycoon's body-guard, and one groom,	2
Two of the assailants,	2

Severely wounded.

Tycoon's soldier,	1
Daimio's soldier,	1
Porters (one died same day),	2
Assailant (captured—committed suicide),	1
Member of Legation,	1
Servants of Legation,	2

Slightly wounded.

Tycoon's guard,	7
Daimio's guard,	2
Priest in temple adjoining,	1
Member of Legation,	1

Total killed and wounded on the spot, 23

With reference to the fate of these assailants, the following extract from a letter from Mr. Alcock to Earl Russell appears in the papers just laid before Parliament:—

"The ministers have since informed me that three more of the assailants on the night of the 5th of July have been arrested in Prince Mito's territories, and will be proceeded against; also that the only survivor in the recent attack on the Foreign Minister has confessed that some of the party were men engaged in the attack on the Legation. If so—and only fourteen were actually engaged (which has always seemed to me doubtful)—they will have pretty well accounted for the whole number: Three having been killed on the spot; three taken prisoners and since executed; two committed suicide; three more lately arrested; three supposed to have been killed in the recent attack on the Foreign Minister. Total, fourteen."

The following paper found on the body of one of the assailants gives the reasons of the band for making the attempt:—

"I, though I am a person of low standing, have not patience to stand by and see the sacred empire defiled by the foreigner. This time I have determined in my heart to undertake to follow out my master's will. Though, being altogether humble myself, I cannot make the might of the country to shine in foreign nations, yet with a little faith, and a little warrior's power, I wish in my heart separately (by myself), though I am a person of low degree, to bestow upon my country one out of a great many benefits. If this thing from time to time may cause the foreigner to retire, and partly tranquillise both the minds of the Mikado and the Tycon (or the manes of departed Mikados and Tycoons), I shall take to myself the highest praise. Regardless of my own life, I am determined to set out."

[Here follow the fourteen signatures.]

It must be admitted that the Lonins, as the braves are called, choose their victims with great im-

partiality as to rank and nationality; they murder servants and ministers, both Japanese and foreign, as the fancy seizes them. A few days after the massacre at the Legation, two of the Japanese Ministers were attacked, but their retainers beat off their assailants: after this nothing particular happened for some time, except that the Governor of Yedo had to rip himself up "for having offended by intruding his opinion at a grand council of the daimios (he not being a daimio)." Meantime the Government offer to build a fortified Legation, and Sir Rutherford moves his habitation temporarily down to Yokuhama: the hostile class seem more determined than ever to carry their point, as we may gather from the following letter left by four of his retainers at the house of their master, the Prince of Mito, whose service they leave to become outlaws:—

"We become lonins now, since the foreigner gains more and more influence in the country, unable to see the ancient law of Gongen Sama violated. We become all four lonins, with the intention of compelling the foreigners to depart."
[Here follow the four signatures.]

Shortly after this, Sir Rutherford, who has been dining down at Yokuhama with M. de Bellecourt, receives the news at ten o'clock at night, that Ando Tsusimano Kami, the second Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the one supposed to be most favourable to the maintenance of foreign relations, had been attacked as he was on his way to the palace.

"Ando, it appears, instantly divined that he was to be attacked, and, throwing himself out of the norimon, drew his sword to defend himself. It was well he lost no time, for already his people were being cut down by the desperate band of assassins. The next instant he received a sabre-cut across the face and a spear-thrust in the side that had well-nigh proved fatal. As in the previous case of the Regent, the life-and-death struggle was brief, as it was bloody. In a few seconds seven of the assailants lay stretched, wounded or dead, on the ground, and only one (the eighth) escaped."

The Minister himself, after lingering for some time between life and death, finally recovered. While our author is listening to these details there is an alarm of fire, and he spends the rest of the night in putting it out.

"It lasted several hours, and a large block of houses was destroyed. The danger of its spreading over the whole settlement was at one time very great; and that which made the event more serious was the fact of some men dressed like the Japanese police having been discovered by Lieutenant Aplin at the commencement actively engaged in spreading the fire to an adjoining house."

This is about the last of our author's list of sensations; but in order to complete the thrilling category we will take a leaf or two out of the Blue-Book of his successor, Colonel Neale, who is appointed to the charge of the Legation during Sir Rutherford's absence. No sooner does he arrive there than he proceeds to test the charms of a residence at Yedo. A few days after his arrival he writes as follows to his French colleague, whose three years' experience has taught him not to move out of Yokuhama unnecessarily:—

"Sir,—It is with deep regret I have to acquaint you that this Legation has passed through the ordeal of another murderous assault on the part of Japanese assassins. About midnight last night, the sentry at my bedroom door was suddenly attacked and desperately wounded, his life being despaired of. The corporal going his rounds at the same moment was murderously assailed a short distance off; but he managed to reach my door, and there he fell and died. His body was conveyed into the room in which we were assembled, and was found to have received no less than sixteen desperate sword and lance wounds. The wounded sentry was also on the floor of the room, dying fast from nine wounds. This man, by name Charles Sweet, died the following morning."

After this, Colonel Neale thinks Yedo disagreeable as a permanent residence, and retires to Yokuhama;

but to judge by a letter he writes to Lord Russell a month afterwards, he does not seem to have improved his position:—

"MY LORD,—It becomes my painful duty once more to lay before your Lordship the details of the barbarous murder of another British subject, Mr. C. L. Richardson, a merchant residing at Yokuhama, and the desperate wounding of two other merchants, Mr. W. Marshall and Mr. W. C. Clarke, both of Yokuhama; the latter gentleman is likely to lose his arm. Mr. Richardson, nearly cut to pieces, fell from his horse; and while lying in a dying state, one of the high officials of the cortege, borne in a chair, is stated to have told his followers to cut the throat of the unfortunate gentleman. The lady (Mrs. Borradaile), though cut at herself, miraculously escaped unwounded; never drawing rein, and in an exhausted and fainting state, she reached Yokuhama. The body of Mr. Richardson was afterwards found, and brought here for interment."

AND so for the present ends the bloody story: we have condensed it as much as possible, both for the reader's sake and our own; but, considering the important interests we have at stake in Japan, we have felt it our duty to do all in our power to induce people to read the work before us. After they have gratified that morbid craving for excitement which seems to be the literary taste of the day, they may perhaps be induced seriously to think what is to be done under the circumstances. We have not recounted the efforts which our diplomatic agents in Japan have made to obtain redress, nor the success which has attended those efforts. They are to be found detailed at some length in the work before us. If the reader will take the trouble carefully to read Sir Rutherford's account of the administrative system of Japan, and more especially of the feudal nobility, of the influence they exercise, and the material forces they control, he will perhaps be able to form some idea for himself of the best course to be pursued. If he makes up his mind—as he probably has done—on what he has read in

this article, he will come to a totally wrong conclusion. We did not give him a list of horrors in order that he might get up and say dogmatically, "Oh, it's clear the Japanese don't want us, and we ought never to have gone there; and the best thing we can do now is to take ourselves off." We have only recited these horrors to lure the superficial politician into the perusal of a work, the dry parts of which are the most important. He will learn in it under what circumstances we went to Japan in the first instance—how it happened that a treaty was as much forced upon us by circumstances as upon the Japanese—how we never compelled them to make one, as is generally supposed. He will also find how popular the foreigner is among the lower and middle classes of the Japanese, how great is the aptitude of the mass of the population for trade, how readily they enter into commercial pursuits, and how quickly they adopt the appliances and inventions of a more advanced and enlightened civilisation than their own—how anxious they are to improve both their intellectual and material condition. Then, if he looks at the chapter on trade, with the statistics it contains, he will observe how steady is its development, in spite of the obstructive policy of the Government, and how much room there still is for expansion, what vast resources still undeveloped the country possesses, what room for progress in every branch of art and industry. He will find nowhere that the Government deny our right to be in Japan, or even profess anything but the most anxious desire to see the Treaty carried out in all its fullness, whatever they may secretly feel on the subject. They constantly allude to the difficulties they have to contend with from that one dangerous class who are opposed to the foreigner, and who, though not numerous, are so powerful as to be dangerous opponents. Every restriction placed on trade by the Government, it is professed, arises

only from a desire to gain time for the conciliation of this class; and we have so far given the ministers of the Tycoon credit for good faith, that we have consented to postpone the opening of some of the ports as stipulated by treaty. Inasmuch, then, as the Japanese Government voluntarily entered into treaty-relations with this country; inasmuch as they profess themselves anxious to see it carried out, and conscious of the benefit it is likely to confer upon the empire; inasmuch as the great mass of the population is decidedly in favour of an extended commercial intercourse with foreigners; inasmuch as the present value of the annual trade with Japan is upwards of a million sterling, and certain to increase; inasmuch as a wealthy British community, consisting of upwards of three hundred persons, have already established themselves in the country, and possess a great deal of valuable property, in the shape of buildings, warehouses, and all the appliances of trade, besides having large sums of money at stake, which they have invested on the faith of a Treaty signed by their own sovereign, and the abandonment of which would be a breach of faith, and entitle them to compensation; inasmuch, moreover, as the whole of our commercial interests in China would be imperilled by a blow so fatal to our prestige throughout the East as withdrawal from Japan:—for all these reasons, we say, the conclusion so rapidly arrived at by our “dear reader” may be, after all, erroneous; and there may be serious objections to the course he would propose, even granting that theoretically he is right in his premises, and that it would have been better had we never found ourselves driven by the Americans into making a Japanese treaty. It is possible, nay probable, however, that we have failed to convince him, and that, gifted with a prophetic eye, he replies to us—“Very well, you will see you will have a row.” We confess that in this in-

stance he is right. We do not see how that is to be avoided. We think it will turn out a good investment of money, and not be immoral, but we admit the fact.

Indeed, the Japanese themselves seem preparing for it, as the following anecdote, narrated by Sir Rutherford, will show:—

“When I paid a visit to Hakodadi some months after my arrival, where there are extensive leadmines, I asked the Governor why his Government did not allow some of the produce to be exported, suggesting that it might be a source of national wealth and revenue; and the reply was characteristic in many ways. ‘We have none to spare.’ ‘None to spare!’ I rejoined, in surprise; ‘what can you use it for? You neither employ it in building nor utensils.’ ‘We want it all for *ball-practice*.’ They did not choose to export, for reasons not very easily explained; but they were not sorry, perhaps, to point to such a use for *home consumption*.”

We cannot flatter ourselves that the feudal class will submit tamely to the inconveniences which the extension of commercial relations with foreign countries may entail upon them. The monopolies they now enjoy are threatened, their power and influence will be diminished in proportion as the mass of the population is enriched, and their prestige damaged by the independent bearing of the foreigner. Are the interests of the country at large to be sacrificed to the prejudices of this class, and are a people desirous of trade, and anxious to advance in the arts of civilisation, to be abandoned because an aristocracy shrinks from contact with the stranger? So long as the Government, whether sincerely or not, profess their intention of carrying out the Treaty, and ostensibly manifest a desire for our presence in the country, the hostility of a single class can be no sufficient reason for the relinquishment of our treaty-rights. The question is how best to meet a hostility which places the lives of our countrymen in danger, and against which, as it threatens the members of the Japanese Govern-

ment as well as ourselves, they cannot guarantee us. Hitherto one great difficulty in chalking out a policy has been our ignorance of the complex machinery of Japanese government. We have never had an accurate idea of the relations in which the Temporal and spiritual Emperors, the daimios, and the great Councils of State stand towards each other. The work before us throws more light on this most interesting point than we have yet received, but still we are groping for a policy. The excessive reticence of the Japanese in all matters connected with their system of internal administration, and the secrecy they so religiously observe in all their communications with foreigners, combined with their habitual mendacity, make it impossible for us to do more than guess at the best way of meeting the difficulties as they arise. The longer the diplomatist resides in the country, and the more he studies its institutions and the character of the people with whom he has to deal, the more is he puzzled in deciding upon the best course to adopt. The only persons who feel no difficulty on this score are the merchants' clerks who have just arrived, and who love to propound their views in the local newspapers. There are those even in this country who profess to understand how to deal with "Orientals," and because, perhaps, they may have been at Bombay, consider themselves qualified to lay down the law upon any question of policy which may arise between Oairo and the Sandwich Islands; but it is only the superficial observer who classes all Orientals in the same category; they require as many different modes of treatment as "Westerns," and there is no more resemblance between a Japanese and a Tamul than there is between a Wallachian and a New-Englander. There is great danger of such persons applying some general principle, which is right in the main, to all cases, and failing to discover when the rule demands an excep-

tion. For instance, it is pretty generally admitted that any concession to an Oriental government is considered as a sign of weakness; therefore, although you may have burnt down the Summer Palace of the Emperor of China, and had Pekin at the mercy of your armies, bully the Government of that country into conceding our exorbitant demands, or they will think you weak. Such is the logic of a recent memorial signed by the mercantile community of China. Again, in Japan, when the Tycoon signed a treaty with this country, his ministers, foreseeing the difficulties with which they would have to contend from the opposition of the aristocracy, stipulated that the ports should be opened by degrees, and the commencement of trade thus assumed the form of a political experiment. We have given a list of the bloody results: the Japanese Government points to it, and prays that a postponement for five years may be allowed in the opening of the other ports, to avoid the multiplication of tragedies by the number of ports. The sum appears a simple one: if you have twelve murders a-year with three ports open, how many will you have with six? The mercantile community demand that the other three be opened according to Treaty; any concession will be considered a sign of weakness. They may be right in this instance; and as our diplomatic relations with Japan are certain not to run smoothly, it will be always open to them to say there would have been no difficulty had we refused the concession. However that may be, our Government have given the Japanese credit for a certain amount of good faith in the efforts they have made for our protection, and are willing to try the effect of time in softening the asperities of the hostile class.

The most remarkable result which has yet been produced by the introduction of the foreigner into Japan has been the abandonment of Yedo

by the aristocracy. It is impossible as yet to foresee the consequences of this movement. The immediate effect of the exodus of more than 200,000 armed men will be to render the capital a safer place of residence for foreigners than it has been heretofore, although it is probable that disbanded retainers, or "lonins" as they are called, may still haunt the purlieus of the Legation with the view of carrying out the policy of their lords in exterminating the foreigner. The Japanese Government has built a fortified Legation on a very defensible position: this will be surrounded by a moat and wall, and garrisoned by a small body of European soldiers. Except when the members of the Mission ride out, they will be comparatively safe, and even then they will be in no danger of meeting those processions which were constantly parading the streets when the city was inhabited by the feudal class, and each of which was composed of hundreds of armed retainers bitterly hostile to the foreigner. The ultimate consequences of this movement it is impossible to foresee. It may be that the daimios have determined to withdraw from any active opposition, and have retired to sulk in their own territories; or they may have left Yedo for the purpose of organising themselves, with the view of bringing about a civil war, and expelling the foreigner by force of arms. The movement may have originated among themselves, and been carried out in defiance of the Government; or it may have been suggested by the Government as a means of relieving them from the danger and annoyance of further collisions with the foreigner. The residence of the daimios at Yedo was made compulsory upon them by the celebrated Taiko Sama, who, after he had reduced the rebellious aristocracy to submission, devised this method of keeping them under surveillance. Every noble was compelled to keep an establishment at the capital, partly as a recognition

of the Tycoon as his feudal superior, partly because those members of his family who were obliged to reside there served as hostages for the good behaviour of the prince. It may easily be imagined that this bondage was irksome to so proud a class, and the present Government may have released them from it, on condition of their withdrawing their opposition to the fulfilment of the treaties with foreign powers. It will be seen from the notice we have already quoted, and which was signed by four lonins, that an old law exists, which has never been repealed, prohibiting the residence of the foreigner in Japan; this forms the groundwork of the opposition policy, and it is believed that the Spiritual Emperor has expressed his dissent from the act of its infringement by the Tycoon.

Practically, then, it would seem that political parties in the empire are divided into two classes—one consisting of the Mikado and a large section of the aristocracy, who do not consider themselves bound by treaty stipulations with foreigners; the other, consisting of the Tycoon and his government, who do; and this latter party, we may conclude, has the sympathy and support of the mass of the population. As, however, the Temporal Government has proved itself too weak to cope with the opposition headed by the Mikado, the question is, how we can best guarantee the safety of our countrymen, and extort that redress which the Government is powerless to enforce in cases of violent outrage. Diplomacy is powerless, for it cannot reach the offenders; and we are thus driven into hostile action. Either we must insist upon the Mikado ratifying the Treaty, and be prepared to employ force in case of his refusing to do so; or we must take summary vengeance upon any individual daimio who offends. The objection to the first course is, that an application to the Mikado for a ratification of the Treaty would imply that it had not been made

ing in their duty. As the said prince, the master of the criminal officer (retainer), was ordered by his Majesty the Tycoon to protect the foreign nations, he did not neglect to proclaim the order to his subordinate officers (retainers); but the design which the criminal officer (retainer), of his own free-will, and without fearing death, intended to carry out, was most likely owing to a temporary derangement of his mind, brought on by the present state of affairs being unchangeable, and being deceived by false reports, spread about by wanderers, &c. He therefore, very simply, hated foreign nations, and forgot the orders he had received from the Government and his own master. Your Government will naturally suppose, from all the facts of the case, that this proceeds from disaffection of our Government to your friendship, which causes us great shame and sorrow. His Majesty the Tycoon also regrets the attack on account of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain. Therefore his Majesty has ordered us to write a letter to your Excellency, in order to explain all the circumstances of the case, and to beg pardon for all the unsuitable occurrences which have taken place until now, and to testify our friendly feeling."

How is it possible to deal with a Government who, when called to account for a series of massacres, apologise in this charmingly naive way for what they call "unsuitable occurrences?" How did they propose to punish the man who had already committed suicide? And is "simple hatred" likely to produce mental derangement? The Government was evidently not responsible. The daimio was in no way to blame. The assassin was temporarily insane, and, though dead, would be punished. It is true, two English marines were hacked to pieces, with twenty-five wounds; but the real culprits were the "wanderers," who spread a report. That is a specimen of Japanese logic.

In ordinary criminal offences, however, the Japanese are prompt to inflict summary punishment. Here is an original sentence, forwarded to the British Consul in an official letter:—

"To F. HOWARD VTSK, Esq.

KIHI,

Vagabond in the village of Torocmiguwa,
You have, while in the service of the English merchant Telge, stolen 300 rio in the absence, which were kept in an unlocked box. As this is a great offence, you are sentenced to be beheaded."

The execution-ground was close to the gate of the Legation at Yedo, and gory heads, fresh chopped off and stuck in clay, occasionally glared with glassy eyes upon the passer-by. Not far from Kanagawa was a burning-ground, not unlike a threshing-floor; and English travellers, with a taste for the horrible, used to make it an object for a ride, to inspect the human ashes which were strewn there.

But we have looked enough "on this picture" of Japan—it is time to look "on that." Those travellers who first saw it in its gala-dress painted it as they found it, and in some respects have their glowing descriptions fallen short of the reality. They never heard of "lonins," or experienced any "unsuitable occurrences." They saw a population nude, peaceable, and contented, a landscape of fairy-like beauty, a sky unrivalled even in Italy; and they left before they had recovered from the charming surprise, or had time to appreciate the real value of attractions so novel and unlooked-for. And yet our author, after a residence of three years, writes:—

"But for this class of military retainers and Tycoon officials, high and low, both of which swarm in Yedo, it seems it might be one of the pleasantest places in the Far East. The climate is superior to that of any other country east of the Cape. The capital itself, though spreading over a circuit of some twenty miles, with probably a couple of million of inhabitants, can boast what no capital in Europe can—the most charming rides, beginning even in its centre, and extending in every direction over wooded hills, through smiling valleys and shady lanes, fringed with evergreens and magnificent timber. Even in the city, especially along the

ramparts of the official quarter, and in many roads and avenues leading thence to the country, broad green slopes and temple gardens or well-timbered parks gladden the eye as it is nowhere else gladdened within the circle of a city. No sooner is a suburb gained in any direction, than hedgerows appear which only England can rival either for beauty or neatness, while over all an Eastern sun through the greater part of the year throws a flood of light from an unclouded sky, making the deep shadow of the overarching trees doubly grateful, and its ever-varying pictures of tracery, both above and below. Such is Yedo and its environs in the long summer-time, and far into a late autumn."

Our author's enthusiasm is not confined to inanimate nature in Japan. He too, in spite of the disaffection of a particular class, has an evident weakness for the country people, and gives us many pleasing traits of national character:—

"Reflections," he says, "on the government and civilisation of the Japanese press upon the European every step he takes in this land, so singularly blessed in soil and climate, so happy in the contented character and simple habits of its people, yet so strangely governed by unwritten laws and irresponsible rulers."

Again—

"Much has been heard of the despotic sway of these feudal lords, and the oppression under which all the labouring classes toil and groan; but it is impossible to traverse these well-cultivated valleys, and mark the happy, contented, and well-to-do populations which have their home amid so much plenty, and believe we see a land entirely tyrant-ridden and impoverished by exactions. On the contrary, the impression is irresistibly borne in upon the mind that Europe cannot show a happier or better-fed peasantry, or a climate and soil so genial and bountiful in their gifts."

We must agree with our author, that institutions, however anomalous they may appear to us, must have some merit which can so satisfactorily secure "the material prosperity of a population estimated at thirty millions, which has made an Eden of this volcanic soil, and has grown in chambers and wealth

by unaided native industry, shut out from all intercourse with the rest of the world." So that Sir Rutherford, after all, gives quite as favourable a picture of Japan as any of the "hasty visitors," the accuracy of whose first impressions he thus impugns:—

"Those writers," he exclaims, "who, on the strength of a superficial observation, or a flying visit to Nagasaki, have led the credulous public in Europe and America to believe that the triumph of European civilisation in Japan is already secure, and that the Japanese Government is promoting it, must have been strangely deluded! As to progress and advance in the path of civilisation, the papers laid before Parliament at this period, in which I passed in review the progress made in the previous six months—the first after the opening of the ports under treaties in July last—must have given a very different impression."

But this is a gloomy view of affairs not usual with our author; for a few pages later, remarking on the effect which foreign trade is likely to produce, he observes:—

"How soon such changes may come it is impossible to say, seeing what marvellous progress has marked the last seven years. Notwithstanding their long and resolutely-maintained isolation and exclusivism, carried even into their political economy, and cherished in the national mind as their ark of safety and the shibboleth of their independence, the day has arrived when a British Minister can take up his residence in the capital, and is received by the Tycoon, not as were the chiefs of the Dutch factory at Decima—long the only representatives of Europe—in days now long passed, and never, it is to be hoped, to return."

In another place—

"They are a well-to-do, flourishing, and advancing people, and for generations and centuries have maintained a respectable level of intellectual cultivation and social virtues."

Sir Rutherford, in his desponding mood, cites, as an instance of the obstructive and unprogressive policy of the Government, that they refused to accept an offer made by Europeans to run monthly a steamer

for them between their own ports; but he writes more sanguinely when he gives us an account of a visit he paid to the Government steam-factory at Nagasaki:—

"I could not but admire the progress made under every possible difficulty, by the Japanese and Dutch combined, in their endeavours to create in this remote corner of the earth all the complicated means and appliances for the repair and manufacture ultimately of steam machinery."

There he found them making moderator lamps, and farther on there was a forge-factory in complete working order, with a Nasmyth's hammer.

"And here we saw one of the most extraordinary and crowning testimonies of Japanese enterprise and ingenuity, which leaves all the Chinese have ever attempted far behind. I allude to a steam-engine with tubular boilers, made by themselves before a steam vessel or engine had ever been seen by Japanese—made solely, therefore, from the plans in a Dutch work."

After this we do not think that the idea which our author ridicules, of the possibility of railways and steam communication in Japan, is so very absurd; considering all that he has undergone, it is not to be wondered at that he should occasionally take a gloomy view of the people and the country. Generally he is sanguine and complimentary, and nobody has had better opportunities of judging. He has visited the northern island, ascended Fusama, spent some weeks at a Japanese watering-place where he found "peace, plenty, apparent content, and a country more perfectly and carefully cultivated, and kept with more ornamental timber everywhere, than can be matched even in England." He made an overland journey from Nagasaki to Yedo, which lasted thirty-three days, and the incidents of which form one of the most interesting features of the book. There is an admirable description of a Japanese play, which, judged by the light of the future

seemed to be a rehearsed of the tragedy about to be perpetrated a fortnight later on Sir Rutherford himself. Occasionally the party traversed the territory of a hostile daimio; on these occasions the inhabitants shut themselves up. Thus, at Nieno, a daimio's capital—

"As we advanced through the streets we found every house and every side-street hermetically closed, not a whisper was to be heard, nor the face of a living being to be seen. The side-streets were all barricaded and shut out of view by curtains spread on high poles. His own house, which we passed, was similarly masked by curtains. Even in the adjoining villages no women or children were to be seen."

These daimios are always followed by large bodies of armed retainers in their journeys through the country, and, as the last murder of our countryman proves, are not to be met without danger. On one occasion, says our author,

"Mr De Wit and I were riding abreast, and without any escort, having left them far behind, when, seeing rather a large cortege filling up the road as we turned an angle, we drew to one side of the road in single file. No sooner did the leading officer observe the movement than he instantly began to swagger, and motioned all the train to spread themselves over the whole road; so that all we gained by our consideration and courtesy was to run the risk of being pushed into the ditch by an insolent subordinate."

Runners always precede these trains, calling upon the people to prostrate themselves; and the nobles are so accustomed to this act of homage that a European refusing to perform it incurs a great risk. Our author enters into great detail in the account he gives us of the habits and mode of life of the common people, for they alone come under the observation of the stranger; and we may regard the work before us as the most exhaustive description of the country and the people which we could expect from the pen of a foreigner. It is, moreover, admirably illustrated, and

the reader cannot fail to rise from its perusal more thoroughly enlightened in all that concerns the singular people of whom it treats, than he could hope to be by all the previous works which have appeared on the same subject from the days of the Jesuit fathers. We had marked many passages illustrative of the everyday life of the Japanese, and some graphic descriptions of those scenes which are most characteristic and remarkable; but we have dwelt so long on the political considerations which have been suggested to us by the remarks of the author, that we can only commend his social sketches to the notice of the reader. The account of Sir Rutherford's audience with the Tycoon is highly entertaining, and the effect of the actual ceremony must have been ridiculous in the extreme. The attitude of a Japanese in the presence of a superior almost amounts to prostration. In one room* were "more than a hundred officers in grand official costume, all kneeling, five and six deep, in rows, perfectly mute, and immovable as statues, their heads just raised from the floor." This attitude, when adopted by a crowd, is rather striking, perhaps, than ludicrous; but when the crowd begin to walk, the effect must be eminently absurd:—

"The most singular part of the whole costume, and that which, added to the head-gear, gave an irresistibly comic air to the whole presentment, was the im-

measurable prolongation of the silk trousers. These, instead of stopping short at the heels, are unconscionably lengthened, and left to trail two or three feet behind them, so that their feet, as they advanced, seemed pushed into what should have been the knees of their garments; besides this, they often shuffle on their hands and knees."

The performances of the jugglers, wrestlers, and top-spinners in Japan have already been constantly alluded to, but our author's experiences surpass those of former spectators:—

"One of the most delicate of the performances consisted in making a top spin on the left hand, run up round the edge of the robe at the back of the neck, and down the other arm into the palm of the right hand, still spinning. Another, again, was to toss a spinning-top into the air and catch it on the hem of the sleeve without letting it fall. A third was to fling it high in the air and catch it on the bowl or the angle of a Japanese pipe, pass it behind the back, flinging it to the front, and then catch it again."

Certainly an importation of Japanese top-spinners would make the fortune of any Barnum who could induce them to leave their country with the certainty of their being obliged to rip themselves up on their return. Let us hope that the discontinuance of this last trick may be one of the first-fruits of the introduction of Western civilisation into Japan.

MRS. CLIFFORD'S MARRIAGE.

PART II.

CHAPTER VI.—THE RESULT.

WHEN the newly married people returned home, after an absence of about two months, the new rule soon but gradually made itself felt at Fontanel. Though Mr. Summerhayes had for a long time been the inspiring influence there, there was still all the difference between his will as interpreted by Mrs. Clifford and his will as accomplished by himself. Of the two, it must be allowed that the retainers of the family preferred the cordial, kind, inconsistent sway of poor Mary to the firm and steady government of her new husband; and then everybody had acknowledged her right to rule, which came by nature, while every soul secretly rebelled against his, which was a kind of contradiction to nature. Mr. Summerhayes's path was not strewn with roses when he came back to Fontanel; then, for the first time, he had the worst of it. After she was fairly married, and everything concluded beyond the possibility of change, Mary, like a true woman, had found it quite possible to forget all her previous doubts and difficulties, and to conclude, with that simple philosophy which carries women of her class through so many troubles, that now everything must come right. It was no embarrassing new affection now, but acknowledged duty, that bound her to her husband, and she would not contemplate the possibility of this duty clashing with her former duties. So she came home, having fully regained the composure of her mind, very happy to see her children again; and utterly forgetting that they had not yet become accustomed, as she had, to look upon "Cousin Tom" as the head of the house. But it was now that gentleman's turn to suffer the pains and penalties of the new po-

sition which he had taken upon himself. He was fully conscious of all the troubled sidelong glances out of Loo's brown eyes; and when Charley burst into the house in schoolboy exuberance at Easter, for his few days of holiday, Mr. Summerhayes noted the gulp in the throat of the Etonian, when he found it necessary to ask the new master of the house about something hitherto settled between himself and the old groom, with perhaps a reference to the indulgent mother, who could never bear to deprive her boy of any pleasure. Mr. Summerhayes let Charley have his will with the best grace in the world, but still saw and remarked that knot of discontent in the boy's throat—that apple of Adam, which Charley swallowed, consciously, yet, as he himself thought, unobserved by any man. The younger children were perhaps still more difficult to deal with; for it was hard to teach them that Mr. Summerhayes was no longer Cousin Tom, to be romped with, but that it was necessary to be quiet and good, and not to disturb the meditations of the head of the house. True, it fell to Mary's lot to impress this fact upon the rebellious consciousness of Harry and little Alf; but Mr. Summerhayes, who at that particular period of his life was all eyes and ears, and missed nothing, did not fail to have the benefit. Then some of the servants were petulant—some were insolent, presuming on their old favour with their mistress—some resigned altogether when they knew "how things was agoing to be;" the most part sneaked and gave in, with secret reflections, every one of which was guessed and aggravated by the new master. It is easy to see that his

position had its difficulties and disagreeables; but, to do Mr. Summerhayes justice, he behaved with great temper and forbearance in this troublesome crisis. He made it apparent to every body that he was not to be trifled with; but at the same time, pretended not to see the little petulancies which were in reality so distinctly apparent to him, and which galled him so much. He swallowed many a mortification just then more bitter and stinging than Charley's soon-forgotten gulp of boyish pride; and steadily and gradually, without any one knowing much about it, the new master of Fontanel won the day.

He was a man whose previous life had, to a considerable extent, belied his real character. He had lived idly and without any apparent ambition during these forty years, contenting himself apparently for the last ten, with his dreary old manor-house and spare income. But this was not because he was of a light and easy temper, or satisfied with his lot. He was active enough in reality, now that he had affairs in his hands of sufficient magnitude to occupy him—and thoughtful enough to keep his purposes locked in his own heart, from which they came forth in act and deed, only when full fledged and ready for the gaze of the world. The house of Fontanel gradually recognised the hand of the master. Without any visible coercion upon Mary, the open, liberal, hospitable house came by imperceptible degrees under that stern regime which had made life possible at the manor-house upon the much diminished means of the Summerhayes. The process was like nothing so much as the change of a ship's course in a stormy sea. The vessel wavered, reeled for a moment as the helm went round in the new direction, but next minute had righted herself, and was ploughing steadily on in her new course, leaving the ignorant passengers below in total unconsciousness of anything that had happened except that

momentary stagger and uncertainty which it was so easy to account for. Mary was not cut down either in her hospitalities or charities—or at least, if she was, did not know it; but before a year had elapsed, the expenditure in Fontanel house was smaller, and the expenditure on Fontanel estate greater than it had ever been in the memory of man. Mr. Summerhayes was an enterprising and enlightened landlord. He took up the Home Farm with such energy that every tenant-farmer within twenty miles learned, or ought to have learned, the salutary lesson; and he gave loans and bonuses upon improvement, such as suggested to the unimproving sundry sarcasms as to the facility with which men parted with other people's money. If it had been his own, instead of belonging to his wife and her children, it would have made a difference, people said; but then it was only the unprogressive, whom Mr. Summerhayes decidedly snubbed and disapproved of, who made that ill-natured remark. To tell the truth, however, when he set out upon this active career, which was so unlike his former life, Mr. Summerhayes of Fontanel became much less popular in the county than the poor squire at the manor had been in old days. Perhaps, in the change from poverty to wealth he carried things with too high a hand. Perhaps he failed to recognise his own position as an interloper, and acted the master too completely to please the popular fancy. At all events, nobody was satisfied—not even his sisters in the old house, which they had all to themselves; certainly not the little community in his present home, which obeyed and feared and suspected him—perhaps not even his wife.

Mary had a woman's usual experience before she married her second husband and made this complication of affairs. She knew as a certainty, what all the younger brides have to learn by hard personal training, that the husband

must be different from the lover ; that the habits of ordinary life will return after awhile ; and that the wife's happiness must be of a different kind, if she is happy at all, from that of the bride, to whose pleasure, for the moment, everything defers by a tender fallacy and sophism of nature. But somehow, in its own case, the heart is always incredulous. To marry him had, after all, cost this soft woman a great many natural pangs, and it was hard to find so soon all the affectionate conferences and consultations, by means of which he had at first won her, ceasing altogether, and to feel that the affairs which she had managed so long were now in inexorable hands, and ruled by plans which were only communicated to her when they were ready for execution, if even then. Then poor Mary, who had always been looked on with indulgent eyes, began to feel herself under a sterner regard, and to see that her acts and words were judged solely on their own merits, and not with any softening glamour of love, making everything beautiful because it was she. It is impossible to describe how nervous and unsteady this consciousness made her, and how much more ready she was to make mistakes, from knowing that her mistakes would not be excused, or looked upon affectionately as wisdom in disguise. Poor soul ! he was very kind to her at the same time ; but his eye was on when she caressed her children ; his quick ear somehow caught the little secrets they whispered to her in that sacred twilight hour in her dressing-room before dinner, where Mr. Summerhayes had now acquired the habit of coming in to talk with his wife, and finding the children in the way. When they were all sent off on such occasions, it was well for Loo that she generally headed the retreat, before the new master lighted his wife's candles, and threw an intrusive glare into the sacred atmosphere. Loo was a heroine, but she had a temper.

But as for poor Mary, to see her disappointed children trooping away, and to guess with quick instinct the thoughts that were already rising in their little angry hearts, and to lose that sweet moment in which her soul was *retrempé* and made strong, was very bitter even to her yielding temper and loving heart. She could have cried but for fear of her husband ; and many a time had bitter drops in her eyes, which had to be crushed back somehow, and re-absorbed into her breast, when those tell-tale candles flashed their unwelcome light upon her. Yet, notwithstanding all this, she had no right nor wish to call herself an unhappy wife. He *was* very kind to her—seemed as though he loved her, which makes up to a woman for a great many things ; but still a sense of having overturned the world somehow, and disturbed the course of nature—of having introduced bewilderment and confusion she could not tell how, and a false state of affairs—combined, with a certain ache of disappointment, of wounded pride, and unappreciated confidence, to make poor Mary's musings weary and troubled, and to plant thorns in her pillow.

Thus it happened that nobody was pleased with the change which had taken place at Fontanel, except, perhaps, Mr. Summerhayes himself, who seemed sufficiently contented, with all that he had done and was doing. Certainly he devoted himself to the improvement of the estate. Such crops had never been dreamt of in the county as those that began to be usual upon the well-tilled acres of the Home Farm ; and when leases fell in, the lumbering old tenants had no chance against the thriving agriculturists whom the King-Consort brought in over their heads at advancing rents, to the benefit of the rent-roll and the country, though not without some individual misery at the same time to lessen the advantage. Some old people emigrated, and got their death by it ; some hopeful farmer-families dis-

persed and were broken up, and found but a checkered fortune awaiting them in the cold world, outside of those familiar fields which they had believed themselves born to cultivate, and almost thought their own; and Mrs. Summerhayes had red eyes after these occurrences,

and took to headaches, which were most unusual to her; but it was unquestionably the most enlightened policy—it was very good for the land and the country and things in general; and, in particular, there could not be any doubt it was good for the rent-roll of Fontanel.

CHAPTER VII.—THE NEXT EVENT IN THE FAMILY.

"I wonder whether Charley Clifford's coming of age will be kept as it ought to be," said Miss Amelia Harwood, meditatively. It was more than five years since the marriage, but there was still going to be a bazaar at Summerhayes; and still a large basket stood on the drawing-room table at Woodbine Cottage, full of embroidered cushions, babies' socks, children's pinafores, and needle-books and pen-wipers without number, upon which Miss Amelia was stitching little tickets which told the price. "To give him all his honours will be ticklish work for Tom Summerhayes, and to withhold them won't answer with a boy of spirit like Charley. I am fond of that boy. He behaves very well to his mother; though really, when a woman makes a fool of herself, I don't wonder if her children get disgusted. I should like to know what she thinks of her exploit now. I always foresaw she would see her folly as the children grew up."

"Oh, hush, Amelia," said her elder sister; "don't be hard upon poor dear Mary now. I was surprised at the time—but of course she must have been in love with him; and it was hard, you know, to be left all alone at her time of life. She is quite a young woman now."

"She is——" said Miss Amelia, pausing, with inexorable memory and a host of dates at her fingertips, "either forty-two or forty-three. I don't quite recollect whether she was born in '14 or in '15. Now that I think, it was '14, for it was before the Waterloo year, which we had all such good cause to remem-

ber; and as for being left all alone, she had her children, and I always said she ought to have had the sense to know when she was well off. However, that is not the question. I want to know whether they will make any ado over Charley's coming of age."

"Poor boy!—it is sad for him having no father to advise him at such an important time of his life," said gentle Miss Harwood, with a sigh.

"Oh, stuff!" said Miss Amelia. "Harry Clifford, poor fellow, never was wise enough to direct himself, and how could he have guided his son? I daresay Tom Summerhayes would be a better adviser, if you come to that. But I am sorry for Charley all the same: he's the heir, and yet somehow he doesn't seem the heir. His mother, after all, is still a young woman, as you say, and Tom Summerhayes seems to have got everything so secure in his hands that one can't help feeling something is sure to happen to make the estate his in the end. It can't be, I suppose; they said the deeds were irrevocable, and that Mary couldn't alter them if she wished, which I don't suppose she does;—she loves her children, I must say that for her. Still one never feels sure with a man like Tom Summerhayes; and poor Charley has no more to do with his own affairs than if he were a little ploughboy on Mr. Summerhayes's estate."

"Hush, my dear," said Miss Harwood, who was in her summer chair, which commanded, through the openings of the green blind, a view

of the village green and the road before the door,—“here are Louisa and Lydia coming to call—and out of breath, too; so they must have some news or something particular to say.”

“About Charley’s coming of age, of course,” said Miss Amelia. “I daresay Mary and Tom have had a fight over it, and he’s judged it as well for once to let Mary have her way. He always had a great deal of sense, had Tom Summerhayes.”

“Oh, I declare, to see how far the Miss Harwoods are on with their things!” cried Miss Louisa Summerhayes, almost before she had entered the room; “but you are always in such good time, Miss Amelia. As for us, we have such a great deal to think about just now, it drives the bazaar out of our heads; almost as bad as if we had a family ourselves,” said Miss Lydia, with a breathless outburst. “I daresay you have heard the news—you who always hear everything from Fontanel.”

“About Charley’s birthday?” said Miss Amelia.

“Well, upon my word, you are a witch of Endor, or something,” said Miss Lydia, whose turn it was to begin the duet; “for dear Tom rode down to tell us only this morning. He is so considerate, dear Tom; and I am sure there never was such a stepfather,—to think of all he means to do, just as if Charley was his own son and heir,” cried Miss Louisa, who was scarcely able to keep in time for want of breath.

“His own son and heir, if he had one, need not to make so much commotion, my dears,” said Miss Amelia, administering with great goodwill a friendly snub; “there is a difference, you know, between Fontanel and the manor-house. I suppose there will be a dinner of the tenantry, and all that. There couldn’t, you know, much as your family is respected in the county, be much of that sort of thing at Summerhayes.”

“My dear, you know Amelia always speaks her mind,” said Miss

Harwood; “you don’t mind what she says? I am sure I hope poor Charley will have a good day for his *fête*, and that everything will go off well. I daresay they will all feel a little strange on such a day, to think of all the changes that have happened. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the day he was born; and oh how happy poor Mary was!”

“I am sure she ought to be a great deal happier now,” said Miss Laura, with a toss of her head, “if she were sensible enough to see her advantages. Dear Tom makes himself a slave to her, and spends all his strength upon the estate; and then never to get any thanks for it. I declare, to hear how you speak is enough to make one hate the world,” said Miss Lydia, with the usual joint disregard of punctuation. “But, Miss Harwood, you always take Mary’s side.”

“I didn’t know we were come so far as to take sides,” said Miss Amelia, dryly; “Mary never takes her own side, that’s clear. She tries to please everybody, poor soul; to make her husband happy by letting him suppose himself the master of Fontanel,—and to make her son happy by making believe he’s all right and in his natural place; and what’s to come of it all after Charley comes of age is more than I can tell; for Charley’s a boy of spirit, though he’s devoted to his mother, and it’s hard never to have anything to say in one’s own affairs. A woman may submit to it, perhaps, but a young man is very different,” said Miss Amelia, with great gravity, breaking off with an emphatic jerk the last end of her thread.

Both the sisters were in tears before this speech was finished. “I am sure it is very hard,” sobbed the elder, as soon as she could speak, “to be in dear Tom’s position, and to have to manage everything, and always to hear it brought up against him that he has nothing to do with the estate, and it belongs to his wife. I wonder how he ever puts up with it,” cried the other, “dear Tom,

that is the head of one of the oldest families in the county—far better blood than the Cliffords, whose great-grandfather was in trade; and they would all have been ruined but for dear Tom," concluded Miss Louisa; "he has given himself up to their interests—and this is his reward!"

"Hush, now," said Miss Harwood, "I am sure nothing was said that could make you cry; and I see poor dear Mary herself in the pony-carriage driving down by the green. I daresay she will call here. She will be quite surprised if she sees you have been crying. Shouldn't you like to run up-stairs and set your bonnets straight?"

"I daresay she'll come in looking as bright as possible," said Miss Amelia, "and could not understand, if we were to tell her, why we should quarrel and cry over her affairs. After all, it's a shame she shouldn't be happy, poor soul; she always makes the best of everything. There she is, kissing her hand to us already. How d'ye do, my dear? And I am sure I think she's as pretty now as when she was twenty, whatever the men may say."

"Oh dear, that's just what the men say," cried Miss Louisa, with indignation, unable even at this crisis to resist the temptation: "for she always was a gentleman's beauty," added Miss Lydia, half under her breath. They were not in the least malignant, and both of them secretly liked Mary in their hearts; but they could not resist the opportunity of throwing a little javelin at her, which certainly did her no harm.

Mary did not reach the door until her sisters-in-law had put themselves in order by the help of the mirror in the back drawing-room. All this time Miss Amelia stood by the window making her comments. "Of course there is a basket to be taken out of the pony-carriage," said that mollified observer, who was nodding and smiling all the time to the new arrivals, "with a quantity of forced things in it, no

doubt; for there's nothing else to be had at this time of the year. I think I can see strawberries through the lid, which, considering it is only March, is flying in the face of nature, I think. And here is Loo. Well, I am not sure that poor Loo is not as much forced as the strawberries; she looks a long way older than her mother, it appears to me. Poor thing! perhaps it's not wonderful under the circumstances; and I think Loo would be pretty if she was free in her mind, or had time for anything but brooding over affairs. She is, let me see, eighteen at her next birthday——"

"Hush, Amelia! My dear Mary, it makes me very happy to see you," said old Miss Harwood, rising from her comfortable chair, with the slow motion of an old woman, to meet the kiss of the mistress of Fontanel. Perhaps it was the contrast of true old age which made Mary, though convicted of having been born in the year '14, appear then, in '57, so blooming and fresh and youthful. She had lived, on the whole, a quiet life. She had little in her constitution of that rabid selfishness which people call a sensitive temperament. She bore her troubles meekly, and got over them, and even the anxieties and uneasiness of recent years had added but few wrinkles to the fair face of a woman who always believed that everything would turn out well, and heartily hoped for the best. She came in, well-dressed, well-conditioned, sweet to look at and to listen to, in easy matronly fulness and expansion, into the pretty but strait and limited room where the two old sisters lived their life; and when she had kissed them, kissed also the two younger maidens, who were, however, of Mary's own standing—no younger than herself. They all looked grey, and relapsed into the shade in presence of her sweet looks and natural graciousness. Even Loo, who stood behind her mother's chair—a tall girl, still with great brown eyes, which counted for twice as much as their real

size in her pale face—looked, as Miss Amelia said, old beside Mrs. Summerhayes. Hers were the bright but softened tints, the round outlines, the affectionate, tender, unimpassioned heart, which confers perpetual youth.

"How nice it is to see you looking so well!" said Mary. "I don't think you have grown a bit older, dear Miss Harwood, for twenty years. Loo and I have come down on purpose to ask you to come to Fontanel for Charley's birthday. He comes of age, dear fellow, next month, you know; and as it is a very very great occasion, we thought a three weeks' invitation was not too much. You must come to us the day before—the carriage will come for you—and stay at least till the day after, so that you may not be the least fatigued. We are going to have all sorts of pleasures and rejoicing; and I am sure, though I am a foolish old mother to say so," said the smiling, blooming woman, in whom light and sunshine seemed to have entered Miss Harwood's drawing-room, "that nobody has more reason to rejoice over a son than I—than we have,—he has always been such a dear boy; he has never given me any anxiety in all his life."

"Well, he's only just beginning his life," said Miss Amelia. "What anxiety could he give you, except about the measles and so forth? To be sure he might have been plucked at the university, or rusticated, or something dreadful; but I allow he's a good boy, and not too good a boy either—which is a great comfort. I am glad you are not going to stint him at his *fête*: an eldest son has a right to that, I suppose; but I hope you mean to let him have something to do, my dear, after he comes of age."

"To do? Oh, I daresay he will find quite enough to do, for a few years, amusing himself," said Mary, perceptibly growing paler for the moment. "Of course I am calculating upon both of you, Louisa and Liddy," she said, turning

round with an air of making her escape. "To ask such near friends formally would be nonsense, you know; but you must not forget the twenty-fifth; and I hope you will come early, too, and see the preparations, and the tenants' dinner, and all that is to go on out of doors."

"Oh, we have got an invitation already," said Miss Laura. "Not that we would have come unless you had asked us besides, dear Mary," chimed in Miss Lydia; "but dear Tom called this morning to tell us it was all decided upon," they both ran on together. "Such a comfort to our minds; for I am sure Liddy and I cannot bear to hear you ever have any difference of opinion," cried Miss Laura, as her solo broke upon the course of the duet. "And dear Tom is always so glad to do what will please you, dear Mary," chimed Miss Lydia, as it came to her turn.

Mary turned red and then turned pale in spite of herself. Most people have some specially sensitive spot about them, and this was Mary's: she could not endure to think that her husband consulted his sisters about things that occurred at Fontanel.

"I was not aware we had any difference of opinion," she said, with dignity; "things always have to be discussed, and Mr. Summerhayes likes to consider everything well before he takes it in hand; but, of course, we can have but one mind about Charlie, who really is the owner of the estate, or at least will be after the twenty-fifth. He is so popular already," continued the mother, returning to the Miss Harwoods. The tears came to poor Mary's eyes, notwithstanding all her efforts. She felt they were all watching her, and that to do justice both to her son and her husband, was all but impossible; and, besides, at that moment she was under the influence of a little irritation. Mr. Summerhayes did not consult his sisters, for whose judgment he had a much greater contempt than it had ever entered into

the mind of Mary to entertain for any one in the world; but when he was annoyed or irritated he occasionally took the benefit of their unreasoning sympathy and partisanship, as he had done this morning—and there was nothing in all the business which so galled and exasperated his wife.

"He always was a dear boy," said kind old Mrs. Howard; "and such a sweet baby as he was, my dear. I remember when he was born as if it were yesterday. I was just saying so before you came in. I never saw any people so happy as you, and—hem—it seems foolish, to be sure, talking of what he was as a baby now he's a man," she concluded, hurriedly stumbling over that unlucky allusion. Mary again grew a little pale, poor soul. She could not escape from her troubles anyhow—they hemmed her in on every side.

"And so all those things are for the bazaar," she said, by way of making a diversion. "Loo was to have worked you something, Miss Amelia, but Loo's fingers are not so useful as they might be. She is a great deal too fond of dreaming; but I don't think I was very fond of work myself when I was her age; and, of course, she has something in hand for Charley. A birthday would not be a birthday if the girls had not worked something for their brother; though men are such bears, as I sometimes tell Loo," said poor Mary, beaming brightly out again from behind her cloud, "I don't think they ever look twice at the purses and slippers we do for them. I suppose the great pleasure is in the doing, as it is with most other things."

"But I am sure you never found it so with dear Tom," said Miss Laura; "he was always, from a boy, so pleased with what we made for him. Oh, do you remember those old braces, Laura?" cried Miss Lydia; "he always appreciates what is done for him—always," and both the sisters chimed in in a breath.

"I was not speaking of Mr. Summerhayes," said Mary, returning into the cloud; "I was speaking of—men in general. I have never had any perfect people to deal with in my experience," said the mistress of Fontanel, with a sidelong, female blow, which she could not resist giving. "And now we must say good-bye, dear Miss Harwood; it is so pleasant to see you, and to come into this sheltered place where nothing ever seems to change."

"It is very odd," said Miss Amelia, as she rose to shake hands with her visitors, "you people who are living and going through all sorts of changes, you like to come back to look at us old folks, and to say it is pleasant to see us immovable. I suppose it has all the effect of a calm background and bit of still life, as the painters say. Perhaps we don't enjoy it so much as you do; we like to have something happen now and then for a little variety; we are often sadly at a loss, if you did but know it, for an event."

"Come back soon, my dear; that will be an event for us," said Miss Harwood, whose soft old kiss was balm to Mary's cheek, which had flushed and paled so often. Miss Laura and Miss Lydia went out to the door with their sister-in-law, where they took leave of her. "We meant to have driven on to the manor-house," said Mary; "but we need not go now, since we have seen you; and there is no room in this stupid little carriage, or I would set you down anywhere. Good-bye! don't forget the twenty-fifth!" and so she drove her ponies away. The sisters went off upon their usual round of calls, discussing her, while Mrs. Summerhayes drove through the village. They were not exactly spiteful women, and they *did* like poor Mary in their hearts: if she had been in trouble they would have rallied to her with all their little might; but they could not help being a little hard upon her now.

"Did you hear what she said

about Charley being the true owner of the estate?" said Miss Laura. "After all dear Tom has done!" said Miss Lydia. "Oh, how strangely things do turn out!" cried the elder sister. "He might have done so much better; and to get himself into all this trouble and nobody even grateful to him," said the younger. "Poor dear Tom!" they both cried together, "he deserved such a different wife."

Such was the aspect of affairs on the other side; and though it is natural to take part with poor Mary rather than with her subtle and skilful husband, perhaps his sisters were not altogether wrong. If they had not, all of them, got somehow into conflict with nature, things might have happened very differently. As it was, a perpetual false position created mischief on every side.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE EVE OF THE BIRTHDAY.

"I have asked old Gateshead to bring over the deeds you executed before our marriage, Mary," said Mr. Summerhayes, a few days before Charley came of age; "I want to look over them again."

"Yes!" said Mary, stopping suddenly in what she was doing, and giving one furtive glance at him. She asked no farther question, but waited with an anxious intensity of interest which almost stopped the breath on her lips.

"I want to look over them again—there are some words in the duplicates up-stairs I don't feel quite sure about," said Mr. Summerhayes.

"But, Tom, you told me they were irrevocable, and never could be meddled with," said Mary, with a sudden flush of burning colour, which passed away immediately, leaving her very pale. It had been all her comfort for many a day to think that those deeds were beyond her power—or his—to change. She could not help trembling in this sudden terror. She had no confidence in her own power to resist him—and, alas, but a wavering, uncertain confidence in him, that he would be able to resist the temptation of securing, if a change were possible, a stronger title to all the authority and power he at present, in her right, possessed.

"Do you imagine I want them meddled with?" said Mr. Summerhayes. "I don't think women understand what honesty or honour means," he added, in his harshest

tone. "I suppose you believe I am ready to perjure myself, or break my word, or do anything that's base, for a bit of your estate."

"Indeed, Tom, I never thought anything of the kind," said poor Mary, faltering; but she had thought something of the kind, though her thoughts were incapable of such decided expression, and the tremor in her voice betrayed her.

"That's how it always is," said Mr. Summerhayes, without any passion, but with a concentrated sneer in his voice; "a woman who has anything always suspects her husband of an intention to rob her. Though she may have lived with him for years, and known his thoughts and shared his plans, and thought him good enough to be her companion and protector, the moment she recurs to her money he becomes a robber, and nothing is too base for him to do. No," he went on, breathing out a long breath of indignation apparently, and offended virtue; "I don't want to alter the deeds—but I want to read over one clause with Gateshead, to make sure it's all right. You would not like your children to go to law about it after you are dead?"

"No," said Mary, with a slight shiver; her fears and her imagination were roused. She, of course, knew nothing about the law, except a general impression that it was never safe to have anything to do with it. She had, however,

an unreasoning faith in the efficacy of anything solemnly signed and witnessed, which, notwithstanding, if anybody threw the least doubt upon that document, changed instantly into a total scepticism and unbelief of any value in it at all. She jumped at conclusions, as is the habit of women; and from the most perfect confidence in the security of Fontanel, instantly plunged into the wildest uneasiness about it, and already saw herself compelled to alienate the inheritance from her children;—and all this because Mr. Summerhayes had remarked some expression in one clause which struck him as of doubtful meaning,—at least that was all the actual foundation upon which Mary could build her fears.

So it was with feelings of an extremely mingled and doubtful character that she proceeded with her arrangements for the birthday *fête*, which, to tell the truth, Mr. Summerhayes had strongly opposed—he could not very well have told why. Charley was the heir of the estate—as indisputable as if his father had been still its master; yet there was a great difference; and perhaps the stepfather did not feel himself quite equal to the necessary speeches, nor to the cordiality which would be required of him on such a day. Mr. Summerhayes had managed everything so completely in his own way—he had felt the house so entirely his own these five years, which yet was not his own, nor vested in him by any natural right—that the idea of acknowledging as much virtually, if not in distinct words, by this public recognition of the heir, galled him strangely. He would rather have gone out of the way; but as he could not go out of the way, he adopted, half unconsciously, the only mode that remained of making himself disagreeable—he found out that possible flaw in the deed. Probably nothing further was in his thoughts than to express the discontent in his mind, and throw a little shadow of insecurity upon the festivities which were sacred to

the too-confident heir. Like an ill-tempered father keeping up his power, by a vague threat of altering his will, Mr. Summerhayes waved his threatening flag over the heads of the family at Fontanel by this faint cloud of suspicion thrown upon the invincible certainty of the deed. He meant nothing more; but evil thoughts are suggestive, and have a wonderful power of cumulation. Perhaps he did mean something more before old Gateshead, whom, on other occasions, he did not hesitate to call an old foggy, was disembarked from his old-fashioned chair at the door, two days before Charley's birthday. The firm was Gateshead and Gateshead—but Europe and Asia are not more unlike than were its two members. The elder was, as Mr. Summerhayes succinctly expressed it, an old foggy—the other, an acute and tolerably accomplished young man of the world. Mr. Courtenay Gateshead, in ordinary cases, was Mr. Summerhayes's favourite, and was honoured with his confidence; but on this special occasion old Mr. Gateshead—whose acuteness was somewhat blunted by age—who was a wonderful gossip and genealogist, and who had the most profound respect for the superior legal knowledge of the master of Fontanel, who had once been of the Inner Temple—was, as an old friend of the family, the selected guest.

Mr. Gateshead arrived with a big portmanteau and a little tin box. He was rather nervous about this little tin box. He carried it into the drawing-room with him, where he went on his arrival, being a great deal too early for dinner, as old fogies, who are not much wanted in the drawing-room, generally are. But Mary was very glad to see him, as an old friend, and looked at him with a kind of half-conscious appeal in her eyes, of which Mr. Gateshead was totally unaware, and which he would have been completely bewildered by could he have seen it. He made some absurd mistakes to be sure. He called her Mrs. Clifford, even

in Mr. Summerhayes's presence; and then, instead of prudently ignoring his mistake, begged her pardon, and laughed and talked of his bad memory. But the tin box was a heavy burden on the old man's mind. Every ten minutes or so he paused in his talk, which was voluminous, to say, "Bless my soul, where is that box?" and to shift it from the table or chair on which he had placed it, to a chair or table nearer. The box oppressed him even in the midst of the gossip in which his soul delighted. He took it up to his room with him, but hesitated, not seeing how he could leave it by itself when he came down to dinner; and at last gratefully accepted Mr. Summerhayes's offer to put it in his own study, where all his own papers were, and which nobody dared go into. It seemed safe under the secure shelter of Mr. Summerhayes, whose absolute monarchy was indisputable, and with whose personalities nobody in Fontanel ventured to interfere. There, accordingly, the tin box was deposited, and there, after dinner, somewhat reluctantly on the part of old Gateshead, who was fond of the society of ladies, and of Mrs. Summerhayes's in particular, the two gentlemen adjourned, to talk over that flaw, or possibility of a flaw, in the deeds which were the safeguard of the young Cliffords. They sat late discussing that and other affairs,—so late, that it seemed quite the middle of the night to Mary when her husband awoke her with a cheerful face, to say that Gateshead was of opinion—and he agreed with him, after the close examination they had given it—that the deed was quite unassailable, so that she might have a perfectly easy mind on the subject. "I thought I might run the risk of a cross look for breaking your sleep, Mary, when this was what I had to say. I am very glad myself, for it might have been awkward, as no power was reserved to you under our settlement of will-making, or that sort of thing," said Mr. Summerhayes.

"However, it's all right. I left that old foggy pottering over his tin box in my study. I hope he'll not set himself on fire before he gets to bed. He's getting old very fast, Mary. Young Courtenay will soon have everything his own way." Poor Mary was so pleased, so delighted, so thankful, that it was a long time before she could get to sleep again. She lay half dreaming and dozing, with an exquisite compunction and renewal of love in her heart. Had she perhaps suspected this good husband, who came so joyfully to tell her that all was safe? She made it up to him by the fullest, most lavish restoration of confidence, as was natural to a generous woman; and in the happiest thankful state of mind, though with an odd half-dreaming fancy that old Gateshead had set fire to himself, and that she smelt his nightcap smouldering into slow destruction, fell finally, when it was almost dawn, into a sound sleep.

But Mary could not believe that she had been more than a few minutes asleep when she was awoke by the horrible clangour of the alarm-bell, and by the rushing and screaming of all the servants. Could it be old Gateshead's nightcap that caused that terrible significant sniff of burning that pervaded the entire atmosphere? Before she could wake her husband, who lay in a profound sleep, Charley had rushed in at the door with the alarming cry of fire. "Fire!—get up, mother, make haste, but don't flurry yourself; put something on; it's in the west wing. There's time to escape," cried Charley.

"I'll get out the children, and come back for you," he said, as he rushed off again. "Fire!" cried Mr. Summerhayes, springing up. "Good heavens! It's that old fool, old Gateshead. How could I be so mad as to trust him by himself?" and almost before Mary knew he was awake, he too had rushed out of the room, drawing on his dressing-gown as he flew out at the door. "Oh Tom, see to the children; don't

leave me!" cried Mary in her fright, and she too wrapped herself hastily in the first garment she could find, and rushed to the door. She could see nothing but a thick volume of smoke pouring from the west wing through the entire house, into which her husband's figure disappeared, while every soul in the place seemed emerging out of it in different varieties of fright and undress. "We've sent off for the fire-engines; and don't be alarmed, mother, it's entirely in the west wing," cried Charley, who came towards her with Alf in one arm and little Mary in the other. Harry and Loo came crouching close to the big brother behind—all silent, all ready to cry, all staring with wide-open, suddenly-awakened eyes, and frightened out of their very lives. "Oh, Charley, Mr. Summerhayes will be killed!—Where is he going? Is it to look for Mr. Gateshead?" cried Mary, who, when she saw her children safe, fell into a panic about her husband. He had rushed into the very depths of that black volume of smoke, in spite of many warning voices. He came staggering back after a few minutes, half suffocated, to the staircase, where he sat down to recover himself. "Oh Tom, Mr. Gateshead is safe," cried Mary, who was shivering in her shawl with cold and terror, and who would not leave her husband, though the smoke came nearer and nearer. "D— Mr. Gateshead," cried the excited master of the house. "Charley, fly to the other side—to the window—my study—the tin box! I'll take care of your mother," he shouted, as Charley appeared coming back. When he had placed Mary in safety, Mr. Summerhayes himself hurried to the same spot. It was he alone who mounted the ladder, though everybody else said it was madness. But it would have been as sane a proceeding to walk into a furnace as into that room which was the very centre of the fire. He came down again deadly pale, and almost fainting, with a hurt on his head from a

falling beam, and half suffocated with the fiery smoke. The tin box was beyond the possibility of redemption.

But the fire, curiously enough, scarcely penetrated beyond the west wing, which was an unimportant part of the house—a recent addition, where nobody slept, and which, indeed, contained little that was important except Mr. Summerhayes's study, which had been built after his own design, and contained all his pet and personal belongings. Mary and the children watched from the gardener's cottage the working of the fire-engines; and in the excitement of seeing how the fire was got under, and how little damage, after all, was done to Fontanel, forgot the misery of the morning and their comfortless circumstances. Even Loo felt that her stepfather was to be regarded as a hero, when he came, pale, black, and begrimed—after it became apparent that the work of destruction was stopped—to the cottage to have his head bound up, and to see that his wife and her children were safe. And perhaps Loo was still better disposed towards him when she found that he did not take upon himself any heroic airs, but was in a most savage temper, cursing old Gateshead as nobody had ever before heard Mr. Summerhayes curse any man. "I was rash not to see him safe to bed," cried the master of the burning house; and Mary did all she could, in her generous way, to deprecate and excuse "the poor old man." "Nobody is to blame; it must have been an accident—only an accident," said Mary; and Mr. Summerhayes, in his rage and vexation, had not even the grace to be civil to her, but still muttered curses upon old Gateshead.

While, for his part, Mr. Gateshead went round and round what had been the west wing, wringing his hands. "Burned!—lost!—my tin box. I will never dare look Courtenay in the face again; and, good Lord! what's to become of the children?" cried the poor old

lawyer. He could not help hearing some of Mr. Summerhayes's passionate exclamations, and perceived, by the way everybody hustled past him, that he was blamed for the sudden calamity. Though he was an old foggy, he was as sensitive as any man to a personal grievance. Very soon he began to think about this

mysterious business. "Good Lord, the deed! the poor dear children!" said the old lawyer to himself. He, too, grew angry and pale with indignation; but he kept silence and his own counsel. This was the strange and ill-omened event which happened at Fontanel the day before Charley's coming of age.

CHAPTER IX.—THE FIRE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

The idea of a fire—of a fire in one's own house, darkly raging in the silence of the night, threatening death to helpless sleepers in their beds—is too overwhelming at first to allow the minds of the startled sufferers in ordinary circumstances to enter into details. Mary, for her part, found so many things to be grateful for,—first, she was so thankful that all were safe—second, so glad to find that even the house was not injured to any serious degree,—and, third, so proud of the energy and zeal of her husband,—that the real loss was a long time of becoming fairly visible to her. Before it dawned upon his mother, Charley, worn out as he was by his exertions, had realised what it was; and had felt, with a strange momentary thrill and shock through his whole frame, that the foundations of the world were crumbling under his feet, and that he dared no longer boast of the morrow. Loo too, who had been almost enthusiastic about her stepfather in that first hour of his heroism, had fallen back again, and was paler than ever, and looked more wistfully out of her background with those great brown eyes. But still Mary continued to kiss little Alf, who was rather impatient of the process, and rejoice over her children. "If it had broken out anywhere else," she said, "we might all have been burned in our beds. Was it not a wonderful interposition of Providence, Tom, when there was to be a fire, to think it should be there? We had not even any associations

with the west wing—except you, dear—I am sure I beg your pardon—but you rather enjoyed building the study, and you must make another one. I shall always think it a special Providence the fire was there."

"You don't know what you're saying, Mary," said her husband; "it was not Providence, it was that confounded old — Oh, Mr. Gateshead! are you in the least aware how this happened? Did you drop your candle, or a match, or anything? or were you burning any of your papers? It is a horrible misfortune to have happened just now."

"But really, Tom, the house is so little injured it won't matter for to-morrow," said Mary; "things can go on just as before."

"Oh!" said her husband, with a little groan, "don't talk so lightly; you don't know what's happened. Gateshead, why on earth didn't you go at once to bed?"

"Mr. Summerhayes, I'll thank you to leave off that sort of thing," said the old lawyer, divided between fear and indignation. "I am not stupid, sir, as you try to make people believe, though I am older than you are. It's a very strange circumstance, but if Providence has not done it, as you say, neither have I. But I'll tell you what is your duty, Mr. Summerhayes. Before I leave here, which shall be to-day, I'll draw out a draught-deed to correspond with this one that is unfortunately burnt —"

"What deed do you mean?"

burnt?" cried Mary, in dismay; "not *that* deed——"

"Yes, Mrs. Clifford—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Summerhayes—*exactly that* deed," said the solicitor; "and you should not lose a moment in executing it over again—not a moment, especially considering that Charley is just of age."

"*That* deed!" cried Mary; "oh Tom!" She turned to him in simple distress and lamentation; but he met her eyes with such a strange defiance, and the colour rose so perceptibly in his cheek, that Mary stopped short petrified. What did it mean? She turned round alarmed, and met the curious eyes of old Gateshead, who was studying her looks, with something like confusion. For the moment her heart, as she thought, stopped beating in poor Mary's troubled breast.

"You should not lose a moment—it ought to be done over again," said the old man, "while I am here, to prevent any informality. It ought at once to be done over again."

"Mrs. Summerhayes unfortunately has no power to do anything," said her husband. "No such unfortunate chance was calculated upon at our marriage. No right was reserved to her of making any settlement. You know that well enough, Gateshead."

"That can be obviated by your joining with her," said the lawyer. "You could do that, at least, till there's time to take advice on the subject; for burning only revokes where there's an intention of revoking, as you're aware, Mr. Summerhayes—and so long as we can prove what was the general purport——"

"In that case, there's no need for doing anything further," said the master of Fontanel.

"But the matter is too important to be left on a chance," said the old lawyer, anxiously; "nobody can ever tell what may happen. For Charley's sake you ought not to lose an hour. 'I'll draw up a draft——'

"Oh, Tom, listen to Mr. Gateshead!" cried poor Mary, trying to smile, though her heart felt as if it were breaking, as she laid a timid, beseeching hand on his arm.

Her husband threw her hand lightly off, and turned away. "There is no reason in the world why we should rush into fresh documents," he said. "Stuff! we are not going to die to-day; and if we did die to-day, why, Mary, your heirs are as safe as ever they were. I'll think it over, Gateshead, and see Courtenay about it. There is no hurry; and, upon my word, whatever you may think on the subject, I have had about enough of excitement for one day."

"Does your head ache, Tom?" said Mrs. Summerhayes.

"Abominably; and look here," said her husband, exhibiting his hands, which were considerably burned, "if I am to be made fit for presentation to-morrow, you'll have to nurse me, Mary. Come along, I have a great deal to talk to you about. I beg your pardon, Gateshead, but now that everything is safe, considering what I have before me to-morrow, I must get a little rest."

"Then I am to understand that you refuse to do anything in place of the deed that has been burned," said the old lawyer.

"Refuse? certainly not; I'll think of it, and see Courtenay about it. We can talk it over at dinner," said Mr. Summerhayes, walking away calmly towards the house with his wife.

This conversation had taken place at the gardener's cottage, within hearing of Loo, who had all this time been standing at the window. When Mary and her husband went away, the old lawyer uttered a furious and profane exclamation. "He'll speak to Courtenay. I'm not to be trusted, I suppose; confound the upstart!" cried old Gateshead; "but I shan't stay here to be insulted by Tom Summerhayes. Lord bless us! what's the matter, my dear?"

This question was addressed to Loo, who came suddenly up to him, overwhelming the old man with the gaze of her great brown eyes. "Tell me only one thing—is Charley disinherited?" said Loo, grasping with her slight but firm fingers the lawyer's arm.

"My dear, you don't understand it," said Mr. Gateshead.

"I understand it perfectly; is Charley disinherited?" asked the anxious girl.

"Well, my dear, it depends on circumstances," said the lawyer; "don't look at me so fiercely, it is not my doing. The deeds are destroyed—that's all. I daresay it won't make any difference. We can prove—Don't cry, my dear child; I'll stand by you if he tries to do anything—and you can tell your brother so. It shan't make any difference if I can help it—don't cry."

"I don't mean to cry," said Loo, with indignation; "is this why the fire was?" The words seemed to drop from her lips before she was aware; then a violent blush rushed over poor Loo's pale face; she shrank back, and took her hand from his arm, and turned her face away. "I did not mean to say that; I meant to say—I understand," said Loo, slowly. It was a very woe-begone despairing face

that she turned upon him when she looked round again. The old man, who had known her all her life, patted her on the head as if she had been still a child.

"Don't be afraid, my dear, things will come straight; though your stepfather has been rude to me, I will not go away for your sakes," said Mr. Gateshead; but such a conversation as this could not be carried on. The lawyer returned to the house to be present at the investigation into the cause of the fire which Mr. Summerhayes was already making; and Loo, for her part, sick at heart, and in a state of the profoundest despair, went out to seek her brother. It was just as well for both that they did not meet that morning; for neither of the two in their hearts had any doubt upon the subject. As for their mother, she kept by her husband's side, in a state of mind not to be described; taking hope by times; listening with eager anxiety to hear any explanation that could be offered; trying to believe that he only hesitated to replace the destroyed deed because he had no confidence in old Gateshead, and preferred to consult Courtenay; but in heart feeling, like Charley, that total shipwreck had happened, and that the foundations of the earth were giving way.

CHAPTER X.—A VERY SURPRISING OCCURRENCE.

The ruins of the west wing were clearly visible from the great wooden building erected by Mr. Summerhayes in the park where the tenants were to dine. It was too cold in March for a tent; and there was no room in Fontanel large enough for these festivities; except the great double suite of drawing-rooms where the doors had been removed, and where there was to be a ball at night. Much was the talk about the alarming event of the previous day, which had shaken half the country with personal terrors, much warmer than are generally awakened

by the intelligence of a fire at a friend's house. On hearing of it, every soul within twenty miles had sighed with resignation or cried out with impatience, giving up all hopes of the festivities to which everybody had been looking forward; but Mr. Summerhayes's messengers with the intimation that all was going on as before, came about as soon as the news of the calamity. Mr. Summerhayes himself was more gracious, more cordial, than anybody had ever known him. He spoke of "our dear boy" in his speech to the farmers, and described Charley

in such terms, that the heart of Charley's mother was altogether melted, and she felt ready to commit the fate of her children a dozen times over into her husband's hands. Nothing could be more manly, more honourable, more affectionate, than the way in which Mr. Summerhayes spoke of his own position. He was, he said, his wife's steward and his son's guardian; such a position might have been painful to some men—but love made everything sweet; and he was happy in having always had the entire confidence of his beloved clients. He even referred to the honoured husband of the Queen, as in something of a similar position to his own, and brought down storms of applause. Charley made his little speech with great difficulty after his stepfather. The poor boy looked ghastly, and could scarcely get the words out; but his pleased retainers, who believed him overwhelmed by his feelings, applauded all the same. When he had done what was required of him, Charley managed to steal away unperceived by anybody except Loo, who went wistfully after her brother. She overtook him by the time he had got to the woods which skirted the park, and put her arm softly within his without saying anything. The two young creatures wandered under the bristling budded trees in silence, with unspeakable sadness in their hearts. They had nothing to say to console each other—or rather Loo, whose very heart wept over her brother, could think of nothing to say to him. At last, caressing his arm with her tender, timid, little hand, Loo ventured upon one suggestion: "Oh, Charley, poor mamma!" said the girl, in her heart-breaking young voice. "Yes—poor mamma!" said Charley, with a groan. Poor Mary! it was all her doing, yet her children cast no reproach upon her. She, after all, would be the greatest sufferer.

"But, Loo, I can't stop here after what has happened," said Charley when they had both re-

covered a little; "he may be going to do everything that's right for anything we can tell. Don't let us talk as if it were anybody's fault; but I can't stop here, you know, about Fontanel, doing nothing, as if—Don't cry, Loo. You would not like, anyhow, to have an idle fellow for a brother. Harry is the clever one; but I daresay my godfather, the old general, could get me a commission; and I could live on my pay," said Charley, with a slight quiver in his upper lip, "and perhaps get on. I don't think I should make a bad soldier—only that there's the examinations, and all that. It's very hard, Loo, to have lost all this time."

"Oh, Charley, Charley dear! I can't bear it—it's too hard to put up with," cried poor little passionate Loo.

"Now don't you go and take away what little strength a fellow has," remonstrated Charley; "it must be put up with, and what's the use of talking? Now look here, Loo; if you make a fuss, it will do no good in the world, but only vex mamma; she can't mend it, you know. I mean to put the best face on it, and say I want to see the world, and that sort of thing; and believe exactly as if—as if the fire had never happened," said Charley, with a dark momentary cloud upon his face. "I can make my mother believe me; and it will be a comfort to her to have me out of the way," said the heroic lad, with something like a suppressed sob, "and to think I don't suspect anything. It is hard—I don't say anything else; but, Loo, we must bear it all the same."

And so they went wandering through the bare woods, poor Loo stooping now and then unawares to gather some violets according to her girlish habits, and Charley, even in the depths of his distress, following with his eye the startled squirrel running along a branch. They were profoundly, forlornly, exquisitely sad, but they could not ignore the alleviations of their

youth. Amid all the sudden shock of this disinheritance—in which there mingled so cruel a sense of wrong, so warm an indignation and resentment—Charley still thought, with a rising thrill of courage and pride, that he might carve out for himself a better fortune; while Loo, her brother's sole confidante and supporter, was herself supported by that exquisite consciousness of being able to console and encourage him, which almost atones to a girl's heart for every misfortune. They could hear the distant echoes of the cheers and laughter and loud cordial talk of the guests, while they strayed along silent, with hearts too full to speak. Very different anticipations had the two entertained of this famous day so long looked forward to. They were to be the first in all the rejoicings undertaken in their honour—for the glory of the heir-apparent could not fail to be shared by the Princess Royal, the eldest daughter of Fontanel; they had pictured to themselves a brilliant momentary escape out of the embarrassments and restraints which they could not but be conscious of at home, and Charley had even been prepared to feel magnanimous to Mr. Summerhayes, who, after all, was but a temporary interloper, and had no right to that inheritance of which the young Clifford was heir indisputable. Now, the sound of the merry-making went to Charley's heart with acute blows of anguish. It was an aggravation of the sudden misery, cold-blooded and odious; what were they rejoicing about? Because a poor boy had come to the coveted years of manhood, to learn bitterly, on the eve of what should have been his triumph, that he was an absolute dependant, a beggar, at the mercy of a stepfather. No wonder he could not speak; no wonder he put up his hands to his ears, and uttered a groan of rage and wretchedness when that burst of cheering came upon the wind, and Loo, speechless, could but cry and clench her little hands in the bitter-

ness of her heart. This was between the tenants' dinner and the ball in the evening, which was to be the gayest ever known in the county. Poor Charley would gladly have faced a tiger, or led a forlorn hope, could he have had such an alternative, instead of arraying himself in sumptuous raiment and appearing at that ball, where his presence would be indispensable. He seized poor Loo's little hands harshly in his own, and pressed them till she could have screamed for pain. "Don't cry; your eyes will be red at the ball—your first ball, Loo!" cried her brother, with a kind of savage tenderness; and Loo, half afraid of this strange new development of the man out of the boy, was fain to dry her poor eyes and cling to his arm, and coax him to go in to prepare for the greater trial of the night.

While these two forlorn young creatures were thus engaged, another conversation was taking place at a distance from the scene of the festivities, in the park of Fontanel. Mr. Courtenay Gateshead had come down to be present at the tenants' dinner in his capacity as legal adviser to Mr. Summerhayes; but the young lawyer looked on with a pre-occupied air, sometimes casting a keen look of inspection at the master of the feast. When the party from the great house left the humble revellers, Courtenay, instead of joining Mr. Summerhayes, beckoned aside his uncle and partner. Old Gateshead had stayed for the children's sake; but had found it totally impossible to change Mr. Summerhayes's first determination. He would not consent to read, much less to sign the document hastily prepared by the anxious old lawyer. He would think it over, he repeated, and see Courtenay, with an implied slight upon the powers and skill of Courtenay's uncle, which galled the old man to the last degree. The young lawyer found his relative exceedingly sulky and out of temper. "I have something particular to consult you about," Courtenay said,

who did not yet know anything about the destruction of the deed; and Mr. Gateshead, who had that disclosure to make, followed him with no very pleasant feelings to the verge of the wood, not very far from where Charley and Loo were wandering in the despair of their hearts. But the old lawyer was much taken by surprise by the question which his nephew did not put to him till they were quite alone, and sheltered from all eaves-droppers by the broad expanse of the park.

"Uncle, you have a wonderful memory. I suppose you remember John Olifford, this boy's grandfather—he who broke the entail," said Courtenay, in rather a hurried voice.

"John Olifford—what on earth has he got to do with it?" cried old Gateshead, whose memory was wonderful, but whose powers of comprehension were not equally vivid.

"Oh, nothing, I daresay," said his nephew. "I want to know what you recollect about him, that's all—he who joined his father in breaking the entail——"

"A very silly thing to do, Courtenay—a fatal thing to do. Good Lord, only think what a different position these poor children might have been in!" cried old Gateshead.

"Yes, yes—to be sure; but do you recollect anything about John?" said the young man.

"I recollect everything about him," said the uncle. "Though he was Harry Olifford's father, and they are both dead ages ago, he was no older than I am. I think we were born in the same year——"

"The same year? and you are seventy; that must have been '87. Was it '87, uncle? how can we make sure?" said young Courtenay. "I must hunt up the register of baptisms to-morrow."

"Ah! I remember some talk about that," said the old lawyer. "The parish books were burned once, and the entry couldn't be found.

There was some talk about it at the time. Burned! I suppose you don't know what's happened in this fire? Oh! you'll hear, you'll hear quite soon enough. But what has John Olifford's name come up about now?"

"It's something rather important for Summerhayes—he looks in wonderful force to-day," said Courtenay; "but if this should turn out true he will soon sing small enough. I may as well tell you at once, uncle, for I am almost sure about it. My impression is, that the entail was never legally broken; and, consequently, that Mr. Olifford had no more right than I have to leave the property to his wife."

Old Gateshead looked at his nephew with a stupefied air. "The entail was never broken!" he repeated vacantly, looking in the other's face.

"No—the entail was never legally broken," said Courtenay, with the impatience of an acute and rapid intelligence. "The thing caught my attention some time ago, but I would not speak of it till I had worked it out. John Olifford—listen uncle—executed the papers with his father in the year 1806; and, if I am correct, he was then an infant, and incapable of doing anything of the sort. I don't believe he came of age till 1807. By Jove! what's the matter? the old man's mad!"

"No, Courtenay, the old man's not mad," said his uncle. "Hurrah! God save the Queen! Hurrah! why don't you help them to shout, you cold-blooded young prig? I tell you the boy's saved. Hurrah, and long life to him!" said old Gateshead, waving his hat frantically, and echoing with the wildest shrill enthusiasm the distant cheers from the tent. "I declare to you these cheers choked me an hour ago," cried the old lawyer; "there's things a man can't do even when he's an attorney. Courtenay, I say, shake hands. You're a disgusting young prig, and you're a deal too clever for my practice; but if you

make it out, I'll give in to you all my life. Good Lord, that's news! tell me all about it. We've got a sharp one to deal with; we'll have to make very sure, very sure. Let's hear every step how you came to find it out."

Which Courtenay accordingly did, and made it perfectly clear to the anxious listener. Charley's grandfather had been in the unpleasant predicament of having no public legal record of his age; but fifty years after the occurrence of that fortunate mistake, scraps of documents had turned up in the hands of the family solicitor, depositaries for generations of the family secrets and difficulties, which made it easy to establish, not by one distinct statement, but by many concurring scraps of evidence, the exact date of John Clifford's birth; and to prove, as the young lawyer was now prepared to do, that the entail had never been legally broken; that all the acts of the last two reigns were founded on a mistake; that, consequently, Squire Henry's will, in so far as it related to the estate of Fontanel, was null and void, and Charley was no longer heir but *bona fide* proprietor of the lands of the Cliffords. Wonderful news—more than ever wonderful that day.

When Mr. Courtenay Gateshead sought Mr. Summerhayes to break to him this startling intelligence, the elder lawyer went to find the mistress of Fontanel, who was reposing in her dressing-room, to prepare for the exertions of the evening. Poor Mary was in a very doubtful state of mind that day. She had wept for delight and gratitude when she heard her husband's speech to the farmers; but when she came to be by herself again, that enthusiastic impression wore off, and the fact came back to her, striking chill to her heart—the fact that her children were now at the stepfather's mercy, and that poor Charley, the heir, was no longer the heir unless another man pleased. Alas! poor Mary knew now, to the bottom of

her heart, that it was another man—a man who, though she was his wife, did not, and could not, look on Charley Clifford as his son. She knew nothing about law, nor that the deed, though destroyed, might yet in its ashes form foundation enough for any amount of lawsuits. It was destroyed, and she had no longer any power, and everything was in Mr. Summerhayes's hands—that was enough to quench the light out of the very skies to the poor mother. She dared not say to herself what she feared, nor what she thought he would do; she only felt that he had the power, and that Charley was at his mercy—and behind all, bitterest of all, that it was her fault. She was sitting resting, in a kind of heavy gloom and stupor, with her head buried in her hands, feeling to her heart that she was avoided by her children, and that this day of triumph was to them a day of mockery, when Mr. Gateshead's message was brought her. He was a very old friend, and her first thought was that he had at last prevailed on Mr. Summerhayes to consent to the new deed. She got up in eager haste, and sent her maid to bring him up-stairs. She received the old man there, in that room where her children no longer came as of old. The result was, not very long after, a hurried ringing of bells, and messengers running everywhere for Miss Loo, who was just then coming in, dark and pale from the woods, a very woe-begone little figure in her holiday dress. Poor Mary, overcome by a hundred emotions which she did not dare to tell, had fainted almost in old Gateshead's arms, to the great dismay of the old lawyer. It was deliverance to her boy, but it was utter humiliation and downfall to her husband. In the struggle of sudden joy, confusion, and pain, her senses and her mind gave way for the moment. Loo rushing in, vaguely aware that something had happened which was well for Charley, believed for the moment, in an overwhelming revulsion of

remorse and repentance, that all was henceforward to be ill for ever, and that her mother was dead. But Mary was not dead. She recovered to appear at the ball—very gracious and sweet, as was her wont, but paler than anybody had ever seen her before, as was remarked everywhere. It was a pretty ball, every body allowed; but the family looked more *distrain* and strange than any family, even under such an infliction, had ever been seen to look. Charley, who had most command of himself after his mother, was doing everything a young man could do to keep his partners amused and the crowd occupied; but even Charley now and then grew abstracted, and forgot himself for a moment. As for Loo, though it was her first ball, and her brown eyes were splendid in the changeable light that quivered in their depths, she kept behind her mother with a look of fright and timidity, at which many a more experienced young lady sneered openly; while Mrs. Summerhayes, moving about among her guests with all her usual sweetness, in her mature beauty, could be seen sometimes to give strange wistful looks aside to where her husband stood, mostly in company with Courtenay Gateshead. Mary was pale, but Mr. Summerhayes was flushed and strange to look upon. He said, in his gentlemanly way, that the ball was his wife's business, and that he did not pretend to be able to help Mrs. Summerhayes. He kept aloof from her and from her children, clinging, as it seemed, to young Gateshead. There had been a fire to be sure, but a fire only in the west wing, where nothing particular could have happened. What could it be? for the county people were all quick to perceive that something unusual was in the air—at least the ladies did, and did not fail to communicate their suspicions. There must have been a family quarrel, the more acute imagined; and Miss Laura and Miss Lydia Summerhayes, whom their brother dismissed

summarily when they attempted sisterly investigations, were fain to make forlorn attempts to discover from Loo what it was. The master of the house had never been seen to speak or look at any of the family all the evening, till the principal guests were in the supper-room, all wondering, as they discussed the good things there, what could be the matter. Charley had got in debt at the university—Charley had formed some unsuitable connexion—and his stepfather was hard upon him. Thus the company speculated; but the company held its breath when Mr. Summerhayes laid his hand on Charley's shoulder, and solved the wonder of the evening in the strangest, most unexpected manner—to nobody so unexpected as to his bewildered wife.

"My friends," said Mr. Summerhayes, in his gentlemanly way (and it must be allowed that, whatever were his faults, Tom Summerhayes always was a gentleman), "we drank this boy's health to-day as the heir of Fontanel; but since that something has happened which has excited us all considerably, as I daresay you will have perceived; and I have to tell you that Charley is not only the heir, but the master of this house. I am sure," continued Mr. Summerhayes, leaning his arm more heavily upon the shoulder of the astonished youth, "there never was a more hopeful or promising beginning than he will make, and I know he will have all your good wishes. The fact is that the property became my wife's under a mistake: the entail was supposed to have been broken, which turns out not to have been the case; and it is an additional pleasure to us," said Mary's husband, turning round with a smile to meet her look, which was fixed upon him, and then leisurely surveying the amazed assembly—"it is a great additional pleasure to us," continued Mr. Summerhayes, "to find ourselves entitled, on a day every way so happy, to give up our laborious stewardship, and put our

boy in possession of his own. I ask you over again, my excellent friends and neighbours, to drink the health of Charles Olifford of Fontanel."

It was thus that Mr. Summerhayes extricated himself from his false position. The cheers which disturbed all the loiterers in the ball-room, and brought them in a crowd to see what it was, were more for the retiring monarch than the new sovereign. Charley himself, in a warm revulsion of his generous heart, had seized both his stepfather's hands, and wrung them with strenuous gratitude. "I will never forget your generosity," cried the eager boy, who would have made over Fontanel there and then had Summerhayes pleased, into his

keeping over again. Charley knew nothing of the stormy scene with Courtenay — the silent rage and mortification which had thrown off Mary's attempts at consolation before necessity and his better genius warned Mr. Summerhayes of this opportunity left him for a graceful retreat. Charley did not know, nor the world — and the few who did know had no wish to remember. The whole party was in a flutter of admiration; and poor Miss Laura and Miss Lydia did all but go into hysterics between horror at the catastrophe and pride in their brother. Never before had Mr. Summerhayes of the Manor taken so high a position before the county as that night when he gave up possession of Fontanel.

CHAPTER XI.—MRS. SUMMERHAYES.

"It is not to be expected she can like it much; but she is a good little woman — she always was a dear little woman," said the Rector; "and Mary's jointure will make a great deal of difference in the manor-house, and smooth things down considerably. She has been doing all kinds of upholstery there already."

"By Jove, I knew how it would be!" said Major Aldborough; "I told you all how it would be. I said they'd kill him. He may think he's got off very easily, in my opinion — cure him of meddling with other people's children as long as he lives. What the deuce did he want at Fontanel? a great deal better to make himself snug, as I suppose he means to do now, at Summerhayes."

"Mary will drive down looking just as bright as ever," said Miss Amelia Harwood. "I always said she deserved to be happy, poor soul — she always makes the best of everything. Her heart was breaking that night of Charley's birthday. I heard for a certain fact that she fainted just before the ball—a thing I never heard of Mary doing before."

Heaven knows what all she was afraid of; there was something very mysterious about that fire; but now, you know, she has recovered her spirits and her colour, and looks just as she used to look. I shouldn't wonder a bit if she began life over again, and was quite happy in the manor-house now Tom Summerhayes is coming home."

"And so she ought to be, Amelia," said good Miss Harwood. "I am sure she has many a poor woman's prayers."

All these good people were walking on the Fontanel road. It was a lovely evening in the early summer, more than a year after Charley Olifford's birthday. Though it was rather beyond the usual limits of Miss Harwood's walk, she was here leaning on Miss Amelia's arm to enjoy the air, and to look for somebody who was expected. The Rector had strolled out on the same errand; and that, or something similar, had also drawn Major Aldborough from his after-dinner repose. The old-fashioned gates of the Manor-house were open, and some expectation was visible within. Miss Laura and Miss Lydia, in very

summersy muslin dresses, were to be seen promenading before the house, and hastened out, when they saw the Miss Harwoods, to join their friends.

"It is very trying for us," said Miss Laura. "Oh, Miss Harwood, it is a very trying occasion; not that our new house is not very nice and everything very comfortable; but it is very trying to us," said Miss Lydia, joining in; "and oh, on dear Tom's part, such an unexpected change."

"Your brother is expected home to-morrow, Miss Laura?" said the Rector.

"Yes, to-morrow," answered Miss Lydia, whose turn it was. "Poor dear Tom is so fond of travelling on the continent, it is so good for his health; and Mrs. Summerhayes wishes to be at home to receive him. Lydia and I are so glad, and yet we are sorry," chimed in Miss Laura; "it will be such a change for dear Tom."

"Not nearly so great a change as for poor Mary," said Miss Amelia, "leaving her children, poor soul; but I daresay she won't complain, and it must be better for all parties to have it settled. And so you like your new house! I am told that Mary did all the furnishing herself."

"Oh yes, she is very kind," said Miss Laura; "she has made everything very nice; you must come and see it. Indeed, if it were not for thinking what a change it is for dear Tom," cried the sisters, both together, with an evident impression that their brother had been defrauded of something he had a right to, "we should all be very happy; for dear Mary," said Miss Lydia, with a little sob, "is very kind—and look, here she comes."

She came driving the pony-carriage, as she had appeared so often at Summerhayes. Poor Mary! if she had been a wiser woman would she have been loved as well? She came, all beaming, with the smile on her lip and the tear in her eye—courageous, affectionate, sweet as

ever. Charley and Loo had ridden down with her till they came in sight of Summerhayes, and then had taken leave of their mother. Mary, with little Mary by her side in the pony-carriage, drove on to her separate fate alone. She was going to take possession of the old Manor-house, no longer the mistress of Fontanel but Tom Summerhayes's wife, to receive him when he came home from his travels, and to make life bright, if he were capable of seeing it, to that imperfect and not very worthy man. The agitation in her face was only enough to brighten a little her sweet colour and brighten her tearful eyes. On the whole had she not great reason to be happy? She had forgotten everything but her husband's virtues while he had been absent, and her children were safe and prosperous and close at hand. She smothered the little pang in her heart at parting, and said to little Mary, with a smile, that she would have had to part with them all the same when they were married. So the mother and the daughter drove down through the soft twilight and the dew to the Manor, not without brightness and good hope; while Charley and Loo rode away towards the darkening east, with a deeper shadow on their young faces, not quite sure how their home would look when their mother was away.

Mary stopped her ponies when she saw the little procession which had come out to meet her; the tears came into her bright eyes again. "It is so kind of you all," she said, kissing her hand to good Miss Harwood, "and it is so pleasant to think I can see you oftener now." "God bless you, my dear!" said the two old ladies who had come for love. And Mary said "Amen, and the children too;" and so drove her ponies cheerfully, with smiles and tears, in through the open gates.

Where, however, we will not follow Mrs. Summerhayes. Things had turned out a great deal better than could have been expected. Mr. Summerhayes was a man of the world,

and knew how to make a virtue of necessity. He had given in gracefully and at once, and gained reputation thereby, nobody knowing what his private feelings were when Courtenay Gateshead's discovery came first upon his own widely-different plans. The fire in the west wing never was explained—nobody, indeed, inquired very deeply into it—and Mary, for her part, forgot it, or associated it only with old Gateshead's nightcap, to which, she remained firmly convinced, the old man had set fire on his way to bed. The fire at Fontanel was indeed associated with old Mr. Gateshead throughout the county, as was indeed a natural and perhaps correct supposition. Anyhow, nothing but the destruction of the west wing had resulted from it, and that was rather an improvement than otherwise to the old place, in

which Loo, till they were both married, was to keep house for her brother. Little Mary, who was easy in her temper and happy as the day was long, went with Mrs. Summerhays to the Manor—and Alf and Harry were to have two homes for their holidays. When Tom Summerhays came home next day, he thought some fairy change had come over the manor-house, and forgave his wife with magnanimity for all the trouble she had brought upon him. Mary accepted the pardon with gratitude, and Miss Laura and Miss Lydia thought Tom a hero; and so, with a tolerable amount of content on all sides, life began over again for the re-united couple. Mary had her own troubles still, like most people; but perhaps had not been much more happy as Mrs. Clifford than she was as Mrs. Summerhays.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

THESE are not exactly the sort of volumes which we could have wished them to be. Sir James Graham, though never a foremost, was still a remarkable man in his age, and doubtless left behind, in his correspondence, and in the memories of his friends, better materials than we find here for an elaborate biography. Still, let us do justice to Mr. M'Oullagh Torrens. If family archives have not been unlocked to him, and private friends abstained from telling him more than they could help, he has made very good use of stores which were open to all the world, and strung together, with considerable skill, his scraps of past history. The result is a book which will be much and approvingly read; though we cannot anticipate that it will fire the imagination or touch the feelings of any human being.

The family from which Sir James

Graham derived his descent is of long standing in the "debatable land." Its founder seems to have been "John with the bright sword," a son of Malise, Lord of Menteith, whom a quarrel with the Scottish King induced, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, to migrate beyond the Scottish border. Carrying with him a band of stout retainers, he soon acquired a settlement there, and became by-and-by the boldest and most successful of the moss-troopers, whose custom it was to harry indifferently the lands of the two kingdoms.

The descendants of John gradually extended their influence and enlarged their possessions. Between the Eak and the Eden, and for some miles to the north of the Eak, there lies a district which, till the Partition Treaty of 1552,

'The Life and Times of Sir James R. G. Graham, Bart., G.C.B., M.P.' By Torrens M'Oullagh Torrens. In 2 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

neither to England nor to Scotland. It was there that the Graemes settled, and there, in spite of many a harsh decree issued against them from both realms, they grew and prospered. And finally, when peaceable times came, they were recognised as large landed proprietors, and useful members of the English community.

The first politician in the family appears to have been Sir Richard Graeme, who, after acting as Master of the Horse to the Duke of Buckingham, was taken up and enriched by grants from the Crown. He it was who acquired by purchase Netherby Hall, with various manors lying contiguous to it. Espousing the cause of his master in the civil wars, and following him to the field, he was severely wounded at the battle of Edgehill; yet he contrived, malignant as he was, to keep his estates together, though not without heavy fines imposed upon them by Cromwell.

The immediate successor of the first baronet led a quiet life, and died in his bed. His grandson was more ambitious. He made some figure in Parliament, and was in 1682 created Viscount Preston in the peerage of Scotland. This did not oblige him to retire from the English House of Commons, in which he sat as Knight of the Shire for Cumberland; and he ultimately, after serving as ambassador in Paris, took office as Secretary of State under James II. Lord Preston would never stoop to pay court to William III. He even accepted from James, after his expulsion from the throne, a patent of English nobility, which he pleaded in bar of trial before a common jury, when charged with conspiring to bring back the exiled family. The House of Lords, however, would not acknowledge the patent, and the evidence against Lord Preston proved too strong to be rebutted. He was found guilty, and sentence of death was passed upon him, with attainder of his peerage and forfeiture of his property. It is

creditable to the memory of Dutch William that he refused to carry the sentence into execution. Enough of blood had been shed on the scaffold; and the King, though strongly pressed by some of the leading Whigs to let the law take its course, adhered to his own determination. Lord Preston's daughter, it appears, was one of Queen Mary's attendants. The Queen found her one day gazing at the picture of James II., and weeping bitterly; and desiring to be told why the maiden wept, she received this answer: "I am thinking how hard it is that my father should suffer death because he loved your father."

Preston's pardon alarmed the Jacobites as much as it disgusted and offended the Whigs. The former not unnaturally came to the conclusion that he must have betrayed them. The latter, especially Bishop Burnet, himself the meanest and basest of intriguers, clamoured against the act of clemency, as if some wrong had been done personally to themselves. Both parties were, however, in error. Preston had not been many months at liberty before he was again arrested and sent to the Tower as a traitor; and though fortunate enough in the present instance to show that the charge against him was groundless, his health sank under disquiet of mind, and he died soon after his release.

The Scotch peerage became extinct in the third generation from this, and the estates went to two sisters, one married to Lord Widrington, the other single. On the death of the unmarried sister, the whole of the property came to Lady Widrington—a fortunate circumstance for her lord, for he, like his father-in-law, was a staunch Jacobite, and took the field against the established Government in 1715. He escaped with his life after the failure of the enterprise, but found himself landless and a beggar. Happily the law would not allow Lady Widrington's possessions to be interfered with, and she was

thus enabled to afford Lord Widrington an adequate maintenance during the remainder of his life. Finally, Lady Widrington, dying childless, left the Netherby estates to a first cousin, the Rev. Robert Graham, D.D., second son of the Dean of Carlisle. From him, through his second son, the subject of our present sketch was descended.

Dr. Graham was a great improver. Immediately on succeeding to the property, he set himself to drain the lands, clear out mosses, build decent houses for his tenantry, and gradually to raise their rents. He built also, or rather rebuilt, Netherby Hall, carefully collecting and depositing in a room set apart to receive them, the many relics of Roman art which were discovered in digging the foundation. Like improvers in general, however, he worked rather for posterity than for himself; and he not unnaturally desired that with their enlarged resources the family should recover the baronetage, which, for lack of heirs-male, had become extinct. His wish in regard to this matter was accomplished, though neither in his own person nor in that of his eldest son. The latter, by name Charles, survived his father barely a fortnight; and as Charles's only child happened to be a daughter, the estate, strictly entailed on heirs-male, passed to his younger brother James.

There had never been a Whig in the Graham family till the Doctor professed Whiggish principles. Then, as now, the Whigs took better care of their friends than the Tories; and as they came into power within a month of Dr. Graham's death, Dr. Graham's son received immediate proof that his father's services were not forgotten. He was created a baronet, and gave, of course, his political support to Fox and his friends. But before the year 1782 was out, Fox made way at the Exchequer for Pitt, and such a breaking-up and reconstruction of parties ensued as might

have easily perplexed men of stronger minds than Sir James Graham. The result was, that, after some wavering, Sir James attached himself to the great Minister, and continued to the end of his days a staunch Tory in the sense which Mr. Pitt and the best of Pitt's friends were accustomed to apply to the term.

In 1785 Sir James Graham married Lady Catherine Stuart, the eldest daughter of John, seventh Earl of Galloway. Remarkable for her personal attractions, Lady Catherine was gifted at the same time with an excellent understanding and a very genial nature. A little rigid she seems to have been in her religious opinions; a great friend, for example, of Dean Milner, the author of a Church History of which it has been justly observed, that in seeking to achieve an impossible object it effected nothing. Her Calvinistic tendencies, however, never interfered with the exercise of a large and widely-extended benevolence. Neither were her prejudices so rooted as to stand in the way of more worldly friendships. Archdeacon Paley, certainly not religious over-much, found a ready and frequent welcome at Netherby. So did Dr. Vernon, the Bishop of Carlisle, whose great idea of Episcopal dignity was to maintain as strict a discipline among his clergy as the temper of the times would admit, and to dispense a generous hospitality at Rose Castle. Thus, the geniality of the laird and the high religious temperament of the lady worked well together, and Netherby Hall became, under their united influence, the centre of everything that was kind and good in the social intercourse of the neighbourhood.

Sir James Graham the first married early. He was barely twenty-two, and Lady Catharine twenty, when they came together, and a large family followed. Daughters arrived first, and by-and-by, on the 1st of June 1792, their eldest son was born. Great rejoicings took

place on that occasion, and the child was named at his baptism James Robert George — James, after his father; Robert, after his paternal grandfather; and George, in memory of the man among his ancestors who had least claim to the distinction, his only merit having been this, that in difficult times he exercised great prudence, and managed, in consequence, to keep himself from getting into trouble. Young James's early education seems to have been conducted at home, though how, we are not told. But in 1802 he was sent with his brother William to a private school at Dalston, a village of which the Rev. Walter Fletcher, Chancellor of the Diocese, was the incumbent.

At Mr. Fletcher's school young Graham failed to make the progress in classics which his friends expected from him. The previous training afforded to him at Netherby may perhaps account for this circumstance. At ten years of age he was already an expert angler and a good shot, accomplishments not to be despised in their proper place, but scarcely conducive to rapid advancement in the path of early scholarship. Hence, when removed to Westminster in 1806, he cut but an indifferent figure at entrance, and, though not idle, never managed afterwards to take a foremost place among his contemporaries. It is fair to add that the place which he did take was always a respectable one. He quite held his own against the late Duke of Richmond, then Lord Charles Lennox, to whom he was fag, and suffered nothing in comparison with the present Earl Russell, the occupant with him of the same form.

Westminster boys have always enjoyed the privilege of admission to the debates in the House of Commons; and among them all, between the years 1806 and 1809, none took more frequent advantage of it than young Graham. He came just in time to listen to some of the last speeches of Pitt and Fox, and to be stirred by the scarcely less

exciting harangues of Windham, Grattan, Sheridan, and Canning. These, with Wilberforce's persuasive appeals against slavery, and Romilly's stern denunciations of the cruelty of the penal code, took a strong hold of his imagination. He yearned for the time when he, in like manner, might be able to carry the House along with him, and already determined that nothing should on his part be wanting to bring about the accomplishment of the dream. It was the memory of what he had himself felt on such occasions, which induced him, at one of the meetings of the old Westminsters, to argue as he did, with great force, against the project for removing the school into the country. No considerations of physical health ought, in his opinion, to be weighed against the abandonment of an intellectual impulse so powerful as was supplied to the boys by their proximity to the Houses of Parliament; and believing, as we do, that the sanitary drawbacks to Westminster where it now stands are grossly exaggerated, we believe also that Sir James Graham took a wise and even a benevolent view of the matter then under discussion.

In 1809 young Graham quitted Westminster, and became a private pupil in the family of the Rev. G. Richards, Vicar of Bampton, near Farringdon, in Berkshire. There he made the acquaintance of Sir John Throckmorton, one of the most eminent agriculturists of the day, and learned from him how much was to be gained by the application of science and capital to the culture of the soil. His sojourn in Bampton did not, however, extend beyond a year. In 1810 he entered as a gentleman-commoner at Christ Church, and in 1812 quitted Oxford without having at all distinguished himself there, or even passed for a degree.

It must not be supposed from all this that Mr. Graham was either an idler or a dreamer. In his own way he picked up a large amount of

knowledge. He was a good Latin and a very fair Greek scholar. In pure mathematics he never advanced far, but he was rapid in calculation, and possessed considerable skill in the arrangement of his own ideas. With all this, he was either indifferent about academical honours, or he disliked the order of studies which led to them. In private life he was somewhat reserved, and what ill-natured people might call stately. His style of dress was in the extreme of fashion; and being tall and well made, with a countenance singularly handsome, it is not to be wondered at if, among casual acquaintances, he was set down as a considerable coxcomb. Nobody, however, could lay to his charge that there was any lack of manliness about him. His vacations he usually spent in the north, where he threw himself keenly into field-sports, and was as forward with the fox-hounds as he was successful on the moor and by the river-side. At the same time, his desire to take an active part in the war of politics never grew cold. His father, a consistent supporter of Mr. Pitt, had sat in Parliament as the Tory member for Ripon from 1802 to 1807. Mr. Graham's prejudices were all on the other side; a bias which they seem to have acquired partly through the deference in which he held the opinions of his relative, Lord Archibald Hamilton, partly because he met at his father's table not always the most eloquent or well-instructed advocates of Toryism. Be the causes, however, what they might, he gave himself up to the Whigs, and in 1812 swore fealty to them, by being admitted, on the recommendation of Lord Morpeth, into Brookes's Club. It was too soon for him as yet to aspire to a seat in the House of Commons; he determined, therefore, to devote a year or two to foreign travel; and as the only portion of the Continent then open to British subjects was the Spanish Peninsula, he set out with the intention of visiting one after an-

other the principal seaports in Portugal and Spain.

Among these seaports there was none which offered to him so many attractions as Cadiz. It was there that the Central Junta met, and Graham not only became a frequent auditor at its sittings, but formed the personal acquaintance of some of its most distinguished members. The circumstance, however, on which, in after years, he used to dwell with the greatest delight, was this—that in Cadiz he received his first introduction to the Duke of Wellington. That great man, it will be remembered, in the winter of 1812, repaired to Cadiz for the purpose of entering with the Spanish Government into arrangements, to which the Spanish Government never adhered. And Mr. Graham, being at the time the guest of Sir Henry Wellesley, had the gratification of conversing with the British hero, not in public only, but amid that entire unreserve into which the Duke was apt to throw himself when he felt or fancied that he was among friends, and could therefore give free and safe utterance to his sentiments on all subjects.

From Cadiz Mr. Graham proceeded to Palermo, where Major-General Lord Montgomery held a military command. It will be recollected that Sicily was then occupied by an English army, and that Lord William Bentinck, though absent at the moment, was, properly speaking, at the head of it. To Lord Montgomery, however, besides his military command, a high political trust had been committed; and imagining that he saw in Mr. Graham a remarkable aptitude for business, he offered to his acceptance the post of private secretary. Nothing could better fall in with the wishes of the young tourist. He accepted the office, and realised fully the expectations of his patron, by whom he was employed to manage an affair requiring great delicacy as well as firmness in handling it. This was nothing less than to make his way

through the heart of the French armies, and to open a communication first with Murat, and afterwards with the Austrian Government. It was while so employed that Mr. Graham became acquainted with Sir Charles, then Captain Napier, of the *Euryalus* frigate, of whom he conceived a very high opinion, and with whom in due course of time, he quarrelled violently.

Mr. Graham, after accompanying Lord William Bentinck through his campaign in Italy, returned to England, and began, early in 1815, to feel his way towards a seat in the House of Commons. It was a season, as a few of our readers may possibly recollect, of great suffering among the people, and anxiety to the Government. The renewal of the war with France added upwards of one hundred millions to the national debt; and peace, when it was purchased by the battle of Waterloo, seemed to bring only poverty in its train. A spirit of general disaffection pervaded the masses, and recourse was had to stringent measures in order to preserve the public peace. Drawn away by old associations, Mr. Graham joined the ranks of the ultra-Liberals. Lord Archibald Hamilton was his kinsman, and Lord Folkestone, Sir Francis Burdett, and Lord Althorpe, won his political affections. His father, on the other hand, continued to profess the Tory principles in which he had grown old; so that, but for the sympathy of Lady Catherine, the young man might have found himself ill at ease as an inmate of Netherby Hall. Accordingly, he spent but little of his time there in the interval between his return from abroad and the general election of 1818; when, being assured of the support of Lord Milton, and obtaining through his mother letters of recommendation to Mr. Wilberforce, he entered the lists as a candidate for Hull, and fought a hard battle to a successful issue.

We confess not to hold the name of William Wilberforce quite in the

same degree of veneration in which it is held by his sons. We believe that there was no slight sprinkling of what is vulgarly called humbug in the good man's character; and we find some corroboration of this suspicion in the fact that, though well aware of Mr. Graham's ultra-Liberal opinions, he nevertheless, because of the affection with which he regarded Lady Catherine, recommended her son to the constituency of Hull. A like charge may, we think, be brought against Dean Milner, subject, of course, to extenuating circumstances. Dean Milner conscientiously believed that the admission of Roman Catholics to political power would be tantamount to the establishment of idolatry in Great Britain: yet he, too, because Lady Catherine sat at his feet, gave a testimonial to her son, whom he knew to be an advocate of Catholic emancipation. By these means, and through the active agency of two Roman Catholic gentlemen, and one clergyman of the Church of England, Mr. Graham conducted his canvass with such spirit, that on the day of nomination an immense majority of hands was held up in his favour; and at the end of the second day's polling he was thirty-three ahead of the gentleman whom he had determined to oust, and whom he succeeded in ousting. Those, however, were times when polling went on for fifteen consecutive days, during which electors and their friends lived at free quarters, candidates paying the piper. When, therefore, the returning-officer declared that Mr. Graham had beaten Mr. Stamford by thirty-eight votes, and when Mr. Stamford's committee thereupon demanded a scrutiny, Mr. Graham's heart sank within him. His father had with difficulty been prevailed upon to sanction his entering into the contest at all. The funds at his disposal were quite exhausted, and here was the battle to be fought over again. But who, having committed himself to such a struggle, ever willingly withdrew

from it? Mr. Graham did not; and at the end of a month he was pronounced member for Hull, with a debt of £6000 hanging like a mill-stone upon his back.

The lesson thus taught him at the outset of his career Mr. Graham never afterwards forgot. He was fortunate enough to raise the money at interest, without calling upon his father for a shilling; but he registered a vow to rush no more blindfold into scrapes of the kind; and he kept it, in spite of many a strong inducement in after-times to the contrary.

Mr. Graham took his seat on the third Opposition bench, behind his relative Lord Archibald Hamilton. Near him sat Mr. E. Ellice (the Bear), Sir Robert Wilson, and Mr. F. E. Kennedy; below him, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Hume, and Lord Althorpe. It was a goodly association, and it produced its legitimate results. The war of parties soon began; and in March 1819, scarcely a month after he had taken his seat, the young member delivered his maiden speech. It proved a signal failure. Abounding in platitudes, and spoken with the air and in the tone of an exquisite, it scarcely commanded the attention of the House for a moment, and was brought to a close amid that buzz of general conversation which, more surely than any violent outcry of dissent, marks the disinclination of the Commons of England to be instructed. Mr. Graham felt that his shot had missed, yet he by no means lost heart. He believed that the causes of the failure might be equally shared between himself and the House, and he determined to try again and again till he should compel the attention which was now denied him. Meanwhile, he sought comfort under the disappointment in a connection which proved to be the source, to him, of the purest happiness through life. On the 8th of July 1819 he married Fanny Callander, one of the loveliest women whom England, fertile in beauty, had ever produced. She

was the daughter of Colonel Sir James Callander, afterwards Campbell of Arkinglas, and the aunt, as we need hardly stop to observe, of the still beautiful and highly-gifted Mrs. Norton.

Mr. Graham's next effort was made during that eventful autumn session when Parliament met in consequence of the Peterloo affair, and the Government demanded powers beyond those of the constitution, to deal with the dangers which threatened the country. One of the bills which Ministers proposed, with a view to stop the organized agitation which Radical delegates kept up, prohibited all persons not resident in a town, or being freeholders, from taking any part in the proceedings of a town meeting. Here was an opportunity which the ambitious member for Hull could not possibly allow to escape. He rose to demand whether the member for a borough, being neither the inhabitant for such borough nor a freeman, would come within the meaning of the Act; and when, to his great indignation, nobody seemed inclined to reply, he had the imprudence to argue the case, and to state it as peculiarly his own. Just at that moment a sound of suppressed laughter was heard in the House, whereupon the member for Hull lost his head, and, after rambling on for a few minutes without a single cheer to sustain him, sat down, retaining no recollection either of what he had said, or of what he meant to say. "There's an end of Graham," exclaimed Mr. Henry Lascelles, jeeringly; "we shall hear no more of him." But Mr. Lascelles was mistaken.

Nothing daunted by this discomfiture, the baffled senator stood up again when the bill went into committee. This time he had carefully prepared his speech, and the House listened to it, without, however, evincing any signs that it approved. He was still on the losing side in politics; and though his friends saw that there was good

stuff in him, even they scarcely ventured to hope that he would ever prove more than a useful second-rate orator, and a good man of business whenever matters of detail came to be considered.

The death of George III. in February 1820 warned the House of Commons that its days were numbered. The Government was desirous of precipitating the dissolution; and the Opposition took, in consequence, an early opportunity to hamper them, as far as might be, by a small reform bill. Lord John Russell proposed that the writs for Grampound, Penryn, Barnstaple, and Camelford, should be suspended, in order to afford the new Parliament an opportunity of inquiring into the corruption with which these boroughs were charged. But Lord John's motion, which Mr. Graham supported, though successful in the Lower House, was thrown out in the Upper, and the members dispersed, each to look after his own interest as he best might.

It would have been idle in Mr. Graham to offer himself again to the constituency of Hull. He had done nothing in Parliament to secure a re-election, except at the cost of a second contest, and that he could not afford. The interest of the debt incurred by the first election pressed heavily upon his small income, and he at once made up his mind to look for a seat elsewhere. Now the Lowther influence, powerful as it had heretofore been, was beginning to give way in the north of England. Both the county of Cumberland and the city of Carlisle were growing restive, and the Whigs declared their intention of fighting for both seats in the city, and for one at least in the county. It was proposed to Mr. Graham that he should stand in the Liberal interest for Carlisle; while Mr. Curwen, up to that time the city member, contested the county against Sir John Lowther. Anxious as he was to return to the House of Commons, Mr. Graham had the good taste to decline this

proposal. He could not fight under a Whig banner so close to Netherby without greatly distressing his father; and vaulting as his ambition was, it did not blind him to the impropriety of such a course. He contented himself, therefore, with throwing the weight of his influence into Mr. Curwen's scale as candidate for the county. Mr. Curwen succeeded, so did Mr. John Cam Hobhouse in Westminster, advocating household suffrage, triennial Parliaments, and counting among the busiest of his canvassers the late member for Hull. Mr. Graham's activity on that occasion fixed upon him the attention of certain gentlemen connected by property with the little borough of St. Ives. They took him up, he canvassed the constituency, and on the day of election was brought in at the head of the poll. And well and zealously he redeemed the pledges which he had given to his Liberal supporters. He voted with Mr. Hume against a proposed increase to the civil-list of George IV., and for inquiry into the expenses of the Regency during the five preceding years. He took part with Mr. Brougham in his attack on the droits of the Crown and of the Admiralty, and joined Lord John Russell in demanding that the report on the civil-list should be deferred till the estimates for the year had been fully examined. Every proposal, in short, which had for its object the weakening of the influence of the Crown and the overthrow of existing usages, received his cordial support. He was, with Mr. Curwen and Mr. Brougham, a decided enemy to the Corn Laws as they then existed. He went into the gallery with Lord John Russell for the disfranchisement of Grampound, and the transfer of its members to Leeds. In a like spirit he stood by Lord Archibald Hamilton when denouncing the Scottish system of election, and requiring that the number of Barons of the Exchequer should be reduced. Finally, in the disputes which arose about Queen

Caroline, he ranged himself under her Majesty's banner. This was pretty well within the brief interval of less than a year, as indicating the course which he had determined to follow. But a check came. The electors of St. Ives were not at all satisfied with their new member. They presented a petition early in 1821 against Mr. Graham's return, and Mr. Graham, rather than incur the certain expense and hazard of a scrutiny, resigned his seat.

Mortified as he was at finding himself thus excluded from public life, Mr. Graham possessed too good a digestion to let the circumstance prey upon his spirits. His home was then, as it continued to be to the last, the chief scene of his happiness; and the birth of his first-born son on the 7th of April 1820, shed additional light over the domestic circle. It suited neither his means nor his tastes to reside in London as an idler; he therefore retired into Cumberland, and, settling down at Crofthead, the unpretending house to which he had carried his beautiful bride, he threw himself with all his energies into country pursuits. It was high time that he should. His father, an easy-going and generous man, had never looked after his affairs as became him. He put himself entirely into the hands of an agent from whom he exacted no accounts, and who did with the rents of the large estate of Netherby pretty much as he pleased. The consequence was that farms and farm-buildings went to ruin. Payments on account were all that the landlord received, and tenants got into arrear so far that recovery was impossible. With some difficulty Mr. Graham prevailed upon his father to transfer the management of the property to him, and the work of practical reform began. But the extent of the difficulties with which he had to grapple may be guessed at, when we say that encumbrances to the amount of not less than £120,000 lay like a dead weight upon Netherby.

Mr. Graham had accomplished a good deal. Money was raised on more favourable terms; roads were made, marshes drained, farm-buildings rendered habitable, and a better system of tillage introduced, when, in 1824 his father died, and he succeeded to the title and to the estate. An additional burden was of course laid upon the latter in the shape of dower to Lady Catherine, but for the sisters of the new proprietor scarcely any provision had been made. Sir James, like a good brother as he was, supplied the deficiency out of his own funds. But this done, there remained so little on which to reckon, more especially with his views of extensive improvement, that he thought seriously of selling Netherby, and of embarking, with whatever might remain to him after paying off the mortgages, in trade. He even went so far as to open a negotiation with a London banking-house which happened at that moment to desire an extension of its business, and waited only the judgment of Mr. James Evan Bailey of Bristol, to whom, through a friend, he referred the question. "Tell him," said that experienced banker, "to hold fast by Netherby, and keep clear of banking." By Netherby Sir James accordingly held fast, and within twelve months the names of Messrs. Pole, Thornton, Down, & Co. appeared in the 'Gazette.'

It had been Sir James's dream that, as a banker or as a thriving merchant, he would find readier access to the political career on which he desired to enter, than as the owner of a large and encumbered estate. The fate of Messrs. Pole and Thornton awoke him from that dream, and he bent all his energies to diminish, if he could not entirely remove, the debt upon Netherby. His own habits were prudent and economical. He chose for his associates practical agriculturists, studied every work that came out on the subject of agriculture, and put in practice such suggestions as

appeared to be wise. He read, likewise, with a view to prepare himself at some future time for public life, and read to excellent purpose. The consequence was, that every year saw the burden diminish which at the outset seemed to be intolerable; and that, in 1826, his circumstances, if not easy, were at all events much less harassing than at one moment he had expected them ever to be.

It was at this time that he first came before the public as an author. His pamphlet on corn and currency made a great sensation, taking men of all parties by surprise. Its argument went far beyond the age in which it appeared. Upon the Bank Restriction Act of 1797 he laid the blame of all the evils under which the country then laboured, and censured Mr. Peel for returning too hastily to cash payments in 1819. The sliding-scale, as a protection to corn-growers, he entirely condemned, and reasoned in favour of free trade, with a small but fixed duty on foreign corn as some compensation for the peculiar burdens which the land was called upon to bear. We who read the pamphlet now, remembering all that the country has gone through, and looking to the present state both of its manufacturing and agricultural interests, cannot sufficiently admire the audacity of the country gentleman who, in 1826, could thus express himself. But his audacity told. Though all the leaders of party, from Lord Liverpool to Cobbet, denounced and censured, there were multitudes in the ranks who approved the Cumberland baronet's reasoning, and no great while elapsed ere they gave tangible proof of their sympathy with his views.

At the dissolution of Parliament in 1826, Mr. James, who for some time had represented Carlisle, retired. A requisition was immediately sent in to Sir James Graham, who replied to it favourably, and came forward as the Liberal candidate. We do not use the stronger term, Radical, because, to do him justice, Sir James never voted for

universal suffrage and annual Parliaments; but of everything on the sinking-scale short of these two points he was then the advocate. He declared himself in favour of the immediate abolition of slavery, the total removal of religious disabilities, retrenchment in the public expenditure, and the reduction within moderate limits of the import-duty on corn. The struggle was fierce both in Carlisle and elsewhere, for the Catholic Question was approaching a crisis; and Sir James, supported by all the operatives of the city, came in at the head of the poll. His first vote in the House was against the Government, on a question of an increased grant out of the Consolidated Fund to the Duke and Duchess of Clarence; his next, for an inquiry into the abuses in the Court of Chancery. On both occasions he went into the lobby, one of a small minority. But already prospects began to open for him, on which he had no reason to count in returning to public life. Lord Liverpool was struck down by paralysis in 1827, and that scramble for a successor at the Treasury began, of which, by the way, Mr. Torrens gives a very inaccurate account. Following implicitly the story told by Mr. Stapleton, he endeavours to show that Canning was no intriguer; that George IV. hated and would have set Canning aside, had he seen his way to any other arrangement; and that the Conyngham influence had nothing in the world to say in deciding the King's policy. We know better; and we know likewise that not the Tories only, but the most consistent and staunchest of the Whigs never trusted Canning. Sir James Graham, on the other hand, ranged himself among the Canningites, and soon became the friend and favourite pupil of Huskisson. He sat on the ministerial side of the Speaker's chair while Canning led the House, and he retained his place during the administration which succeeded on Canning's demise. But Lord Goderich's reign was short; and, on the

assumption of office by the Duke of Wellington, Sir James withdrew with his Whig allies to the Opposition benches. His opposition, however, appears to have been a good deal modified by the esteem in which he held Mr. Huskisson. The Corn Bill which that gentleman introduced, still being a minister, Sir James Graham supported, though it was framed on a principle at variance with that which he had advocated in his pamphlet; and many years elapsed ere he could bring himself to contemplate without alarm the disturbance of the compromise into which, as he believed, contending parties had entered by its adoption.

In 1827 a vacancy occurred in the representation of Cumberland, and Sir James was easily persuaded to resign his seat for Carlisle and to set up for the county. His return was not opposed, and he entered the House after a brief absence as a county member. Though still ineffective in debate, the House began to consider him a man of promise. He was an excellent member of committees, assiduous in his attendance, and remarkably skilful in sifting evidence. He spoke likewise with effect in moving for an inquiry into the fitness of limiting the circulation of Scotch notes to Scotland itself; and his speech, though overlaid, as most of his speeches were, with quotations, was referred to by almost all who followed him, whether advocating or opposing the view which he took of the matter. But his great start was taken, when the Duke, by passing his Catholic Relief Bill, gave the first decided shock to the Tory party. Sir James of course approved the measure, of which, as well as of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, he had always been the consistent supporter. And he did more. He took an opportunity of commending Sir Robert Peel, in his absence, for the sacrifice to duty which he had made of his seat for the University of Oxford, and paved the way thereby

for the close intimacy which in due time arose between him and that great though not always straightforward or very consistent statesman.

Whatever the Duke's conduct and views at that critical moment may have been, those of his subordinates strike us now as not only impolitic, but dishonest. Sir George Murray went out of his way to assure the Whigs that he intended to manage the affairs of the colonies on the principles which they advocated. Sir Henry Hardinge became a frequent visitor at Spencer House, and professed opinions there which led Lord Althorpe to reckon upon him as a willing member of a new coalition. Meanwhile three members of Brookes's, Lords Rosselyn and Jersey and Sir James Scarlett, held office under a Tory chief, and Earl Grey was approached with a view to conciliation by creating his son-in-law, Mr. Lambton, Earl of Durham. All this gave sure evidence of weakness on the part of the Government, and encouraged the discontented among its old supporters to aim at its overthrow. On the other hand, Sir James Graham, as if looking rather to a fusion than to the break-up of parties, declared that he saw little difference, except on the question of the currency, between the opinions entertained by the Opposition on the one side, and the friends of the Administration on the other. And, as if to test the House, he moved, on going into Committee of Supply, that since Peel's bill of 1819 was accepted as a final settlement of the currency question, the salaries of all public servants should be cut down by 20 per cent. Though listened to attentively, he received small support, either from his own friends or the friends of the Government; but he added, by the vigour of his appeal, to the reputation which he had already acquired, and was by common consent assigned a place with Lord Althorpe, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Brougham, as one of the leaders of the Opposition in the House of Commons.

Early in May 1830 the Parliamentary campaign opened in earnest, by a notice of motion by Sir James Graham for a return of all the pensions, salaries, and emoluments then receivable by members of the Privy Council. His speech was, in its own way, a telling one; and the motion was met by a proposal from the Chancellor of the Exchequer to supply the honourable member with a comprehensive enumeration of all civil and military offices and salaries under the Crown. Sir James either felt or affected great indignation, and, in rejecting Mr. Goulbourne's counter-proposal, made use of the expression, "That he was not disposed to stoop to ignoble game while flights of voracious birds of prey were floating in the upper regions of the air." This was one of the clap-traps in which Sir James on all convenient occasions indulged, and it had its effect. Not fewer than 147 members in a House of 382 voted with him—a remarkable sign of the times, a sure proof that men's passions had overclouded their reason on many matters, and that Government by party, as it had once existed, was for a season at least at an end.

Encouraged by the plaudits which were heaped upon him, Sir James, after remaining quiet for a few weeks, moved to reduce the grant for special diplomatic missions from £28,000 to £18,000 a-year. He was again opposed with all the strength which the Government could muster, and again failed. But failure on this occasion was accepted on both sides as a triumph. In a House of 217 members, the motion was rejected by a majority of 19 only. It was a blow to the Ministers scarcely less severe than that which they received the same evening, when Sir James Mackintosh carried his clause in the Forgery Bill against them—abolishing the punishment of death in all cases except where wills were concerned.

The death of George IV., on the 20th of June 1830, was soon follow-

ed by the dissolution of Parliament. Sir James went back to his constituents with a reputation largely enhanced; and while his canvass was at its height, tidings of the revolution in Paris arrived. They set the whole country in a blaze, and two Liberal members immediately started for Cumberland. A fierce contest ensued, of the temper of which some idea may be formed when we transcribe one of the toasts which was proposed and accepted amid a tempest of applause at a public dinner given to Sir James Graham at Whitehaven—"May the heads of Don Miguel, King Ferdinand, and Charles Capet be severed from their bodies and roll in the dust, and the sooner the better." It would be unfair to the memory of Sir James Graham if we omitted to add that he wholly disapproved of this sentiment, and that, while applauding the revolution, he expressed himself anxious that the French people should use their victory with moderation.

We have now arrived at an era into the history of which it would be out of place, while sketching Sir James Graham's career, to enter much at length. The elections of 1830 had gone against the Government, and the country seemed to have become a prey to anarchy. There were incendiary fires in many places; and when Parliament met in November to provide a remedy, the worst spirit manifested itself in both Houses. The King's visit to the Lord Mayor of London was postponed; and the Duke, with extraordinary rashness, gave utterance to a statement which his enemies insisted on accepting as a manifesto against all reform. A coalition between the Whigs and the ultra-Tories to expel him from power ensued, and Ministers, being defeated on a question of the civil list, resigned their places. In bringing all this to pass Sir James had taken an active part, and he received his reward in the appointment of First Lord of the Admiralty, with a seat in Earl Grey's

Cabinet. He was placed at the Admiralty, however, rather as representing ultra opinions than from any admiration of his talents and industry; for Earl Grey, desiring above all things to throw the authority of Government into the hands of aristocrats, was too prudent to overlook the policy, situated as he then was, of having every great party in the State represented in his cabinet. Hence the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Wynn, Lord Palmerston, Lord Goderich, and Mr. Charles Grant, were invited to take their seats beside Lord Lansdowne, Lord Althorpe, and Lord Carlisle; and Lord Durham, Sir James Graham, and Lord Melbourne readily joined them. Among all these there was not one who displayed so large an amount of administrative ability as Sir James Graham, or who with so much frankness acknowledged, when the proper time came, that the improvements effected by him in the department were little more than the execution of plans which his predecessor had already arranged and determined upon.

Earl Grey had taken office pledged to three things, — Retrenchment, Non-intervention in Foreign Affairs, and Parliamentary Reform. Into all these Sir James Graham eagerly threw himself. Returned again without opposition for Cumberland, he took up his residence at the Admiralty, and worked like a slave to keep ahead of the enormous amount of business which devolved upon him. For now his real worth was discovered. What might be wanting in brilliancy he endeavoured to make up by labour; and he held his own, not without a hard fight for it, in the House of Commons. Lord Althorpe, the acknowledged leader of the Ministerial party, was slow and confused. He derived the greatest benefit from the subtle and ambitious promptings of Graham, and often sought for them. Whether the proposal in the first Whig budget to impose a tax on the transfer of stock came from this source does

not appear; but the measure, in spite of the eloquence with which Sir James Graham supported it, met with no success, and was withdrawn amid the jeers of the House.

This was a bad beginning, and his speech in defence of the army estimates proved equally unfortunate. The pledge of non-intervention had been thrown over by the Government in the case of Belgium, and an increase to the army was asked for. In advocating this increase, Sir James allowed himself considerable latitude of speech in regard to the condition of Ireland, and O'Gorman Mahon, conceiving that he, among others, had been attacked, called upon the First Lord to retract, or else to give him personal satisfaction. Sir James requested Lord Althorpe to act for him on that occasion, and the quarrel was amicably settled.

The improvements introduced into the constitution of the Admiralty were chiefly these: Sir James abolished the Victualling and Navy Boards as separate establishments; he required the accounts of the office to be kept by double entry; he proposed to throw open the great national asylum at Greenwich to seamen of the mercantile marine; and, failing to accomplish that, he relieved the mercantile marine from the special tax which it had heretofore borne. Nor was he all the while exempt from a full share of the burden of administration in other respects. Earl Grey never lost sight of the pledge which he had given to reform the representative system throughout the United Kingdom, and a committee of four was appointed to investigate the whole subject, and to report upon it to the Cabinet. Lord Durham, Lord John Russell, Lord Duncannon, and Sir James Graham composed that committee, of which no member worked more steadily and with greater zeal than Sir James.

It is not our purpose to tell over again the thrice-told tale of the bloodless revolution of 1831-32. In preparing the scheme which the

Government was to bring forward, Sir James Graham appears to have been less extravagant than some of his colleagues. He desired to interfere as little as possible with existing rights in counties, except by adding copyholders and leaseholders to the ancient freeholders. In boroughs he was an advocate for occupancy as a condition to freedom, and was willing that the limit of the pecuniary qualifications should be wide. He objected to the ballot, and to anything like an attempt to establish perfect uniformity of franchise anywhere. Yet such was his infirmity of purpose that he yielded his own opinions to those of men of stronger will, and affixed his signature to a report which recommended the ballot and other arrangements of which he disapproved. It was this weakness, indeed—this apparent inability to arrive at settled convictions and to stand by them—which constituted the great flaw in Sir James Graham's character as a public man. His biographer, we observe, commends him for the specialty, and endeavours to make what was mere irresolution stand in the light of judicial impartiality. "Half his life," says Mr. Torrens, "was spent in comparing and pondering opposite results, and determining judicially in the silence and solitude of his study on which side the balance lay. 'Upon the whole' again and again occurs throughout his private correspondence and public judgments, for judgments they frequently were—a phrase which a statesman of a constitutional country may well employ as eminently expressive of the true candour and humility of wisdom." Doubtless this is true; but if we find the statesman afterwards going apart from his own conclusions, and falling in with proposals against which he had "on the whole" decided, what can we say of him except that his humility degenerates into weakness, and that, whatever qualities he may possess, firmness of purpose is certainly not one of them?

It is a remarkable fact that not even now could Sir James Graham command the attention of the House. His great attention to business, his value on a committee, and his administrative abilities, were very generally acknowledged, but as a speaker he made little or no impression. Even his advocacy of what may be called his own measure was felt to be feeble—a strange medley of confused discussion and turgid enunciations. But the bill had other sources of strength to depend upon than the logic of its Parliamentary supporters. Political unions and conspiracies out of doors did the work, and the King and the House of Lords were forced to accept their own humiliation. First came the dissolution on the 23d of April 1831, a step into which William IV. was coerced by the overbearing insolence of Earl Grey and Lord Chancellor Brougham. Then followed elections wherein brute force bore down all opposition, and by-and-by such an assembly at Westminster as struck terror into the hearts of the Ministers who had brought it together. On the top of that wave Sir James Graham was again borne into Parliament—a colleague being given to him of opinions far more advanced than his own. So it befell in the borough of Carlisle, so also in the neighbouring county of Westmoreland. It is quite certain that Sir James Graham did not contemplate the crisis, which he had helped to bring on, without alarm. "We have ventured," he says, speaking of himself and his colleagues, "to drive nearer the brink than any other statesman ever did before; but we did so because aware that if we let go the reins the horses would be maddened into plunging headlong into the abyss, where extrication would be impossible."

We have alluded elsewhere to Sir James Graham's reconstruction of the departments in the Admiralty. It is creditable to him that he disclaimed all the merit of originality in such reconstruction. He

discovered, on acceding to office, that plans of practical reform were already settled, and he had the good sense to accept and act upon them as his own. He found a willing adviser likewise in Lord Melville, who kept back nothing from him when consulted. Having completed this job, he set himself next to devise some means of getting rid of the necessity of impressment, and was again fortunate enough to have brought to him an important letter, addressed by Lord Nelson to Earl St. Vincent. The letter in question suggested that there ought to be a registration of seamen, among whom, at the sudden outbreak of war, a ballot should take place, with permission, as in the militia, to find substitutes. But, anxious as he was to accomplish this object, he shrank as a Minister of the Crown from openly striking a blow at the prerogative. When, therefore, Mr. Buckingham moved, "That the forcible impressment of seamen for His Majesty's navy was unjust, cruel, inefficient, and unnecessary," Sir James Graham resisted the motion. He fought, however, less for the evil itself than for the manner of applying a remedy, and obtained leave of the House to bring in a bill which has many admirable points in it, but which he was not destined to guide through its various stages till it became law.

The years 1833 and 1834 were seasons of sore trial to the Reform Government. They had evoked a power at home which they found themselves ill able to control. They had entered into treaties and engagements abroad, the necessity of acting up to which involved them in heavy expenses. But most of all were they hampered and annoyed by the operations of the Irish party, which, after helping them to carry their great measure, asked for its reward. The Irish Established Church must be sacrificed; and the better to insure a speedy attainment of that object, an agitation was got up for the repeal of

the Union. Now, Earl Grey was not a man to endure contradiction calmly; he introduced a stern Coercion Bill into the House of Lords, which his colleagues fought inch by inch in the House of Commons. In order to conciliate their Radical supporters, they proposed at the same time to reduce the number of Irish bishops, and to substitute for church-rate in Ireland moneys to be raised by taxes imposed on all sees and benefices. Finally, after providing, as was assumed, a better method of managing episcopal and chapter lands, a clause in their bill declared "That it should be lawful to appropriate any portion thereof accruing to purposes of secular utility, without regard to the religious opinions of persons to be benefited." This famous clause (the 147th) was warmly debated, and in the end withdrawn. But neither section of the Legislature seemed to be satisfied. Indeed, in the Cabinet itself diversity of opinion was held in regard to that matter, and no great while elapsed ere diversity of opinion led to separation.

The first overt proof of schism in the Cabinet was presented by the opposite sides which Sir James Graham and his colleagues took on Mr. O'Connell's motion of censure upon the Irish judge, Sir William Smith. Sir James stoutly resisted it. Mr. Stanley, Lord Althorpe, and Lord John Russell voted for it. On a division, Sir James went out with a minority of 74, and next morning tendered his resignation. He had proved himself, however, too valuable a member of the Administration to be cast adrift, and Earl Grey refused to part with him. Three nights afterwards he committed another crime by acknowledging in his place that the economy effected by his predecessors at the Admiralty was quite equal to his own. Then followed a discussion upon the Corn Laws, which he defended as they stood; whereas Mr. Poulett Thompson, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, proposed to substitute a fixed duty for

a sliding-scale. And here an incident befell which deserves notice. Mr. Poulett Thompson endeavoured to confute his opponent by reading extracts from a pamphlet which had appeared in 1830, and in which the author, under the *nom de guerre* of a Cumberland Landowner, advocated entire freedom of trade in corn, as in other commodities. Strange to say, Sir James Graham took no notice of the ironical cheers which followed these quotations, and which marked the conviction of the House that the pamphlet had emanated from his pen. Yet such was not the case. The pamphlet was the work of a Mr. Rooke, and was acknowledged as such when, four years subsequently, the author gave to the world a volume on the science of geology. Why Sir James Graham did not decline the honour thrust upon him at the moment, we are at a loss to conceive, and his biographer certainly assigns no satisfactory reason for the proceeding.

The Cabinet worked on not very amicably, and Sir James Graham did it what service he could by taking charge of its bill for remodelling the Exchequer Office. But the time was come when he felt that he could serve it no longer. Lord Wellesley's measure for converting tithes in Ireland into a permanent rent-charge on the land was cumbered by a question from Mr. Shiel, drawing from Lord John Russell something like a pledge, that the Government might hereafter consider the propriety of applying a portion of this rent-charge to secular purposes. And a few days later Mr. Ward brought forward his motion, "That the Protestant Episcopal Establishment in Ireland exceeds the spiritual wants of the Protestant population, and that, it being the right of the State to regulate the distribution of Church property in such a manner as Parliament might determine, it is the opinion of this House 'that the temporal possessions of the Church of Ireland, as established by law, ought to be reduced.'" There

was no evading a movement like this. The Cabinet must either resist or accept Mr. Ward's motion, and a majority determined to accept it. Now, however Radical Sir James Graham's views might be on other points, he was then, as he always had been, a consistent Churchman. On many previous occasions he had declared his determination to defend to the uttermost the inviolability of what he regarded as a fundamental institution of the Empire; and the Duke of Richmond, Lord Ripon, and Mr. Stanley agreed with him. When, therefore, this Act for confiscating the property of the Church was accepted by the Cabinet as its own, the four Ministers above named felt that only one course lay open to them: they retired from the Administration, and shook it thereby to its base.

Sir James sat below the gangway, on the Ministerial side of the House, while those gyrations went on which ended in shaking Earl Grey out of the Premier's chair, and Lord Melbourne into it. With Mr. Stanley, and the half-dozen friends who adhered to him, Sir James kept aloof from each of the rival parties, becoming one of the company who, as Mr. O'Connell described it, "travelled by themselves in the Derby Dilly." It is not for us to inquire into the motives which animated the little band at that time. But considerations of delicacy towards old friends were surely rated above their just value when they induced Mr. Stanley and Sir James Graham, a few months subsequently, to decline taking office under Sir Robert Peel. Had they met his advances as frankly as they deserved, the Conservative Government of 1835 would have probably stood its ground; and though it be difficult to conceive, looking both at things present and things past, how the commercial system, now in the ascendant, could have been pushed aside, still the progress of that system would have been probably more gradual; it

certainly might have achieved its triumph at a sacrifice less costly than the disruption of the great Tory party, which followed on the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846.

Sir James was coldly looked upon by the Liberals for abandoning Earl Grey's Administration, and a cabal was got up to resist his re-election for East Cumberland in the event of his taking office with Sir Robert Peel. He refused to take office, as we have shown, and defended himself well at the hustings against the attacks which were made upon him. East Cumberland chose him again to be its representative, and he again took his seat below the gangway on the Ministerial side of the House. As an independent member, however, he stood aloof from the struggle between Sir Robert Peel and the Whigs, till Lord John Russell brought forward his famous motion "For the appropriation to secular purposes of a portion of the Church property in Ireland." Then Sir James Graham threw over all party scruples. He delivered against the motion one of the most telling speeches which he ever uttered in Parliament, and went out into the gallery with that gallant band which failed to keep their chief in office by twenty-five votes only. From that moment his severance from the Whigs became a mere question of time, and the bitterness with which the Municipal Reform Bill was argued hurried it on. Sir James had never desired to swamp the poorer voters, either in counties or boroughs, and voted against the extinction of the class of freemen. Having gone out with the Tories, he was preparing to cross the House to his old seat, when a storm of derisive cheering greeted him, accompanied by shouts of "Stay where you are!" He stopped, looked angrily at the benches whence the sounds proceeded, and then sat down with a smile of scorn on his lips on one of the Opposition benches.

For the part which he took in re-

sisting the extension to Ireland of the municipal changes which were effected in England and in Scotland, Mr. Torrens severely censures Sir James Graham. This is natural enough. Going far beyond his hero in Radical propensities, Mr. Torrens dispenses blame where men of moderate views would award praise. He seems to forget that all legislation for Ireland was undertaken in those days with a twofold purpose only — to conciliate Mr. O'Connell, and to humble the House of Lords. The Melbourne Ministry, however, rode their hobby too fast. Not a few of the most distinguished of the old reformers fell off from them. Indeed, to such a height was the spirit of alienation carried, that not Sir James Graham only, but likewise Lord Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, and Lord Stanley, withdrew their names from Brookes's, into which Mr. O'Connell had been received as a member.

From this date up to the death of William IV. in 1837, party spirit prevailed in Parliament and out of it, with a bitterness which has no parallel in modern times. The Ministers, existing by the breath of Mr. O'Connell and the Radicals, seemed indifferent to the consequences of the measures which they proposed. The great body of the Opposition, carried away by personal dislike to their opponents, fought more than one battle which it would have been wise to avoid, and compelled their more judicious leaders to fight with them. On the whole, however, the Duke in the House of Lords and Sir Robert Peel in the Commons managed matters well; and it is only just to Sir James Graham to add, that they found in him a hearty as well as a prudent coadjutor.

The accession of her present Majesty led, of course, to a dissolution, and Sir James Graham had the mortification to find himself opposed in East Cumberland by Major Aglionby, formerly his fastest friend. He received, on the other hand, but a doubtful support

from the Conservatives, and on the day of nomination the mob refused to hear him. Naturally proud, and perhaps a little dissatisfied with himself, he quitted the hustings, and went to the poll in bad heart. He was defeated by a majority of upwards of 500 votes, and withdrew, full of indignation, to Netherby. He had suffered not long before this a heavy domestic affliction in the death of his mother; and mortified ambition, coming on the back of private sorrow, well-nigh broke him down. He took no further part in county business; he shut himself out from county society, and spent his time chiefly in reading every new book that came out, and corresponding on important subjects with Sir Robert Peel. It was the interval between his defeat for East Cumberland and his return to Parliament as member for the Welsh borough of Pembroke which made him, what he ever after continued to be, a Peelite to the backbone.

In 1838 Sir James Graham was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, in opposition to the Duke of Sussex. He delivered an inaugural address, which is probably still remembered in consequence of the uproar which it called forth by certain allusions to the necessity of keeping the Church in alliance with the State; for then the fever of Free-Kirk folly was at its height in Scotland. But in 1839 he had graver matters to attend to. That systematic agitation against the Corn Laws having already begun of which Mr. Charles Villiers, and not Mr. Cobden, was the author, Sir James spoke in his place against interference with the sliding-scale; at the same time he guarded himself from the charge of desiring to secure a monopoly in the corn-market for the English landowner, and went out of his way to warn the House that nothing could be more perilous to English interests than that monopoly in the supply of cotton which had been conceded to America. He was anxious even then that steps should be taken to

encourage the better cultivation of the plant in India, and pressed upon the President of the Board of Control the wisdom of originating such a scheme. Words of warning which, disregarded at the moment, come back upon us now with a melancholy echo!

The progress of the struggle, which ended in the withdrawal of the Appropriation Clause and the passing of the Irish Municipal Reform Bill through both Houses of Parliament, is of too recent date to require that we should speak of it in detail. So is the contest which arose about softening down some of the clauses in the New Poor Law, of which Sir James, though advocating the law itself, was a strenuous advocate. His speech on that occasion, as well as his censure of the job which pensioned Sir John Newport and raised Mr. Spring Rice to the peerage, more and more drew towards him the sympathies of the Conservative party, which indeed had already begun to look to him as one of its future leaders. He was equally efficient in his attacks on the Whig mismanagement of affairs in India and in China, and certainly did not spare his old friends when stirred by their rebukes into invective. At last the collapse came, and in 1841 the country declared against the Whigs. A new Administration was formed, with Sir Robert Peel at its head. Sir James Graham accepted the seals of the Home Office, and for five years public affairs were carried on, if not smoothly in all respects, with remarkable success upon the whole. No doubt, Lord Aberdeen's legislation in the matter of the Church of Scotland proved unfortunate, and there was little in Sir James Graham's manner to reconcile the discontented portion of the Scottish clergy to the law as it stood. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact, that almost all the failures in Sir Robert Peel's policy occurred on points of which the management devolved upon Sir James Graham. To him, in a great degree, was attributed

the disruption in the Scottish Church. His bill for the amendment of the Factory Act of 1833 hung fire, and was withdrawn; while his attempt to reform the ecclesiastical courts in England utterly broke down.

In 1843 the difficulties of the Administration really began. Ireland was the rock ahead which they found it impossible to weather. They brought in one bill, which they ultimately abandoned, and were content to appoint a Commission, with Lord Devon at its head, to inquire into the state of the country with a view to future legislation. To some of their adherents, moreover, they appeared to be shaken in their adhesion to the sliding scale of duties on the importation of foreign corn; and day by day the great fact became more obvious that Parliamentary government, based on a widely-extended suffrage, is scarcely compatible with the continuance of monarchy. Fortunately perhaps for them, Mr. O'Connell chose this moment to re-awaken the demand in Ireland for the dissolution of the Union, and to inflame the passions of the people by his monster meetings. Great forbearance was exhibited in dealing with this movement; but at last a manifesto appeared, which, besides calling upon the masses to assemble at Clontarf, invited the "Repeal cavalry" to attend in troops of twenty-five,—each under its own officers. The Lord-Lieutenant and Lord Chancellor of Ireland happened both to be in London at the time. They met Sir James Graham at the Home Office with the law officers of the Crown, and that decisive step was taken which not only dispersed the meeting of Clontarf, but shut up Mr. O'Connell in jail.

We believe that Sir James Graham did nothing more than his duty to the Crown and to the country throughout these proceedings. He contrived, however, to concentrate all the bile of the Op-

position on his own head, and a manner, not always very gracious, repelled, if it did not positively disgust not a few of the supporters of the Administration. It so happened also, that his bill for limiting the hours of labour in the factories did not meet the views either of the mill-owners or of Lord Ashley (the present Lord Shaftesbury) and his friends. The result was, that being defeated on one point by Lord Ashley, and on another by the mill-owners, he withdrew his measure, and sustained, as unsuccessful legislators usually do, some loss of character from the process. But the most damaging event in the course of his Administration was his having authorised, by warrant, the letters of Mazzini and other refugees to be opened at the General Post-Office. A dead set was made at him; and though he showed clearly enough that the law bore him out, he escaped by a majority of only forty-two in a full House—a narrow one, considering the state of parties—the mortification of having his conduct inquired into by a committee of the House of Commons. It is not for us to say why Lord Aberdeen maintained a profound silence in the House of Lords when the subject came to be discussed there. His Lordship was never famous for excess of pluck; and it was generally believed at the time, and is indeed highly probable, that Lord Aberdeen, being Minister for Foreign Affairs, had at least as much to do with the transaction as the Home Secretary. The truth, however, is, that a great deal too much was made of the matter. Lord John Russell and Mr. Macaulay, with other leaders of the Opposition, supported Tom Duncombe in his demand; while Sir Robert Peel resisted it, though with his usual caution. At last, on the suggestion of Sir James himself, a committee was named to inquire privately, when it came out that there had not been a Secretary of State for the last hundred years but had signed warrants similar to

that issued by Sir James, and that, in doing as he had done, he acted upon precedent, with, as it happened, more than common moderation.

We come now to the Peel policy of 1845, the renewal of the income-tax and the "further lightening of the springs of industry," by striking out 430 out of 813 articles on which customs duties still continued to be levied. It would be satisfactory to know what share Sir James Graham had in the inauguration and adoption of that policy. Suspicion was rife at the moment, and it still remains, that he took a very active part in pressing its adoption on the Cabinet. But Mr. Torrens throws no light whatever upon the subject. He reminds us, indeed, of some witty sayings uttered on the occasion, such as "that the old leaven of Holland House would work till it produced a thorough fermentation," &c., and chronicles the beginnings of Mr. Disraeli's influence, by quoting his cutting remarks, "that Protection in 1845 was in the same position with Protestant ascendancy in 1828;" and that "a Conservative Government was an organised hypocrisy." But not a line is given of private correspondence to show what Sir James's opinions really were with reference to the present or the past. So it is when Mr. Torrens comes to describe the course of legislation which led to the permanent endowment of Maynooth, and the setting up of what Sir Robert Inglis called "Godless Colleges" in Ireland. We have a not uninteresting digest of each debate as it occurred, the names of the speakers on both sides being duly recorded; but of Sir James Graham is said no more than of Mr. George Banks or of Mr. Ward, or of others even less worthy of notice than the latter gentlemen. This is the more to be regretted than Mr. Torrens speaks feelingly of the enormous amount of labour which the subject of his biography underwent, and which, we may venture to add, from our own personal knowledge

of the man, the biographer has by no means overrated. The fact is, that Sir James Graham was what has been termed a glutton of work. Such was the constitution of his mind, that before deciding upon any point, whether practical or theoretical, he looked round and round for argument on both sides, and not unfrequently continued to doubt after he had arrived at a judgment. One thing, however is certain: he had already, in 1845, become a convert to the doctrines of free trade, and was very urgent in his recommendations to the chief of the Cabinet to inaugurate an entire change of system. Now, Sir Robert Peel, as his famous Elbing letter showed, scarcely stood in need of such pressure. Thrown by mere accident into the Tory party, he never made common cause with it, and seemed to rejoice that the time was at length come for humbling the aristocrats who had so long made use of his talents while affecting socially to look down upon him.

We need not stop to repeat the thrice-told tale of the anti-corn law agitation, or of the potato blight in the autumn of 1846, and its consequences. Enough is done when we state, that from the first appearance of that disease Sir James Graham saw but one remedy for the evil. In the discussions which ensued he ranged himself with Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Sidney Herbert on the side of the Premier, and never, as he subsequently declared, gave a vote with greater satisfaction in his life than that which broke up the Peel Government, and dislocated the great party which it had taken years to consolidate. Not very popular at any time either with the Whigs or their rivals; disliked by the former for his desertion on the Irish Church question; distrusted by the latter because of the political creed of his youth,—he now drew down upon his own head an amount of obloquy, more enduring, if not, for the moment, more intense, than that

with which the recreant Tory chief was overwhelmed; and the time shortly arrived when, partly on this account, partly because his proud heart rebelled against the dictates of his contemporaries, public life, especially official, if not Parliamentary life, became to him intolerable.

We must hurry over what remains to be told of this versatile yet vigorous statesman. When Lord Aberdeen formed his Coalition Cabinet, Sir James Graham returned to the Admiralty, where the Crimean war took him by surprise, as it did all the other members of the Administration. Sir James, however, put a bold face upon the matter, and having selected Sir Charles Napier to command the worst-found and worst-manned fleet that ever quitted the English shores, he sent him, at the worst season of the year, to try what could be done for the destruction of Russian power in the Baltic. It was unfortunate, both for the First Lord and for the Admiral, that the Reform Club chose to give the latter a dinner. The speeches uttered on that occasion, and especially Sir James Graham's speech, resembled more the pæans of victors after the strife, than the statements of men about to incur the hazard of a campaign; and the abortive issue of the expedition covered both with ridicule. It did more, however, than this. A bitter quarrel ensued, which was prosecuted not very decorously, sometimes in the House of Commons, sometimes through the press, and which had no other result than to damage both parties very seriously in the estimation of the public.

The break-up of the Aberdeen Cabinet—to which, by the by, Sir James greatly contributed—may be said to have brought his public life to a close. He retained, indeed, his seat in Parliament—Carlisle having returned him as a good Radical member on two separate occasions. And though he seldom spoke, it was always in angry opposition to

the Conservative party, once more reunited under Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli. Private sorrows, however, began to tame him down. In 1857 Lady Graham died—a terrible blow, from which he never recovered; and the death of Lord Herbert in August 1861 affected him deeply. To that excellent man, and at heart most Conservative politician, Sir James Graham was much attached. It seemed, indeed, as if to him had been transferred the entire stock of love and respect of which Sir Robert Peel, while living, had engrossed the larger share; and now, when the grave closed over Lord Herbert, life appeared to have no more interest for Sir James Graham. He made a long journey, in very inclement weather, to attend the funeral of his friend at Wilton, and, returning immediately afterwards to the north, scarcely smiled again. Our latest recollection of him is in church—a tall, handsome, yet shattered man, earnest in his devotions, but bearing upon his brow the cloud which was never to be raised on this side the grave. He died at Netherby, surrounded by his children, on the 25th of October, 1861.

It has been said of Sir James Graham that he narrowly escaped being a great man. Certainly he possessed some of the qualities which contribute to build up greatness. He was patient, for example, of labour; careful in coming to conclusions; not at all over-scrupulous in changing or retaining opinions; and a first-rate administrator. But there was not a touch of genius about him, nor one shade of originality. His moral timidity was greater than the world supposed it to be. He often shrank from taking a step which his deliberate judgment approved; he often did what he had resolved not to do, and repented afterwards. Such a man was not fit to lead; and the inward consciousness of his own weakness, perhaps, hindered him from ever aspiring to become the head of an

administration. His usefulness, on the other hand, as the second or confidential supporter of a great minister, cannot be over-estimated. He had much improved in later years as a speaker, and commanded the attention of the House; but the style of his oratory continued to the last in perfect accord with his intellectual organisation. On ordinary occasions it was stiff, perhaps pedantic; when anything occurred to ruffle or excite, it became sharp and personal—more, perhaps, than the speaker intended it to be. Taking all this into account, we arrive at the conclusion, that the position which he achieved among the statesmen of the passing age was exactly that which nature in-

tended him to fill. He stood neither in the front rank nor perhaps in the second, but took a very prominent place in the third. In private life he was highly estimable, possessing, however, few of those qualities which gather round their owner troops of devoted friends. His manners were reserved, except with those who knew him intimately; his nature was proud, but he was kind-hearted, charitable, and deeply religious—being free from the two extremes of silly mannerism on the one hand, and pharisaical austerity on the other. He was buried in the churchyard of his own village, only the members of his family and a few old friends following him to the grave.

THE INEXHAUSTIBLE CAPITAL.

IF, at some future day, perhaps still remote, when the present wearer of the triple tiara shall have descended into the tomb, and when the power of some who now support him shall be numbered with the things that were, Rome, in compliance with the wishes of Italy, shall become the capital of that fairest of European kingdoms, there will be one class of persons who, although they may not regret it, will be losers by the change, and those are the foreigners, especially English, who, for six months of the year, take possession of all that is best in the papal metropolis. In addition to its garrison of French troops, that renowned city has now for many years submitted—with a far better will than it does to the presence of Gallic legions—to a foreign occupation of a more agreeable and profitable description. Combining more varied attractions than any other city in the world, Rome has become the first watering-place in Europe. Its waters of Trevi are as fascinating to votaries of pleasure and lovers

of art as the most salutary springs to seekers after health. Its galleries and antiquities offer years of occupation, even to the most sedulous of visitors, before these can say that they have sufficiently seen and studied them; its winter gaieties and amusements are abundant to satisfy the greediest of such enjoyments; during its long spring (and much of what is winter elsewhere is spring at Rome) lovers of pleasant rides and delightful scenery discover that in such does the Campagna abound. But still, to that majority of its foreign visitors which soon become sated with pictures and statues and classical remains, Rome's chief attraction is unquestionably the pomps and ceremonies, the splendour and the shrines of that Church whose headquarters the Italians so earnestly desire to see transported beyond the limits of Italy. Remove the Pope, and of course there is an end to the grand solemnities in which he is the most prominent figure; to the magnificent *funzioni* of Holy Week, to witness which thousands annually

flock to Rome, filling to the roof every hotel and lodging-house; to gorgeous ceremonials, brilliant processions, and high festivals; to the chairing of the pontiff and the feeding of the beggars; the washing of feet and the sounding of silver trumpets and the benediction from the balcony, with its magnificent scenic effect, with the golden chair and the peacock fans, and the rest of the sumptuous and dazzling paraphernalia. All this must of course depart whenever the Italian Government takes its seat at Rome, unless there should then be found some member of the college of cardinals willing to accept the Pontiff's spiritual heritage without his temporal sway, and to retain his chair at the Vatican whilst a King of Italy thrones it at the Quirinal. The installation of a commonplace lay government could hardly fail to diminish Rome's present attractions for foreigners. Everything is now done to render it pleasant to them in all ways. The utmost consideration and regard for their comfort and convenience are shown by the government whose capital they enrich, and by the people, who look upon them as their principal source of profit. Rome has little industry or commerce to live by; what prosperity she still enjoys is due solely to the *forestieri*; and, as these are chiefly heretics, the anomaly ensues that the heretic is made much more of in the city of the Pope than in any other capital. For him the best places everywhere—the utmost possible immunity from police annoyances—the blandest smiles of doorkeepers and guardians of galleries—the convenient place of public worship, still denied to him in that bigoted Spain which out-herods Herod, and is more papist than the Pope; and, to crown all these advantages, should death overtake him whilst sojourning in Rome, he has the satisfaction of being buried amongst hundreds of his countrymen, some of them of no mean repute, in one of the prettiest flower-grown English cemeteries that can anywhere be found. The favour shown to him is a standing joke in Rome. "I am off to the Sistine, to hear the music," says Marforio to Pasquin. "Spare yourself the trouble," is the reply; "the Swiss and the noble guards will not let you in." "Never fear," answers Marforio; "I have turned heretic." There is truth in the jest. To heretics, Rome is indeed the most tolerant of cities, as the Romans are the most supple and complaisant of hosts.

It seems incredible that, in the second half of the nineteenth century, it should be found possible to write two copious volumes about Rome, in which most persons, even of those who fancied they knew the place thoroughly, might find not only much to interest and amuse them, but also a great many novel facts and much original appreciation of things and topics which they thought had long since been worn threadbare. A book, too, neither critical nor political; neither playing the cicero through Roman galleries, nor meddling, otherwise than by such passing allusions as sufficiently show the author's sympathies with the much-discussed Roman question. Since there still remained so much to be written on so attractive a theme, how can we explain its not having been done years ago, by some of the many English of literary tastes who annually abide in Rome? The answer is soon found. The English in Rome—or, it may truly be said, in Italy generally—do not, except in very rare cases, get below the superficial crust which veils from them the richness of the mine beneath. They work in a beaten track, and he who arrives to-day does neither more nor less than he who yesterday departed. They may conscientiously visit every object mentioned in their guide-book—they may reiterate those visits until they can tell you from memory the place of every picture or statue in the Vatican or elsewhere, and until they can fairly

say that they have thoroughly "done" Rome in the vulgar acceptation of the word. Still they have explored, and seen, and heard but a portion of what lies at their disposal and would well repay research; they have scrutinised the Rome of the past, but are ignorant of the Rome of the present; they have pondered over the graves of the dead, but of the living they know little or nothing. To a real knowledge and enjoyment of Rome, two things are essential—familiarity with the language and intercourse with the people—the former being, of course, indispensable to the latter. Comparatively few of the thousands of English who annually pass several months in the shadow of St. Peter's—many of them returning year after year to that which is undeniably the most seductive of Continental residences—obtain familiar admission to the highest circle of Roman society; and still fewer care to seek an entrance into any other, or to trouble themselves to converse with natives of lower degree. They treat Rome as they would an extremely agreeable watering-place in England;—they go there to see the lions, to enjoy a delightful climate and pleasant environs, and to give each other dinners and balls. They form an English colony, according to the usage of our countrymen; and their circles are often as exclusive in their way as that of the Roman princes, to which only the highest connections or most potent recommendations insure access. Very few, indeed, are the Italians who find admission into the many pleasant English houses each winter sees opened in Rome. The English live amongst themselves; they have their own quarter (the best, as usual, in the city), their own club, hotels, shops, and habits; the men scarcely ever enter an Italian *osteria* or *café*, where they might glean some notion of the manners and customs of the natives, but they appropriate two or three establishments of the kind, which they

Anglicise to the utmost extent possible in those latitudes, and which the Romans soon learn to shun, scared by the foreign invasion and by the fancy prices charged for base imitations of British viands. Not one in a hundred of the English who visit Rome are there after May or before November; they see the place and people only in their winter and spring aspects; summer and autumn are unknown to them. Many complete their five or six months' term of residence without acquiring even a smattering of Italian; and when they leave, all they know of the people is what they may have learned from lying *ciceroni*, or from native servants and shopkeepers possessed of sufficient English to gull the *forestieri*. Now, let us suppose a contrary case—that of an Englishman (or American) of more than average intelligence and cultivation, with a keen appreciation of art, a quick perception of the characteristic, and a warm love for Rome, who should abide for six years in that city and its environs, not invariably flying north from summer heats, but contenting himself with temporary retreats to one of the charming nooks the neighbouring hills afford, and who, thoroughly familiar with the language, should lose no opportunity of mingling and conversing with the people, chatting with all he met—with the peasant in the field, the mendicant by the road-side, the itinerant musician who played beneath his window, as well as with the physician, the lawyer, the trader, and the artist, with whom he might more frequently and naturally be brought in contact. Such a man, we apprehend, would be well qualified to write a fresh and pleasant and instructive book concerning a city whose fame must live for ever, and which may appropriately be sur-named the Inexhaustible as well as the Eternal.

Nobody who visited the great Exhibition of 1862 will have failed to observe and admire two pieces

of sculpture which the most competent critics declared to be second to none, even if they were equalled by any of those there collected together. The author of 'Roba di Roma,' the foreign and fantastical name of a very English and sensible book, might have placed upon its title-page, had it so pleased him, "by the author of 'Cleopatra' and the 'Lybian Sybil,'" and the advertisement would have been no bad one; for everybody who had admired the sculptor's beautiful statues would have been curious to see if he were as clever with the pen as he was cunning with the chisel. Mr. Story, however, was above seeking any such side-wind of popularity, and proposed allowing his literary labours to stand upon their own merits. This they are well able to do. As pleasant reading, his book at once takes its place in the foremost rank of its class, whilst the information it contains gives it a more solid and permanent value than can be attained by a work intended for mere amusement. Without being in any degree a guide-book, it contains a vast deal which every visitor to Rome would be glad to find in one. There exists a series of Red Books, much more generally studied than the Blue ones, and with which every Englishman is familiar who pushes his Continental explorations beyond Paris. Unequal in degree of merit, the Briton abroad yet can ill do without the worst of them. Amongst the best must be reckoned that for Rome—a work performed conscientiously and *con amore* by a genial and accomplished citizen of the world, to whom the Eternal City has become almost a second *patria*. But the very best of hand-books cannot exhaust its subject, when that subject is Rome; and so we counsel every visitor to the papal capital to associate with his Murray Mr. Story's 'Roba.'

"Every Englishman," says this gentleman, "carries a Murray for information and a Byron for sentiment, and finds out by them what he is to know and feel at every step. Pictures and statues have been staled by copy and description, un-

til everything is stereotyped, from the Dying Gladiator, with his 'young, barbarians all at play,' down to the Beatrice Cenci, the Madame Tanson of the shops, that haunts one everywhere with her white turban and red eyes. Every ruin has had its score of *immortelles* hung upon it. The soil has been almost overworked by antiquarians and scholars, to whom the modern flower was nothing, but the antique brick a prize. Poets and sentimentalists have described to death what the antiquaries have left, and some have done their work so well that nothing remains to be done after them. All the public and private life of the ancient Romans, from Romulus to Constantine, is perfectly well known. But the common life of the modern Romans—the games, customs, and habits of the people—the everyday of to-day—has been only touched upon here and there,—sometimes with spirit and accuracy, as by Charles M'Farlane; sometimes with grace, as by Hans Christian Andersen; and sometimes with great ignorance, as by Jones, Brown, and Robinson, who see through the eyes of their courier and the spectacles of their prejudices. There may be, among the thousands of travellers that annually winter at Rome, some to whom the common out-door pictures of modern Roman life would have a charm as special as the galleries and antiquities, and to whom a sketch of many things, which wise and serious travellers have passed by as unworthy their notice, might be interesting."

This last reflection suggested itself to Mr. Story as he drove into Rome, somewhat more than six years ago, on his third visit to that capital, which has been his residence ever since; and, as he is evidently a man who likes to carry out a good idea, he at once commenced to hoard his observations for future use and public benefit. The impression made upon us by his two copious volumes is, that they have been composed *con amore*, and at perfect leisure—conditions eminently conducive to success in authorship. That Mr. Story loves Rome he need not tell us; his attachment is manifest in his pages. Who, indeed, that has dwelt there long enough to fall under its fascination, does not love it and desire to return

thither? Everybody would fain visit Rome, but those only who have been there can fully appreciate the charm it exercises. There are places whose attractions imagination is apt to overcolour, and which consequently disappoint on near acquaintance; but if there be persons who thus find Rome fall short of their expectations, they usually are wise enough to keep it to themselves, and so avoid the charge of extravagance. Doubtless those whose mind, education, and previous pursuits and studies enable them fully to appreciate and enjoy the treasures of art, and of classical and historical associations there heaped up, are few compared to the visitors who form but an imperfect and superficial estimate of what they behold, and who soon are glad to fall back upon less intellectual pleasures. Of these there is no lack. Agreeable society, pleasant promenades, carnival diversions—theatres which, if not uniformly good, at least are sufficiently attractive to audiences which go as much to talk as to listen—the vicinity of a picturesque country, tempting to excursions, which may be compressed into a day or extended to weeks, according as one keeps within the present limits of the Papal territory, or stretches out into Umbria, to Terni and Narni, Perugia and Spoleto,—these varied resources and advantages combine to make Rome delightful, at least in winter and spring, to almost every class of visitors. Considering how many who have visited it have also written about it, it seems scarcely possible, at this time, for anybody to fill seven hundred

close pages with matter relating to it without becoming prolix. That, however, is a reproach no one can address to Mr. Story. His work shows extensive reading, happily made use of, close observation, and the eye of a true artist. It admits of a broad division into two parts—one of these comprising solely what he himself has seen, heard, and thought; the other including much for which he is indebted to many books, studied to good purpose. As a specimen of the last-named portion, we may cite the chapter entitled "The Colosseum"—the romantic chronicle of that marvellous structure. Its opening is a good specimen of the author's vivid, rapid manner of placing before us pictures painted in words:—

"Of all the ruins in Rome, none is at once so beautiful, so imposing, and so characteristic as the Colosseum.* Here throbbed the Roman heart in its fullest pulse. Over its benches swarmed the mighty population of the centre city of the world. In its arena, gazed at by a hundred thousand eager eyes, the gladiator fell, while the vast *velarium* trembled as the air was shaken by savage shouts of '*Habet*,' and myriads of cruel hands, with upturned thumbs, sealed his unhappy fate. The sand of the arena drank the blood of African elephants, lions, and tigers—of *Mirmilli*, *Laqueatores*, *Retiarii*, and *Andabata*—and of Christian martyrs and virgins. Here emperors, senators, knights, and soldiers, the lowest populace and the proudest citizens, gazed together on the bloody games, shouted together as the favourite won, groaned together fiercely as he fell, and startled the eagles sailing over the blue vault above with their wild cries of

* We preserve Mr. Story's orthography, which, although unusual, is doubtless correct. "The name Colosseum, or Coliseum as it is improperly called, seems to have been derived from its colossal proportions, and not, as has been supposed by some writers, from a colossal statue of one of the emperors placed within it" ('*Roba*,' i. 222). A correspondent of the '*Athenæum*' (7th February, 1863) says that, "in volume II. of the '*Lives of the Roman Emperors*,' p. 50 (Edit. Naples, 1768), there is a note which gives the reason why the correct orthography is Colosseum. Referring to the completion of the great amphitheatre by Titus, the note has the following: '*Nel mezzo del Anfiteatro si sorgeva una grande statua rappresentante Nerone, chiamata il Colosso di Nerone, da cui quel luogo prese il nome di Colosseo.*'" Mr. Story remarks that the present name is comparatively modern, and first occurs in the writings of the venerable Bede. To the ancient Romans the Colosseum was known as the *Amphitheatrum Flavium*.

triumph. Here might be heard the trumpeting of the enraged elephant, the savage roar of the tiger, the peevish shriek of the grave-rifling hyena; while the human beasts above, looking on the slaughter of the lower beasts beneath, uttered a wilder and more awful yell. Rome—brutal, powerful, bloodthirsty, Imperial Rome—built in its days of pride this mighty amphitheatre, and, outlasting all its works, it still stands, the best type of its grandeur and brutality. What St. Peter's is to the Rome of to-day, is the Colosseum to the Rome of the Cæsars. The baths of Caracalla, grand though they be, sink into insignificance beside it. The Cæsars' palaces are almost level with the earth. Over the pavement where once swept the imperial robes now slips the gleaming lizard; and in the indiscriminate ruins of those splendid halls the *contadino* plants his potatoes, and sells for a *paul* the oxidised coin which once may have paid the entrance fee to the great amphitheatre. The golden house of Nero is gone. The very Forum where Cicero delivered his immortal orations is all but obliterated, and antiquarians quarrel over the few columns that remain. But the Colosseum still stands; despite the assault of time and the work of barbarians it still stands, noble and beautiful in its decay—yes, more beautiful than ever."

How profound a calm has now replaced the rush and roar of conflict! You walk down to the Colosseum on one of those soft sunny mornings common in Rome in the early months of the year, and you find it kept by two, or three French sentries, and untenanted save by as many dilapidated *ciceroni*, who crawl out of their secret recesses as you enter the arena, and vie with each other for the honour of conducting you over the mighty remains, in which, as Mr. Story happily expresses it, "Nature has healed over the wounds of time with delicate grasses and weeds." The last time we visited the Colosseum, the drummers of a French regiment were out for practice in its immediate vicinity, startling the echoes of the wondrous old edifice with a diabolical clatter of stick against sheepskin. Saw-sharp-ening, or the simultaneous tuning of one hundred and fifty fiddles, is hardly more vexatious to the nerves than the

discordant rub-a-dub of a dozen squads of apprentice drummers, pounding their instruments with a deafening disregard to harmony. Persons are differently affected by the Colosseum, Mr. Story assures us—some with horror, some with sentiment, some with statistics. Persons who go there on drum-practice days are doubtless affected with a vehement desire to get out of earshot. Apart from the unpleasant nature of the noise, it, and the sight of its originators, are destructive of the day-dreams to which solitude and quiet in that great dilapidated structure are so eminently favourable. Most persons will admit that nothing in Rome has impressed them so strongly as the Colosseum. A German writer has said that the Americans are particularly affected by it, more so than most Europeans; and if this be the case, it is doubtless attributable to the striking contrast the tourist finds between those ruins of a mighty past and the upstart edifices of his own bran-new country. The Americans, it is said, were the first to light up the Colosseum with Bengal fire. A number of Germans, artists and others, attempted it with torches on a dark winter night, but the means were insufficient: the torches, although numerous, struggled in vain to dispel the deep nocturnal gloom which seemed condensed in the giant ruin. The attempt, however, gave the idea to the Americans, who quickly found the money for something on a grander scale; and the Roman pyrotechnists, who are first-rate in skill and experience, produced an illumination with coloured fires which drew out to the Colosseum not only the *forestieri* but the Romans themselves, usually very careless of the sights the foreigners most run after. Since then such illuminations have become comparatively common, and have been witnessed by most persons who have remained any time in Rome. The effect is very striking, and should be seen once, just as one goes to see the statuary at the Vatican by torchlight; but, for

both, the preference will generally be given to daylight, and also, as regards the Colosseum, to moonlight. For the best description of its appearance when lighted in this last-named manner, Mr. Story refers us to a book entitled, 'Rome and its Rulers,' by that impartial Irish M.P., Mr. John Francis Maguire, who, when in the Pope's dominions, was so peculiarly fortunate as to find there nothing which was not in the highest degree admirable and praiseworthy. Truly a book "in which many things are scented with rose-water," as Mr. Story remarks, and which may also justly be said to abound in moonshine. Of this latter commodity, as collected in the Colosseum, the eloquent Maguire thus discourses:—

"The moon was slowly pursuing her way up the blue sky, and gradually rising, *foot by foot*, to the height of the unbroken wall of the building, *now and then* peeping in through arch or window. . . . Patiently we awaited the higher elevation and full splendour of the chaste Dian, enjoying each new effect as she sported with the venerable ruin, and imparted to its grim antiquity a youthful flush—mocking but delightful illusion."

Nothing can be more striking than this picture of the moon going upstairs at a steady, composed pace, tearful, probably, of losing breath by speed, and occasionally pausing at a hole in the wall to squint through it at her Hibernian admirer. But your thoroughpaced Irish or British Ultramontane is very liable to lunar influences when he gets to Rome; and if he chance to be in Parliament, or in a position to make his voice heard in his own country, he is apt to have his head completely turned by the interested attentions shown to him in the highest quarters. We have happened more than once to see gentlemen of that class, devoted supporters of the Pope, by the influence of whose Irish adherents they had been carried into Parliament, arrive in Rome during the recess to seek materials for their speeches in the

approaching session. They stay but a short time, and generally know no Italian and little French, but that is a very trifling drawback. They find countrymen amongst the immediate friends and daily visitors of his Holiness, are made much of at the Vatican, are crammed to their hearts' content with carefully-prepared statistics and fabulous facts, and depart convinced, or seeming to be so, that they have a thorough knowledge of the state of the country, and that all that has been said about Papal misrule is sheer malignant invention. They are taken to see the prisons, and find them far better and more humane in their arrangements than those they looked into as they passed through Piedmont. Of course they do. In Piedmont there is little attempt at concealment. Whatever its faults, the Government there does not take much pains to appear better than it is. In Rome the confiding M.P. sees the model prisons—those kept for inspection. Does he imagine he has seen those where political prisoners are confined? Surely Messrs. Maguire, Hennessey, Bowyer, and Co., are not so credulous as that. The Vatican is far too knowing not to ease the consciences of its advocates. Why should they be reduced to the cruel alternative of silence or of speaking in opposition to what they know to be fact? In the Roman prisons there are rooms set apart for favoured prisoners, who there enjoy light and air, and are well fed and treated. Mr. Maguire was delighted with the Prison of San Michele, where, "instead of gloom, horror and noisome dungeons, I beheld a large, well-lighted, well-ventilated, and (could such a term be properly applied to any place of confinement) cheerful-looking hall." He goes on to talk of "the bright sun streaming in; the superior size and arrangement of the cells," &c. &c. Mr. Story, who dwells a good deal on the subject of Roman and Neapolitan prisons (as the latter were under the

Bourbons), and supplies various documents justificatory of the view which he and every unbiassed and rightly-informed person cannot do otherwise than take of them, refers to the well-known Casanova case—that of an unfortunate young Italian who, on his return from a residence in America, was arrested at Viterbo on the sole ground that he had no passport, and subjected to the most barbarous treatment in the Carcere Nuovo at Rome. Thence he was transferred to Naples, and, after a captivity of five or six years, was released by the arrival of Garibaldi. "Oh, Mr. Maguire," exclaims the author of the 'Roba,' "did you never suspect that if you had the mischance to be a poor Italian without parents or passport, instead of a member of Parliament, you might have been shown into other rooms than the '*Salone dei Preti*?' *Via!*" Why should Mr. Maguire trouble himself with such inconvenient suspicions? He and those who resemble him seek their information in the highest quarter—namely, from the Government; and having, beforehand, an excellent opinion of that Government, they cannot think of suspecting it of fraud or misstatement. Moreover he might find in Rome countrymen of his own, and possibly even some Englishmen, ready to support him in the belief that everything is for the best under the pious and enlightened rule of Antonelli. There are always a few bitter Irish bigots and zealous British perverts to be met with in the Papal capital, prompt to deny the existence of abuses, and to extol the excellent working of the priest-government under which the unfortunate Romans groan. They are made much of by the Monsignori, and graciously received by the Pope; and occasionally they find means of making some sort of demonstration which may be magnified in partisan journals into that of an important section of the British residents in Rome. It was an insignificant clique of this kind which, about two years ago, scan-

dalised their countrymen in that capital by waiting upon Francis II. of Naples with expressions of sympathy and good wishes.

The author of the 'Roba,' who does not dislike a good-natured hit at his own countrymen's peculiarities, is amusing with respect to their criticisms of the Colosseum, the Campagna, and other principal features of Rome and its environs. One young lady told him she thought the Colosseum "pretty, but not so pretty as Naples;" and a gentleman was of opinion that it was less well built than the custom-house in his native city, of which the correct lines, sharp angles, and whitewashed superficies were doubtless more grateful to his view than the ruins whose abundance constitutes one of Rome's chief charms. There are people who would be more struck with the excellent workmanship and first-rate bricks of the tall modern scarp which supports a part of the Colosseum that threatened to crumble away, than they would be with its ruined arches, its broken travertine blocks, its time-worn cornices and flower-draped benches, or than with the lovely ruins of Caracalla's baths, concerning which Mr. Story quotes Shelley, whilst himself describing them with much poetry of expression, and a warm perception of the beautiful. "Come with me," he says, "to the massive ruins of Caracalla's baths—climb its lofty arches and creep along the broken roofs of its perilous terraces. Golden gorses and wallflowers blaze there in the sun, out of reach; fig-trees, whose fruit no hand can pluck, root themselves in its clefts; pink sweetpeas and every variety of creeping vetch here bloom in perfection; tall grasses wave their feathery plumes out on dizzy and impracticable ledges; and nature seems to have delighted to twine this majestic ruin with its loveliest flowers. Sit here, where Shelley wrote the '*Prometheus Unbound*,' and look out over the wide-stretching Campagna." And if you have with you, as you ought to

have, when wandering over those giddy arches and broken platforms, the second volume of 'Roba di Roma,' turn to page 97, and read its accomplished author's graphic and glowing description of the view thence obtained. Unfortunately not all his countrymen possess the same feeling for the beautiful in nature — not all can find a charm in a time-stained marble block, moss-mantled and weed-entwined. To one of Mr. Story's countrymen the Colosseum was simply "an ugly, pokerish place," whilst another was chiefly struck by its circular form, and a third by the advantages it offered for love-making — this last being a recommendation, doubtless, but one that can hardly have been reckoned upon by the original designers of the edifice. One gentleman (we need not ask from which side of the Atlantic) was liberal enough to say, "I do not object, sir, to the carnival at Rome;" and Mr. Story assures us that he knows several who are equally indulgent to the Colosseum and to St. Peter's. He grieves to admit that English and Americans too often speak ill of the Campagna, which seems to him, he declares, the most beautiful and touching in its interest of all places he has ever seen; but he pillories a Frenchman who ventures to despise it. The confident Gaul had just come up from Naples, and was asked if he had seen the grand old temples at Paestum. "*Oui, monsieur,*" was his answer, "*j'ai vu le Peste. C'est un pays détestable; c'est comme la Campagne de Rome.*" Detestable enough, no doubt, says Story, after the fine military landscape that surrounds Paris; "where low bounding hills are flattened like earthworks and bastions, and stiff formal poplars are drawn up in squares and columns on the wide parade of its level and monotonous plains. It is also a peculiarity of the Frenchman that he underrates everybody and everything except himself and his country." Mr. Story is too much in love with the Campagna not to be jealous of its fame.

It is quite certain that, with many, this is not so good as it deserves. People who have not explored it are apt to picture it to themselves as a desolate tract, affording pasturage but little wood, and exhaling fever from every cleft in its soil. When once they have driven and ridden or walked (for much cannot be done on wheels) over its varied and picturesque surface, and seen it in the fresh springtime, when its green copses and hedges scent the air, and its sward is diapered with wild-flowers innumerable, many of which are amongst the choice ones of our English gardens, they are lost in astonishment at the beauty of the tract that surrounds Rome. Our own original notion of the Campagna was based on a picture of a dreary expanse, over which the first shades of night were spreading, chasing thence the last deep red glow of sunset; whilst in the centre of the melancholy, treeless plain, a peasant lad, in goat-skin breeks and elflocks, and suffering, apparently, under a severe attack of jaundice, tended a herd of pallid cattle, which gave one the idea of having just risen from the straw of sickness in some bovine fever hospital. How different this unprepossessing picture was from the reality need not be told to any who have taken the trouble to visit the vicinity of Rome, instead of limiting their daily exercise (as some of the visitors to that city most unwisely, both as regards health and enjoyment, are prone to do) to the small but agreeable garden on the Pincian Hill, and to the more extensive and certainly most delightful grounds of the Villas Borghese, Doria Pamphili, Albani, and other residences of the Roman princes. It would be tedious to enumerate even the half of the charming rides which are to be had within twenty miles of Rome, and which, it must be owned, the younger portion of the floating British population, both male and female, generally make the most of during the early spring months, much more to their own pleasure

and benefit than to those of the unfortunate hacks the Roman livery-stable keepers annually provide for the use of the *forestieri*. A regard for truth compels us also to declare that it is not the male portion of the English at Rome that those Campagna Rosinantes would, could they speak their minds, most object to carry. Rome—whose climate, by the by, has been thought by some to be generally more favourable to women than to men—seems to give our fair countrywomen strength and endurance for an amount of horse exercise they would seldom take in England. Acting upon the principle put into their mouths by 'Punch,' "He's a boss, and he must go," they may be seen daily urging their hired chargers across the plain, and performing their twenty-five or thirty miles, chiefly at a canter, to and from the various points of attraction, noted sites, favourite picnic spots, and the like, in the neighbourhood of Rome, and coming in, glowing with health, to dance half the night or more at the numerous pleasant parties given there during the first three or four months of every year. There used to be a subscription pack of hounds in Rome, but the sport was put a stop to, a few seasons ago, in consequence of a young member of the Roman aristocracy having broken his neck over a small ditch. Thereupon Pio Nono forbade the sport, which was considered rather hard upon the English, who, as heretics, might surely have been allowed to fracture themselves to any extent without causing much pain to his Holiness; and, indeed, this feeling was so general, that some were rather inclined to attribute the interdiction to Cardinal Antonelli's sympathy with the foxes. However that may have been, there was no obtaining a revocation of the edict, and the hounds were sold—to be re-purchased, perhaps, at a future day, when the White Cross of Savoy shall have replaced the Cross Keys on the pinnacles of a liberated Rome. The loss was a great one, however, to the English; and even many of

the Italians deplored the stoppage of the *mila*, as they called "the meet," which, however, with most of the foreigners (that is to say, of the non-English), was little more than a pretext for picnics and flirtations. Mr. Story, with a few humorous touches, gives us an excellent idea of the *modus operandi*:—

"The hounds bay and the hunt sweeps off in the distance—now lost to sight, and now emerging from the hollows. The volunteers soon begin to return, and are seen everywhere straggling about over the slopes. The carriages move on, accompanying, as they can, the hunt by the road, till it strikes across the country and is lost. The sunshine beats on the mountains that quiver in soft purple; larks sing in the air; Brown, Jones, and Robinson ride by the side of the carriages as they return, and Count Silinini smiles, talks beautiful Italian, and says, 'Yas.' He is a *guardia nobile*, and comes to the house twice a-week if there are no balls, and dances with Marianna at all the little hops. Signor Somarino pays his court meanwhile to Maria, who calls him Prince, emphasising the title when she meets her friends the Goony Browns. And so the hunting picnic comes back to Rome."

As a writer, Mr. Story's strong point is description of scenery, both rural and urban. He is excellent at a landscape; and, in the graphic views he presents to us of Rome's streets and squares and fountains and markets, beggars and models, washerwomen and *pifferari*, he is a compound of Prout and Pinelli. From the very first page of the book, one is attracted by the freshness of his vocabulary and the vividness of his style. With his Cleopatra and Sybil bright in our memory, we cannot think he mistook his vocation when devoting himself to sculpture; but certainly the glow and choice of his literary tints incline us to the belief that, as a painter, he might have been even more successful. We are unwilling to quote extensively from a book that will doubtless have been read by many of our readers ere this notice of it gets into their

hands, but there are fifty passages that we are tempted to extract instead of merely referring to them. The first short chapter, "Entrance," contains more than one of these. At page 11 we have a sketch of a couple of the Abruzzi *pifferari*, piping and blowing on their primitive instruments before one of the fifteen hundred Madonna shrines of Rome—images of the Virgin, with burning lamps, found in all manner of places, at street corners, down little lanes, in the heart of the Corso, in the interior courts of palaces, or on the staircases of private houses—which places the itinerants before us, in flesh and blood, in their conical hats with frayed feathers, red waistcoats and skin sandals, *wie sie lebten und leben*, as the Germans say, the old man with a sad amiable face, droning out bass and treble in an earnest and deprecatory manner, and the younger vigorous player on the *pifero*, "with a forest of tangled black hair, and dark quick eyes that were fixed steadily on the Virgin, while he blew and vexed the little brown pipe with rapid runs and nervous *floriture*, until great drops of sweat dripped from its round open mouth. Sometimes, when he could not play fast enough to satisfy his eagerness, he ran his finger up and down the vents; then suddenly lowering his instrument, he would scream, in a strong peasant voice, verse after verse of the *novena*, to the accompaniment of the *zampogna* (bagpipe). One was like a slow old Italian *vettura*, all lumbered with luggage and held back by its drag; the other panting and nervous at his work as an American locomotive, and as constantly running off the rails. As they stood there playing, a little group gathered round. A scamp of a boy left his sport to come and beat time with a stick on the stone step before them; several children clustered near; and one or two women, with black-eyed infants in their arms, also paused to listen and sympathise."

Every one who has been in Rome during Advent has seen this group, or one mighty like it and equally characteristic. Turn to the book (chapter on "Street Music in Rome") for the little scene that follows, for the music of the *pifferari* song, and for Mr. Story's conversation with the enthusiastic piper, whom, with his companions, he invited up into his house, where they agreeably stannned him with their noisy music, to the delight of his children and the astonishment of his servants, for whom *piffero* and *zampogna* had long since lost all charm, and who doubtless looked upon their introduction with somewhat of the same feeling of disgust with which London flunkies would behold that of a couple of organ-grinders and a cage of white mice into a Grosvenor Square drawing-room. However, Mr. Story took down the words of their quaint song, which we find printed, probably for the first time, in his book, and he also got from them some curious particulars of their wanderings. The man who blew the little brown pipe was quite a character. He and his companion had played together for three-and-thirty years, and their sons, who presently came up, were to play together with them. "For thirty-three years more, let us hope," said Mr. Story.

"*Eh! Speriamo*" (let us hope so), was the answer of the *pifferaro*, as he showed all his teeth in the broadest of smiles. Then, with a motion of his hand, he set both the young men going, he himself joining in, straining out his cheeks, blowing all the breath of his body into the little pipe, and running up and down the vents with a sliding finger, until finally he brought up against a high, shrill note, to which he gave the full force of his lungs, and after holding it in loud blast for a moment, startled us by breaking off, without gradation, into a silence as sudden as if the music had snapped short off like a pipe-stem."

There are a great many stories and incidents of and relating to Rome and its inhabitants scattered through the '*Roba*;' and although to us "old Romans," not all of these

may be new, the majority of them will be so to most readers, and they are generally well told and *ben trovato*. Amongst them we prefer those little anecdotes and traits of character which are evidently derived from the writer's personal observation, and which, therefore, as might be expected, are amongst the most racy morsels in the book. Take the following as an excellent specimen of quiet humour—a strain in which we like Mr. Story better than in his more buoyant mood:—

"My friend Count Cignale is a painter—he has a wonderful eye for colour and an exquisite taste. He was making me a visit the other day, and in strolling about the neighbourhood we were charmed with an old stone wall of as many colours as Joseph's coat; tender greys, dashed with creamy yellows and golden greens and rich subdued reds, were mingled together in its plastered stonework; above towered a row of glowing clematis covered with clusters of roseate blossoms. Nothing would do but that he must paint it, and so secure it at once for his portfolio; for who knows, said he, that the owner will not take it into his head to whitewash it next week, and ruin it? So he painted it, and a beautiful picture it made. Within a week the owner made a call on us. He had seen Cignale painting his wall with surprise, and deemed an apology necessary. 'I am truly sorry,' he said, 'that the wall is left in such a condition. It ought to be painted all over with a uniform tint, and I will do it at once. I have long had this intention, and I will no longer omit to carry it into effect.'

"'Let us beseech you,' we both cried at once, '*caro conte mio*, to do no such thing, for you will ruin your wall. What! whitewash it over!—it is profanation, sacrilege, murder, and arson.'

"He opened his eyes. 'Ah! I did not mean to whitewash it, but to wash it over with a pearl colour,' he answered.

"'Whatever you do to it you will spoil it. Pray let it alone. It is beautiful now.'

"'Is it, indeed?' he cried. 'Well, I hadn't the least idea of that. But if you say so, I will let it alone.'

"And thus we saved a wall."

The preceding scrap reminds us of a passage from Alphonse Karr, one of the most quietly-humorous of living French writers, who re-

lates, in one of his quaint, dreamy, desultory books, how a neighbour of his, who lived in a poor thatched cottage on the fringe of a wood, embowered in flowers, shaded by venerable trees, refreshed by the balmyest of breezes, and enlivened by the songs of countless birds, suddenly disappeared from the countryside. Karr, who had long admired the sylvan retreat, and almost envied its occupant, inquired his fate. He had become rich, he was told; a legacy had enabled him to go and live in the town. He could afford to rent two rooms with new furniture and a gaudy paper, and he looked out upon a dirty street, along which omnibuses continually rolled. "Poor rich man!" Karr pitying exclaims. He had whitewashed his wall.

The Roman Ghetto furnishes the theme of one of Mr. Story's longest and most lively chapters; Fountains and Aqueducts, Saints and Superstitions, the Evil Eye, are the titles of three others. He begins his second volume with a vivid and characteristic sketch of the Markets of Rome, which are well worth the attention of foreign visitors, especially of Englishmen, who will find their arrangements, and much of what is there sold, to contrast strikingly with what they are accustomed to in their own country. Carcasses of pigs and goats adorned with scraps of gold-leaf and tinsel, blood puddings of a brilliant crimson, poultry sold by retail—that is to say, piecemeal, so that you may buy a wing, a leg, or even the head or gizzard of a fowl, if so it please you. There is game of all sorts, and queer beasts and fowls of many kinds are also there; the wild boar rough and snarling—the slender tawny deer—porcupines (commonly eaten in Rome)—most of our English game-birds—ortolans, beccaficoes, and a great variety of singing-birds. Passing into the fruit and vegetable market, one comes upon mushrooms of many colours, and some of them of enormous size, most of which would in England

be looked upon as sudden death to the consumer, although in Italy they are found both savoury and harmless. "Here are the grey *porcini*, the foliated *alberetti*, and the orange-hued *ovole*; some of the latter of enormous size, big enough to shelter a thousand fairies under their smooth and painted domes. In each of these is a cleft stick, bearing a card from the inspector of the market, granting permission to sell; for mushrooms have proved fatal to so many cardinals, to say nothing of popes and people, that they are naturally looked upon with suspicion, and must all be officially examined to prevent accidents." Besides the fruits common in England, figs are very abundant, and of many kinds; and when the good ones come in, in September, the Romans of the lower classes assemble in the evenings, in the Piazza Navona, for great feasts upon them. Five or six persons surround a great basket and eat it empty, correcting possible evil results by a glass of strong waters or a flask of red wine. But figs are a wholesome fruit—much more so than one which at Rome, and in many parts of Southern Europe, is the most popular of all—namely, the water-melon. What millions of people, from the Danube's banks to the Portuguese coast, are daily refreshed the summer through by those huge green gourds, hard and unpromising in outward aspect, but revealing, at stroke of knife, rich store of rosy pulp, dotted with sable seeds! Pesth is a great place for them; and daily, when morning breaks, so long as they are in season, they are to be seen piled, all along the river-side, in heaps like those of shot and shell in an arsenal, only much broader and higher. All through the hot months, in Hungary's pleasant and interesting capital, few persons think of dining without associating with the more heating viands a moiety or enormous segment of one of those great cold fruits—a strange digestive, as we Northerners should con-

sider it, but found to answer well in sultry climes. At Rome they are equally appreciated, and are set above the choicest grapes. People make parties to go out of the city and eat them; and this was especially the case some years ago, when the authorities forbade their entrance on account of the cholera, but were unable to prevent their extramural consumption. In ordinary times you find heaps of them in the streets, especially in the Piazza Navona, that great mart of fruit and frippery, vegetables, old books, brilliant handkerchiefs, and other finery for the market-woman—old iron, old bottles, and rubbish of all kinds—amongst which miscellany the patient investigator may sometimes discover valuable copies of the classic authors and precious antique *intagli*, to be purchased for a mere song. Here, as the story goes, a poor priest once bought, for a few *batocchi*, a large cut-glass bead which took his fancy, and which a friend, more knowing than himself, afterwards discovered to be a diamond of great value, now belonging, we are told, to the Emperor of Russia. The priest disappeared, which leaves any ingenious and inventive writer full liberty to build a romantic tale upon the incident. The natural finale of the affair, Mr. Story opines, would have been for the priest to have married the Emperor's daughter, but his being in orders was an impediment; and so we are justified in presuming that some less agreeable means was found of easing him of his jewel, which, when he first possessed it, he took to be a drop from a chandelier, but to which he of course clung with desperate tenacity when enlightened as to the quality of the gem. Rome ought to be a good preserve for fiction-writers, there are so many family histories, traditions, and anecdotes current there, which would serve the novelist's turn. Edmund About availed himself of one such in his tale of 'Tolla;' and another over-true tale was interwoven, not very long since, in a pleasant novelet of Roman life

in the pages of this Magazine. Mr. Story's volumes abound in suggestive passages of the kind. If Rome be an admirable residence for an artist (and for some of the reasons why it is so, see the 'Roba,' i. p. 66, 67), it ought also to be an excellent one for a writer, were it not that it is found by many unfavourable to mental exertion. This is said to be particularly exemplified in the case of diplomatists, many of whom, after a certain time passed in the Papal capital, are apt to conceive an intense dislike to despatch-writing, and to keep their Governments extremely uninformed concerning the state of the Holy City and the prospects of Pontifical politics. We remember to have been told, when in Rome, the names of more than one foreign minister who had been recalled, it was asserted, for no other reason but that nothing could induce him to write despatches. Rome is certainly one of the places where there is most temptation, at least for one half of the year, to neglect business for pleasure; but there is possibly also something in the climate which disinclines many people to headwork. It is much the fashion to abuse the Roman climate; and this has been done, especially of late, by persons desirous to show that Rome is an undesirable, because a highly insalubrious, capital for united Italy. It is to be feared the grapes are sour, and that the yellow flag now hoisted would be struck at the same time with the French tricolour. Our own experience and observations induce us very much to concur with those passages of Mr. Story's book which relate to this question. "Rome has, with strangers, the reputation of being unhealthy; but this opinion I cannot think well founded—to the extent, at least, of the common belief." Many maladies, virulent and dangerous elsewhere, are very light in Rome; and for lung complaints it is well known that people repair thither. The "Roman fever," as it is commonly called (intermittent and *perniciosa*), is seldom suffered

from by the better classes of Romans; and Mr. Story (who speaks with authority after his many years' residence in Rome) believes that, with a little prudence, it may easily be avoided. The peasants of the Campagna are, it is well known, those who chiefly suffer from it, and why? "Their food is poor, their habits careless, their labour exhausting and performed in the sun, and they sleep often on the bare ground or a little straw. And yet, despite the life they lead and their various exposures, they are, for the most part, a very strong and sturdy class." Mr. Story gives it as a fact that the French soldiers who besieged Rome in '48, during the summer months, suffered very little from fever, although sleeping out on the Campagna; but they were better clothed and fed, and altogether more careful of themselves, than the native peasants. Generally speaking, the foreigners who visit Rome are less attentive than the Romans to certain common rules for the preservation of health. They eat and drink too much, and of the wrong things. They get hot, and then plunge into cold churches or galleries; whereas an Italian flies from a chill or current of air as from infection. Mr. Story gives a few simple rules, by following which he declares you may live twenty years in Rome without a fever. He cautions Englishmen against copious dinners, sherry and brandy, and his own countrymen against the morning-dinner which they call a breakfast; and supplies other useful hints and practical remarks. The subject is one which interests many, and such are referred to the 'Roba,' i. p. 156-161, and to the chapter on the Campagna, in which high authorities and ingenious arguments are brought to prove that in old times it was not insalubrious, and that in our own it need not be so. Population and cultivation are perhaps all that are needed to render tracts healthy that now are pestilential, but which assuredly were not so in the time of the ancient Romans, since many

of them, we know, were their favourite sites for patrician villas. Much might be done by an intelligent and active government, and especially by a good sanitary commission. There was one clever gentleman who wrote that Rome was ill fitted to be the capital of Italy on account of its deficiency in buildings suitable for government offices! Where good reasons are

not to be found silly ones may be resorted to, but they of course only weaken the cause they are intended to prop. And if it were to be urged that all the worst plagues flesh is heir to, combine to render Rome for the present impossible as capital of Italy, the most we could admit, by way of compromise, and borrowing a well-known answer, would be, "*non tutti, ma Buona parte.*"

CAXTONIANA:

A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON LIFE, LITERATURE, AND MANNERS.

By the Author of 'The Caxton Family.'

PART XV.

NO. XX.—ON SELF-CONTROL.

"HE who desires to influence others must learn to command himself," is an old aphorism, on which, perhaps, something new may be said. In the ordinary ethics of the nursery, self-control means little more than a check upon temper. A wise restraint, no doubt; but as useful to the dissimulator as to the honest man. I do not necessarily conquer my anger because I do not show that I am angry. Anger vented often hurries towards forgiveness; anger concealed often hardens into revenge.

A hasty temper is not the only horse that runs away with the charioteer on the Road of Life. Nor is it the most dangerous, for it seldom runs away far. It gives a jerk and a shake; but it does not take the bit between its teeth, and gallop blindly on, mile after mile, in one obstinate direction towards a precipice. A hasty temper is an infirmity disagreeable to others, undignified in ourselves—a fault so well known to every man who has it, that he will at once acknowledge it to be a fault which he ought to correct. He requires, therefore, no moralising essayist to prove to him

his failing, or teach him his duty. But still a hasty temper is a frank offender, and has seldom that injurious effect either on the welfare of others, or on our own natures, mental and moral, which results from the steady purpose of one of those vices which are never seen in a passion.

In social intercourse, if his character be generous and his heart sound, a man does not often lose a true friend from a quick word. And even in the practical business of life, wherein an imperturbable temper is certainly a priceless advantage, a man of honesty and talent may still make his way without it. Nay, he may inspire a greater trust in his probity and candour, from the heat he displays against trickiness and falsehood. Indeed there have been consummate masters in the wisdom of business who had as little command of temper as if Seneca and Epictetus had never proved the command of temper to be the first business of wisdom. Richelieu strode towards his public objects with a footstep unswervingly firm, though his servants found it the easiest thing in the world to

put him into a passion. Sometimes they did so on purpose, pleased to be scolded unjustly, because sure of some handsome amends. And in treating of self-control, I am contented to take that same Richelieu, the Cardinal, as an illustration of the various and expansive meaning which I give to the phrase. Richelieu did not command his temper in the sphere of his private household: he commanded it to perfection in his administration of a kingdom. He was cruel, but from policy, not from rage. Among all the victims of that policy, there was not one whose doom could be ascribed to his personal resentments. The life of no subject, and the success of no scheme, depended on the chance whether the irritable minister was in good or bad humour. If he permitted his temper free vent in his household, it was because there he was only a private individual. There, he could indulge in the luxury of ire without disturbing the mechanism of the state. There, generous as a noble and placable as a priest, he could own himself in the wrong, and beg his servants' forgiveness, without lowering the dignity of the minister, who, when he passed his threshold, could ask no pardon from others, and acknowledge no fault in himself. It was there where his emotions were most held in restraint,—there where, before the world's audience, his mind swept by concealed in the folds of its craft, as in Victor Hugo's great drama, *L'Homme Rouge* passes across the stage, curtained round in his litter, a veiled symbol of obscure, inexorable, majestic fate,—it was there where the dread human being seemed to have so mastered his thoughts and his feelings, that they served but as pulleys and wheels to the bloodless machine of his will,—it was there that self-control was in truth the most feeble. And this apparent paradox brings me at once to the purpose for which my essay is written.

What is SELF? What is that many-sided Unity which is centred

in the single Ego of a man's being? I do not put the question metaphysically. Heaven forbid! The problem it involves provokes the conjectures of all schools, precisely because it has received no solution from any. The reader is welcome to whatever theory he may prefer to select from metaphysical definitions, provided that he will acknowledge in the word Self the representation of an integral individual human being—the organisation of a certain fabric of flesh and blood, biased, perhaps, originally by the attributes and peculiarities of the fabric itself—by hereditary predispositions, by nervous idiosyncrasies, by cerebral developments, by slow or quick action of the pulse, by all in which mind takes a shape from the mould of the body;—but still a Self which, in every sane constitution, can be changed or modified from the original bias, by circumstance, by culture, by reflection, by will, by conscience, through means of the unseen inhabitant of the fabric. Not a man has ever achieved a something good or great, but will own that, before he achieved it, his mind succeeded in conquering or changing some predisposition of body.

True self-control, therefore, is the control of the entire and complex unity, the individual Self. It necessitates an accurate perception of all that is suggested by the original bias, and a power to adapt and to regulate, or to oppose and divert, every course to which that bias inclines the thought and impels the action.

For Self, left to itself, only crystallises atoms homogeneous to its original monad. A nature constitutionally proud and pitiless, intuitively seeks, in all the culture it derives from intellectual labour, to find reasons to continue proud and pitiless—to extract from the lessons of knowledge arguments by which to justify its impulse, and rules by which the impulse can be drilled into method and refined into policy.

Among the marvels of psycho-

logy, certainly not the least astounding is that facility with which the conscience, being really sincere in its desire of right, accommodates itself to the impulse which urges it to go wrong. It is thus that fanatics, whether in religion or in politics, hug as the virtue of saints and heroes the barbarity of the bigot, the baseness of the assassin. No one can suppose that Calvin did not deem that the angels smiled approbation when he burned Servetus. No one can suppose that when Torquemada devised the Inquisition, he did not conscientiously believe that the greatest happiness of the greatest number could be best secured by selecting a few for a roast. Torquemada could have no personal interest in roasting a heretic; Torquemada did not eat him when roasted; Torquemada was not a cannibal.

Again: no one can suppose that when the German student, Sand, after long forethought, and with cool determination, murdered a writer whose lucubrations shocked his political opinions, he did not walk to the scaffold with a conscience as calm as that of the mildest young lady who ever slaughtered a wasp from her fear of its sting.

So when Armand Richelieu marched inflexibly to his public ends, the spy on his left side, the executioner on his right, Bayard could not have felt himself more free from stain and reproach. His conscience would have found in his intellect not an accusing monitor but a flattering parasite. It would have whispered in his ear—"Great Man—Hero, nay, rather Demigod"—to destroy is thy duty, because to reconstruct is thy mission. The evils which harass the land—for which Heaven, that gave thee so dauntless a heart and so scheming a brain, has made thee responsible—

result from the turbulent ambition of nobles who menace the throne thou art deputed to guard, and the license of pestilent schisms at war with the Church of which thou art the grace and the bulwark. Pure and indefatigable patriot, undeterred by the faults of the sovereign who hates thee, by the sins of the people who would dip their hands in thy blood, thou toilest on in thy grand work serenely, compelling the elements vainly conflicting against thee into the unity of thine own firm design—unity secular, unity spiritual—one throne safe from rebels, one church free from schisms; in the peace of that unity, the land of thy birth will collect and mature and concentrate its forces now wasted and waning, till it rise to the rank of the one state of Europe—the brain and the heart of the civilized world! No mythical Hercules thou! Complete thy magnificent labours. Purge the land of the Lion and Hydra—of the throne-shaking Baron—the church-splitting Huguenot!"

Armand Richelieu, by nature not vindictive nor mean, thus motions without remorse to the headsman, listens without shame to the spy, and when asked on his deathbed if he forgave his enemies, replies, conscientiously ignorant of his many offences against the brotherhood between man and man, "I owe no forgiveness to enemies; I never had any except those of the State."

For human governments, the best statesman is he who carries a keen perception of the common interests of humanity into all his projects, howsoever intellectually subtle. But that policy is not for the interests of humanity which cannot be achieved without the spy and the headsman. And those projects cannot serve humanity which sanction persecution as the instrument of truth, and subject the fate of a

* An author dedicated a work to Richelieu. In the dedication, referring to the 'Siege of Rochelle,' he complimented the Cardinal with the word Hero. When the dedication was submitted to Richelieu for approval, he scratched out "Héros," and substituted "Demi-Dieu!"

community to the accident of a benevolent despot.

In Richelieu there was no genuine self-control, because he had made his whole self the puppet of certain fixed and tyrannical ideas. Now, in this the humblest and obscurest individual amongst us is too often but a Richelieu in miniature. Every man has in his own temperament peculiar propellers to the movement of his thoughts and the choice of his actions. Every man has his own favourite ideas rising out of his constitutional bias. At the onset of life this bias is clearly revealed to each. No youth ever leaves college but what he is perfectly aware of the leading motive-properties of his own mind. He knows whether he is disposed by temperament to be timid or rash, proud or meek, covetous of approbation or indifferent to opinion, thrifty or extravagant, stern in his justice or weak in his indulgence. It is while his step is yet on the threshold of life that man can best commence the grand task of self-control; for then he best adjusts that equilibrium of character by which he is saved from the despotism of one ruling passion or the monomania of one cherished train of ideas. Later in life our introversion is sure to be obscured — the intellect has familiarised itself to its own errors, the conscience is deafened to its own first alarms; and the more we cultivate the intellect in its favourite tracks, the more we question the conscience in its own prejudiced creed, so much the more will the intellect find skilful excuses to justify its errors, so much the more will the conscience devise ingenious replies to every doubt we submit to the casuistry of which we have made it the adept.

Nor is it our favourite vices alone that lead us into danger — noble natures are as liable to be led astray by their favourite virtues; for it is the proverbial tendency of a virtue to fuse itself insensibly into its neighbouring vice; and, on the other hand, in noble natures, a constitu-

tional vice is often drilled into a virtue.

But few men can attain that complete subjugation of self to the harmony of moral law, which was the aim of the Stoics. A mind so admirably balanced that each attribute of character has its just weight and no more, is rather a type of ideal perfection, than an example placed before our eyes in the actual commerce of life. I must narrow the scope of my homily, and suggest to the practical a few practical hints for the ready control of their faculties.

It seems to me that a man will best gain command over those intellectual faculties which he knows are his strongest, by cultivating the faculties that somewhat tend to counterbalance them. He in whom imagination is opulent and fervid will regulate and discipline its exercise by forcing himself to occupations or studies that require plain common sense. He who feels that the bias of his judgment or the tendency of his avocations is overmuch towards the positive and anti-poetic forms of life, will best guard against the narrowness of scope and feebleness of grasp which characterise the intellect that seeks common sense only in commonplace, by warming his faculties in the glow of imaginative genius; he should not forget that where heat enters it expands. And, indeed, the rule I thus lay down, eminent men have discovered for themselves. Men of really great imagination will be found to have generally cultivated some branch of knowledge that requires critical or severe reasoning. Men of really great capacities for practical business will generally be found to indulge in a predilection for works of fancy. The favourite reading of poets or fictionists of high order will seldom be poetry or fiction. Poetry or fiction is to them a study, not a relaxation. Their favourite reading will be generally in works called abstruse or dry — antiquities, metaphysics, subtle problems of criticism, or delicate niceties of

scholarship. On the other hand, the favourite reading of celebrated lawyers is generally novels. Thus in every mind of large powers there is an unconscious struggle perpetually going on to preserve its equilibrium. The eye soon loses its justness of vision if always directed towards one object at the same distance—the soil soon exhausts its produce if you draw from it but one crop.

But it is not enough to secure counteraction for the mind in all which directs its prevailing faculties towards partial and special results; it is necessary also to acquire the power to keep differing faculties and acquirements apart and distinct on all occasions in which it would be improper to blend them. When the poet enters on the stage of real life as a practical man of business, he must be able to leave his poetry behind him; when the practical man of business enters into the domain of poetry, he must not remind us that he is an authority on the Stock Exchange. In a word, he who has real self-control has all his powers at his command, now to unite and now to separate them.

In public life this is especially requisite. A statesman is seldom profound unless he be somewhat of a scholar; an orator is seldom eloquent unless he have familiarised himself with the world of the poets. But he will never be a statesman of commanding influence, and never an orator of lasting renown, if, in action or advice on the practical affairs of nations, he be more scholar or poet than orator or statesman. Pitt and Fox are memorable instances of the discriminating self-abnegation with which minds of masculine power can abstain from the display of riches unsuited to place and occasion.

In the Mr. Fox of St. Stephen's, the nervous reasoner from premises the broadest and most popular, there is no trace of the Mr. Fox of St. Anne's, the refining verbal critic, with an almost feminine delight in

the filigree and trinkets of literature. At rural leisure, under his apple-blossoms, his predilection in scholarship is for its daintiest subtleties; his happiest remarks are on writers very little read. But place the great Tribune on the floor of the House of Commons, and not a vestige of the fine verbal critic is visible. His classical allusions are then taken from passages the most popularly known. And, indeed, it was a saying of Fox's, "That no young member should hazard in Parliament a Latin quotation not found in the Eton Grammar."

Pitt was yet more sparing than Fox in the exhibition of his scholarship, which, if less various than his rival's, was probably quite as deep. And one of the friends who knew him best said, that Pitt rigidly subdued his native faculty of wit, not because he did not appreciate and admire its sparkles in orators unrestrained by the responsibilities of office, but because he considered that a man in the position of First Minister impaired influence and authority by the cheers that transferred his reputation from his rank of Minister to his renown as Wit. He was right. Grave situations are not only dignified but strengthened by that gravity of demeanour which is not the hypocrisy of the would be wise, but the genuine token of the earnest sense of responsibility.

Self-control thus necessitates, first, Self-Knowledge—the consciousness and the calculation of our own resources and our own defects. Every man has his strong point—every man has his weak ones. To know both the strong point and the weak ones is the first object of the man who means to extract from himself the highest degree of usefulness with the least alloy of mischief. His next task is yet more to strengthen his strong points by counterbalancing them with weights thrown into the scale of the weak ones; for force is increased by resistance. Remedy your deficiencies, and your merits will take care of themselves. Every man has in him good and evil. His

good is his valiant army, his evil is his corrupt commissariat; reform the commissariat, and the army will do its duty.

The third point in Self-control is Generalship—is Method—is that calm science in the midst of movement and passion which decides where to advance, where to retreat—what regiments shall lead the charge, what regiments shall be held back in reserve. This is the last and the grandest secret; the other two all of us may master.

The man who, but with a mind somewhat above the average (raised above the average whether by constitutional talent or laborious acquirement), has his own intellect, with all its stores, under his absolute control,—that man can pass from one state of idea to another—from action to letters, from letters to action—without taking from one the establishment that would burden the other. It is comparatively a poor proprietor who cannot move from town to country but what he must carry with him all his servants and half his furniture. He who keeps the treasures he has in-

herited or saved in such compartments that he may know where to look for each at the moment it is wanted, will rarely find himself misplaced in any change of situation. It is not that his genius is versatile, but that it has the opulent attributes which are essential to successful intellect of every kind. The attributes themselves may vary in property and in degree, but the power of the SELF—of the unity which controls all at its disposal—should be in the facility with which it can separate or combine all its attributes at its will.

It is thus, in the natural world, that an ordinary chemist may accomplish marvels beyond the art of magicians of old. Each man of good understanding, who would be as a chemist to the world within himself, will be startled to discover what new agencies spring into action merely by separating the elements dormant when joined, or combining those that were wasted in air when apart. In one completed Man there are the forces of many men. Self-control is self-completion.

NO. XXI.—THE MODERN MISANTHROPE.

"All the passions," saith an old writer, "are such near neighbours, that if one of them is on fire the others should send for the buckets." Thus love and hate being both passions, the one is never safe from the spark that sets the other ablaze. But contempt is passionless; it does not catch, it quenches fire. The misanthrope who professes to hate mankind has generally passed to, that hate from too extravagant a love. And love for mankind is still, though unconsciously to himself, feeding hate by its own unextinguished embers. "The more a man loves his mistress," says Rochefoucauld, "the nearer he is to hate her." Possibly so, if he is jealous; but in return, the more he declares he hates her, the nearer he is to loving her again. Vehement affec-

tions do not move in parallels but in circles. As applied to them the proverb is true, "*Les extrêmes se touchent.*" • A man of ardent temperament who is shocked into misanthropy by instances of ingratitude and perfidy, is liable any day to be carried back into philanthropy, should unlooked-for instances of gratitude and truth start up and take him by surprise. But if an egotist, who, inheriting but a small pittance of human affection, concentrates it rigidly on himself, should deliberately school his reason into calm contempt for his species, he will retain that contempt to the last. He looks on the world of man, with its virtues and vices, much as you, O my reader, look on an ant-hill! What to you are the virtues or vices of ants? It is this

kind of masked misanthropy which we encounter in our day—the misanthropy without a vizard belongs to a ruder age.

The misanthrope of Shakespeare and Molière is a passionate savage; the misanthrope who has just kissed his hand to you is a polished gentleman. No disgust of humanity will ever make *him* fly the world. From his club-window in St. James's his smile falls on all passers-by with equal suavity and equal scorn. It may be said by verbal critics that I employ the word misanthrope incorrectly—that, according to strict interpretation, a misanthrope means not a despiser but a hater of men, and that this elegant gentleman is not, by my own showing, warm-blooded enough for hate. True, but contempt so serene and immovable is the philosophy of hate—the intellectual consummation of misanthropy. My hero would have listened with approving nod to all that Timon or Alceste could have thundered forth in detestation of his kind, and blandly rejoined, "Your truisms, *mon cher*, are as evident as that two and two make four. But you can calculate on the principle that two and two make four without shouting forth, as if you proclaimed a notable discovery, what every one you meet knows as well as yourself. Men are scoundrels—two and two make four—reckon accordingly, and don't lose your temper in keeping your accounts." My misanthrope *à la mode* never rails at vice; he takes it for granted as the elementary principle in the commerce of life. As for virtue, he regards it as a professor of science regards witchcraft. No doubt there are many plausible stories, very creditably attested, that vouch for its existence, but the thing is not in nature. Easier to believe in a cunning imposture than an impossible fact. It is the depth and completeness of his contempt for the world that makes him take the world so pleasantly. He is deemed the man of the world

par excellence, and the World carresses and admires its Man.

The finest gentleman of my young day, who never said to you an unkind thing nor of you a kind one—whose slightest smile was a seductive fascination—whose loudest tone was a flute-like melody—had the sweetest way possible of insinuating his scorn of the human race. The urbanity of his manners made him a pleasant acquaintance—the extent of his reading an accomplished companion. No one was more versed in those classes of literature in which Mephistopheles might have sought polite authorities in favour of his demoniacal views of philosophy. He was at home in the correspondence between cardinals and debauchees in the time of Leo X. He might have taken high honours in an examination on the memoirs illustrating the life of French *salons* in the *ancien régime*. He knew the age of Louis Quinze so well that to hear him you might suppose he was just fresh from a *petit souper* in the *Parc aux Cerfs*.

Too universally agreeable not to amuse those present at the expense of those absent, still, even in sarcasm, he never seemed to be ill-natured. As one of his associates had a louder reputation for wit than his own, so it was his modest habit to father upon that professed *discur de bons mots* any more pointed epigram that occurred spontaneously to himself. "I wonder," said a dandy of another dandy who was no Adonis, "why on earth—has suddenly taken to cultivate those monstrous red whiskers." "Ah," quoth my pleasant fine gentleman, "I think for my part they become his style of face very much; A—says 'that they plant out his ugliness.'" For the rest, in all graver matters, if the man he last dined with committed some act which all honest men blamed, my misanthrope evinced his gentle surprise, not at the act, but the blame—"What did you expect?" he would

say, with an adorable indulgence, "he was a man—like *yourselves*!"

Sprung from one of the noblest lineages in Christendom—possessed of a fortune which he would smilingly say "was not large enough to allow him to give a shilling to any one else," but which, prudently spent on himself, amply sufficed for all the elegant wants of a man so emphatically single—this darling of fashion had every motive conceivable to an ordinary understanding not to be himself that utter rogue which he assumed every other fellow-creature to be. Nevertheless, he was too nobly consistent to his creed to suffer his example to be at variance with his doctrine; and here he had an indisputable advantage over Timon and Alceste, who had no right, when calling all men rogues, to belie their assertion by declining to be rogues themselves. His favourite amusement was whist, and in that game his skill was so consummate that he had only to play fairly in order to add to his income a sum which, already spending on himself all that he himself required, he would not have known what to do with. But, as he held all men to be cheats, he cheated on principle. It was due to the honour of his philosophy to show his utter disdain of the honour which imposters preached, but which only dupes had the folly to practice. If others did not mark the aces and shuffle up the kings as he did, it was either because they were too stupid to learn how, or too cowardly to risk the chance of exposure. He was not as stupid, he was not as cowardly, as the generality of men. It became him to show his knowledge of their stupidity and his disdain of their cowardice. *Bref*—he cheated!—long with impunity: but, as Charron says, *L'homme se pique*—man cogs the dice for his own ruin. At last he was suspected, he was watched, he was detected. But the first thought of his fascinated victims was not to denounce, but to warn him—kindly letters conveying deli-

cate hints were confidently sent to him; he was not asked to disgorge, not exhorted to repent; let bygones be bygones, only for the future, would he, in playing with his intimate associates, good-naturedly refrain from marking the aces and shuffling up the kings?

I can well imagine the lofty smile with which the scorner of men must have read such frivolous recommendations to depart from the philosophical system adorned in vain by his genius if not enforced by his example. He who despised the opinions of sages and saints—he to be frightened into respecting the opinions of idlers at a club!—send to him an admonition from the world of honour, to respect the superstitions of card-players! as well send to Mr. Faraday an admonition from the world of spirits to respect the superstitions of table-rappers! To either philosopher there would be the same reply—"I go by the laws of nature." In short, strong in the conscience of his opinion, this consistent reasoner sublimely persevered in justifying his theories of misanthropy by his own resolute practice of knavery, inexcusable and unredeemed.

"What Timon thought, this god-like Cato was!"

But man, whatever his inferiority to the angels, is still not altogether a sheep. And even a sheep only submits to be sheared once a year; to be sheared every day would irritate the mildest of lambs. Some of the fellow-mortals whom my hero smiled on and plundered, took heart, and openly accused him of marking the aces and shuffling up the kings. At first his native genius suggested to him the wisdom of maintaining, in smiling silence, the contempt of opinion he had hitherto so superbly evinced. Unhappily for himself, he was induced by those who, persuaded that a man of so high a birth could never have stooped to so low a peccadillo, flattered him with the assurance of an easy triumph over his aspersers—unhap-

pily, I say, he was [induced into a departure from that system of action which he had hitherto maintained with so supreme a success. He condescended, for the first time in his life, to take other men into respect—to regard what might be thought of him by a world he despised. He brought an action for libel against his accusers. His counsel, doubtless by instruction, sought to redeem that solitary inconsistency in his client, by insinuating that my lord's chosen associates were themselves the cheats, malignant conspirators against the affable hawk of quality in whom they had expected to find a facile pigeon.

The cuttle-fish blackens the water to escape from his enemies, but he does not always escape; nay, in blackening the water, he betrays himself to the watchful spectators. My hero failed in his action, and quitted the court leaving behind him the bubble reputation. If I am rightly informed, Adversity, that touchstone of lofty minds, found this grand philosopher as serene as if he had spent his life in studying Epictetus. He wrapt himself, if not in virtue, at least in his scorn of it,—

“Et udo
Spernit humi defugiente penno.”

He retired to the classic Tusculum of his villa in St. John's Wood. There, cheered by the faithful adherence of some elegant companions, who, if they did not believe him innocent, found him unalterably agreeable, he sipped his claret and moralised on his creed. Doubtless he believed that “the talk would soon subside,” “the thing blow over.” The world would miss him too much not to rally again round the sage who so justly despised it. Perhaps his belief might have been realised, but,

“Vite summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam”—

Death, the only player that no man can cheat, cut into this table, and trumped the last card of his long suit.

In the more brilliant period of this amiable man-scorner's social career, once, and once only, he is said to have given way to anger. One of his associates (I say designedly associates, not friends, out of respect for his memory, since friendship is a virtue, and he therefore denied its existence)—one of his associates, warmed perhaps into literature by his own polite acquaintance with all that is *laide* in *belles lettres*, wrote a comedy. The comedy was acted. My hero honoured the performance by appearing in the author's box. Leaning forward so as to be seen of all men, he joined his hands in well-bred applause of every abortive joke and grammatical solecism, till, in a critical part of the play, there occurred a popular claptrap—a something said in praise of virtue and condemnation of vice. The gallery of course responded to the claptrap, expressing noisy satisfaction at the only sentiment familiar to their comprehension which they had hitherto heard. But my archetype of modern misanthropy paused aghast, suspended

“The soft collision of applauding gloves,”

and, looking at his associate as reproachfully as Cæsar might have looked at Brutus when he sighed forth “*Et tu, Brute!*” let fall these withering words. “Why, Billy, this is betraying the Good Old Cause.” So saying, he left the box, resentful. Now, this man I call the genuine, positive, realistic Misanthrope, compared to whom Timon and Alceste are poetical make-believes!

SPEDDING'S LIFE OF BACON.

MR. SPEDDING, in the modest form of a commentary on the letters and occasional writings of Lord Bacon, is now giving us a biography of that celebrated man, which bids fair, for a long time to come, to be our highest authority on the subject. To place all the facts before us on which our judgment of the character of Lord Bacon should be formed, is his great object; he deals in few assertions of his own; he is disposed to let facts speak for themselves; he guides our opinion by a full narrative of the events, and makes few attempts to influence us by argument or eloquence. A more satisfactory or trustworthy book has rarely come before us.

We will not say that Mr. Spedding's narrative is never coloured by an imagination which has received its unconscious prompting from his admiration of Bacon: one rather amusing instance of this colouring of the imagination we think we have detected, and shall have occasion to notice; but no admiring biographer of a great man has more studiously refrained from thrusting forward his own opinions or conceptions where the reader is merely desirous of obtaining a clear insight into the facts themselves. Mr. Spedding has not yet completed his task, but he has given us in these two volumes more materials of interest than in the space of a single paper we shall have room to touch upon, and the main topic which occupies them is fully discussed and finally dismissed.

That topic is the relation between Bacon and Essex. Of the splendid Essay of Lord Macaulay's, which is still ringing in the ears of most English readers, no part was written with more force, or was more damaging to the character of Bacon, than that which treated of

his conduct to the Earl of Essex. Many who could have forgiven the peccant Chancellor for being too ready to accept whatever was offered to him in the shape of present or gratuity, could not pardon the cold-blooded and faithless friend. Now it is precisely on this subject that Mr. Spedding presents us with materials for forming a very different judgment from that which the eloquent pages of Macaulay had betrayed us into. Up to the period when Essex disappears from the scene, these two volumes give us their clear guidance. Of that guidance we very gladly avail ourselves.

We would premise that it is not our purpose, or endeavour, to defend Bacon at all points—to robe our Chancellor in spotless ermine; neither do we think that the result of renewed investigation is a clear verdict of "Not Guilty" on all the charges that have been brought against him. There is much in Macaulay's estimate both of the character and the philosophy of Bacon with which we cordially agree. It happens frequently with great historic names that there is an oscillation of public opinion; the too harsh verdict of one writer, or one age, is followed by a verdict as much too lenient. Such oscillation seems to have lately taken place with regard to Bacon, and the disposition is at present to find nothing blameworthy in him. This disposition we do not share. We think that no good is done, but rather harm, when enthusiasm for the brilliant achievements of any man, whether in a career of war, or statesmanship, or letters, induces us to shut our eyes to his moral defects. For in these cases we do not, and cannot, exactly *shut our eyes*: we do something worse; we

try to see that vices are not vices. We lower our standard, that we may pass no unfavourable judgment. It is an ill lesson that teaches us to forgive the overbearing despotism of a great soldier or great minister, or the rascality of a great wit; to see no injustice in a Napoleon, and no villany in a Sheridan. We believe that the censure of Lord Macaulay is too severe, but it is censure and not praise which the character of Bacon provokes. We all know that the fervid eloquence, or rather the ardent temperament, of our more than English Livy, led him into manifest exaggerations; but in general, we should say that his drawing is true to nature, except that it had this too swelling outline. His exaggerations were like those of Michael Angelo, who drew muscled disproportionately large, but who never drew a muscle where none existed. A sterling good sense presided over the verdicts of Macaulay—over the yes or no; but the verdict once determined, the impassioned orator ran the risk of falsifying it by the ruthless, unmitigated energy with which it was delivered.

We should not say of Bacon either that he was the "greatest" or the "meanest" of mankind. But as certainly as he was great in his intellectual attributes, so certainly was he *not* great in his moral character. Here he lacked elevation. He could tolerate artifice, and dissimulation, and gross flattery. If the crime of Essex justified him, as we are inclined to think it did, in breaking entirely with that nobleman, and treating him as an enemy to the State, what are we to say of the strain of advice which he habitually gives to Essex while the two are yet in perfect amity? A mere personal ambition, to be obtained by the petty arts of the courtier, is all that he prompts his friend to aspire after. Win the Queen—honestly, if possible; but, at all events, win the Queen! This is the burden of his counsel. Bacon was *great* in his intellectual specu-

lations; he was *mean* in the conduct of life. The antithesis still remains to us in a modified form. All his life is a continual suing for place; and what he obtained by flattery and subservience, he lost by some poor cupidity.

Bacon was a philosopher from his youth, but from his youth to his old age he was also a lover of social distinctions, and of a sumptuous mode of life. If he had the desire to take all human knowledge for his province, and to extend his name and his good influence into future ages, if he desired to be a reformer even of philosophy itself, he had also other desires of a much more commonplace description; not evil in themselves—good perhaps in themselves—but not subordinated to the high morality which might have been expected from one so wise. But if in his rise to power he showed too much servility—if, when in the seat of power, he showed too much cupidity,—surely no one ever fell from greatness, no one was ever struck down from the seat of power, for so slight a measure of criminality. No historic personage can be mentioned amongst us, on whom so severe a punishment, so deep a disgrace was inflicted for a fault so little heinous.

The first great error which Bacon committed, the consequence of which pursued him all his life, was *the running into debt*. It was a life-long fault. It was his fault, not his misfortune. He received less, we know, from his father than he might reasonably have expected, less than his brothers had received, but no biographer has ventured to call him poor—so poor that he could not have held his ground as a student of the law without incurring debt. Whether it was mere carelessness and imprudence, or a wilful spending "according to his hopes, not his possessions," we find him very early in debt; and as years advance we find the debts, of course, more and more onerous. No one knew better than Bacon that he

who owes has to borrow, and that he who borrows will have, in some form, to beg, to sue—will be tempted to sordid actions—will lose his independence, his upright attitude amongst men. There is no greater slavery than debt. It bred in Bacon that "itching palm," and that perpetual aching which disgrace his career.

He begins to sue from his very first entry into life. He puts his trust in the Lord Treasurer. And what is remarkable, the very nature of the first suit he makes is unknown. It was some office, *not* of a legal character, as we should conjecture. Writing to Walsingham about it, he says that the delay in answering it "hinders me from taking a course of practice which, by the leave of God, if her Majesty like not of my suit, I must and will follow: *not for any necessity of estate, but for my credit sake*, which I know by living out of action will wear." At this date, 25th August, 1585, he does not plead absolute inability to live on his private fortune. Subsequently, when his debts have increased, he writes upon this subject in a very different strain. He is embarrassed by usurers; he is arrested; debt comes upon him, as he says, like an armed man.

Of the earliest years of Bacon few memorials remain. But Mr. Spedding brings together two conspicuous facts. The first is, that Bacon at the age of fifteen, conceives his project of a reformation in philosophy; and the second is, that immediately on leaving college he accompanies Sir Anias Paulet on his embassy to France. Thus philosophy and diplomacy, speculation and statecraft, study and the world, take at once joint possession of Francis Bacon.

Of the first of these facts, and the most important in his life, Mr. Spedding speaks in a passage of much eloquence, glowing and chastened withal:—

"That the thought first occurred to him during his residence at Cambridge, therefore before he had completed his

fifteenth year, we know upon the best authority—his own statement to Dr. Rawley. I believe it ought to be regarded as the most important event of his life—the event which had a greater influence than any other upon his character and future course. From that moment there was awakened within his breast the appetite which cannot be satiated, and the passion which cannot commit excess. From that moment he had a vocation which employed and stimulated all the energies of his mind, gave a value to every vacant interval of time, an interest and significance to every random thought and casual accession of knowledge—an object to live for as wide as humanity, as immortal as the human race—an idea to live in vast and lofty enough to fill the soul for ever with religious and heroic aspirations. From that moment, though still subject to interruptions, disappointments, errors, and regrets, he could never be without either work or hope or consolation."

But this young philosopher is son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, the late Lord Chancellor; the Queen has laid her hand upon his head while yet a boy, and called him her young Lord Keeper; he is nephew to the Prime Minister; he dreams of courts, of place, of power. He must unite his lofty speculations with the great affairs of State; he must survey human knowledge from the high places of society. He enters Gray's Inn, is a student of the law, and his heart aches after office and promotion.

There is one person very intimately connected with Bacon, whom Mr. Spedding has brought before us with a novel distinctness—his mother, Lady Bacon. We are not aware that her presence will throw much light on the character of her son, but henceforth, we are sure, no biography of the son will be written in which this lady will not be a conspicuous figure. She is one of those strongly-marked characters that always please the imagination; dogmatic, perverse, full of maternal anxiety, pious, and splenetic, with marvellous shrewd sense and a very ungovernable temper. The knowledge of her character would enable us to answer one question.

Presuming that any one should think fit to ask why Bacon did not seek the retirement of Gorhambury, the answer is quite ready. There would have been no peace for him under the roof of his lady mother. Puritan and termagant, his philosophy would have been "suspect" to her; and his retirement would have been certainly denounced as unpardonable sloth. She is a learned lady, mingles scraps of Latin and Greek in her epistles, and she can write, when the occasion demands, in a very stately English style—stately, but straightforward withal. Her son's epistolary style is often involved and verbose. He does not often come so directly to the point as Lady Bacon does in the following letter, written to Lord Burghley, in the interest of the Nonconformist clergy, or *Preachers*, as they were then called. In a conference which had lately taken place at Lambeth between them and the bishops, she thinks they had not fair-play; she appeals, in their name, her Majesty and the Council:—

"They would most humbly crave, both of God in heaven, whose cause it is, and of their Majesty, their most excellent sovereign here on earth, that they might obtain quiet and convenient audience rather before her Majesty herself, whose heart is in God his hand to touch and to turn, or before your Honours of the Council, whose wisdom they greatly reverence; and if they cannot strongly prove before you out of the word of God that reformation which they so long have called and cried for to be according to Christ his own ordinance, then to let them be rejected with shame out of the Church for ever. . . . And therefore, for such weighty conference they appeal to her Majesty and her honourable wise Council, whom God has placed in highest authority for the advancement of His kingdom; and refuse the bishops for judges, who are parties partial in their own defence, because they seek more worldly ambition than the glory of Jesus Christ."

Mr. Spedding next introduces to us the same lady under the agitations, as he says, of maternal anxiety. Anthony Bacon, the elder brother of Francis, has been long upon the Continent collecting intelligence, and otherwise

amusing or occupying himself. He sends over one Lawson, a confidential servant, to Lord Burghley with some important communication. Lawson is a Catholic. That her son Anthony should be so long in Popish parts is a dire grievance to Lady Bacon; that he should have in his confidence a Papist servant, is not to be borne. She prevails upon Burghley to have this Lawson arrested and retained in England. One snake is, at all events, caught, and shall be held firm. Anthony writes to his friend, Francis Allen, to obtain for him the liberation of Lawson. Allen, furnished with a letter from Lord Burghley (who seems, for his own part, to be willing to release the man) proceeds to Gorhambury. His intercession with Lady Bacon he tells himself in a letter to Anthony:—

"Upon my arrival at Godombery my lady used me courteously until such time I began to move her for Mr. Lawson, and, to say the truth, for yourself;—being so much transported with your abode there that she let not to say that you are a traitor to God and to your country: you have undone her; you seek her death; and when you have that you seek for, you shall have but a hundred pounds more than you have now."

"She is resolved to procure her Majesty's letter to force you to return; and when that shall be, if her Majesty gave you your right or desert, she should clap you up in prison. . . ."

"I am sorry to write it, considering his deserts and your love towards him; but the truth will be known at the last, and better late than never: it is vain to look for Mr. Lawson's return, for these are her ladyship's own words—'No, no,' saith she, 'I have learned not to employ ill to good; and if there were no more men in England, and although you should never come home, he shall never come to you.'"

"It is as impossible to persuade my lady to send him, as for myself to send you Paul's steeple. . . ."

"When you have received your provision, make your repair home again, lest you be a means to shorten her days, for she told me the grief of mind received daily by your stay will be her end; also saith her jewels be spent for you, and that she borrowed the last money of seven several persons."

"Thus much I must confess unto you for a conclusion, that I have never seen and never shall see a wise lady, an honourable woman, a mother more perplexed for her son's absence, than I have seen that honourable dame for yours. Therefore lay your hand on your heart, look not for Mr. Lawson; here he bath, as a man may say, heaven and earth against him and his return."

Soon after this Anthony does return home, and Lady Bacon addresses him a letter, in which there are some allusions to Francis, which will be read with interest:—

"This one chiefest counsel your Christian and natural mother doth give you even before the Lord, that above all worldly respects you carry yourself ever at your first coming as one that doth unfeignedly profess the true religion of Christ, and hath the love of the truth now, by long continuance, fast settled in your heart, and that with judgment, wisdom, and discretion; and are not afraid or ashamed to testify the same by hearing and delighting in those religious exercises of the sincerer sort, be they French or English. *In hoc noli adhibere fratrem tuum ad consilium aut exemplum.*

"I trust you, with your servants, use prayer twice in a day, having been where reformation is. Omit it not for any. It will be your best credit to serve the Lord duly and reverently, and you will be observed at first now. Your brother is too negligent herein, but do you well and zealously; it will be looked for of the best-learned sort, and that is best."

Full of prudence, full of zeal, suspecting her sons themselves and every one about them, anxious to manage them on all points, whether in their diet or their religion, such is Lady Bacon. She is writing still to Anthony.

"*Gratia et salus.* That you increase in amending I am glad. God continue it every way. When you cease of your prescribed diet, you had need, I think, to be very wary both of your sudden change of quantity and of season of your feeding—especially suppers late or full. Procure rest in convenient time: it helpeth much to digestion. I verily think your brother's weak stomach to digest hath been much caused and confirmed by untimely going to bed, and

then musing *necesse quid* when he should sleep, and then, in consequent, by late rising and long lying in bed, whereby his men are made slothful, and himself continueth sickly. But my sons haate not to hearken to their mother's good counsel in time to prevent. The Lord, our heavenly Father, heal and bless you both as His sons in Christ Jesus. I promise you, touching your coach, if it be so to your contentation, it was not wisdom to have it seen or known at the Court; you shall be so much pressed to lend, and your man, for gain, so ready to agree, that the discommodity thereof will be as much as the commodity. Let not your men see my letter. I write to you, and not to them."

And again a few days later:—

"I am glad, and thank God of your amendment. But my man said he heard you rose at three of the clock. I thought that was not well, so suddenly from bedding much to rise so early—newly out of your diet. . . . I like not your lending your coach yet to my lord and lady. If you once begin, you shall hardly end. It was not well it was so soon sent into the Court to make talk, and at last be promised and disliked. Tell your brother I counsel you to send it no more. What had my Lady Shrieves to borrow your coach?"

Any comment of ours would only weaken the effect of such graphic letters as these. We are enabled even to follow our zealous dogmatic, yet motherly woman, into her own household. Edward Spencer was a servant of Anthony's, but was left for some reason at Gorchamby. He writes to his master:—

"My humble duty remembered to your good worship. I thought good to write to you to testify you how unquiet my lady is with all her household." [Then he enters into a long story how my lady had said of a certain "grenen bitch," whatever that may be, that it should be hanged; and how, when Edward Spencer obeys her command, and hangs the dog, my lady breaks out into a "fransey."]—"My lady do not speak to me as yet. I will give none offence to make her angry; but nobody can please her long together."

And again—

"My humble duty first remembered

to your good worship. I thought good to write unto you to sartye you of my lady's great unquietness in the house. Since her last falling-out with me she showed me a good countenance as ever she did before. Now, yesterday I had a sparhawk given me, and she killed a brace of partridges, and then I came home before the evening was shut in; indeed, all the folks had supped; whereat she seemed to be very sore angry with these words—'What come you home now! I would you and your hawk would keep you away altogether. You have been a-breaking of hedges between neighbour and neighbour, and now you come home out of order, and show an ill example in my house. Well, you shall keep no hawk here.' 'I am the more sorrier I have given no excuse that your ladyship should be offended, nor I will not. To please your ladyship I will pull off her head.' Whereat she stamped and said, I would do by her as I did by the bitch. Inasmuch she would let me have no supper. So truly I went to bed without my supper. There is not one man in the house but she fell out withal, and is not in charity one day in a week but with priests, which will undo her. There is one Page that had six pounds on her. Mr. Willcocks had a paper with a great deal of gold in it. Well-bled had two quarters of wheat. Dicke had something the other day; what, I know not."

There is more of the same kind; though whether it is quite fair to take the testimony of this Edward Spencer without hearing what Lady Bacon could report of *him*, is worth a thought. He must have been a surly fellow, from his offering so readily to pull off the hawk's head. Our next quotation brings us back to Francis, and the unhappy subject of his debts: we have hints, too, of the influence under which she suspects these debts to be incurred, which the modern biographer is unable to follow out; and which, from the different manners of a former age, it is difficult entirely to understand. But we are confirmed by these extracts in our previous convictions, that the loss which Francis is said to have sustained by the sudden death of his father (who thus failed to make the full provision for him he intended) cannot be represented as

the real cause of his embarrassments. Mr. Spedding represents this fact "as perplexing the problem of his life with a new and inconvenient addition." But it could not have materially perplexed the problem of his life, unless it disabled him from living upon his private fortune. It made him a poorer gentleman; but if he had been a richer, he would still have been a suitor at the Court, and still, in all probability, have incurred debts. He and Anthony live together, and we find them alternately assisting each other. There is no evidence of a great disparity in their fortunes. What share Francis had in the "coach" we know not, but we hear of him purchasing horses; and certainly the mother does not look upon the embarrassments of Francis as some inevitable consequence of his position. She is applied to, in the present case, to assist him in the payment of his debts, by joining in the sale of an estate which belongs to him, but in which she has some legal right. Anthony makes the request, and receives the following reply:—

"For your brotherly care of your brother Francis's estate you are to be well liked, and so I do as a Christian mother that loveth you both as the children of God; but, as I wrote but in a few words yesterday by my neighbour, the state of you both doth much disquiet me, as in Greek words I signified shortly.

"I have been too ready for you both till nothing is left. And surely, though I pity your brother, yet so long as he pitieth not himself, but keepeth that bloody Percy, as I told him then, yea as a coach-companion and bed-companion—a proud, profane, costly fellow, whose being about him I verily fear the Lord God doth mislike, and doth less bless your brother in credit and otherwise in his health,—surely I am utterly discouraged, and make a conscience further to undo myself to maintain such wretches as he is. This Jones (!) never loved your brother, indeed, but for his own credit, being upon your brother, and thankless, though bragging. But your brother will be blind to his own hurt. . . . It is most certain till

first Enny (!), a filthy, wasteful knave, and his Welshman, one after another—for take one, and they will still swarm ill-favouredly—did so lead him, as in a train; he was a towardly young gentleman, and a son of much good hope in goodliness. But seeing that he hath nourished most sinful proud villains wilfully, I know not what other answer to make."

Then, partly relenting, she adds, in a postscript:—

"If your brother desire a release to Mr. Harvey, let him so require it himself, and but upon this condition, by his own hand and bond, I will not; that is, that he make and give me a true note of all his debts, and leave to me the whole order and receipt of all his money for his land, to Harvey, and the just payment of all his debts thereby. And, by the mercy and grace of God, it shall be performed by me to his quiet discharge, without cumbering him, and to his credit. For I will not have his cormorant seducers, and instruments of Satan to him, committing foul sin by his countenance to the displeasing of God and his godly true fear. Otherwise I will not, *pro certo*."

This was a condition which, as Mr. Spedding observes, was hard of digestion for an expectant Attorney-General. It was not complied with. But we need not attempt to follow these obscure transactions further; and here we may part company with Lady Bacon. In justice to her let it be added that, if she scolded her son Francis, she could assert his claims boldly before others. In a reported conversation with Sir Robert Cecil she does not scruple to hint that he is but ill used by his powerful relatives. She little understands what manner of son she has; she says truly that he is thinking *nescio quid*, but she is not without a certain degree of motherly pride, as well as motherly tenderness, for him.

We must now turn to that portion of Bacon's history in which we see him brought into relationship with Essex. Mr. Spedding has represented the friendship of the two men as being based on very noble motives. Essex was no doubt at-

tracted to Bacon, in the first instance, by a generous admiration for his talents. But we do not find that on Bacon's side there was any reciprocal ardour. We cannot help thinking that what Bacon chiefly saw in Essex was the young nobleman likely to be the great favourite of Elizabeth. Bacon, we are told by Mr. Spedding, saw in Essex a man capable of "entering heartily into all his largest speculations for the good of the world, and placed by accident in a position to realise, or help to realise them. It was natural to hope that he could do it."

—(Vol. i. p. 106.) We have a portrait of Essex, as he first appeared to Bacon, drawn in glowing colours. This young nobleman is not only described 'as being (what all have admitted) generous, brave, and ardent in his friendship, but credit is given him for wide contemplative ends, or, at least, an aptitude is presumed in him for purely patriotic or philanthropic purposes. Now, from the commencement to the termination of his career, all his good qualities are seen in the service of a mere flagrant personal ambition. He is jealous of every honour bestowed upon another: he must be first in the country. And so far from detecting any great plan or noble intention in the use of power, we see him, still at an early age, prepared to throw the whole nation into confusion in order to obtain place or power for himself. And as to Bacon, throughout the whole of his correspondence with Essex there are no traces of anything higher than prudential and sometimes crafty counsels, how best to obtain favour and advancement at Court. The relationship between them is chiefly this, that Essex is to obtain office and promotion for Bacon, and Bacon by his aid and advice is to administer to the greatness of Essex. The relationship has nothing in it peculiarly reprehensible, but nothing certainly of an elevating character. Sometimes the strain of advice which the philosopher gives is of a quite ignoble

character, counselling, as 'it' does, a tricky, dissimulating conduct. It is no Utopia of any kind, moral or scientific, that he has in view for Essex, or for himself as connected with Essex. It is how to rise at Court that he studies for his friend, and it is the petty arts of the courtier that he sometimes condescends to teach.

We will content ourselves with one quotation: it must be a rather long one, because a single sentence wrung from its context may give no fair impression of the general strain of a letter of advice. The following was written to Essex soon after his famous expedition to Cadiz:—

"I said to your Lordship last time, *Martha, Martha, attende ad plurima, unum sufficit*; win the Queen; if this be not the beginning, of any other course I see no end. . . .

"For the removing the impression of your nature to be *opiniastre*, and not rutable: First, and above all things, I wish that all matters past, which cannot be revoked, your Lordship would turn altogether upon insatisfaction, and not upon your nature or proper disposition. This string you cannot upon every apt occasion harp upon too much. Next, whereas I have noted you to fly and avoid (in some respect justly) the resemblance or imitation of my Lord of Leicester and my Lord Chancellor Hatton; yet I am persuaded (howsoever I wish your Lordship as distant as you are from them in points of favour, integrity, magnanimity, and merit) that it will do you much good, between the Queen and you, to allege them (as oft as you find occasion) for authors and patterns. For I do not know a readier mean to make her Majesty think you are in your right way. Thirdly, when at any time your Lordship upon occasion happen in speeches to do her Majesty right (for there is no such matter as flattery amongst you all), I fear you handle it *magis in speciem adornatis verbis quam ut sentire videaris*, so that a man may read formality in your countenance; whereas your Lordship should do it familiarly *et oratione fida*. Fourthly, your Lordship should never be without some particulars of art, which you should seem to pursue with earnestness and affection, and then let them fall upon taking knowledge of her Majesty's opposition and dislike. Of which the weightiest sort may be, if your Lordship offers to labour in the behalf

of some that you favour for some of the places that are void, choosing such a subject as you think her Majesty is likely to oppose unto. And if you will say that this is *conjunctum cum alienâ injuriâ*, I will not answer, *Hæc non aliter constabunt*; but I say commendation from so good a mouth doth not hurt a man, though you prevail not. A less weighty sort of particulars may be the pretence of some journeys, which at her Majesty's request your Lordship might relinquish; or if you would pretend a journey to see your living and estate towards Wales, or the like; for as for great foreign journeys of employment and service, it standeth not with your gravity to play or stratagem with them. And the lightest sort of particulars, which yet are not to be neglected, are in you habits, apparel, wearings, gestures, and the like. . .

"The third impression is of a popular reputation; which, because it is a thing good in itself, being obtained as your Lordship obtaineth it, that is *bonis artibus*; and besides well governed, is one of the best flowers of your greatness, both present and to come; it would be handled tenderly. The only way is to quench it *verbis*, but not *rebus*. And, therefore, to take all occasions to the Queen to speak against popularity and popular courses vehemently, and to tax it on all others; but nevertheless to go in your honourable commonwealth courses as you do. And, therefore, I will not advise you to cure this by dealing in monopolies or any oppressions. Only, if in Parliament your Lordship be forward for treasure in respect of the war, it becometh your person well; and if her Majesty object popularity to you at any time, I would say to her, A Parliament will show that; and so feed her with expectation."

It is only the fear of being tedious that prevents us from giving other passages in which Bacon counsels dissimulation and these petty artifices of the courtier. We do not say that passages like this deserve any violent reprobation, but we do say that the writer of them must have a very lax morality on the subject of truth-speaking; he must be deficient in self-respect, in moral dignity. Such a counselor would not improve the man who followed his advice, however he might improve his fortunes. There was a love of manoeuvring, of petty diplomacy, in Bacon. In one place we find him framing two fictitious

letters, the one pretending to be written by his brother Anthony, and the other by the Earl of Essex. This fictitious correspondence was to be shown to the Queen.—(Vol. II. p. 197.)

In Bacon, we may observe, we have not the mere ordinary contrast between good teaching and bad practice. We have not a Seneca professing a stoical morality and writing apologies for Nero (or any instance of this kind which the reader may choose for himself, for Seneca may have his defenders, and many are disposed at present to say a good word in favour of Nero). It is not a contrast of this kind we have chiefly to remark in Bacon: what we notice is a defect in the cultivation of the moral sentiments. The force of his intellect had gone out in another direction. He had great aspirations for the good of mankind; but these aspirations were connected with his theory of knowledge, and they were aspirations after increased power, and "commodity," and the physical wellbeing of man. It was not his habit to dwell much upon those moral sentiments which make, in all ages, the elevation of the individual mind.

But the grave and specific charge brought against Bacon is that of ingratitude to his friend. We have to ask what was the amount or kind of obligation under which Bacon had been placed? What was the friendship he was supposed to have sacrificed to his interest? And whether the criminal conduct of Essex did not manumit him from all the bonds of friendship, whatever they might have been? Though not always a high-minded counselor, Bacon was the last man in the country to tolerate an open act of rebellion against the Queen and the established Government. The evidence, as laid before us by Mr. Spedding, proves beyond a doubt the grave criminality of Essex. If we have a friend who passes with us as an honest man, and he suddenly proves a villain, we generally

fling our friendship to the winds—we disclaim and renounce the man who, in addition to his other villainies, has practised a treachery upon ourselves. In fact, the condemnation of Essex may be said to be here the acquittal of Bacon.

We shall not haggle about the amount of specific service rendered by Essex to his friend. Every generous mind feels gratitude according to the generosity of purpose of the donor. Essex, in the ardour of his youth, was, as we have said, drawn towards Bacon by admiration of his great intellect, and was only too zealous to promote his interest. His zeal outran his discretion. Nothing came of it but disappointment to both parties. But this would not have extinguished a grateful feeling.

We have no ground whatever for supposing that the intercession of Essex really *prevented* Bacon from obtaining first the Attorney-Generalship, and, subsequently, the Solicitor-Generalship. That nobleman speaks of his solicitations doing more harm than good; but an expression of this kind was either a generous depreciation of his own services, or the result of a moody anger against the Queen whom he had failed to move. It does not seem that Bacon at this time had any chance at Court. The Queen was in no hurry to promote him. He had obtained no practice at the bar; and it is no want of charity to attribute this in Bacon to an unwillingness to spend his strength and powers on the ordinary routine of legal business. But this unwillingness must have operated against him. The very qualities for which we now admire Bacon must have disparaged him as a man of business, in the eyes of Queen Elizabeth and Lord Burghley. A man who has long ago left his college, and who is still dreaming about reforms in philosophy, and who tells the Lord Treasurer himself that "he has as vast contemplative ends as he has moderate civil ends," does not seem exactly the person for an

Attorney-General. Bacon, at all events, does not scruple, on a subsequent occasion, to have recourse again to his friend's intercession. When Egerton became Lord Keeper, Bacon wished to succeed him as Master of the Rolls, and he requests Essex to write to Egerton in his favour. He makes this request (we may observe in passing) in a diplomatic manner; he writing half the matter in his own letter, and Anthony being more explicit in a letter he sends at the same time. It is impossible not to remark that Bacon is grasping at the higher prizes of the profession before he has endured the heat and burden of a lawyer's life.

His friend Essex being unable to procure for him either the Attorney-Generalship or the Solicitor-Generalship, and feeling indebted for many services, gave him a small estate, worth, we are told, £1800 in the currency of these times. This was a gift which, in one sense of the word, Bacon may be said to have earned; but, if we may judge according to the present state of feeling on these matters, it was a gift which he could not have felt perfectly satisfied in accepting. Nothing but his debts, we venture to assert, persuaded him to accept it. The services he had rendered were not such as are paid by money—they were never rendered for money-payment. It would be a very coarse interpretation (and one which Mr. Spedding has avoided) to call this gift a *fee* for advice and assistance tendered to the Earl. It was not professional advice that he gave, whether he taught him how to rise at Court, or assisted him in the duties of a privy councillor. There was an interchange of good offices between the two men; but Bacon sinks from his rightful equality if he accepts money as an equivalent for any *balance* of such good offices as might be in his favour. Mr. Spedding suggests that the aid which Bacon rendered in certain masques or devices got up for the entertainment of the Queen must

be included in the list of his services; but Mr. Spedding would not certainly have counselled him to hold out his hand for a money-payment for what was doubtless entered into in the spirit of a literary amusement. If, indeed, the two speeches which are given us here on Knowledge and in Praise of the Queen were really delivered at these devices, Bacon must have made these entertainments subservient to certain graver purposes of his own. We should like to know if the audience felt thankful to the author for his eloquent but very long orations.

So stands the account against Bacon, and the two men are still friends, when one of them suddenly appears in the new character of traitor and rebel. We say *suddenly*, for, though Essex had been long plotting some surprise upon the Government—some insurrectionary movement—some advantage to be taken either of his military power or his popularity with the mob—yet he had so far learnt one lesson of his friend, the lesson of dissimulation, that he had been able to conceal from him these secret purposes. Even so far back as when he was organising his great expedition to Ireland, which was to crush the rebellion of Tyrone, he is suspected of some intention of using the forces that were put under his command *against* the Queen's Government. We are certainly driven to this alternative: *either* the Earl on that expedition manifested such incapacity as is unparalleled even in those days of brave knights and incompetent generals; *or* he acted throughout in the spirit of a traitor. He has the command of an army, large for those days, of 16,000 men; he does absolutely nothing with it—fritters it away; comes up at length to Tyrone with some 4000 men, Tyrone greatly outnumbering him. He draws up his forces on a hill; Tyrone refuses to charge uphill, but invites Essex to a parley. Essex accepts the invitation; has half an hour's talk with the rebel, who gives him *verbally* the terms

on which he is willing to lay down his arms—terms which are those of a conqueror. Essex promises to carry these terms to the Queen, concludes a truce, and there the campaign ends. The sum total, as Mr. Spedding says, would stand thus:—Expended £300,000 and ten or twelve thousand men; Received a suspension of hostilities for six weeks, with promise of a fortnight's notice before recommencing them, and a verbal communication of the conditions on which he was willing to make peace.

Essex hastens back to England to make his own peace with the Queen. She at first receives him amicably; but reasons of State overweigh her personal amity; some inquiry must be made into the disastrous expedition; he is commanded to keep his own chamber. This takes place at Nonsuch.

At this juncture Bacon writes the following letter. It proves, as Mr. Spedding observes, that Bacon could have had no suspicion of any treasonable scheme on the part of Essex; but we cannot help remarking the tone of *hollowness* in the letter, and especially in that *congratulatory* sentence, which cannot fail to strike the reader. He knew enough of the expedition to Ireland to know that, from whatever cause, it was an utter failure.

"My Lord,—Conceiving that your Lordship comes now up in the person of a good servant to serve your sovereign mistress, which kind of compliments we many times *instar magnorum meritorum*, and therefore it would be hard for me to find you, I have committed to this poor paper the humble salutations of him that is more yours than any man's, and more yours than any man. To these salutations I add a due and joyful gratulation, confessing that your Lordship in your last conference with me, before your journey, spake not in vain, God making it good, that you trusted we should say *Quis putasset*, which, as it is found true in a happy sense, or I wish you do not find another *Quis putasset* in the manner of taking this so great a service. But I hope it is, as he said, *Nubecula est, cito transibit*: and that your Lordship's wisdom and obsequious circumspection and patience will turn all to the best. So

referring all to some time that I may attend you, I commit you to God's best preservations."

We do not believe that Bacon was capable of an ardent friendship for any one; he was urbane and courteous to all, as is the manner with men of thought and equanimity. With regard to Essex, this letter alone would be sufficient proof to us that he had all along been more of the courtier than the friend. No friend, in these circumstances, *could* have written in this hollow strain of congratulation.

In a short time, however, this strain alters. Essex is examined before the Council, and is committed to the custody of the Lord Keeper. He remains in privacy at York House. The *nubecula* is growing into a very dark cloud. Bacon, in his interviews with the Queen, does all that a cautious man can do to bring about a reconciliation. But if a reconciliation is impossible, he must serve his sovereign, and not Essex. He now writes thus:—

"My Lord,—No man can better expound my doings than your Lordship, which maketh me need to say the less. Only I humbly pray you to believe that I aspire to the conscience and commendation first of *bonus civis*, which with us is a good and true servant to the Queen; and next of *bonus vir*, that is a honest man. I desire your Lordship also to think that although I confess I love some things much better than I love your Lordship, as the Queen's service, her quiet and contentment, her honour, her favour, the good of my country, and the like, yet I love few persons better than yourself, both for gratitude's sake and your own virtues, which cannot hurt but by accident and abuse. Of which my good affections I was ever and am ready to yield testimony by any good offices, but with such reservations as yourself cannot but allow; for as I was ever sorry that your Lordship should fly with waxen wings, doubting Icarus's fortune, so for the growing up of your own feathers, specially ostrich's, or any other save of a bird of prey, no man shall be more glad."

To which letter Essex returned a dignified answer, such as a man might have written who intended

to retire from an unjust world into contemplative life.

Soon after this correspondence Essex was released from even the gentle confinement in which he had been held. He could have retired, with none to molest him, into contemplative life. His private fortune was untouched; his name was still popular with the multitude. Perhaps, after a short interval of retirement patiently endured, he might have returned to Court, and have been reinstated in all his honour and offices.

The truth was that he had been for some time past tampering with treason of the boldest and most criminal description. Before leaving Ireland he held a consultation with his friends Blount and Southampton, and told them "that he found it necessary for him to go to England, and thought it fit to carry with him as much of the army as he could conveniently transport, to go on shore with him to Wales, and there to make good his landing till he could send for more; not doubting but his army would so increase in a small time that he should be able to march to London and make his conditions as he desired." The evidence for this treasonable scheme is stated by Mr. Spedding, vol. ii. p. 147.

The time had passed for this "monstrous" project, as Mr. Spedding justly calls it. But the scheme into which he now enters is still more monstrous; it is still more irrational, and, but for evidence of an unusually clear and stringent character, would be utterly incredible. That scheme was to force himself upon the Queen, and by an insurrectionary movement to be carried, in some way, to the highest position a subject could hold—perhaps to some still higher position. What was to be his pretence? what the *cry* by which he was to rouse the multitude? The succession to the English throne of James of Scotland had not been formally declared, and the *cry* was to be that the ministers were plotting to sell

the crown of England to the Infanta! It was too absurd, one would say, even for a mob zealous for the Protestant succession. Some overtures, or solicitations for aid, were made to James, but of what nature we know not. While the Protestants were to be alarmed, the Catholics were to be propitiated by promises of toleration. But Blount and other Catholics who entered into the plot were, no doubt, induced to do so by stronger motives than mere promises of toleration—by those vague expectations and hopes which a season of anarchy and confusion and civil war would open to a party who still amounted to a large minority of the nation. "By the end of January 1601," to adopt the statement of Mr. Spedding, "all their intrigues and secret consultations had ripened into a deliberate and deep-laid plan for surprising the Court, mastering the guard, and seizing the Queen's person, and so forcing her to dismiss from her counsels Cecil, Raleigh, Cobham, and others, and to make such changes in the State as the conspirators thought fit." The several confessions of those engaged in the plot, and of Essex himself, leave no doubt whatever of the fact. How such a plot is to be rationally explained is still a perplexity. Sir Christopher Blount, with a company of armed men, was to take the Court gate; Sir John Davis was to master the hall and go up into the Great Chamber, where already some of the conspirators would have straggled in and seized upon the halberds of the guard, which usually stood piled up against the wall; Sir Charles Davers was to have taken possession of the Presence; whereupon Essex, with the Earls of Southampton, Rutland, and other noblemen, would have gone in to the Queen; they would have used her authority for calling a Parliament, condemned all whom they denounced as misgoverning the State, and made, it is added, changes in the government. If such a plot had succeeded, what else could have en-

sued than to set loose all the several parties, sects, and factions of which the country was composed, to struggle anew for the supremacy?

Meanwhile, some rumours of what was in preparation reached the Court; Essex was summoned to the Council; he excused himself on the plea of ill health. The conspirators were alarmed; it seemed to them that their plot was detected. It was not yet matured—the hour of action had not yet come. Still, it appeared to them that something must be done. His friends were assembled. To surprise the Court was impossible, if the Court was already on its guard. But the city might be raised; an insurrectionary movement might be excited if Essex, still an idol of the populace, went among the citizens proclaiming that his life was in danger from the machinations of his enemies. While this expedient was being debated there arrived from the Court the Lord Keeper, with three other lords, sent from the Queen to know the meaning of this unusual assemblage, and to demand its dismissal. Essex was invited to explain to them the cause of his present discontent. Their coming still further precipitated the action. Essex locked up the four noblemen in his library, and set off himself, accompanied with some two hundred gentlemen, to rouse the city to arms. But for the inopportune appearance of these noblemen, Essex and his friends would have proceeded in stately fashion on horseback to St. Paul's Cross; they would have arrived before the sermon was over (it was Sunday), and would have explained their case to the assembled people. Essex was not deficient as an orator, and he could, at all events, have obtained a solemn hearing. But the visit of the councillors spoilt even the execution of the after-plot. The party went on foot; Essex had no opportunity to address the people; he could only cry out as he passed along that his life was in danger. A nobleman running along the

streets on a Sunday morning, followed by two hundred gentlemen with drawn swords, and exclaiming that his life was in danger, must have been a curious spectacle for the citizens of London. But it must have been as unintelligible as it was curious. No one joined him. The Queen's troops were collected to oppose him. He made his way back to Essex House, where he was captured, and conveyed to prison.

Up to this time Bacon's conduct towards Essex lies open to no peculiar censure. We have said that he does not appear to us in the light of a very wise counsellor, or a very warm friend; but, as regards Essex, no specific charge of ingratitude can be brought against him. It is after this abortive and miserable attempt at rebellion that his conduct to his former friend changes. And well, we think, it might. Of the character and designs of Essex there could be now no doubt whatever. He has thrown off all disguise. He stands there an enemy to the commonwealth. Nothing but the extreme absurdity of his conduct hides from us its extreme criminality.

The defence which Essex was at first prepared to make was simply the repetition of the false clamour that he had raised when he rushed into the city—that his life was in danger, and that he acted according to the law of self-preservation. But, before the trial came on, several of his associates had made full confession of the actual plot that had long been in agitation, and which, only at the last moment, had been substituted by this open and clamorous appeal to the citizens of London. To Bacon as one of her Majesty's counsel, engaged, as we should say, for the prosecution, the real state of the case was known; the full extent of Essex's criminality was known. Do we wonder that, at this moment, he altogether severed himself from Essex, and took his position as a zealous supporter of the Queen's government?

Lord Macanlay, who could not have had before him the materials for forming a judgment which Mr. Spedding has now placed within the reach of us all, wrote of Essex and Bacon in the following strain:—"The person on whom, during the decline of his influence, he chiefly depended, to whom he confided his perplexities, whose advice he solicited, whose intercession he employed, was his friend Bacon. The lamentable truth must be told. This friend, so loved, so trusted, bore a principal part in ruining the Earl's fortunes, in shedding his blood, and in blackening his memory." A more unfortunate sentence, or one more replete with error, was never penned. It would be ungenerous to revive it in presence of the lucid statement of facts which Mr. Spedding has given us, if it were not the case that many are still under the impressions derived from this eloquent essay. Essex, as we have seen, was very far from confiding his perplexities to Bacon, or soliciting his advice in those latter days of his life; and Bacon was so far from being instrumental to his ruin, that no advocacy on earth could have saved him. Nor can it be said that he blackened the memory of Essex, for neither on the trial, nor in the narrative which he subsequently drew up of the whole transaction, is the guilt of Essex overcharged. Nay, with the materials before us, the historian could add some very dark strokes to the picture; for he could show that, even at a time when Essex was receiving nothing but favours from the Court, he was meditating treason; and he could add that, in his last moments, he tarnished even his character for generosity by needlessly including others, hitherto unsuspected, in his guilt.

What could have been, we are tempted to ask, the hopes of Essex, or what his final purpose in this act of rebellion? Where could he have stopped? how found safety for himself in any measure short of a deposition of the Queen? He

must have known that if, by overpowering her guard and putting a personal constraint upon her, he obliged the Queen to reinstate him in his former command, yet that the moment such force was withdrawn he would have been dismissed again, and exposed to the resentment of a proud and injured sovereign. A subject who goes so far must go farther still. Elizabeth must have been deposed, and James prematurely thrust into her place. It has been even suggested that Essex had some wild dream of filling the throne himself. He was to play Bolingbroke, and Elizabeth Richard II.

Those who take a lenient view of Essex's character might shape a defence for him out of his very self-will and the headstrong nature of the man. They would say he did not calculate consequences. He had twice before regained the favour of the Queen by manifestation of his own violent and haughty temper. He had managed the Queen by proving that he was as self-willed as herself. He merely intended to follow the same course again—to threaten, and display his power. Such a defence we should not be unwilling ourselves to adopt, if the treasonable projects of Essex had sprung directly, and only, out of his last dismissal from Court and his employments. We can conceive that a spoilt and violent nobleman might have imagined that he could successfully overawe the Queen: she had, indeed, treated him as a spoilt child, and had something of a maternal weakness for him: he might have thought that he could subdue her spirit by this display of his power, and yet not have contemplated any more atrocious act of rebellion. But the ugly fact remains that he was meditating high treason of the most criminal description before he had been dismissed, and while he was still the most favoured subject of her Majesty.

Even to those who knew nothing of his antecedent schemes, it must have seemed a monstrous thing

that a nobleman, because he has been dismissed from his command, should think of reinstating himself by an armed attack upon the palace, and a violent seizure of the person of the Queen. So much as this was known to Bacon, and was indisputably proved by the evidence submitted to him. But why, it will be said, did Bacon appear upon the trial at all? If his services were necessary to the support of the Queen's government, he ought to have given them, whatever his friendship to Essex; but there were others who could have performed his part; he might have stepped aside; he, in silence, might have let justice take its course. "This man is guilty, but he was my friend; let others pursue him to his merited punishment." He might have said this; *we wish he had*. It would have been a graceful part to play; it would have added a very pleasing trait to the biography of Bacon.

But such moral enthusiasm had no place in Bacon's personal character. To retire from the post which his legal functions assigned to him, might have been seriously prejudicial to his own interests, and in the spirit of martyrdom Bacon did not share in the least degree. Meanwhile Essex by his conduct had forfeited the friendship henceforth of all honest men. It must be said that Bacon rather lost the opportunity of doing a gracious act, than that, in performing his duties as counsel to the Queen, he did anything gravely reprehensible. And he performed these duties fairly. It is objected against Bacon that he pressed heavily on the memory of Essex in the account he subsequently drew up of the events. This charge Mr. Spedding has quite dispelled. He shows that that account is fully justified by the evidence. The fact is, that for a long time after his death a current of popular opinion ran in favour of the Earl; and the "Declaration," therefore, which Bacon, with the assistance and under the

direction of the Council, drew up, was regarded as a libel upon his memory. People refused to believe him guilty. If any remains of this partiality to the Earl has descended to our times, it will be finally dissipated by Mr. Spedding's work.

There is one specific accusation which Mr. Jardine brought against Bacon, which is here very completely refuted. Mr. Jardine, in examining the original depositions from which this "Declaration" was drawn up, found paragraphs marked along the margin with a significant *om.* against them. He further found that these passages had been *omitted* in the "Declaration," and he concluded that this *om.* was in the handwriting of Bacon, who had marked these passages for omission *because they told in favour of Essex*. Mr. Spedding replies:—

"First, it is by no means certain that the marks in question were made with reference to the Declaration at all. Secondly, it is quite possible that the passages in question had been omitted at the trial. Thirdly, whether the omission were right or wrong, there is no ground for imputing it to Bacon personally. Fourthly, the passages omitted do not in any one particular tend to soften the evidence against Essex as explained in the narrative part, or to modify in any way the history of the case, as far as it concerned him."

The last, the Fourthly, is quite sufficient to demolish Mr. Jardine's hypothesis. These passages appear to have been omitted because they affected living persons whom the Council wished to spare, or because they contained matters which the Council did not wish to publish to all the enemies of the Queen's Government at home or abroad. Mr. Spedding, however, has enabled the reader to judge for himself by publishing these omitted passages.

As very much stress has been laid on the presumed unfairness of this Declaration composed by Bacon, it must be remembered, under the supervision of the Council, we quote at length Mr. Spedding's concluding observations upon it:—

"With regard to the general charge of untruthfulness, I have said that nobody has yet attempted to specify any particular untruth expressed or implied in the Government Declaration. And it is singular that Mr. Jardine himself does not form an exception; for though he does specify, as contradicted by one of the omitted passages, a particular statement which he *assumes* to be contained in the Declaration, it is certain that there is no such statement there; but that, on the contrary, the precise import of that passage, as Mr. Jardine himself infers it, is represented in the body of the narrative with delicate exactness. In the absence of such specification, I can only oppose to the general charge a general expression of my own conviction; which is, that the narrative put forth by the Government was meant to be, and was by its authors believed to be, a narrative strictly and scrupulously veracious. It is true that it was written under the excitement and agitation of that last and most portentous disclosure, which, in proving that Essex had been capable of designs far worse than anybody had suspected him of, suggested a new explanation of all that had been most suspicious and mysterious in his previous proceedings; and it may be that things which before had been rejected as incredible were now too easily believed. In so dark a thing as treason it is impossible to have positive evidence at every step. Many passages must remain obscure, and fairly open to more interpretations than one; and in one or two of those points which are and profess to be 'matter of inference or presumption,' as distinguished from 'matter of plain and direct proof,' there is room, probably, without setting aside such indisputable facts, for an interpretation of Essex's conduct more favourable than that adopted by the Queen and her councillors. . . . In my own account of the matter I have abstained, in deference to so general a prejudice, from using the Declaration as an authority; and have assumed as a fact nothing for which I cannot quote evidence independent of it. For the rest, I shall let it speak for itself. It will be found to be a very luminous and coherent narrative, and certainly much nearer the truth than any which has been put forth since it became the fashion to treat it as a fiction."

Having elected to serve the Queen, and not his former friend (and he probably never hesitated

a moment on this subject; he probably would have thought it mere idle romance to sacrifice the actual life and duties before him to the memory of a dead friendship)—having elected to serve the Queen, we do not find that in assisting to conduct the prosecution Bacon behaved with undue harshness towards the accused. The allusion to the Duke of Guise, which Macaulay blames so severely, appears to be one very natural to arise to a speaker on such an occasion. Essex did intend, like the duke of Guise, to overawe his sovereign. In one respect the parallel pays an undeserved compliment to Essex. The Duke of Guise had the support of a great party—the zealous Catholics; if Essex could have attained the like support from the zealous Protestants, the Puritans, his scheme might, at least, have worn a more rational aspect. Perhaps he fondly conceived that the Puritans would adopt him as their representative. He thought himself a very good Puritan. This bad citizen was highly indignant when Coke cast a slur upon his religion.

Here we lose for the present the guidance of Mr. Spedding. We wait with interest for such disclosures as he may make for us in the great charge that burdens the memory of Bacon—that of judicial corruption. There are, indeed, two or three broad facts which, we apprehend, no historical investigation can materially alter, and which, we think, enable us to come to a safe conclusion in this subject. But still there is much we should like to have cleared up to us; especially we should like to know what had been the custom of previous Chancellors in this matter of the reception of presents. Could, for instance, the same charges which were brought against Bacon have been brought against the father, Sir Nicholas Bacon?

The two or three broad facts we allude to are these: 1. After a considerable interval Parliament had met, and "grievances had been gone into." Monopolies were first attacked, and their attention was called

to certain corrupt practices in the Court of Chancery. Bacon was impeached before the House of Lords. 2. The Lord Chancellor no longer stood in an amiable footing with the favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, who was very willing to have the Great Seal to bestow on some other client. The impeached Chancellor was not likely to receive any assistance from the Court. The King advised Bacon to throw himself on his royal mercy. 3. Under these circumstances Bacon *did* plead guilty, and threw himself on the mercy of the King; who certainly fulfilled his part of the compact by remitting all that he possibly could of the sentence passed by the House of Lords.

Now we cannot suppose that Bacon would plead guilty unless there were really some corrupt practices of which his conscience told him he was culpable. To suppose otherwise would, as Macaulay has argued, convict him of a dastardly conduct almost as infamous as judicial corruption. But although it is impossible to suppose that there was not *something to confess*—something culpable and illegal to plead guilty to—yet it is very possible that, by showing that he was not more culpable than others, he might have defended himself successfully before the House of Lords. A man of sterner stuff would have adopted this line of defence; he would have carried the war into other territories. Of this the Court was not at all desirous, and Bacon, a lover of peace, thought it the better bargain to plead guilty and keep the King for his friend.

We do not accuse the Lord Chancellor of pleading guilty, and being conscious of perfect innocence; we say that he resigned a line of defence which might have been successful with his judges, in obedience to the wishes of the Court. In the position in which he found himself,* submission was better policy than defence.

It is idle to suppose that Bacon received no presents but such as

would be classed under the head of fees or customary donations; there was the element of *secrecy* in the transactions which were now brought to light, and which were to be made the subject of investigation before the House of Lords. The money was given, it is true, to an officer of the Court; it was not slipped into the hand, or dropped stealthily into the sleeve of the judge himself; but the officer of the Court did not talk about such transactions as these; he had the proper *esprit de corps*, if he had no other motive for silence. But still there are many cases in which a custom, acknowledged to be bad and immoral even by those who fall into it, is yet so prevalent that it seems an injustice to single out any one individual, and punish it in him; and this seems to be the position in which Bacon stands. An illustration occurs to us in some of the vicious customs of trade. The illustration may not be very dignified, but it is apposite. A little time ago the public was suddenly made aware of divers impositions that had been long practised on it. Some articles of commerce were systematically adulterated; others were sold under false descriptions. Here were reels of cotton warranted to contain 300 yards, which did not contain say more than 200; and it was reported at the time (we of course do not vouch for the truth of a statement which we use only by way of illustration) that respectable houses of trade gave orders to the manufacturers for reels of cotton which should be marked as having a greater number of yards than were actually wound on them. Now let us suppose that a custom of this kind prevails, and that suddenly one man, and he not the most flagrant offender, is singled out for punishment. You cannot say the man is guiltless—he will not say himself that he is guiltless; he never approved of the custom, though he fell into it; he knew that it could not bear the light of day; he knew that though his own

class did not condemn the custom, the moral opinion of society at large would unhesitatingly denounce it. He pleads guilty—as Bacon did—and throws himself upon the charitable construction of the public. And the public, if it cannot pardon, will not be disposed to punish severely.

The difference between a *prevailing bad custom*, and a custom which society at a given time does not pronounce *to be bad*, is stated by Lord Macaulay with his usual force and precision. We shall be glad to hear, from the further investigation of Mr. Spedding, which of these most strictly applies to the practice of which Bacon stands accused.

We cannot leave our subject without expressing our assent (with certain reservations) to the estimate which Lord Macaulay has formed of Bacon in his character of philosopher—in that character in which there can be only the difference of more or less admiration.

We admire—as who does not?—the eloquent and far-seeing man who perceived that too much of our time was spent over books, and too little in the study of that nature which appeals at each moment to our senses, and promises to those who will investigate her laws new powers as well as new knowledge. But we agree with Macaulay in setting little store upon the rules of a new logic by which he offered to aid the investigation of those laws. No logic of any kind ever taught a man to reason. No truth was ever discovered by either Aristotelian or Baconian logic. It may be fit and proper to make the process of reasoning a subject of subtle analysis; but just as the poet must come before the critic, and never yet was formed by the critic, so the reasoner comes before the logician, and never yet was an able reasoner made so by rules of logic. It was a glorious word spoken in season, to tell men to observe and to experiment—to take nothing upon mere tradition or authority that could possibly be tested by experiment. But the rules Bacon gives

for conducting observation and experiment have never made a good observer, or contributed themselves to our scientific discoveries. "The inductive method," as Macaulay says, "has been practised ever since the beginning of the world by every human being. . . . Not only is it not true that Bacon invented the inductive method, but it is not true that he was the first person who correctly analysed that method and explained its uses. Aristotle had long before pointed out the absurdity of supposing that syllogistic reasoning could ever conduct men to the discovery of a new principle—had shown that such discoveries must be made by induction, and by induction alone; and had given the history of the inductive process, concisely indeed, but with great perspicuity and precision."

We for our part have always noticed that when a man talks much about "Baconian philosophy," he is going to stuff into our ears some incredible nonsense. He who has good evidence to bring forward—trusts at once to his evidence. Purenologists, mesmerists, spiritualists, all who have a very weak case, are great discourses on the rules of induction. They eke out their defective reasoning by proving to us, whether we are aware of it or not, that they are very good reasoners. Most readers, fortunately for themselves, are satisfied with a few brilliant passages of the 'Novum Organum.' If they proceeded farther, they might find that not only did it not assist them in their researches after physical truth, but that it embarrassed them considerably as to the real nature of physical science, and the kind of truth to be sought for.

Bacon was a great writer, a great thinker, but he was not "the father of modern philosophy." If we are to have fathers in science, the title must be given to such men as Galileo, Kepler, Newton. He who discovers one great scientific truth does more even for the logic

of science than any writer upon that logic can perform.

Science does not stand in *contradiction* to the metaphysical or ethical discussions of ancient or of modern times. There is no *contrast* such as is popularly described between the old philosophy and the new. But a vast *addition* has been made to one kind of our knowledge. And with regard to that great argument of *utility* which Lord Macaulay has so eloquently developed, it must be borne in mind that the utility of the physical sciences made itself known by certain individual discoveries and inventions, not by mere abstract contemplation of what the study of nature might produce. In fact, the utility of the pursuit was the very argument which Socrates made use of to draw men *from* the study of objective nature to the study of themselves. As matters then stood, more seemed likely to be effected by regulating the mind of man than by observing the winds or the clouds, or any of the phenomena of nature.

Let us carry ourselves back in imagination to the state of philosophy which existed at Athens in the time of the Emperor Hadrian, and which Mr. Merivale has so pleasantly described in his last volume of 'The History of the Romans under the Empire.' Philosophy seems to have come to a dead-lock. "On every side it was tacitly acknowledged that the limits of each specific dogma had been reached; that all were true enough to be taught, and none so true as to be exclusively believed. Their several professors lived together in conventional antagonism, and in real good-fellowship. Academics and Peripatetics, Stoics and Epicureans, Pyrrhonists and Cynics, disputed together or thundered one against the other through the morning, and bathed, dined, and joked together, with easy indifference, through the evening." Well, let us suppose that amongst this conclave a Baconian philosopher had pre-

sented himself, with his new *organon* and his speculations on the new power men would derive, if with this *organon* in their hand, they would proceed to the study of nature. After some struggle to get a footing in what Mr. Merivale has described as a most conservative university, he would perhaps have been allowed to open his school in Athens, and he would have added one more figure to that group of philosophers who disputed in the morning, and dined amicably together in the evening. Another admirable talker would have appeared amongst them. This would have been the whole result. But now let us imagine that to this Athens a Galileo had come with his telescope and revealed the satellites of Jupiter; let us imagine that a Cavendish had come with his electric battery and decomposed water into two gases, one of which burst readily into flame; what a stir would there then have been amongst all the schools and classes of Athens! Still larger telescopes would have been made, and the electric battery applied to all sorts of substances. An era of experimental philosophy would at once have been inaugurated.

All honour to the great and eloquent writer; but such palms and such wreaths as Science has to bestow are due to those who have discovered scientific truths. These are they who have really stirred the minds of men as well as placed power in their hands; and, without gainsaying a word of what Lord Macaulay has so brilliantly stated of the utilities of science, it is worthy of notice that in no department of philosophy have truth and knowledge been sought for with so much avidity *purely for their own sake*. And it should be added that only by the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake can its utilities be developed. For it is one thing to prosecute science with a general conviction that its truths will turn to inventions for the good of man, and quite another thing to set

before ourselves some desirable end or object of a practical kind as the goal to which we are striving. This is what the alchemists did when they set before themselves the transmutation of metals as the achievement to be accomplished. To study nature under such guidance as this would be a great mistake. We may be wasting our time on an impossibility; we should certainly be narrowing the sphere of our observation. But when we strive in every direction to proceed from the known to the unknown, by seizing upon every new relation which offers itself to the understanding, then we can hardly fail to stumble upon some discovery of

a practical utility. The passion for knowledge sweeps all things into our net, and we may find marvelous treasures there we never dreamt of. The higher sentiment of the love of knowledge is that which can alone conduct us to the *utilities* of knowledge. We cannot predict what science will enable us to do, and then proceed with our studies in order that we may accomplish this end. It is science which teaches us what new ends can be accomplished. It is an ever-broadening knowledge, procured immediately for its own sake, that opens up to us the new possibilities, the new powers, that man may aspire to and possess.

THE YENG-TAI MOUNTAINS AND SPIRIT-WRITING IN CHINA.

THAT portion of China which lies more immediately to the west of the estuary of the Canton river, comprising the Sun-on, Toong-koon, Kinei-shin, and Tai-phoong districts, is exceedingly mountainous, and inhabited by a turbulent people, constantly fighting among themselves, and but little subject to mandarin rule. Even still foreigners scarcely ever visit it; and when, during the war, I first commenced to wander there, the field was entirely my own; and many were the prophecies that, if I returned at all, it would be in at least a headless, if not in a completely disjointed, condition. The torture and murder, a few years before, of six young Englishmen at Hwang-chu-ku, near Canton, when they were only taking an afternoon stroll, had rendered our countrymen particularly chary of trusting their persons in the hands of the Chinese; and at the time my excursions commenced, there was additional danger, arising from the fact that, though Canton was in the hands of the Allied troops, the gentry of the provinces still kept up a species of warfare, and offered rewards for our heads; so, while a few well-

armed sportsmen from Hong-Kong might occasionally pass over to the mainland immediately opposite, it was deemed madness to think of spending a night there, or to go any distance into the country beyond. But though the island of "Fragrant Streams," as the words Hong-Kong signify, has some curious caves and wild lonely spots, its limits are so circumscribed that a residence in it became extremely irksome. To be sure, the quiet old Portuguese city of Macao, with its grotto of Camoens, could be reached in four or five hours by steamer, with the refreshing possibility, as one or two cases proved, of being pirated and murdered on the way by the Chinese passengers; a gunboat, too, would take us up to Canton in about a day: but these places, however interesting, soon became insufficient; they began to present themselves in the disagreeable light of being only suburbs of Hong-Kong, and I resolved to seek entertainment elsewhere.

Being unaware that some German missionaries had, before the war broke out, laboured in the neighbouring districts, I had to feel my way without any previous infor-

cash which it is both wise policy and Chinese custom for strangers to distribute amongst them. The custodian of this pleasant place was a one-eyed ancient of most forbidding appearance. His one eye not only did the business of two, but gave the impression that it had gone out of his head, and was prowling about generally for something or other. His exterior semblance, however, did belie his soul's timidity; and his chief failing was a peculiar passion for corks, which he sought after and treasured up with the avidity of a miser. I used to keep a store of beer in this ancestral hall, and on my visits he always seemed to be troubled at night by a suspicion that some cork had escaped his search, or might be abstracted from a bottle, and he would rise to look for it. On one occasion a friend just out from England spent a night with me in this place, and being by no means assured of the safety of sleeping among Chinese, the personal appearance of the Unioocular caused him a great deal of unnecessary anxiety. He could not sleep because of a vision he had of the One-eyed prodding at him with a spear, and the One-eyed could not sleep because of an imaginary cork! The game which these two carried on during the night was extremely comical. Their small sleeping-rooms were at opposite corners of the joss-house, and not in sight of each other, so they never actually came in contact. First, the old man would rise, light a reed, and, bending almost double, with his one eye glittering down upon the black stone floor, search for the object of his desire. Roused by the noise made, or the glimmer of the light, my friend would then rise also, and, being unaccustomed to such work, steal out in his stocking-soles, peering into the darkness with a lighted taper in one hand and a revolver in the other. On hearing the creaking of the boards when his enemy arose, the cork-gatherer always extinguished his light, and,

on catching a glimpse of the dreadful apparition with the revolver, stole off terrified to his own den, not to re-emerge until all was quiet, and some time had elapsed. Unfortunately, it usually happened, whenever I persuaded a friend to go with me upon the mainland, that some danger, or appearance of danger, occurred, and prevented him from repeating the visit.

One advantage of sleeping upon boards is, that it promotes early rising; but ere I got up next morning, the children of the hamlet were in the temple, reading in their sing-song way the Chinese trimetrical classic which they are taught to commit to memory long before they understand almost a word of its meaning. The contrast which Celestial children present to those of the West is striking. They are quiet, calm, perpetrate no tricks, and rarely or never play about. In fact, their demeanour is not unlike that of aged Europeans; while the old men, on the other hand, display something of the liveliness of childhood, especially when engaged in their favourite amusement of flying kites. Though teaching was thus carried on in the temple, yet that building was specially dedicated to the worship of the ancestors of the villagers. "The real religion of China," it has been truly said, "is not the worship of heaven and earth, nor of idols, but of Confucius and of one's own ancestors." The more educated classes, including the mandarins, have special reverence for Confucius; but the mass of the people worship the spirits of their ancestors with profound awe. They believe that each family has a close peculiar interest in all its members, whether before or after death, not one being able to suffer without all being afflicted. Each house has its *lararium*, in the shape of a small temple, a room, or even a niche in the wall, where the family is poor. This hall at Kan-how had many ancestral tablets hung up in it, and also some for the propitiation of *kwei*, or friendless

hungry spirits, for whom the Chinese have a singular dread. Every district in the country has a temple with the tablets of all persons whose families are extinct. To the imagination of the yellow-skinned children of Han there is something very awful in the idea of a forlorn shivering ghost, wandering through the air without any progeny on earth to care for it, to give it meat-offerings, or the warm regard of human hearts; and they believe that such friendless spirits are always likely to become malignant powers, and to work them evil. Some districts have a ceremony, every ten years or so, called the "Universal Rescue," for the special benefit of such spirits.

The morning wore away pleasantly as I was sitting on a little terrace, shaded by a large tree, in front of the ancestral hall. A number of small villages dotted the rice-fields of the flat valley; and after their morning meal the people came out to their work, some carrying a light plough behind the ox which had to drag it, others with hoes to weed the sweet-potato fields, bands of laughing women going up the mountains to cut grass, and one gentleman taking a morning walk with a long spear over his shoulder. On returning from a visit to a curious rock, called the "Mother and Child," from its resemblance to a woman with an infant upon her back, I found the school had "sailed," to use a Scotch phrase; and the teachers, with the elders, were engaged in purchasing articles for a general dinner, and cutting them up. In the discussion which went on upon this subject a few of the pot-bellied children who remained took great interest, throwing in their opinions with much calmness and gravity.

That afternoon I crossed over a second range of mountains into another valley, the path leading down near the side of a huge black precipice, which looked sublime in the moonlight. Not a soul was met on the latter part of the way, for when

night descends on China, the country people confine themselves to their own homes, and only bands of robbers are to be met with, or men out for some bloody purpose, such as destroying a village with which they are at war. I had sometimes stopped, at the first village I came to, in the house of an old woman; and one evening, when taking an English friend there, a rather startling incident occurred. As we came round a corner upon the village, just as I was expatiating upon the friendliness of the people and the perfect safety we would enjoy, a gong was fired, and the bullets came whistling round our heads. My companion looked as if he thought this fact considerably outweighed my theory; but it turned out that the gong, which takes some little time to go off, had actually been fired before we came in sight round the corner. On this present occasion I went on to another village called Chin-wan, and slept in the house of a young teacher, who remained up, or rather lolling on his couch, till about one in the morning, smoking opium with a friend. It is a remarkable fact that, with only one exception, all the Chinese *dominies* I came across were in the habit of smoking opium. Probably this was caused by the sedentary, harassing, and dreary nature of their occupation, which makes the soothing drug specially desirable. At one place I was told I could not see the teacher, though it was the middle of the day, because he was asleep from opium. Fancy being told, and as nothing out of the way, that a parochial schoolmaster was invisible, because he was dead drunk! The Chinese, however, usually take opium in moderation, after their meals, just as we do beer and wine, and no discredit attaches to such a use of it. The practice is more fascinating than the use of intoxicating drinks, and more easily glides into excess. Of teachers in China, unfortunately for them, there is an immense supply owing to the num-

ber of disappointed candidates at the competitive examinations for the Government service. In this Chin-wan schoolhouse I met a fat man who had been in Hong-Kong, and spoke a little English. If there was any self-approval in my air in telling him that I had walked over the hills, it met with a speedy and severe check, for he immediately said—"Eiya! Hab walkee! allo same one coolie." This was complimentary, but I had my revenge; for the fat man told me that he was a gentleman living at his ease, whereas I discovered him, early next morning, in a butcher's shop, with his sleeves tucked up dissecting a fat pig, into whose entrails he staggered on my finding him, and exclaiming, "Hullo! Allo same one butcher." It is due to the Chinese, however, to state, that very few of them are ashamed of, or attempt to conceal, their occupations.

Hitherto I had been trifling with the excursion, but next day Aheung knew by our starting early that we were in for work; and deep gloom came over his countenance when he saw the direction I was taking up the Chin-wan or Talshan Valley, towards an old and totally unfrequented path which leads over a shoulder of the Tai-mon shan, or "Great Hat Mountain." No part of the Scotch Highlands presents a more picturesque appearance than the upper part of this valley, so plentifully are the small pines scattered about, so deep the pools, so wild the stream, so huge and fantastic the shattered rocks. The Great Hat Mountain, over a lower portion of which we go, is about 4000 feet high, and terraced up to the very top, showing it was cultivated at some former period; but now it is entirely without habitations, and covered with long rank grass of the coarsest kind, which forms a serious obstacle to the ascent. I got up to the top once, with great difficulty, and was rewarded by a magnificent panorama of sea and islands, mountains and

plains. Even Canton could be seen in the distance; the villages looked as if they could be counted by hundreds, and every island was fringed round with numerous junks and fishing-boats. Considering that the country round is one of the most sparsely populated parts of China, the innumerable indications of human life were somewhat surprising. In conjunction with what I have seen in more thickly-habitated parts of China, such as the valleys of the great rivers, I incline to think that the numbers given by the last census which I know of as available were certainly not above the truth. It was taken about 1840, and the members of the Russian Legation at Peking, who had access to it, gave the entire population of the Chinese empire at 412 millions. An old legend regarding the Tai-mon is, that a proprietor and feudal chief in its neighbourhood gave protection and support to the sister of a dethroned Chinese emperor, and, on the emperor regaining power, he rewarded the chief by giving him all the circle of country which he could see from that mountain. It would almost require some such reward to induce one a second time to encounter the fatigue and irritation of ascending it in its present condition. The Chinese have a great idea of the influence of mountains, speaking of them as more or less "powerful," but this one has no particular reputation that way. The old path we are now taking is in great part overgrown with grass, and leads through a complete mountain solitude, where the silence is broken only by the wind rustling in the rank herbage, and no signs of life meet the eye. Aheung motions me to carry my revolver in my hand; he is in an agony of terror, and I can distinguish him uttering the words *lu tsak*, or road-robber, and *lo foo*, or tiger—two beings with which the Chinese imagination peoples the whole country. To hear them talk of tigers, one would think these animals were as

thick as blackberries. Nothing was more common than for villagers to say to me, "There is a tiger about here; would you be good enough to go out and shoot it?" as if I had only to step to the door in order to find one; whereas the fact is, that I never saw the slightest trace of any, though a few certainly do exist. At first I used to be startled by the information constantly tendered that there was a party of road-robbers watching the path a little way on; but as they never appeared, I began to get quite sceptical on the subject, until at last I did unexpectedly meet with five of them, armed with short swords, who were holding the top of a mountain pass. I was travelling in a chair at the time, and on seeing this obstacle my coolies at once put down the chair, and refused to proceed farther. I tried to represent to them that though the robbers were five, we were five also; they replied that they were paid to carry me, not to fight. Deeming it safer to go forward than to go back, I walked up to the men, revolver in hand; and whenever they saw I was so armed, they made off, greatly to my relief, as only three chambers were loaded. Chinese pirates and highwaymen do not live to rob, but rob to live; and so they like to be pretty safe in what they do. As they are lawless only to prolong their lives, it seems to them the height of absurdity to put themselves in any decided peril for the sake of plunder. There is a highly rational system, in consonance with the practical tendencies of the Celestial mind.

Notwithstanding Aheung's terrors, we got quite undisturbed over the Tai Mon, and reached before dusk a solitary Buddhist monastery, situated in a wood at the head of and overlooking the Pak-heung, or "Eight Village" Valley. As we came down on this place, I heard the firing of a clan-fight at one of the villages below; and often as I have been in the Pak-heung, never have I been there without finding

a fight going on, either between two or more of its own villages, or between one or all of its villages and those of the Shap-heung, or "Ten Village" Valley, immediately contiguous. They seemed to have as much stomach for fighting as Aheung had for worship, and the blame was laid chiefly on a large village called Kum-tin, or "Fertile Land," which suffered from a plethora of wealth, and had disputed claims to land in various directions. Of all places I knew in that neighbourhood, this monastery was my favourite haunt, from the view it commanded, its cleanliness, its secluded position, and its internal quiet. The two or three monks occupying it were always glad to see me, as I gave them presents, and afforded relief to the tedium of their life. On this occasion they gave me, as usual, a hearty welcome; but I was rather startled, on being awakened about midnight by loud shouts, knocking at the outer door, and the flashing of torches beneath my window. This turned out to be some men from one of the fighting villages, who had taken it into their heads to come up to the monastery at that unseasonable hour for mingled purposes of thanksgiving and jollification, and who remained there till morning. They were, however, perfectly civil, and showed no disposition to interfere with me in any way, except in questioning Aheung as to where he came from, and what clan he belonged to. Had he been one of that with which they were fighting, the probability is they would have made him a prisoner.

It was delightful in the morning to sit in the cool air on the terrace in front of this cold or Icy-Cloud Monastery, as it is called, and watch the light mist rolling off the Pak-heung Valley, and brightening over the waters of Deep Bay. Soon from every village the smoke of household fires rose in the calm clear air, while, every ten minutes or so, the boom of a gong came from the combatants beneath, and

reverberated on the grand cliff behind us. The young green rice of the fields below was like a vast lake lying round the villages and wooded knolls, except where in the upper slopes it flowed down from field to field like a river, bearing good promise for the stomachs of industrious hungry men. The little wooded islets rose from the rice sea with their temples and ancestral halls as out of the world's everyday work and life. On either side of the wide Pak-heung were great, bare, sublime blocks of mountains, with white fleecy clouds occasionally floating across God's bright blue sky, while fish were leaping in the pond below, and doves were cooing in the trees around.

But one must have breakfast. [The resources of the country are confined to rice, salted vegetables, and bean-paste, which are not particularly tempting; but we brought some fish with us, and Ah-erng has procured some eggs and pork in the nearest village. Strictly speaking, this being a Buddhist place of worship, no food that has had life in it should be allowed to enter; but there are only two monks here at present—an old man and a neophyte—and my sacrilege is winked at. Nay, it is more than winked at, for, as we breakfasted together, the chopsticks of the monk gradually deviate towards the palatable fried salt-water fish. Curiously and inquiringly he turns one over, and then, as if satisfied with the result of his careful examination, the old sophist exclaims, "*Hai tsi!*"—"Vegetables of the sea!" and immediately swallows a piece. Under this cunning and specious phrase he continues to dispose of a very fair quantity of fish; but the pork was a little too much for his conscience, and he affected not to see it at all. He also pretended, my hair being cropped close, to believe that I was a Buddhist. On learning that we were going to a place called Li-long, he briefly informed me that the men of Li-long were robbers, and immediately thereafter shovel-

led in a vast quantity of rice into his mouth, as if he were afraid to say anything more on that painful subject. This monk, who was quite hale and strong, said he was seventy years old, and looked as if he might live as many more. His occupations, which he took very easily, were praying, chanting, bowing, and reading. The Chinese Buddhists have the idea that, by retiring to solitary places, avoiding bodily activity and all sensual indulgence, living with extreme temperance, and spending their days in meditation and prayer, the vital power is preserved in the system, and gradually collects towards the crown of the head, until at last the devotee gains the possession of supernatural powers. I did not observe that this old gentleman was distinguished in that particular: and the neophyte, it is to be feared, was in a bad way; for I once detected him, the monk being absent, sitting down with a youthful visitor to a dinner where figured the unholy articles of fowl, pork, and Chinese wine, of the two former of which he partook. On a previous visit to this place, a wicked friend of mine, who had full command of the language, disturbed the mind of the neophyte by ardent praise of the gentler sex; and on reading the inscription, "May the children and grandchildren of the contributors [to the monastery] gloriously increase," he asked him how he could expect his children to increase! This youth was also fond of reading Christian tracts in Chinese. Altogether, what with forbidden literature, forbidden diet, and discourses on the forbidden sex, I fear the neophyte will never attain to miraculous powers.

These Buddhist temples and monasteries are thickly scattered over China. They are often buildings of great size, and afford the best resting-place for travellers, but usually the staff of priests is very small indeed, and these bear no very good name among the people.

This one of the Icy Cloud had not so much as a dozen rooms of various sizes, but it was compact and well built. The walls had a few frescoes of non-perspective landscapes, with grotesque devils in the foreground; there were also statues of Buddha, of Kiu-tsaang-keun, or the "Heavenly General," and of Koon Yum, the Hearer of Cries, or Goddess of Grace, to whom it was specially dedicated. Worshipers were very rarely to be seen in it. Many inscriptions, of which the following are examples, were hung upon the walls:—

"It is easy to leave the world; but if the heart is gross, and you cannot cease thinking of the mud and trouble of life, your living in a deep hill is vain."

"To be a Buddhist is easy, but to keep the regulations is difficult."

"It is easy to preach doctrines (*taali*), but to apprehend principles is difficult."

"If you do not put forth your works, but only preach, your strength is empty wasted; and if you talk till you break your teeth, even then it will be in vain."

"If you are entirely without belief and desire (will), and do not attend to the prohibitions, then your strength will have been uselessly wasted, and your head shaved to no purpose."

"May the precious ground (of the monastery) be renewed."

"To be intimate, and not divided, consists in the virtuous roots being gathered in a place."

"When the image was asked why it turned round and fell backward, it said, 'Because the people of the time would not turn their heads;'" [they probably being a stiff-necked generation, like the people of many other times and places.]

"Peacefully seclude and regulate yourselves."

It will be observed that some of these inscriptions are most sensible as well as appropriate. While the last is quite in place in such an institution, it is wisely modified by the five first, which show how retirement can be made profitable, or at least warn against its being unprofitable. The seclusion of a monastery can only be of advantage to those who, having experienced the turmoil and passion of

worldly life, really know its bitterness, and desire something better. It is not only the old monk who breaks his teeth in vain, or the neophyte who shaves his head to no purpose. Youth is the time for action—for "the mud and trouble of life"—and in vain do men try to evade it by planting the unhappy alip "in a deep hill," bidding him observe "the trees of the clouds and the flowers of the mountains," or oppressing him with moral and religious ideas which he cannot appreciate. Old age, again, is the proper period for meditation and wisdom. How often, in all countries, do we see the virtues suitable to one period of life, or to one station of life, forced upon persons of other ages and of different stations, until their souls revolt within them against all virtue whatever!

Passing northward from the "Eighth Village" Valley, we walked over undulating moorland, broken by low hills covered with white quartz, passing one village called Kum-chin, or the "Golden Cash," which was surrounded by acres of large fir-trees, lychus and other fruit-trees, well stocked with doves; and another which bore the fragrant name of Wa-cheang, or "Fine-smelling Grain," though eminently dirty, and surrounded by a stagnant ditch. About two miles after crossing a creek, we skirted the small walled town of Sam-chun, but took good care not to enter. Doubtless at that time we might have done so with tolerable safety, but I once had such a narrow escape in that place, that I had no desire whatever again to tempt its hospitality. Sam-chun is a mart of bad repute, being at the head of a creek, and rather a dépôt for goods, frequently pirated, rather than giving hostage for its respectability in cultivation of the soil. Aheung, who was an old man himself, explained its iniquities by the fact that there were few or no old men to be found in it. The first time I visited it, along with a friend, hostilities were going on at

Canton, and rewards were out for the heads of foreigners. One of our coolies asked us to go into a shop in the town which was kept by some relatives of his, and in doing so we passed through two small gateways, and also the butchers' bazaar. The shopmen received us very well, but we had scarcely time to drink a cup of tea before the room was filled by a crowd of ruffians, chiefly butchers from the neighbouring bazaar, armed with knives and choppers. They first began shouting derisively, pressing in and hustling us; then got up the cry "*Tú tá!*"—"Strike, strike!" with which Chinese commence all their assaults; and then the ominous words "*Fan-quiéi sha tao*"—"Cut off the heads of the Foreign Devils"—coupled with some remarks as to what amount of dollars these articles would bring at Fat-shan. Those who know only the ordinary placid appearance of the Chinaman, have happily little idea of the spectacle he presents when working himself into a fury, or the atrocities which he is capable of committing. The butchers round us—and there must have been nearly a hundred in the shop—were pushing one another on and rapidly rising to blood-heat. Another minute would have proved fatal, and as it was, I had no hope of final escape, the only ambition which occurred being that of getting up into a loft close to where I stood, and where our revolvers could have been used with effect. The coolie who brought us into the fix wanted us to fire, but that would have been madness, pressed in as we were by the crowd. Fortunately the shopkeepers, and some more respectable Chinese who were beside us, so far took our part as to assist in getting us hustled out through a door before the bolder of the ruffians had quite worked their way to us; and as we got through, a yell of rage and disappointment rose from the crowd; and it is to be feared that the shopmen suffered, for there was a general row inside, with great crashing of furni-

ture. As the crowd could not get quickly out of the shop, we had the start of it in the streets, but were soon overtaken by the rabble, who pressed closely on us and threw bricks, besides exhausting indecent language in their remarks. Luckily they were rather afraid of our revolvers, and the street was too narrow to allow of their passing to get the gates shut. They called upon the Chinamen we passed at shop doors and side streets to strike us down; and one individual offered to do so with a long hoe, but failed, while on others we tried very hard to smile blandly, as if the whole affair were a joke or a popular ovation. Even on the plain beyond the crowd followed us for two miles; some men from a neighbouring village, armed with gingalls, threatened to cut off our retreat, and a number of junkmen, with filthy gestures and language, invited us to stop and fight them, as if two strangers, just escaped from imminent death, were at all likely to delay for the pleasure of encountering about two hundred pirates. As my friend could not swim, I was afraid we might be brought up at the creek; but the boat was just starting, and, by holding a revolver to his head, we persuaded the ferryman to take us over, notwithstanding the counter-threats addressed to him by those of the ruffians who had still continued to follow.

The whole affair took us so much by surprise, and there was such necessity for immediate action, that we did not fully realise it until we were safe enough to take a rest, when we both began to feel rather faint, and had immediate recourse to our flasks for a glass of brandy. I experienced, however, a peculiarly disagreeable sensation when the crowd was howling round us in the shop; it was not fear of the consequences, but a kind of magnetic effect from the noise and brutal hostility of so many human beings. A little terrier-bitch which I had with me, and which I carried out in my arms, as otherwise it would

have been trampled down, was so affected by this that it trembled violently, quivering like an aspen leaf. There is something very trying in the hostility of a howling crowd, and a species of almost physical effluence goes out from it beyond visible positive action. A man who was lynched in Texas a few years ago, and whom a party of soldiers tried to save, was so affected by the conflict round him that he besought his friends either to hang him or to give him up at once. I have heard an old Californian settler say that it was nothing to be in a stampede of wild cattle, compared with being surrounded by a crowd of either terrified or infuriated men.

This occurrence, I dare say, is a sufficient excuse for my never having again entered Sam-chun, though often passing it. The General commanding her Majesty's forces at Canton got, at our complaint, the Governor of Kwang-tung to issue a proclamation warning against the recurrence of similar outrages; but the Governor-General exercised very little power in that part of the country. Sam-chun is a place of very bad general repute, and even Chinese travellers carefully avoid it, so I had no desire to experiment as to the actual effect of the proclamation. Aheung was with me when this perilous incident occurred; but he carefully disappeared, and only turned up again towards evening, carrying a basket, which he had saved, as the excuse for his absence. After we are fairly past Sam-chun on this our present excursion, he turns round to look at it, grins at me, and draws his hand significantly across his throat. We stop this night at his own village of San-Kong, a little further on, and sleep in the schoolhouse, which is large and airy. Moved by the report of my coolie, the people there were particularly civil; and Aheung insisted on providing the morning and evening repast, with abundance of hot *t'san*, or Chinese wine, at his own expense. He also brought his

very aged mother to see me, and she would have *kow-towed* had I allowed her. Frequently the Chinese are accused of ingratitude, but I must say I have always found a very strong desire on their part to reciprocate favours. At this place a rather curious proposal was made by a Chinese traveller who was halting at a tea-house in front of the village. On seeing me he took off his coat and displayed to the people his bare back, which was cruelly scored by the strokes of a rattan. "See," he said, "how the foreign devils in Hong-Kong treat a respectable Chinaman: now that we have got this foreign devil amongst us, let us tie him up and flog him, and see how he will like it." Immediately on this Aheung's inarticulate voice rose in vehement protest, and the people would not listen to the proposal for a moment; but it made my back shiver, for had it been advanced in a village where I was unknown, it might very possibly have been carried into execution—which would have been neither profit nor glory, and would have been all the harder because I strongly disapproved of the way in which such punishments were carried out by the police. It used to be a most horrid spectacle to see, as often might be done, a poor wretch, with his back all raw and bloody, exposed in Queen's Road, the most crowded thoroughfare of the town, trembling from pain, shame, and cold, and trying to conceal his face from the passers-by. I could not wonder if a man who had so suffered tried to murder a dozen Europeans, especially if he had suffered unjustly, as was nearly as likely to be the case as not, or for some trivial offence, such as stealing three hairs from a horse's tail, for which I have known a flogging with the rattan inflicted.

Our next day's journey was also a short one of only twelve miles. Shady paths along the side of a stream led us to Pu-kak, a large Hakka village, where the German missionaries had formerly a station

in the *hue*, or marketplace, but were forbidden to enter the village itself, or to walk on a neighbouring hill, lest they should disturb the dragon beneath, who could not be supposed to stand the insult of foreigners trampling upon his neck! At the outbreak of hostilities at Canton, the Rev. Messrs. Lobschied and Winnes, who were labouring here, were assailed by the people, and had to barricade themselves in their house. The former gentleman got out at night by a back window; and, being pursued, escaped by concealing himself in the water and among the lotus-leaves of a small pond, enjoying the pleasure, while lying there, of hearing the Chinese thrusting their long spears close to him. Mr. Winnes was held to ransom for 240 dollars, and was released; but it is doubtful whether that would have taken place had a small military force not been despatched from Hong-Kong for his relief.

At Li-lang, or the village of "Flourishing Plums," which we next reached, I was glad to find Mr. Winnes, and to stay with him. He had been residing there alone, most of the time, for nearly six months, in a small room above a very small chapel and schoolhouse, which were built before the commencement of the war. All his attempts to get a suitable site for a house had been unsuccessful, owing to the geomantic fears of the Hakkas. At one place they were afraid that the White Tiger, whatever that may be, would be disturbed by his building. Another suitable site was refused because the spirits of the ancestors wandering about the graves on the opposite hill would be disturbed by any change of the aspect of the scene, such as a new house would cause. This geomancy is a rather mysterious and difficult subject, which has its own priests, and exercises much influence over the minds of the Chinese. One of the converts of the missionary had been a geomancer, and had written an essay on the subject, in which

he makes mention of such awful things as the Deadly Vapour around the dwelling, the Fiery Star which brings destruction, the Nightly Dog who causes apparitions, the Abandoned Spirits who promote ignorance, the White Tiger of the Heavenly Gate, the Seven Murderers, the Gate of Death, the Pestilential Devil, the Hanging Devil, the Strangler, the Poisoner, the Knocker at the Door, the Lamenting Devil, the Scatterer of Stones, the Barking Dragon, the Ravenous Heavenly Dog, and the Murderer of the Year. Talk of the Chinese not being an imaginative people! Why, these mere names suggest a whole world of terror; they are enough to make one shudder and have recourse immediately to a solemn study of the seventy-two principles of the mysterious laws of the efficacious charm for protecting houses.

Another interesting subject on which Mr. Winnes gave me novel information was the practice of Spirit-Writing among the Chinese, which has existed from an early period, and strikingly resembles the Western Spirit-Rapping of modern times. I have pretty full notes on this *Geister Schrift*, as the German called it, but must avoid tedious details. It is sometimes had recourse to by mandarins and educated persons, as well as by the ignorant, for the purpose of gaining information as to the future intentions of Heaven, which are otherwise hid from human beings. One of the most frequent inquiries put is as to whether the questioner will have a number of male children, but all sorts of subjects are inquired into, both personal and political; and many volumes exist, both in prose and verse, alleged to have been written by spirits; so the Seer of Poughkeepsie has been anticipated in the Flowery Land. The Spirit-Writing is called by the Chinese *Kong-pit*, or "Descending to the Pencil," and the first step is to cut a bent twig from an apricot tree, affixing at the same time to

the tree certain characters which notify that the twig or magic pencil is taken, because the spirit will descend in order to reveal hidden things. Having thus consoled the tree for its loss, the twig is cut into the shape of a Chinese pen, and one end is inserted at right angles into the middle, not the end, of a piece of bamboo, about a foot long and an inch thick, so that were this bamboo laid upon a man's palms turned upwards, the twig might hang down and be moved over a piece of paper. In a temple, a schoolhouse, or an ancestral hall, chairs are then set apart for the spirit to be summoned, and for the god or saint of the temple or village under whose power the summoned spirit is supposed to be wandering. One table is covered with flowers, cakes, wine, and tea for the refreshment and delectation of the supernatural visitors, while another is covered with fine sand, in order that the spirit may there write its intimations. In order to add to the solemnity of the scene, proceedings are not commenced till after dark, and the spectators are expected to attend fasting, in full dress, and in a proper frame of mind.

The usual way of communicating in China with the higher supernatural powers is by writing supplications or thanksgivings on red or gold-tissue paper, and then burning the paper, the idea being that the characters upon it are thus conveyed into a spiritual form. In order to spirit-writing, a piece of paper is burnt containing some such prayer as this to the tutelary deity or saint of the place:—"This night we have prepared wine and gifts, and we now beseech our great Patron to bring before us a cloud-wandering spirit into this temple, in order that we may communicate with him." After the saint has had sufficient time to find a spirit, two or three of the company go to the door to receive him, and the spirit is conducted to the seat set apart for him, with much honour, with many genuflexions, and the burn-

ing of gold paper. The bamboo is then placed in the palms of a man, so that the apricot twig touches the smooth sand upon one of the tables; and it is usually preferred that the person in whose hands the magic pen is thus placed should be unable to write, as that gives some guarantee against collusion and deception. It is then asked if the spirit has arrived from the clouds; on which, if he is there, the spirit makes the bamboo shake in the hands of the individual who is holding it, so that the magic twig writes on the sand the character *to*, or "arrived." When it is thus known that the supernatural guest is present, both he and the tutelary deity are politely requested to seat themselves in the arm-chairs which have been provided, the latter, of course, being on the left, or in the post of honour according to Chinese ideas. They are then refreshed by the burning of more paper, and by the pouring out of wine, which they are thus supposed spiritually to drink; and those who wish to question the ghost are formally introduced to it, for nothing would be considered more shocking than for any one suddenly and rudely to intrude himself upon its notice. After these ceremonies, it is thought proper that the visitor from the clouds should communicate something about himself; so inquiries are made as to his family and personal names, the period at which he lived, and the position which he occupied. The question as to time is usually made by asking what dynasty he belonged to, a few hundred years more or less not being thought anything of among this ancient people, and a ghost of at least a thousand years old being preferred to younger and consequently less experienced persons. The answers to these questions are given as before, the spirit, through the medium, tracing characters upon the sand.

After that, those who have been introduced to the invisible guest put their inquiries as to the future.

The questions and the name of the questioner are written upon a piece of gold paper, as thus:—"Lee Tai is respectfully desirous to know whether he shall count many male children and grandchildren." "Wohong would gladly know whether his son Apak will obtain a degree at the examination at Canton next month." The paper with the question is then burned, and the spirit moves the magic pen until an answer, most frequently in verse, is traced upon the sand. If the bystanders cannot make out the answer, the ghostly interpreter will sometimes condescend to write it again, and to add the word "right" when it is at last properly understood. After the sand on the table is all written over, it is again rolled smooth, and the kind spirit continues its work. When the answer is in verse, the bystanders often take to flattery, and say, "The illustrious spirit has most distinguished poetical powers." To which the illustrious spirit usually replies, in Chinese—"Hookey Walker!" Whenever a question is put, the paper is burned and wine is poured out; for Chinese ghosts appear to be thirsty souls, and are not above reprimanding those who neglect to give them wine, or do not regard their utterances with sufficient respect. It is believed that the man in whose hands the magic pen lies has nothing to do with its movements, and its motions can be easily seen, and cause some little noise, thumping down on the table.

These operations go on till shortly after midnight, when, according to the principles of Chinese physical science, the *yung*, or male principle of life, gains the ascendancy. I am not aware that any covert satire is intended in thus making the ghost loquacious only when under the influence of the *yung*, or female principle; but it may be so, or there may be something in common in this respect between Chinese spirits and the ghosts of our own land, which used to vanish at the first crowing of the cock. At all

events, soon after midnight, the celestial visitor, who is not less formally polite than Chinese still in the flesh, writes on the table—"Gentlemen! I am obliged for your liberal presents, but now I must take my departure." The gentlemen reply to this, still through the medium of a burned paper—"We beseech the illustrious ghost still to remain with us a little longer, and still further to enlighten our minds." "Permit me to go," politely answers the spirit, "for I am urgently required elsewhere;" whereon the whole assembly rises, and, advancing to the door with burning papers, escort the ghost out, complimenting him, bowing to him, and begging for his pardon if they have at all failed in doing him honour. At the door they respectfully take leave of him, and allow him to wander on into the darkness and the clouds.

It is curious to find that this supposed modern form of delusion, or else of communication with the spirit world, has been in existence in the Middle Empire for centuries, and it is only one of many things recently springing up in Europe which have been anticipated by the Celestials. A good deal of faith is attached to these ghostly utterances, and the ceremonies are conducted with solemnity. It may be observed that communication with the supernatural world by means of burned papers is not an isolated notion in the circle of Chinese ideas. Everything is considered as having an existence beyond that which it presents to the bodily eye. Even inanimate objects may be said to have a soul; and things (to use the word in its widest sense) have the same relationships to each other in their spiritual as in their visible existence. Thus, the spirits of the dead must eat, whether they be in heaven or hell, in clouds or sunshine. They devour not spiritual turnips, rice, and pork, but the soul or spiritual existence of visible turnips, rice, and pork; and, like other Chinese, they prefer fowl,

ducks, and birds'-nest soup, when they can get these luxuries. So far is this carried, that in the "Universal Rescue," to which I have already referred, separate bathing-rooms are set apart for spirits of the different sexes, in which they are supposed to perform their spiritual ablutions. Thus the present and the past, the visible and invisible, are inseparably connected, while both are seen to shape the unformed future.

At Li-long Mr. Winnes had a small congregation of converts from among the peasantry, and a few intelligent young men whom he was training for missionary or educational purposes; hymns were sung in Chinese, but set to German music. Besides conveying instruction, the missionaries—who have all studied medicine more or less—give medicine and medical treatment to many of the Chinese with whom they come in contact, and try to cure inveterate debauched opium-smokers by taking them in charge for two or three weeks, keeping them under their own eye, and supplying such drugs as are necessary to prevent the system from breaking up when the narcotic food on which it has been accustomed to depend is withdrawn. Credit is due to these educated and intelligent men who thus cut themselves off from the enjoyments of their own civilisation, and devote themselves to the improvement of a somewhat rude and wild people like those who inhabit these mountainous districts of Kwangtung. In many respects their work is important, and especially as acting as a "buffer," to use a railway phrase, between two antagonistic races and antagonistic civilisations. In ordinary circumstances they are treated not merely with respect, but also with a friendly confidence rarely extended to foreigners, though when war is abroad and the minds of the people are exasperated their services may be forgotten. By mingling with the people, speaking their language, sympathising with their humble joys and sorrows, and allevi-

ating their sufferings, they present the foreigner in a new and beautiful light to the Chinese, and dissipate the prejudice which has attached itself to his name.

On leaving Li-long next day the German missionary asked me to visit a village called Ma-hum in the Yeang-tai Mountains, to which I was bound, as it had suffered severely in a prolonged clan-fight, and he thought that the advent of a foreigner would give its inhabitants some little prestige which might save them from the utter destruction with which they were threatened by the neighbouring and more powerful village of Schan-tsun. As the day was warm and the way was long, I engaged a chair and a couple of coolies, who went on sturdily through narrow valleys between low hills frequently covered with pine-apple trees or rather bushes. After passing the large wealthy village of Tsing-fer, or "Clear Lake," where there are some enormous trees, and, among others, a bastard banian, the trunk of which is forty feet in circumference, we began to enter the Yeang-tai Mountains, where the Throne of the Sun is supposed to be situated. At first they appeared not nearly so beautiful and striking as when I had visited them the previous summer. At that time the orchards of peach, plum, pear, and apple trees, which form the main attraction of the valleys, were loaded with leaves, blossoms, and fruit; the grass was everywhere green; the red sides of the more barren hills were diversified by numerous waterfalls and foaming streams; while fantastic clouds, here dark and threatening, but there lit golden by the sunlight, wreathed the summits of the mountains. In this dry season the more western portions of the Yeang-tai looked bare and unsatisfactory. The spring was not sufficiently advanced for the trees to show more than barely visible, though budding knobs; the grass on the hills was dry and yellow, and our path wound away through interminable small

valleys where the slopes around seemed neither solid rock nor fruitful earth, but ridges of decayed granite which the rains had washed bare and the sun had bleached to a dirty reddish-white. It was like finding a once fair lady in a faded condition and a dubious undress. The fruits which form the product of this district are not particularly satisfactory to European judgment. The plums, apricots, and peaches, though small, are much the best; but it is difficult to get them in good condition, as the Chinese seem to prefer them either unripe or rotten; and they are always gathered too soon, partly on this account and partly to preserve them from the ravages of birds and thieves. The large juicy pears are exceedingly coarse-grained, and have not much taste; the pulp feels dry and gritty in the mouth, and the only way to enjoy them properly is to eat them stewed. The dry leathery apples are miserable indeed. Those fruits in the south of China which belong to the tropical zone are much better than those whose proper place is in the temperate. The pine-apple, the custard-apples, the guavas, the pomegranates, and the olives are very good indeed; but the mangos are small, and much inferior to those of India, Manilla, and the Straits. Some fruits are indigenous and peculiar to the country, as the *whampee*, which tastes not unlike a gooseberry; and the *lychu* (whose trees form a fragrant and agreeable feature in the landscape), which is about the size of a large strawberry, and has, within a rough red skin, a white sweet watery pulp, somewhat resembling that of the mangosteen, and not unpleasant to the taste, though the flavour suggests a faint suspicion of castor-oil. It is scarcely necessary to make mention of the numerous varieties of the orange, which is the most abundant and perfect fruit in the south of China.

As we advanced into the larger valleys and among the higher hills, the scenery became more picturesque; and often, far up the moun-

tains, were some large white graves. The Chinese are unlike all other nations in their treatment of the dead. In the first place, they like to have their own coffins ready and in their houses, being in no way disturbed by having such a *memento mori* constantly before their eyes. I once heard two women disputing violently in Hong-Kong, and on inquiring into the cause, the younger one said to me in "pidgin English," "That woman belong my moder. I have catchee she number one piccy coffin, and she talkee, 'No good, no can do!'" *Anglies*: "That woman is my mother. I have got for her a coffin of the best kind, and she says it's not good, and won't do!" After death the body is closed up in a coffin along with quicklime. This is often kept for some time in the house, and then, most frequently, the bones are taken out and placed in an earthenware urn. The most usual form of the grave is an attempt at representing the shape of an arm-chair without legs, but this is often thirty or forty feet round, and is built of stone, or of bricks covered with white chunam. At the back of this the urn is placed in an excavation, and the spirit of the defunct is supposed to seat himself there and enjoy the view. Care is taken to give him a dry place, where he will not be disturbed by damp or streams of water, and where the spiritual existence of ants will not annoy. The Chinese love of nature comes out remarkably in their selection of spots for graves. They prefer solitary places, where sighing trees wave over the departed, the melody of birds will refresh his spirit, where he can gaze upon a running stream and a distant mountain-peak. In the 'Kia Li,' or Collection of Forms used in Family Services, there occurs the following beautiful funeral lament, which is wont to be uttered at burial:—

"The location of the spot is striking.
The beauty of a thousand hills is centred here.
Ah!

And the Dragon coils around to guard it.
A winding stream spreads vast and wide.
Ah!
And the egrets here collect in broods.
Rest here in peace for aye. Ah!
The sighing firs above will make you music.
For ever rest in this fair city. Ah!
Where pines and trees will come and cheer you."

Much more than that in which lies the tomb of Shelley is the situation of some of these Celestial graves fitted to make one "in love with death," and there is much consoling in the thought which the Chinaman can entertain, that when the cold hand has stilled the beatings of the troubled heart, his disembodied spirit does not want a home, his name and memory are perpetuated in the ancestral hall, his wants are provided for, and the daughter whom he left a child feels that he is near her even to her old age. How different these convictions from the melancholy complaint of Abd-el-Rohaman, the Arab poet, as, fancying himself in the grave, forsaken and forgotten by all his kin, he wrote:—

"They threw upon me mould of the tomb and went their way,—
A guest, 'twould seem, had flitted from the dwellings of the tribe.
My gold and my treasures, each his share, they bore away,
Without thanks, without praise, with a jest and with a jibe.

"My gold and my treasures, each his share, they bore away;
On me they left the weight, with me they left the sin.
That night within the grave, without heard or child, I lay:
No spouse, no friend was there, no comrade and no kin.

"The wife of my youth soon another husband found;
A stranger sat at home on the hearthstone of my sire;
My son became a slave, though unpurchased, unbound,
The hireling of a stranger who begrudged him his hire."

The Celestial does not regard death as the termination of delights or separation of companions, and he comforts himself with the thought that the affectionate wishes of all his kin will follow him into Dead

Man's Land, that he will there enjoy companionship, that his spirit may hover for ever over the village and the stream, revered to latest generations, influencing the fruitfulness of the all-nourishing earth, the sweep of the winds of heaven, and the courses of the life-giving streams. Until some better ideas be introduced, it would be a pity were this belief disturbed, as it exercises a powerful influence for good by leading the Chinese mind from things seen and temporal—for which it is apt to have too much respect—towards those which are unseen and eternal. It gives to his horizon the awe of another world, and has much effect in preserving those family relationships which lie at the foundation of Chinese social success. It also has a singular effect in consoling the bereaved, and

'Doomed as we are, our native dust!
To meet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain
The altar, to deride the fane
Where simple sufferers bend, in trust
To win a happier hour."

At the same time, it must be admitted that there is a great deal of confusion and contradiction in Chinese ideas as to the state of the dead. While they speak of the departed spirit as still retaining a full personality of its own, they also, or at least many of them, believe in the separation and return to the primal elements of the various spirits of which the human being is composed. Thus the animal spirit, for instance, would return to and be lost in the great reservoir of animal existence, just as a drop of water in the ocean, and the mind or intellect return to that of mind. Yet their ideas on this subject, however contradictory, and all their feelings, point to death as not an evil in itself, or an event to be dreaded. Hence, in fact, their indifference to life and extreme fondness for suicide. Almost every Chinaman lives in the spirit of their proverb, "The hero does not ask if there be evil omens; he views death as going home."

At Ma-hum I had a letter of introduction to one of the elders, and found that village small, much impoverished, and greatly dilapidated. Long warfare with Schan-tsun had exhausted its resources; many habitations were empty; the temple and schoolhouse were in ruins; there were very few women—some, I fear, having been sold from distress—and the people had a crushed, desponding air. These clan-fights in the south of China are rather curious, and attention has not been called to them. I never could master all their intricacies, but they occur sometimes between people of different family names, and sometimes between those of different villages and districts. Two villages having the same patronymic sometimes fight, but most usually it is the clanship which determines and guides the quarrel. People of another name visiting the parties are very seldom interfered with, unless it is by the hired combatants, who are generally bad characters, and are sometimes employed by wealthy villages. At one place to which I came, the elders sent out word they would not allow us to enter, as they had more than a thousand mercenary soldiers there, and they could not insure our safety. It is no unusual thing for notice to be given when a battle is to come off, and on these occasions I have seen the hills lined with hundreds of spectators from other places, who entertained no fears for their own safety, were not interfered with, and applauded both parties impartially according to the valour or energy displayed. I say energy, because at one of the most vigorous fights I have seen there was no enemy in sight, or within several miles. Files of men gathered in groups and stretched into line; they ran down hills and up hills again, waving huge flags; they shook their spears, made ferocious attacks upon an imaginary foe, poured out volleys of abuse, and now and then a single brave, half naked, with a turban or napkin round his head, would heroic-

ally advance before his comrades, throw himself into all sorts of impossible postures, and indulge in a terrific single combat; but though all this was done, the opposite side never made its appearance at all. Another time I got up into a tree close to two villages, about a couple of hundred yards from each other, which were doing battle with gingsalls. The marksmen protected themselves behind trees and walls and the roofs of houses. Every ten minutes or so, some one would come out and show himself, making derisive insulting gestures; on which a shot or two was fired at him, and the gingsall-men on his side tried in their turn to pick off the marksmen. Before any one was wounded, however, I had to descend from the tree and beat a retreat. These fights go on sometimes for days and even weeks in this way, without any more serious loss on either side than a vast expenditure of time, powder, and bullets; but woe to the unfortunate who happens to fall into the hands of the opposite clan or village! If his head is not taken off at once, and his heart cut out, which frequently happens, he may perhaps be exchanged against some prisoner; but it is just as likely that he is put to death in a prolonged and painful way, such as being disjointed or sliced. When a feud has gone on for some time, when all attempts at mediation have proved abortive, and great irritation exists, then the combatants usually come to closer quarters, sometimes in the daytime, but more usually at night. The stronger side in such circumstances relaxes its hostility, and tries to lull its opponents into a feeling of false security. When it has succeeded in doing so, then a strong party will make a sudden dash at the hostile village during the daytime, and kill and carry away as many persons as it possibly can. More frequently, however, a midnight attack is organised. When the enemy are supposed to feel themselves tolerably

secure, a vigorous attempt is made to crush them altogether. Some dark night the inhabitants of the doomed village suddenly awake to find themselves surrounded by armed men who have scaled their walls, and set fire to their houses by throwing in among them a number of blazing stink-pots, which also confuse by their fumes and smoke. Then rise to heaven the yell of fury and the shriek of despair. Quickly the fighting-men seize their spears and gingalls, but, distracted by the surprise and by their blazing houses, they are soon shot, pinned down with those terrible three-pronged spears, or driven back into the flames. Little or no mercy is granted to them. Terrified women seek to strangle their children, and themselves commit suicide; but as many of these as possible are saved, in order that they may become servants to the victors. Where the golden evening saw a comfortable village and happy families, the grey dawn beholds desolation and ashes, charred rafters and blackened corpses.

It may be asked whether the Government exercises no control over these local feuds; but in those districts where they exist the mandarins rarely interfere, except by way of mediation and advice. Their power is not so great that they can afford to do more; and, besides, it is not in accordance with Chinese ideas that they should do so. Notwithstanding its nominally despotic form of government, China is really one of the most self-governing countries in the world. Each family, village, district, and province is to a very great extent expected to regulate or "harmonise" itself. In order to this end, great powers are allowed within these limits. The father, or the head of a family, can inflict most serious and even very cruel punishments on its members, without his neighbours thinking they have any right to interfere with him; and, on the other hand, he is held responsible for the misdeeds of his children, and when these have

offended against public justice, and are not to be got hold of, he often suffers vicariously in their place. In like manner, villages are allowed great power in the settling of their internal affairs through their elders. Within certain wide limits the district is left to preserve its own peace, without troubling the higher authorities of the province; and if it choose to indulge in the expensive luxury of clan-fights, why that is its own loss. The mandarin of Nam-taw, the capital of the district, had told both the Ma-hum and Schan-tsun people that they were very foolish to go on fighting as they were doing, and he had ordered the latter, as the aggressors, to desist, but there his interference ended: there ought to be virtue enough in the district to put down such a state of matters, but there was not; and by late news from China it appears that the warlike inhabitants of Schan-tsun have been continuing and flourishing in their career of violence; for about a couple of months ago their "young people"—the frolicsome portion of the population—made a night-attack upon the neighbouring village of Sun-tsan, sacked every house, carried off provisions, destroyed the whole place except the temple, and killed at random men, women, and children to the number of 150, no less than 75 of the latter having been destroyed. It is, in fact, this local weakness of the Government which causes the rebellions that devastate the country. A gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the language, writing to me by last mail from the centre of China, truly remarks on this subject: "The causes of the rebellion are, so far as I can see, the overpopulation of the country, the inefficiency of the mandarins, and the indifference of the people. The Chinese enjoy an amount of freedom and self-government which, I suppose, is nowhere surpassed, if equalled; and their social system, which is the result of so many centuries' experience of what human

life is, is sufficient to meet most of their requirements. But it is not sufficient to suppress the uprising of the dangerous classes. To do this the power of the country must be organised into some sort of shape, and then wielded with energy and honesty. Unfortunately, the present mandarins neither have the one nor the other. But the beginning of great changes in China is at hand. I am convinced that any attempt at foreign interference in the civil government of the provinces would do great mischief."

It will illustrate the sort of democratic feeling which prevails in China, to mention that the elder with whom I stayed had Aheung and my stranger chair-coolies as well as myself to sit down at dinner with him in the evening. The extreme politeness of the Chinese prevents this being disagreeable, and I never saw the commonest coolie either inclined to presume upon such contact, or particularly pleased by it. The German and the Catholic missionaries have their meals in this way when travelling, and I found it, upon trial, to be much the best. In its then condition the resources of Ma-hum were limited, and the house we were in was a mere hovel of sundried bricks; but our host produced at dinner fresh and salt fish, pork and turnip soup, boiled pork and salted eggs, fine pork and small white roots like potatoes, with cabbage, bean-paste, and rice, apologising for not having had warning to prepare a better repast. When unafflicted by famine or rebellion, I should say that the labouring Chinese live better than any other people of the same class, except in Australia and the United States. Though they only take two meals a-day, yet they often refresh themselves between with tea and sweet cakes; and at these meals they like to have several dishes, among which both fish and pork are usually to be found; often eggs, ducks, and fowls; in some part of the country

mutton, and in others beef. Their cookery is also very good; I never met anything very *outré* in it, except on one single occasion, chips of dog-ham, which were served out as appetisers, and are very expensive, and come from the province of Shan-tung, where the animal is fed up for the purpose upon grain. The breeding of fish in ponds is one of the most plentiful and satisfactory sources for the supply of food in China, and attempts are being made at present to introduce it into France. The great secret of their cookery is that it spares fuel and spares time. In most of their dishes the materials are cut up into small pieces before being placed upon the fire, and some are even cooked by being simply steamed within the pan in which the invariable rice is cooked. The rice tastes much more savoury than that which we get in this country, and is not unpleasant to eat alone, steam rather than water being used in preparing it for the table—a sea voyage exercising some damaging effect upon its flavour. The great drawback of the food of the lower Celestials is that the vegetables are often salt, and resemble sour kraut; the pork is too fat, and the salt fish is frequently in a state of decay. Bean-paste also—a frequent article among the poor—cannot be too strongly condemned; nor is it redeemed by the fact that it is in much use among the holy men of the Buddhist monasteries, for they have a decided preference for "vegetables of the sea."

At Ma-hum I got a small empty cottage to sleep in, with only the company of a *phoong quei*, or "wind box," used for preparing corn, and exactly the same in construction and appearance as the "fanners," which used to be employed in Scottish barns. My trip, so far as it was by land, ended next day at Nam-tow, the district capital, a large walled town of, I should think, not less than a hundred thousand souls. This place had been bombarded about eighteen months be-

fore by our gunboats, in consequence of the mandarins stopping the supplies of Hong-Kong, and withdrawing the native servants; so I was rather afraid of being mobbed, or otherwise ill-treated, if I delayed in it, or turned on my footsteps when looking for the passage-boat to Hong-Kong. Even when there is no positive danger, a Chinese mob is rather trying to a solitary European; but China is a civilised country, and fortunately there were two boats and competition. The consequence of this was, that the touter of one of them waylaid us about a mile and a half from the town, and led me direct to his junk, in which I at once embarked, to the disappointment of the crowd which had begun to gather upon our heels.

I used to find it safer to go about that part of the coast in passage-boats rather than in one of my own, and of course in that way saw much more of the people. These vessels usually go two and two in company, in order to assist one another against the not unfrequent attacks of pirates; and are pretty well armed with stink-pots, two or three small cannon, and spears innumerable. When not crowded they do very well, and a small sum procures the sole use of a small matted cabin without any furniture, if it is not pre-engaged. On this occasion the extra cabin was occupied, and in that of the supercargo, which is also usually available, there was a portion of his family; so I had to content myself with the deck and the "first class" cabin, which was occupied by shopkeepers and small merchants. The Chinese are not very clean, especially in cold weather, when they put on coat over coat without ever changing the inner one: in the poorer houses the dirt and water are not properly "balanced," and they have a saying which associates "lice and good-luck;" but, most fortunately for travellers, their *pediculi*, like horses in Japan, appear to participate in the national antipathy for foreigners.

There were about fifty passengers in this boat bound for Hong-Kong, and the cargo consisted of vegetables and sugar-cane. One little boy on board appeared to have been told off to do the cooking and religion. He would suddenly stop in his task of cutting up fish or turnips, and burn a red joss-paper with a prayer upon it, for the success of our voyage; then as suddenly utter an exclamation and dive down again among the pots. This little wretch of a cook, though chaffed at by the sailors and afflicted by a severe cold, appeared perfectly contented, happy, and even joyful—which may be a lesson to some other doctors elsewhere. The Universe, acting under the Chinese system, had found a place which suited him, work adapted to his nature, and such small enjoyments as he could appreciate. He always found time, every five minutes, to snatch a chew at sugar-cane, and even lost five cash by gambling. In these passage-boats the fare is not, and cannot be expected to be, very good; but our diminutive artist prepared for dinner stewed oysters, fried and boiled fish, fat pork, salt eggs, rice, greens, turnips, and onions.

The British sailor adorns his bunk with a rude portrait of lovely Nancy, but our junk had inscriptions savouring of a lofty kind of poetry and morality. In the cabin there was written up in Chinese characters, "The virtue which we receive from Heaven is as great as a mountain;" and also, "The favour (grace) received from the Spirit of the Ocean is as deep as the ocean itself." On the roof we were informed that Heaven, and not only wood, was above us, by the inscription, "The virtue of the (divine) Spirit illuminates everything." These were intelligible, but this one, which was on the mainmast, requires interpretation—"There is majesty on the Eight Faces." It must be understood to mean that there is majesty, or glory, everywhere around. The paper on the rudder exclaimed—"Keep us secure, Tai Shon!" or

"Great mountain," a very holy and "powerful" hill in Shan-tung, to which Confucius has alluded, and to which pilgrimages are made. At the bows there was the cheering assurance, "The ship's head prospers," which in our passage was not falsified.

These evidences of high moral feeling, however, were hardly borne out by the conduct of the crew. As 'Punch's' footman observed of the leg-of-mutton dinner, they were "substantial but coarse;" quite without the politeness of the peasantry; friendly enough, but indulging in rough play, such as giving each other, and some of the passengers, sundry violent pats on the head. The captain, as is everywhere usual at sea, gave his orders roughly, and required them to be promptly obeyed. They don't think much of firing into another boat, by way of amusement or gentle warning; and are not altogether averse to a quiet little piece of piracy when it comes in their way. On leaving the Canton river the wind and tide in the Kup-shui-moon pass or strait were so strong that we ran in-shore, anchored, and spent the night there. Most of the crew and some of the passengers sat up most of the night gambling, which surely did not look as if their virtue was quite the size of a mountain, and indulged in some violent disputes. Their playing-cards were more elaborate than ours, having many characters and devices upon them, but not a fourth of the size. Being scarcely half an inch broad, though about the same length as ours, and with more distinctive marks, they were held and handled with much greater ease. Instead of being dealt out, they were laid down

on their faces between the players, and each man helped himself in order.

The Kup-shui-moon is a great place for pirates, and as I was courting sleep some of the passengers were discussing the probability of our being taken by them and hung up by the thumbs and great toes to make us send for an outrageous ransom. They did not use *Hai track*, the Chinese word for "sea robbers," but *Pi-long*, which is a Chinesified form of the English word "pirate" and *La-li-loong*, which is doubtless their form of the Portuguese word *ladrone*. Like the Italians with their *bistacca* for our abrupt "beefsteak," the Chinese, when they adopt or use European words, throw them into an extended mellifluous form, in which it is difficult to recognise the original sound. *La-li-loong* is a good illustration of this, and so also is *pe-lan-dia*, by which they mean "brandy." The estuary of the Pearl river and the neighbouring coast have long been famous for pirates, and the passengers were not without some cause of apprehension. I have seen three professional pirate junks watching in the Kup-shui-moon at one time, and only a few mails ago there came out accounts of an attempt to take an English steamer in or close to it. Not less than their names, *Pi-long* and *La-li-loong*, the pirates of China are a result of foreign contact, and as yet give no signs of diminishing either in number or in power.

However, no sea-robbers disturbed our repose. Next morning I found we had passed the strait, and were drawing under the shadow of Victoria Peak.

MARRIAGE BELLS.

THE British nation has just had one of its grand spontaneous holidays—a holiday so universal and unanimous that imagination is at a loss where to find that surprised and admiring spectator whose supposed presence heightens ordinary festivities by giving the revellers a welcome opportunity of explaining what it is all about. There is not a peasant nor a babe within the three kingdoms which has not had his or its share in the universal celebration, and is not as well aware as we are what the reason is, or why every sleeper in England was roused on this chill Tuesday morning by the clangour of joy-bells and irregular (alas! often thrice irregular) dropping of the intermittent *feu-de-joie*, with which every band of Volunteers in every village, not to speak of great guns and formal salutes, has vindicated its British rights—every man for himself—to honour the day. We are known as a silent nation in most circumstances, and a nation grave, sober-minded, not enthusiastic; yet, barring mountains and moors, there is not a square mile of British soil in any of the three kingdoms in which the ringing of joyful bells, the cheers of joyful voices, have not been the predominating sound from earliest dawn of this March morning. Labour has suspended every exertion but that emulation of who shall shout the loudest and rejoice the most heartily. If there was any compulsion in the holiday, it was a pressure used by the people upon a Government which has other things to do than invent or embellish festivals. We have insisted upon our day's pleasuring. We have borne all the necessary expenses, and taken all the inevitable trouble. Is it sympathy, loyalty, national pride? or what is it? It is something embracing all, yet more simple, more comprehensive, more spontaneous than either: it is

a real personal joy which we have been celebrating—the first great personal event in the young life which belongs to us, and which we delight to honour. The Son of England receives his bride in the sight of no limited company, however distinguished, but of the entire nation, which rejoices with him and over him without a dissentient or discontented voice. Our sentiments towards him are of no secondary description. It is our wedding, and this great nation is his father's house.

His father's house—not now is the time to enlarge upon these words, nor the suggestions of most tender sadness, the subduing Lenten shadow upon the general joy which they convey, and which is in every body's mind. It is the house of his Mother whom her people have come to serve, not with ordinary tributes of loyalty, but with intuitions of love. England has learned to know, not what custom exacts or duty requires towards her Royal Mistress, but, with a certain tender devotion which perhaps a nation can bear only to a woman, to follow the thoughts, the wishes, the inclinations of HER QUEEN. Something has come to pass of which constitutional monarchy, popular freedom, just laws, offer no sufficient explanation. The country is at one with the Sovereign. A union so perfect has come about by degrees, as was natural; and the heart of the race which expanded to her in natural sympathy, when, young and inexperienced, she ascended the throne, has quickened gradually into a warmer universal sentiment than perhaps has ever been felt for a monarch. We use the ancient hyperboles of loyalty with calmness in this island, knowing that they rather fall short of the fact than exceed it. It is barely truth to say that any trouble or distress of Hers affects her humble

subjects in a degree only less acute than their own personal afflictions; and that never neighbour was wept over with a truer heart in the day of her calamity than was the Queen in hers by every soul of her subjects, great and small. Intense sorrow cannot dwell long in the universal bosom: but the country, not contented with rendering its fullest tribute of grief for the lost, has dedicated many an occasional outbreak of tears through all these months to that unaccustomed cloud which veiled the royal house. And now it is spring, and the purest abstract type of joy—young love and marriage—comes with strange yet sweet significance in Lent, to open, as we all hope, a new chapter in that household history in which we are so much concerned. With all the natural force of revulsion out of mourning, with all the natural sympathy for that visible representation of happiness in which men and women can never refuse to be interested, there has mingled, above all, a wistful national longing “to please the Queen.” Curiosity and interest were doubtless strongly excited by the coming of the bride—but not for the fair Danish Princess alone would London have built itself anew in walls of human faces, and an entire community expended a day of its most valuable time for one momentary glimpse of the sweet girlish countenance on which life as yet has had time to write nothing but hope and beauty. The sentiment of that wonderful reception was but a subtle echo of our Lady’s wish, lovingly carried out by the nation, which is her Knight as well as Subject. To hide our dingy London houses, we could not resort to the effective tricks with which skilful French hands can make impromptu marble and gold: but we did what art and genius could never attempt to do—what nothing but love could accomplish; we draped and festooned and clustered over every shabby line of architecture with a living illumination of English faces, all glowing and eager

not only to see the new-comer, but to show the new-comer, what no words could ever tell her, that she came welcome as a daughter to that heart of England in which, without any doubt or controversy, the Mother-Monarch held a place more absolute than could be conquered by might or won by fame. Let us not attempt to read moral lessons to the princely lovers, who, it is to be hoped, were thinking of something else than moralities in that moment of their meeting, and were for the time inaccessible to instruction; but without any moral meaning, the sentiment which swayed the enthusiastic multitude on the day of the Princess Alexandra’s arrival was more like that of a vast household, acting upon the personal wish of its head, than a national demonstration coldly planned by official hands. The Queen, who sat at her palace window in the soft-falling twilight, looking out like any tender mother for the coming of her son and his bride, till the darkness hid her from the spectators outside, gave the last climax of truth and tenderness to that welcome, which was no affair of ceremony, but a genuine universal utterance of the unanimous heart.

Loyalty seems an inherent quality in our race; but it has been a loyalty of sections up to the present time, whenever it has been at all fervent or passionate. It has been reserved for Queen Victoria to make of it a sentiment as warm as in days of tumult, as broad as in times of peace. So thoroughly has she conquered the heart of the nation, that it seems about time to give up explaining why. To those who have been born under her rule, and even to her own contemporaries, a pure Court and a spotless royal life appear no exceptional glories, but the natural and blessed order of things; and we love her, not consciously because of her goodness, but only for love’s own royal reason, because we love her. Nothing can happen of any moment in those royal rooms where

so very small a number of her people can ever dream of entering as guests, without moving the entire mass of her people with a sentiment only second, as we have already said, to immediate personal joy or grief. It is this alone that can explain the extraordinary rejoicings of this day. We keep the feast not by sympathy in another's joy, but by positive appropriation of a joy which is our own. The wedding has, in fact, been celebrated in the presence of all England, with unanimous consent and acclamation of the same. With blessings and tears, with immeasurable good wishes, hopes, and joyful auguries, we have waited at the princely gates to send the Bride and Bridegroom upon their way. Speak it in audible words, oh Princes and Poets! Echo it in mighty tones of power, oh awful cannons and voices of war, which deal no death in England,—sound it forth over all the world and space in inarticulate murmurous thunders, oh unanimous People! Let the Mother smile among her tears to hear how every faithful soul of her true subjects honours her children; and then let there be silence in the midst of all—silence one moment, and no more, for the missing Voice which would have made the joy too perfect—

"Nor count me all to blame, if I
Conjecture of a stiller guest,
Perchance, perchance among the rest,
And though in silence wishing joy."

And now the thing we wish for most to complete our rejoicings is, if we could but have some spectator worthy the sight, to see all our great towns blazing up to heaven, and every village glimmering over "beneath its little lot of stars," with all the lights it can gather. A group of sympathetic angels fanning the solemn airs of night with grand expanded wing and flowing garments, watching the great and strange marvel of a nation wild with joy, would be pleasant to think of at this moment. Perhaps to such

watchers, lingering on cloudy mountain heights above us, the hamlets shining like so many glow-worms all over the dewy darkling country would be the sweetest sight. London, glowing in a lurid blaze into the night, doing all that is in her to give splendour to the darkness; Edinburgh, more gloriously resplendent, with valleys and hills of fire, improvising a drama of illumination with lyric responses and choral outbursts of sweet light, the emblem of joy, are but the centres of the scene. Here, too, past our village windows, comes the blaze of torches, held high in unseen hands, moving in a picturesque uncertain line between the silent bewildered trees; though nobody wits of us, hidden in the night, that is no reason why we should stifle the joy in our hearts on this night of the wedding. Windsor itself did not begin to thrill with bells earlier than we; and even Edinburgh will have commenced to fade slowly out of the enchanted air into the common slumber ere we have exhausted all those devious rockets which startle the darkness and the dews. Nor we only, but every congregation of cottages, every cluster of humble roofs wherever a church-spire penetrates the air, wherever there is window to light or bell to ring. Bear us witness, dear wondering angels! Far off by the silent inland rivers, deep under the shadows of the hills, perched upon rocky points and coves by the sea, lying low upon the dewy plains, is there a village over all the island that has not lighted a joyous blaze for love of its Queen, and in honour of the Bride? Health, joy, prosperity, and increase to our Prince and Princess! If they can ever be happier than at this sweet moment, crowned by Love and Youth with that joy which human imagination has everywhere concluded the height of human blessedness, let the heavens advance them speedily to yet a sweeter glory. If there were any better bliss we could win for them or purchase for them, the

world well knows we would spare no pains; but as it is, all that loyal hearts can do is to wish, with hearty love and acclaim, every joy short of heaven to the young heirs of all our hopes; but not that for many a happy year.

And now the holiday is over, and the stars begin to show softly over the waning lights and voices fatigued with joy. Is there, perhaps, a Watcher in the royal chambers who weeps in the night when all is over, and God alone sees Her solitude—Our Queen! There is not a woman in England but thinks of you—not a man but would purchase comfort for your heart by any deed that man could do. Since the mar-

riage-feast was spread for you, Liege Lady and Sovereign, what have not Life and Time done for all of us—what happiness, what anguish, what births and deaths! Now is it over, the joy of life!—but still remain tender love and honour, dear duty and labour, God and the children, the heirs of a new life. Oh, tranquil heavens! stoop softly over the widowed and the wedded—over us who have had, and they who have, the perfection and the joy! Enough for all of us, that over all is the Common Father, whose love can accomplish nothing which is not Well.

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WILSON'S PREHISTORIC MAN.

THE title of 'Prehistoric Man' in Mr. Wilson's book applies not only to those races who lived and expired before any history whatever was written, but to all races, even those who are contemporary with us, who are incapable of delivering a history of themselves to other nations or their own posterity. They are rather the *un-historic*, the speechless people—speechless so far as their posterity is concerned, on whom his inquiries are directed. In fact, that portion of the development of mankind which pertains to savage life, or to the very earliest stages of civilisation, is the subject of Mr. Wilson's book. The subject is far from being new, but far from being exhausted; and our author's archaeological knowledge has enabled him to invest it with a novel interest. His position is somewhat singular in its advantages. A European archaeologist and antiquarian, he finds himself in that new world where forms of human life are still lingering akin to those which he has been hitherto study-

ing by the light only of such remains as have been preserved for ages buried in the earth. His *stone*, his *bronze*, his *iron*, periods are all found living about him. The flint weapon dug up in London or Glasgow from the lowest strata of human remains, has, in this new world, hardly fallen from the hand of the native. The men of the *stone period* are still alive, though half a century more may see them either absorbed in the more civilised races, or altogether extinguished.

This combination of the knowledge of the antiquarian with the observations of the traveller has a singular charm for us: but there is another combination which is still more attractive; it is where the philosophical historian, familiar with the myths of antiquity, traces in the living barbarians around him the same play of fancy, or the same curious development of thought, that he has been accustomed to study in the obscure records of a dead language. Mr. Wilson is an historian as well as an archaeologist,

'Prehistoric Man; Researches into the Origin of Civilisation in the Old and the New World.' By Daniel Wilson, LL.D., Professor of History and English Literature in University College, Toronto; Author of the 'Archæology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland,' &c. Macmillan & Co., Cambridge.

and is in both capacities an enlightened student of such *living antiquity* as may still exist in that continent, where the earliest and the latest forms of civilisation were destined to meet and to recognise each other.

Our author might, we think, have put his materials together in a more compact form, and arranged them more carefully. The headings of the several chapters lead us to expect a more definite arrangement than we find in the book itself: and this must be partly our excuse if our own observations should seem to be of a miscellaneous character. It must be confessed, also, that there is sometimes a want of precision and accuracy of language on just those occasions where precision is most needed, and that this is not compensated by a rather too lavish play of a florid species of eloquence, better fitted for the lecture-room than the written composition. It is good of its kind, but there is too much of it. We presume that a large portion of the book was written originally for the lecture room. But notwithstanding these minor defects, we confidently recommend these volumes as replete with information on a variety of interesting topics, and suggestive of many trains of reflection. They will assuredly repay an attentive perusal.

Mr. Wilson commences with a glance at that problem of the "antiquity of man" which Sir Charles Lyell has still more lately and more fully treated. Perhaps, if he had written after the publication of Sir Charles Lyell's work, he would have expressed himself with more distinctness on the subject; yet he seems substantially to have arrived at whatever safe conclusions the evidence hitherto collected enables us to rest in. He has said all that can really be said at present on the matter. He observes that "the closing epoch of geology must be

turned to for the initial chapters of archæology and ethnology. It is plain that man could not make his appearance upon the earth till the earth was fitted for his habitation; and it is a reasonable conjecture that it would not long be so prepared for him before, in some part of the world, he made his appearance. Mr. Wilson is not disposed to be incredulous as "to the traces of fossil human bones mingling with those of the extinct mammals of the drift;" but we gather from his work that he would be slow to rest his belief on the great antiquity of man solely on the discovery of such flint implements as have been dug out of the valley of the Somme and elsewhere. We think that, notwithstanding the confidence of certain *experts* who have pronounced that these flints have received their form from the hand of man, there is a well-founded suspicion that, after all, they may have been broken into their present shape by natural or physical forces. They are not ground to a point, it must be remembered, nor sharpened to an edge, only chipped into a wedge-like form. When we read of great numbers of these flints being discovered in a certain spot, and that a *selection* is made of such as seem to have been chipped by the hand of man, and that *this selection is a matter of acknowledged difficulty*, we may be excused for suspending our judgment as to the fact whether any one of them was ever the tool or implement of a human being. We may be excused if, in the present state of the evidence, we require that this testimony of the flints be *confirmed* by other testimony,—by the presence of human bones, or of indisputable works of human art in the same post-pliocene formation.* We do not presumptuously reject their evidence altogether; we do not take it upon ourselves to say that not one of the stones collected from the valley of

* There is one instance of a fragment of human bone found in company with these flints, but we have heard doubts thrown on the nature of this fragment.

the *Somme* has been fashioned by man; we have little trust in our own judgment upon such a matter; but it is not evidence which can *stand alone*. This Sir Charles Lyell admits himself, though in some passages of his work he seems to forget his own admission. But such antiquity as we can assign to man on other evidence—by the discovery in certain positions of human remains or indisputable relics of human art—is very great, and sufficient for all the purposes of the ethnologist. The elaborate, and, to the geologist, highly interesting work of Sir Charles Lyell demands a separate and careful examination; we here merely content ourselves with remarking that the *very* great antiquity of man—that which would compel us to believe that he existed for some almost immeasurable period in the condition of the savage—rests hitherto on unsatisfactory grounds.

The ethnologist who believes, as Mr. Wilson does, in the unity of the human race, requires a long period of time for the development of those varieties which had become permanent prior to the epoch of the building of the Egyptian Pyramids. Mr. Wilson takes what he requires, but does not, as matters stand at present, contest for more. To those who, on the grounds of the sacred text, would dispute his right to even this modest inroad upon the illimitable Past, he answers,—that the chronology popularly supposed to be that of the Bible is in fact the chronology only of certain learned interpreters, and that there is nothing in the sacred text to exclude the supposition that a much longer interval may have passed than is generally supposed between the creation of Adam and, let us say, the appearance of Abraham. Interpreting the Noachian Deluge as partial—as not, in the literal sense of the term, universal—he finds scope enough within the limits of the sacred text for that slow and gradual development of civilised man which his archæology has

taught him to believe in. Nor does he find any difficulty whatever in reconciling this slow progress from the savage to the civilised man with what is recorded of the creation of Adam, or the attributes of our first parents. Their superior excellence, he considers, consisted in their perfect morality, in the predominance of the benevolent affections, and in that reason which is one with self-knowledge: it could not have consisted, he argues, in knowledge of the arts and sciences; certainly not in the knowledge of arts quite needless in the warmth, abundance, and security of the garden of Paradise. When, therefore, their descendants, deprived of this high moral excellence, found themselves scattered abroad upon the earth, what could they, in fact, have become but ignorant savages? They would have to evolve from their own natural sagacity those arts of life which their new relation to the eternal world rendered necessary. They would have to commence that long and toilsome ascent to civilisation which the speculative historian has so often attempted to describe.

We feel persuaded that our author would be unwilling that, in any notice of his work, these explanations should be omitted, and therefore it is that we give them here so prominent a place. For ourselves, so confident are we that scientific truth and religious truth will be found in the end to be inextricably combined, and to be reciprocally sustaining each other, that we are not very solicitous to patch up hasty and perhaps needless reconciliations. At present we have to settle our science; when this is done, it will be time to ask ourselves *what* it is that needs reconciliation.

Although the archæologist can point with triumph to the evidence of successive tombs, or cromlechs, as proving the sequence of his three ages of stone and bronze and iron, he can nowhere carry us back to the *first stone period*, and from this to

the first development of the *bronze* and the *iron*. He can show us that on a certain spot—say the soil on which London stands, there have been generations of men distinguished by the kind of tools they had framed for themselves. But it is the history of men *on that spot* which his materials enable him to write; they do not enable him to write the history of the *progress of man* from his earliest condition of existence. For the first men who lived on the banks of the Thames had come, we presume, from other countries; they had had a history, and were the products of some kind of human society before they settled there; and the generations that followed might have received their arts, as in one case we know they did, from foreign nations. It is, after all, therefore, from a *priori* speculation—from what we infer must have been the course of things—that we describe mankind as proceeding from the rudest modes of existence to the more civilised. The testimony which the archaeologist appeals to confirms these speculations; it can do no more. It never brings us to the real history of human art. We have still to guess how men lived at first, whether on the fruits of the earth or by the chase; we have still to guess how men discovered the use of fire, how they elaborated mere vocal signs into a grammatical language; we have still to conjecture when or where the first canoe or the first house was built. We make this remark not to detract from the labours of the archaeologist, but simply to put the subject on its right basis. We have nowhere that kind of evidence which takes us back to the first developments of the human intellect; the nature of these must still be matter of inference. We still argue, to a great extent, in a purely speculative manner; we conclude that a progress like that which history and historical monuments enable us to trace, was the kind of progress which the first families of the earth passed through; but we know no-

thing historically of that early progress.

In the old European or Asiatic continent we had been accustomed to regard the earliest generations of mankind as entirely lost in the mists of antiquity; but, till lately, we looked on the continent of America as being, in respect of its population, far more recent, and as affording a more simple subject for ethnological speculation. The civilisation of Mexico and Peru, destroyed by the Spaniards, was traced to Egypt, or to some other portion of the Old World. The vagrant tribes of savages that lived upon the chase, were the still more degenerate children of Europe. But this new continent is now found to have been the habitation of man at so remote a period, that the civilisations of Mexico and Peru, however they originated (and they were probably native), must rank amongst its modern events. Ruins of more ancient cities are found buried in its forest, and monuments of some forgotten worship are traced upon the banks of its rivers. The remains of man himself—parts of the human skeleton—have been found in positions which suggest an antiquity far beyond that of the cities of the Nile or the Euphrates. Some of these cases are well known, and well known on account of the disputes and discussions they have given occasion to; others, from which (geologically speaking) only a modest antiquity has been inferred, seem to our author to be worthy of credit. He says:—

“In the post-pliocene formations of South Carolina, exposed along the bed of the Ashley River, remains of the megatherium, megalodon, and other gigantic extinct mammals, occur, not only associated with existing species peculiar to the American continent, but also apparently with others hitherto believed to have been domesticated and introduced for the first time by modern European colonists. But, still more interesting for our present purpose, as possibly indicating the contemporaneous existence of some of those strange extinct mammals with man, are notices of

the remains of human art in the same formation. Professor Holmes, in exhibiting a collection of fossils from the post-pliocene of South Carolina before the Academy of Natural Science at Philadelphia, remarked:—“Dr. Klipstein, who resides near Charleston, in digging a ditch for the purpose of reclaiming a large swamp, discovered and sent to me the tooth of a mastodon, with the request that I should go down and visit the place, as there were indications of the bones and teeth of the animal still remaining in the sands which underlie the peat-bed. Accordingly, with a small party of gentlemen, we visited the doctor, and succeeded not only in obtaining several other teeth and bones of this animal, but nearly one entire tusk; and immediately alongside of the tusk discovered the fragment of pottery which I hold in my hand, and which is similar to that manufactured at the present time by the American Indians.”

“It would not be wise,” continues Mr. Wilson, “to found hasty theories on such strange juxtaposition of relics, possibly of very widely separated periods. The Ashley River has channelled for itself a course through theocene and post-pliocene formations of South Carolina, and where these are exposed on its shores the fossils are washed from their beds, and become mingled with the remains of recent indigenous and domestic animals, and objects of human art. But the discovery of Dr. Klipstein was made in excavating an undisturbed, and, geologically speaking, a comparatively recent formation.”

After alluding to the magnificent skeleton of the *Mastodon Ohioticus* which is now in the British Museum, and in companionship with which an Indian flint arrow-head was found, he adds:—

“Another remarkable account, preserved in the ‘American Journal of Science,’ describes the bones of a mastodon, with considerable portions of the skin, found in Missouri, associated with stone spear-heads, axes, and knives, under circumstances which suggest the idea that it had been entangled in a bog, and there stoned to death, and partially consumed by fire. Such contiguity of the works of man with those extinct diluvial giants, warns us at least to be upon our guard against any supercilious rejection of indications of man’s ancient presence in the New World as well as the Old. If the evidence is inconsequential or untruthful, future discoveries

will not fail to bring it to nought; if, on the contrary, it involves glimpses of an unseen truth, no organised scepticism will prevent the ultimate disclosure of its amplest revelations.”

Had man, during the whole of this early prehistoric epoch, whatever its duration may have been, lived like the savage, in what we call the *stone period*? Or had the use of metals and other arts been discovered and lost again—lost, perhaps, because human societies had not attained that coherence and stability necessary to the preservation of the arts? However this may be, it cannot be doubted that the use of the metal tool forms an important era in the progress of civilisation. And Mr. Wilson mentions a fact which enables us to understand very readily the transition from the use of stone to the use of metal. Copper is still found in the New World, and probably was at first found in the Old World, in a pure state—in *nuggets*, as an Australian gold-digger would call them—and these could at once be beaten into the shape of an axe by stone hammers without the application of fire. The fragment of copper was to the Indian a new kind of stone, which had the fortunate property of malleability.

“In the veins of the copper region of Lake Superior, the native metal occurs in enormous masses weighing hundreds of tons; and many loose blocks of considerable size have been found on the lake shore, or lying detached on the surface, besides smaller pieces exposed on and mingled with the superficial soil in sufficient quantities to supply all the wants of the nomadic hunter. This, accordingly, he wrought into chisels and axes, armlets and personal ornaments of various kinds, without the use of the crucible and any knowledge of metallurgic arts; and, indeed, without recognising any precise distinction between the copper which he mechanically separated from the mass, and the unmanageable stone or flint out of which he had been accustomed to fashion his spear and arrow heads.”

Whilst applauding the metal tool, copper or iron, and acknowledging what we owe to it, let us not pass over the *stone*—that hand-

ful of rock or flint by the aid of which the metal, in the first instance, was wrought and fashioned—without its need of gratitude. It seems a slight unnoticeable fact that there should be these manageable fragments of hard substance ready to the hand of man; that the whole earth was not divided between the bed of rock and the bed of sand or clay; that there should have been there mere stones (mere litter, you would say), of which the floor of the earth had better have been swept clean. Yet those nodules of flint formed slowly in the chalk—yet those rolled stones upon the deserted beach, that the sea has fashioned for the human palm, and left high and dry upon the land—seem to have entered as much into the preparation for man as the *fauna* or the *flora* amongst which he was to live.

Who first applied fire to the metal, and thus made it plastic as the clay and sharper than the stone? who first discovered fire itself? No one knows; nor is the question worth asking. But there is one thing well worth noticing: it is the answer given to the question, and that in the rudest of times and amongst many various nations. Some god bestowed it. This tendency to look for a supernatural giver is very soon and very widely developed. And what is more, the idea of a giver has called forth amongst rude selfish people struggling for existence, the desire to manifest their gratitude by some act of worship which should also be some act of self-denial. On a certain day of the year all lights shall be extinguished, and one man amongst them (endowed for the very purpose with imaginary sanctity) shall rekindle the flame, thus acknowledging by this symbol its reception from the divine Giver. The ancient Peruvians drew their fire on this solemn occasion at once from the sun; they collected its rays into a focus by a concave mirror of polished metal, and thus ignited some dried cotton, or bark,

or fungus. Nothing could be more expressive and appropriate than such a symbolic act. It is a pity that the historian has to record that other symbolic acts (if such they are to be considered) were of a cruel and hideous description. The savage is not accustomed only to *thank* God; he has, he thinks, to propitiate His favour; and as he has nothing to *give*, he *destroys* in honour of the universal Bestower. The worship of the American Indian is tainted more than any other we read of with the rite of human sacrifice.

Various methods for obtaining fire have been invented, but the earliest seems to have been by the friction of two dry pieces of wood. It was a progressive step, we presume, when the bark of a certain tree or a dried fungus was used for tinder. However produced, it was to the savage, in the first instance, itself a tool, the immediate instrument he employed to cut down the tree which would have resisted a long while his flint hatchet. We thought that all known people had made discovery of fire and converted it to their own purposes; but the inhabitants of the Ladrões, when discovered by the Spaniards, are said to have shrunk from fire as from a thing they simply feared: "they called it a devil, a god that bit fiercely when it was touched, and lived on wood, which they saw it devour."

Mr. Wilson entitles the chapter which treats on this subject 'The Promethean Instinct: Fire.' The next chapter is headed 'The Maritime Instinct: the Canoe.' Then we have 'The Technological Instinct,' and so on. Why this ostentatious use of the term Instinct? Did men hunt after fire even before they had seen it, as an animal might be supposed to hunt after food even before it had eaten? Do men build canoes as birds their nests or beavers their dams? What is the leading idea of Mr. Wilson when he thus liberally applies to us the term Instinct? We have desires and we have intelligence suggesting

means to an end. Is it the desire that is instinctive, or the apprehension of the means whereby the desire can be gratified? Men have a desire to pass from one side of the river to the other; perhaps the animal they were in chase of has swam the stream; they have observed that wood will float, that a large piece of wood will float with a man on it; they procure such piece of wood, and paddle themselves across. The knowledge which the man displays in all this follows from his previous perceptions. Perception, memory, judgment, are all exercised in a quiet normal manner, and the desire to float across the stream has arisen from the peculiar circumstances in which the man was placed. What element of mystery is there in the transaction which calls for the name of Instinct? For the word Instinct is applied to certain actions of animals because the ordinary laws of psychology are, or seem, inadequate to explain them—because a certain mystery hangs over the event which we mark by the name Instinct. When we see animals acting, without the teaching of experience, in the same sort of way in which we act after that teaching of experience, we, perplexed to explain this anomaly, pronounce the action instinctive. The bee and the bird build in this inexplicable manner. Probably a more minute investigation may enable us to resolve whatever we call Instinct into some delicacy of the senses, or some rapidity of the judgment, peculiar to the animal. Meanwhile the term is serviceable as marking a class of unexplained phenomena. But how is it applicable to man in his capacity of boat-builder? The sort of canoe he will build, the materials he will use, the tools he will work with, are all determined for him by existing circumstances, and the actual amount of his knowledge. Or is it the vague desire to put to sea, prompting some manner of boat-building, that Mr. Wilson calls our "maritime instinct?" Are we

driven to sea like ducks to a pond? The peasantry of an inland country are not conscious of any such instinct, and would be very unfortunate if they possessed it.

We have no wish to expel the terms instinct and instinctive from our popular diction, even when applied to human actions. There are cases when men act with a suddenness and decision which remind us of the animal in his promptest moods, and we naturally apply to these the term instinctive; and sometimes we apply the term to a tendency or desire which we cannot at the time trace to our senses, or to the usual operations of the mind. But when an author formally—in the very titles of his chapters—supplies us with "Promethean and maritime instincts," we may be excused if we ask for some precise definition of the term.

"*Speech* is one of the instincts of man, but it is by the voluntary exercise of his intellectual faculties, as we conceive, that he is enabled to develop it into *language*." This sounds oracular, but, like most oracles, it is very obscure. What does Mr. Wilson mean by speech as contrasted with language? Is speech the mere giving of names to things, and language the formation of a grammar? But grammar is only a naming of more complex kind, a naming of things and events in their more complicated relations. And what speech was ever formed that had not some grammar, that was not also a language? If by speech, in contrast to language, is meant the mere utterance of articulate sounds which have no meaning attached to them, then what proof have we that men ever passed through a stage of unmeaning gibberish? or could anything so purposeless be dignified with the name of an instinct? The *desire* to speak, or to communicate our thoughts or our wants, is sometimes spoken of as an instinct. But the need man has of co-operation, and the ability he has to co-operate, and those general

a ready-made vessel, their *instinct of pottery* will not be developed at all; they will content themselves with the calabash.

Mr. Wilson brings together in a very pictorial manner the two extremes of this human art of boat-building:—

“On the banks of the Scottish Clyde the modern voyager from the New World looks with peculiar interest on the growing fabric of those huge steamers, with ribs of steel, and planks, not of oak, but of iron, which have made the ocean, that proved so impassable a barrier to the men of the fifteenth century, the easy highway of commerce and pleasure to us. The roar of the iron forge, the clang of the fore-hammer, the intermittent glare of the furnaces, and all the novel appliances of iron shipbuilding, tell of the modern era of steam; but meanwhile, underneath these very shipbuilders' yards, lie the memorials of ancient Clyde fleets, in which we are borne back up the stream of human industry far into prehistoric times. The earliest recorded discovery of a Clyde canoe took place in 1780, at a depth of twenty-five feet below the surface, on a site known by the apt designation of St. Enoch's Croft. This primitive canoe, hewn out of a single oak, rested in a horizontal position on its keel; and within it, near the prow, there lay a curiously suggestive memorial of the mechanical arts of the remote era to which the ancient ship of the Clyde must be assigned. This was a beautifully finished stone axe or celt, doubtless one of the simple implements of the allophylian Caledonian to whom the canoe belonged, if not, indeed, the tool with which it had been fashioned into shape.”

From the hollowed trunk of a tree, hewn with a stone axe by this “allophylian,” as Mr. Wilson delights in calling him, to the iron steam-vessel that would have carried him and all his tribe across the Atlantic, the advance is great indeed. And a very curious sentiment must arise in the man who has seen this canoe dug up from under the busy streets of Glasgow, and then afterwards in another continent, on some lake or river not yet quite appropriated by the white man, has watched some prowling Indian paddle about in a canoe

not much unlike it. The past and the present seem to live together before him: it is not the ends of the earth only that are brought together for him; he appears to embrace the first and the last of the generations of mankind.

We turn from the rude arts of men to their still ruder thinking—to customs springing from some sentiment or some strange imagination. Of these the most universal and the most significant are customs connected with the burial of the dead. To the habit of interring with the dead man the implements he most valued in life—his tools or weapons—we owe the little knowledge we possess of our very primitive ancestors. It is generally said that these articles were buried with the man, that he might have them ready for use in another world; and, no doubt, some vague idea of this kind has extensively prevailed: but if we may speculate on a subject so obscure as the imaginations of the savage, we should say that this idea grew out of the custom of burying with the dead man his own previous possessions, and that the custom itself at first originated in simple regret and respect for the dead. We cannot have any strong sentiment without feeling the desire in some way to manifest it. The dead man was loudly lamented—wept and wailed over—and the mourners often cut and wounded themselves as an exhibition of their grief. Well, at such a moment, instead of appropriating to themselves the possessions of the deceased, the survivors threw them into the grave with him. They were still in a manner his property. It would manifest a disrespect to the dead if at once, as soon as the hand of his chief was cold, another man had seized upon his spear and carried it to his own hut. Thus this one passionate desire to manifest grief and respect to a late friend or chief would sufficiently account for the act of interring with the body the instruments or weapons he had been in the habit of using. The custom once adopted, superstition would

step in and enforce it, and the imagination would invest it with a new significance. Some poet of the land would first suggest that, if the dead man rose from his tomb, he would find himself equipped for the chase or for war. Sometimes the buried arms, vessels, or other implements, were broken before they were deposited in the grave, which does not seem to accord with the idea that they were laid there for any future use. It looks like the interpretation of a subsequent generation when it is said that the savage expected the broken tool or perforated vessel, like the decayed human body, to be restored again and made fit for his use. Here is an Indian, a Chinook, buried in his canoe. Within the canoe a broken sword is deposited. Am I to gather that the Chinook expected a maritime life hereafter, and even to revive floating upon the waters? Does not the whole act seem, at least in its initiation, to be symbolical? All was at an end. The man would float no more—would fight no more. The canoe was buried, the sword was broken.

But whether we are right or not in our supposition as to the origin of this idea—namely, that the articles buried in the tomb with the deceased would be useful to him in an after time—it is plain that such an idea has been entertained, and certainly all our learned writers upon these ancient customs of burial attribute this motive to our imaginative forefathers. When, in the old pagan burrows of the wold of Yorkshire or elsewhere, some British or Saxon charioteer has been exhumed, with the iron wheel-tires and bronzed horse-furniture (the wreck of the decayed war-chariot), and the skeletons of the horses, eloquent antiquarians have not failed to say (as Mr. Wilson does) that the dead chief was buried thus "that he might enter the Valhalla of his gods, proudly borne in the chariot in which he had been wont to charge amid the ranks of his foes." We presume they find themselves justified in this interpretation.

Here, again, we find that the new continent sets almost before the eyes of our traveller scenes similar to those which, as a European archaeologist, he had been laboriously endeavouring to reconstruct in some remote antiquity.

"Upwards of forty years since, Black Bird, a famous chief of the Omahaws, visited the city of Washington, and on his return was seized with smallpox, of which he died on the way. When the chief found himself dying, he called his warriors around him, and, like Jacob of old, gave commands concerning his burial, which were as literally fulfilled. The dead warrior was dressed in his most sumptuous robes, fully equipped with his scalps and war-eagle's plumes, and borne about sixty miles below the Omahaw village to a lofty bluff on the Missouri, which towers far above all the neighbouring heights, and commands a magnificent extent of landscape. To the summit of this bluff a beautiful white steed, the favourite war-horse of Black Bird, was led; and there, in presence of the whole nation, the dead chief was placed with great ceremony on its back, looking towards the river, where, as he had said, he could see the canoes of the white men as they traversed the broad waters of the Missouri. His bow was placed in his hand, his shield and quiver, with his pipe and medicine bag, hung by his side. His store of pemmican and his well-filled tobacco-pouch were supplied, to sustain him on the long journey to the hunting-grounds of the great Manitou, where the spirits of his fathers awaited his coming. The medicine men of the tribe performed their most mystic charms to secure a happy passage to the land of the great departed; and all else being completed, each warrior of the chief's own band covered the palm of his right hand with vermillion, and stamped its impress on the white sides of the devoted war-steed. This done, the Indians gathered turfs and soil, and placed them around the feet and the legs of the horse. Gradually the pile arose under the combined labour of many willing hands, until the living steed and its dead rider were buried together under the memorial mound; and high over the crest of the lofty tumulus which covered the warrior's eagle plumes a cedar post was reared, to mark more clearly to the voyagers on the Missouri the last resting-place of Black Bird, the great chief of the Omahaws."

But there is one passage in Mr. Wilson's book which, we think, to the student of the ancient myth or religious legend must be replete with interest. It occurs in the chapter which treats on the use of tobacco and that custom of smoking which we have imported from the savage, much to the delectation, no doubt, of those who inhale the fumes of what they are pleased to call the fragrant weed, and much, assuredly, to the disgust and suffering of those who are involved, most unwillingly, in the smoke which others are exhaling around them. Never were two parties more sharply divided than the smokers and the non-smokers. The first will doubtless agree with the Indian in the belief that tobacco was of divine origin. Did not two hunters of the Susquehannas share their venison with a lovely squaw who mysteriously appeared before them in the forest? and did they not, "on returning to the scene of their feast thirteen moons after, find the tobacco-plant growing where she had sat?" and do not Indians tell us that the Great Spirit freely indulges in the intoxicating fumes which they themselves love so well? The non-smokers hold a different faith. They see no celestial gift in this black, fuliginous amusement; and if they do not ascribe to it a devilish origin, they assert that it is enjoyed with a devilish indifference to those to whom their beloved smoke is but stench and sickness. Into this custom of tobacco-smoking Mr. Wilson enters at large, and bestows much learning on the inquiry; but it is especially to the institution of the pipe of peace amongst the Indians that we would now direct the attention of the reader.

We have, as Mr. Wilson tells the story, the complete *dissection* of a myth; we see how a legend arises, or may arise, partly from the most trivial causes, and partly from generous impulses and high imaginations. Between the Minnesota and the Missouri rivers there stands a bold perpendicular cliff, "beautifully marked with distinct horizontal

layers of light grey and rose or *flesh-coloured quartz*." Near this a famous red pipe-stone is procured; a material, we presume, better fitted than any other for making pipes. Traces of both ancient and modern excavation prove that it has been the resort, during many generations, of Indian tribes, seeking this famous red pipe-stone. A spot to which independent tribes came for this purpose, and for this only, became neutral ground; became a spot on which they might meet in peace—perhaps to discuss their points of difference. But in process of time it became a sacred spot, and the peace between hostile tribes was preserved by a religious sanction. There are marks on the rock resembling the track of a large bird. These were converted into the footsteps of the Great Spirit. The Great Spirit, therefore, at one time descended upon the rock and taught—what else could he be supposed to teach?—the sacred neutrality of the spot, and the privilege and duty of all tribes to renew their pipes there, and especially the calumet, or pipe of peace. The last version of the tradition runs thus:—

"Many ages," say the Sioux, "after the red men were made, when all the different tribes were at war, the Great Spirit called them all together at the Red Rock. He stood on the top of the rocks, and the red nations were assembled in infinite numbers in the plain below. He took out of the rock a piece of the red stone, and made a large pipe. He smoked it over them all; told them that it was part of their flesh; that though they were at war they must meet at this place as friends; that it belonged to them all; that they must make their calumets from it, and smoke them to him whenever they wished to appease him or get his goodwill. The smoke from his big pipe rolled over them all, and he disappeared in the cloud."

The Sioux, notwithstanding this good teaching of the very tradition which they still repeat to the stranger, have, by the right of the strongest, taken possession of the sacred neutral ground; and they, and all

other tribes of the red race, are either being absorbed into the white population or exterminated by it. The development of the myth and the people of the myth has been therefrom alike arrested. But how clearly we see its growth and formation! To what a mystical faith that flesh-coloured quartz was conducting! And what mingling of the divine and human would have been suggested by the act recorded of the Great Spirit! If these Indian tribes had finally coalesced in one nation, the myth would have been exalted, and the Great Spirit would have taught them an eternal bond of peace and brotherhood. If civilisation and culture had still further advanced, this peace and brotherhood would have embraced all mankind, and assumed the form of the highest moral teaching.

A considerable portion of Mr. Wilson's book is occupied with those ancient remains, whether in the valley of the Mississippi or in the forests of Central America, which speak of a civilisation, or at least of nations and of cities that had existed and left their ruins behind them, anterior to what we call the discovery of the New World. The subject is highly interesting, and it loses none of its interest in the hands of our author. He speaks very decidedly on the great antiquity of the mounds and the earthworks of the valley of the Mississippi; less decidedly on the antiquity of the monumental pillars and other architectural remains which were first brought to the knowledge of the English public through the travels of Mr. Stephens in Central America. The work of Mr. Squier still contains, we believe, the fullest account we possess of those vast circular mounds, and other extraordinary earthworks, discovered within the territory of the United States. Both these writers, Mr. Stephens and Mr. Squier, produced at the time of the publication of their several works a very vivid impression on the reading public of England. Both of them broke ground into

quite new fields of inquiry, but both of them left the mind rather excited than informed. This was to be expected when the subject was of so novel and surprising a character. Mr. Squier saw evidences of serpent-worship and of other religious rites which his study of the antiquities of the Old World had made familiar to his imagination, in the circular mounds which he traced in the open field; and Mr. Stephens, as he broke his way through the forests, saw the ruins of another Egypt stand before him.

That no tradition should exist amongst the present race of Indians with respect to these primitive "mound-builders," is not surprising; nor would this alone indicate any very great antiquity. Mr. Wilson thinks the state in which the skeletons were found within the tumuli—crumbling to dust on being touched—is sufficient proof of their great age. One must know all the circumstances of the burial, all the influences to which the skeleton has been exposed, before any safe conclusion can be drawn from this fact. But, leaving undetermined the antiquity of these remains, we think it plain that the first discoverers of them, whether of the mounds or of the ruined cities, have, with the natural enthusiasm pertaining to all discoverers, exaggerated the evidence they display of civilisation, or progress in the arts. After all, the soundest opinion seems to be that the "mound-builders" and the builders of the deserted cities were but the intellectual progenitors of those half-civilised Mexicans and Peruvians whom the Spaniards encountered and destroyed. It is not likely that any higher or equal state of civilisation had been attained and lost before the arrival of the Spaniards.

The quite circular form of an extensive mound or earthwork is thought to imply a knowledge of geometry or trigonometry, because a modern surveyor would proceed in a certain scientific manner to lay out such a circle. But the slow

process of measuring a number of radii from a given centre, and connecting their terminal points, would probably have sufficed for all that these early geometers executed. Or they might have drawn a smaller circle, in the first instance, by a movable radius, and then traced a larger and a larger one outside of this, till they had obtained one of the requisite magnitude. Time and labour will accomplish much, and with very little help from art or science. But where imagination seems to play the subtlest tricks with our antiquarians is in their appreciation of the beautiful in such relics of the fine arts as are discovered in these mounds and cities. We have prints given us here of carved pipes found in the tombs, which we are told are very beautiful. To our eye they do not look beautiful at all, and very little in advance of other prints which represent pipes carved by the present race of Red Indians. But it is when the antiquarian critic finds himself amongst the remains of the rude sculptures of Central America that he shows himself most under the influence of this *glamour*. If we had not the pictures or engravings by which to check the text, we should think that Thebes and Memphis had been long ago outvalled on the other side of the Atlantic.

Our readers, we are sure, have not forgotten Mr. Stephens's book of travels; they will remember how he entered with his guide into what seemed an untrodden forest at Copan, apparently undisturbed from its very creation; and how, as he made his way with his axe through the brushwood he found himself face to face with an upright column of stone elaborately carved. In the centre of this a human face of gigantic proportions stared out upon him. Some of these monuments had been overpowered by the vigorous growth of the surrounding trees, and displaced from their upright position by huge branches that half encircled them; others lay upon the ground, as if

bound down by the vines and other great creepers of the American forest. Nothing disturbed the solitude of the scene except a grinning procession of monkeys, who from the branches of the trees were looking alternately at the traveller, and at the mysterious objects which had attracted the traveller's attention. As he proceeded he came upon a truncated pyramid, with a flight of steps leading to a broad surface, on which evidently some other structure had been raised; and then again he entered a square enclosure with steps, which might have been intended for seats, running up on all sides, reminding him of a Roman amphitheatre. No books had told him of the existence even of this ruined city. Who had built it, who had lived in it, no one could say. The people of the country could only answer him with their "*Quien sabe?*" who knows?—an answer always sufficient for themselves. There was not even a tradition, not even a palpable lie, to be heard. Men were as silent about these cities as the forest itself.

What wonder that the enthusiasm of the traveller should be excited, and that he should see more than the eye—as a simple optical instrument—disclosed to him? Assuredly his enthusiasm as to the beauty of the sculpture is not supported by the drawings he has given us. He commends to us these drawings of the artist as being, "next to the stones themselves," the most perfect materials on which to form our judgment. And of one thing we may be certain, that a modern artist, trained to the correct representation of the human figure, would err, if he erred at all, by *improving the drawing* in these grotesque sculptures. It would require a distinct effort in the modern artist to depart from the true outline and proportions of the human form; and whenever his attention relaxed, he would infallibly become more correct than his original. Well, we see in the delineation here given us

"The idea," says Mr. Wilson, "of the absorption of the Indian into the Anglo-American race will not, I am aware, meet with a ready acceptance, even from those who dwell where its traces are most perceptible; but fully to appreciate its extent, we must endeavour to follow down the course of events by which the continent has been transferred to the descendants of its European colonists. At every fresh stage of colonisation or pioneering into the wild west, the work has necessarily been accomplished by the hardy youths, or the hunters and trappers of the clearing. Rarely indeed did they carry with them their wives or daughters; but where they found a home amongst savage haunted wilds, they took to themselves wives of the daughters of the soil. To this mingling of blood, even in its least favourable aspects, the prejudices of the Indian presented little obstacle. Henry, in his narrative of travel among the Cristineaux, says, 'One of the chiefs assured me that the children borne by their women to Europeans were bolder warriors and better hunters than themselves.' The fact is unquestionable that all along the widening outskirts of the newer clearings, and wherever an outlying trading or hunting post is established, we find a fringe of half-breed population, marking the transitional border-land which is passing away from its aboriginal claimants. . . . At all the white settlements near those of the Indians the evidence of admixture is abundant, from the pure half-breed to the slightly-marked remoter descendant of Indian maternity, discoverable only by the straight black hair, and a singular watery glaze in the eye, not unlike that of the English gypsy. There they are to be seen, not only as fishers, trappers, and lumberers, but engaged on equal terms with the whites in the trade and business of the place. In this condition the population of all the frontier settlements exists; if, as new settlers come in, the mixed element disappears, it does so purely by absorption.

"Nor are such traces confined to the frontier settlements. I have recognised the semi-Indian features in the gay assemblies at a Canadian Governor-General's receptions, in the halls of the Legislature, among the undergraduates of Canadian universities, and mingling in the selectest social circles. And this is what has been going on in every new American settlement for upwards of three centuries, under every diversity of circumstances."

This is a far more agreeable idea than that the Indians are being everywhere *starved* out of existence by the encroachments of the European. But that portion of the mixed offspring which adhered to the Indian tribe, and became Indian in its habits, affords a still more interesting subject of speculation. On the Red River there is a settlement of half-breeds, numbering about six thousand. A marked difference, we are told, "is observable, according to their white paternity. The French half-breeds are more lively and frank in their bearing, but also less prone to settle down to drudgery of farming, or other routine duties of civilized life, than those chiefly of Scottish descent." If in both cases the half-breed has been entirely educated by its Indian parent, this would be a good instance of the influence of race as separable from the influence of education. These half-breeds are generally superior in physical as well as mental qualities, and have greater powers of endurance than any of the native tribes exhibit. Mr. Wilson assures us "that the last traces of the Red blood will disappear, not by the extinction of the Indian tribes, but by the absorption of the half-breed minority into the new generations of the predominant race."

Of the warlike tribes of native Indians some have been induced to settle down as agriculturists. Some are Roman Catholics, some Protestants. But we believe it may be stated that all signal amendments or progressive changes have been accomplished by a mixture of European blood. To this very day the full-blooded Indian despises the civilisation of the white man, or at least thinks it something that may be good for the white man, but by no means good for him. The fierce tribes that constituted the famous confederacy of the Iroquois, and who have settled in Canada, have been all more or less tamed, but they have all lost the purity of their race; and when we hear of the hunter of the prairies taking upon himself the

mode of life of European colonists, we may be sure that this change has been facilitated by an intermixture of the two races. Some of these tribes have forgotten their own language, and speak only a French *patois*.

We do not imply by this observation that the native Indians would have been incapable of advancing by a slow and natural progression of their own on the road of civilisation: on the contrary, we believe that the civilisation of the Aztecs and the Peruvians may be seen in its earliest stage amongst the Iroquois. But when the European encounters the savage, there is a gap between them which the latter cannot suddenly traverse. The intermediate steps are not presented to him. The time is not given him by which slow-changing habits can be formed and transmitted. He is required to proceed at a faster pace than his savage nature can accomplish. Now, as every generation that has advanced upon its predecessors, transmits, together with its knowledge, some increasing aptitude for the acquisition of such knowledge, there is no difficulty in believing that the savage would be expedited in his career of civilisation as well by an intermixture of race as by a participation of knowledge.

The whole chapter of Mr. Wilson on the Red Race is well worthy of perusal. The reader will find in it many interesting details, which, of course, our space will not permit us to allude to. We shall conclude our notice by some reference to a topic especially interesting when we speak of the progress of civilisation—namely, the mode of transmitting ideas, the art of writing, or letters. Our author, according to his favourite phraseology, entitles his chapter on this subject 'The Intellectual Instinct: Letters.'

The origin of language may be open to discussion. Its gradual growth from the wants, the social passions, the organisation, the mimetic and reasoning powers of man,

may to many persons seem an unsatisfactory account. But no one disputes that *writing* is an invention of man. Even if the steps of this invention had not been traced, we should have been unable to frame any other hypothesis with regard to an art possessed by one people and not possessed by another. We may define writing to be the transmission of ideas by visible and permanent signs, instead of by momentary sounds and gestures. The art of writing, it must be remembered, is not complete till the characters upon the paper, or the parchment, or the plaster of the wall, or the graven rock, *interpret themselves* to one who knows the conventional value of the several signs. So long as any picture-writing or symbolic figures act merely as aids to the memory, in retaining a history of events which is, in fact, transmitted by oral tradition, writing is not yet invented. The picture, however faithful, gives its meaning only to those who know many other facts which are not in the picture itself. When a system of signs has been invented, *by which alone* the ideas of one person, or one generation, can be communicated to another person or another generation, then the art has been attained, whether those signs are hieroglyphics or alphabetical, whether they are signs of things or signs of words.

This is necessary to be borne in mind, because there is a certain use of pictorial and symbolic signs which is in danger of being confounded with the perfect hieroglyph; and we are inclined to think this confusion has been made with regard to some of the sculptured remains discovered in Central America. We doubt if these "hieroglyphics," which scholars are invited to study and to interpret, are hieroglyphics as the word is understood by the Egyptologist. Granting that they always have a meaning, and are not introduced, in some cases, as mere ornaments (just as we introduce the heads of stags or the figures

of little children on any vase we desire to ornament), still it may be a meaning of that kind which could be only intelligible to one who from other sources knew the history or the fable it was intended to bring to remembrance. A representation of this kind, half pictorial and half symbolic, would help to keep alive the memory of an event; but, the memory of it once extinct, it could not revive the knowledge of the event to us. We should waste our ingenuity in vain attempts to read what was not, in fact, any kind of writing.

The Peruvians had manifestly not advanced beyond a system of mnemonics, a kind of *memoria technica*. With certain knots in strings of different colours they had associated certain ideas. A Peruvian woman could show you a bundle of knotted strings and tell you her whole life "was there." To her it was, but to no one else. If all the Peruvians agreed to associate the history of Peru with other bundles of knotted cords, their *quipus* would still be only an aid to memory; the history itself must be conveyed from one mind to another by oral communication. Some of the North American Indians had their *wampum*, their many-coloured belt, into which they talked their treaty, or any other matter it was desirable to remember. The Mexicans had mingled symbols with their picture-writing, but they had not wrought the hieroglyphic into a system, by means of which alone ideas could be conveyed from one generation to another. With them it could not be said that the art of writing was known. But antiquarians have formed, it seems, a different opinion of the mixture of symbol and picture discovered in the ruins of Copan and Palenque; and, partly on this ground, they arrived at the conclusion that these cities were built and inhabited by a people in advance of the Mexicans or Aztecs discovered by the Spaniards. Mr. Wilson says very distinctly of those mysterious sculp-

tures: "They are no rude abbreviations, like the symbols either of Indian or Aztec picture-writing; but rather suggest the idea of a matured system of ideography in its last transitional stage, before becoming a word-alphabet like that of the Chinese at the present day."

We should be open to the charge of great presumption, if, with nothing before us but a few engravings by which to guide our judgment, we ventured to offer an opinion opposed to that of Mr. Wilson, or of others who have made the subject one of especial study. But opposite to the very page (p. 140, vol. ii.) from which we take this last sentence we have quoted, Mr. Wilson gives us an engraving of what are denominated "hieroglyphics." It appears to us as if the pillar here represented had been divided into compartments, and each compartment had been filled by the artist with some appropriate subject, generally some human figure whose action and attitude are unintelligible to us; but the whole conveys the idea, not of a series of hieroglyphics, but of individual representations, each of which has its own independent meaning. Other engravings, indeed, approximate more nearly to the hieroglyphic; the arbitrary sign is more conspicuous, and there is a more frequent repetition of the same subject; but when we consider the poverty of invention that even in later times afflicts the arts, and the tendency to repeat and to copy which is very noticeable in rude times, we are not surprised that the same subject is often found on the same monument, or that it has spread from Copan to Palenque. There is nothing in the engravings before us, or in the account given of them, which proves that a really hieroglyphic system had been invented; and we cannot but suspect that those who undertake the task of deciphering them will inevitably fail, not because the key cannot be found, but because no key ever existed.

Suppose a monument erected or a medal struck in honour of one of our own excellent missionaries; suppose it represented the missionary standing with one foot on a broken image, or idol, and that by his side knelt some half-naked savage with a cross in his hands—this mixture of picture and of symbol would tell its tale very intelligibly to us, for we have heard before of the labours of the missionary. But suppose this and other pictures of the same kind were handed down to a remote posterity, who had no information except what the pictures themselves conveyed by which to understand them, what hopeless perplexities would they for ever remain! And the use of the repeated symbol might lead to the persuasion that they were composed on some hieroglyphic system. We might imagine learned men toiling for ever over such representation, and never coming to any satisfactory result.

What different impressions the same pictorial representation may convey to two different persons, we have many an amusing instance of in the history of our Egyptian discoveries, or efforts at discovery. We borrow an example from the pages before us. On the wall of the temple at Philæ, at the first cataract of the Nile, a figure is seen seated at work on what seems a potter's wheel, and there is a group of hieroglyphics over its head. One learned translator reads and explains thus:—"Kaum the Creator, on his wheel, moulds the divine members of Osiris (the type of man) in the shining house of life, or the solar disk." Another learned man, Mr. Birch of the British Museum, soars, if possible, still higher for a meaning:—"Phtah Totonem, the father of beginnings, is setting in motion the egg of the sun and moon, director of the gods of the upper world." Mr. Wilson, we presume, in accordance with a still later interpretation, calls this figure simply the "ram-headed god Kneph," without explaining what he is doing with his wheel. If the picture and the hieroglyphic toge-

ther lead to such various results, we may easily conceive what wild work would be made by an attempt to interpret a pictorial representation alone.

We hesitate to assign to the inscriptions discovered in these ruined cities the true character of hieroglyphics; that is, of a system of symbols by means of which, independently of oral tradition, the ideas of one generation could be conveyed to another. But our readers would probably prefer to have Mr. Wilson's matured judgment to our own conjectures. He says:—

"On the sculptured tablets of Copan, Quirigua, and Palenque, as well as on the colossal statues at Copan and other ancient sites in Central America, groups of hieroglyphic devices occur arranged in perpendicular or horizontal rows, as regularly as the letters of any ancient of modern inscription. The analogies to Egyptian hieroglyphics are great, for all the figures embody, more or less clearly defined, representations of objects in nature or art. But the differences are no less essential, and leave no room to doubt that in these columns of sculptured symbols we witness the highest development to which picture-writing attained, in the progress of that indigenous American civilisation so singularly illustrative of the intellectual unity which binds together the divers races of man. A portion of the hieroglyphic inscription which accompanies the remarkable Palenque sculpture of a figure offering what has been assumed to represent an infant before a cross, will best suffice to illustrate the characteristics of this form of writing."

What is the antiquity of these ruined cities? The first tendency was to carry them back into some very remote period, far beyond the memory or knowledge of the Mexicans and Peruvians. This was the first impression of Mr. Stephens; afterwards he was disposed to bring them nearer the epoch of the Spanish conquest. He had lent a credulous ear to the history of some good *padre*, who had assured him that a native Indian city, greater than Copan could have ever been,

still existed in a flourishing and populous condition, in some district untroubled by the European traveller. And this faith, that a Copan still existed, naturally induced him to believe that the ruined Copan, not belonging to an extinct civilisation, might not be so old as he first presumed it to be. He seems to have thought it possible that some of these cities might have been inhabited at the time of the Spanish conquest, and that others at that period were already a heap of ruins. War appears to have been incessant amongst almost all the tribes of the native Americans. On this account it appears to us very probable that many cities may have been built and destroyed, and a partial civilisation won and lost in them, prior to the epoch of the Spanish conquest. Such *oscillations*, very likely, occurred in the progress of American civilisation. And in some of these oscillatory movements a nearer approach might have been made to the art of writing than in that one phase of this civilisation in which the European discovered and destroyed it for ever. But our impression is, that, viewing the history of this continent as a whole, there has been a slow irregular progress, which had reached its highest point in the epoch of Montezuma and the Incas of Peru.

The earliest stages of human pro-

gress are very slow, and much interrupted by wars of conquest and extermination. We find no difficulty, therefore, in assigning a great antiquity to some of these ruined cities, and a still greater antiquity to the curious mounds and earth-works in the valley of the Mississippi, without necessarily inferring that these are the remains of any civilisations superior to what history has made known to us. And before these mounds were constructed, there might have passed a long epoch in which man wandered wild by the rivers and in the forests of this continent. This last-mentioned epoch of mere savage existence, some of our speculative philosophers would extend to an enormous duration. We are not disposed, by any evidence yet submitted to us, to expand this period to what we must not call a *disproportionate* length, because we have not the whole life of the human race before us; but which, arguing on those progressive tendencies, which, notwithstanding the impediments and checks they receive, constitute the main characteristic of the species, seems an *improbable* length. Let the geologist, however, to whom this part of the problem must be handed over, pursue his researches, and we need not say we shall be happy to receive whatever knowledge of the now forgotten past he can bring to light.

CANTONIANA:

A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON LIFE, LITERATURE, AND MANNERS.

By the Author of 'The Caxton Family.'

PART XVI.

NO. XXII.—ON CERTAIN PRINCIPLES OF ART IN WORKS OF IMAGINATION.

EVERY description of literature has its appropriate art. This truth is immediately acknowledged in works of imagination. We speak, in familiar phrase, of the Dramatic Art, or the Art of Poetry. But the presence of art is less generally recognised in works addressed to the reason. Nevertheless, art has its place in a treatise on political economy, or in a table of statistics. For in all subjects, however rigidly confined to abstract principles or positive facts, the principles and facts cannot be thrown together pell-mell; they require an artistic arrangement. Expression itself is an art. So that even works of pure science cannot dispense with art, because they cannot dispense with expression. What is called method in Science is the art by which Science makes itself intelligible. There is exquisite art in the arrangement of a problem in Euclid. If a man have a general knowledge of the fact that all lines drawn from the centre of a circle to the circumference are equal, but has never seen that fact proved by Euclid, let him attempt to prove it in his own way, and then compare his attempt with the problem in Euclid which demonstrates the fact, and he will at once acknowledge the master's art of demonstration. Pascal is said to have divined, by the force of his own genius, so large a number of Euclid's propositions, as to appear almost miraculous to his admirers, and wholly incredible to his aspersers. Yet that number did not exceed eighteen. In fact, art and

science have their meeting-point in method.

And though Kant applies the word *genius* (*ingenium*) strictly to the cultivators of Art, refusing to extend it to the cultivators of Science, yet the more we examine the highest orders of intellect, whether devoted to science, to art, or even to action, the more clearly we shall observe the presence of a faculty common to all such orders of intellect, because essential to completion in each—a faculty which seems so far intuitive or innate (*ingenium*) that, though study and practice perfect it, they do not suffice to bestow—viz., the faculty of grouping into order and symmetrical form, ideas in themselves scattered and dissimilar. This is the faculty of Method; and though every one who possesses it is not necessarily a great man, yet every great man must possess it in a very superior degree, whether he be a poet, a philosopher, a statesman, a general; for every great man exhibits the talent of organisation or construction, whether it be in a poem, a philosophical system, a policy, or a strategy. And without method there is no organisation nor construction. But in art, method is less perceptible than in science, and in familiar language usually receives some other name. Nevertheless, we include the meaning when we speak of the composition of a picture, the arrangement of an oration, the plan of a poem. Art employs method for the symmetrical formation of beauty, as science employs it for the logical exposition of truth: but

the mechanical process is, in the last, ever kept visibly distinct; while, in the first, it escapes from sight amid the shows of colour and the curves of grace.

And though, as I have said, Art enters into all works, whether addressed to the reason or to the imagination, those addressed to the imagination are works of Art *par emphasis*, for they require much more than the elementary principles which Art has in common with Science. The two part company with each other almost as soon as they meet on that ground of Method which is common to both,—Science ever seeking, through all forms of the ideal, to realise the Positive—Art, from all forms of the Positive, ever seeking to extract the Ideal. The *beau idéal* is not in the reason—its only existence is in the imagination. To create in the reader's mind images which do not exist in the world, and leave them there, imperishable as the memories of friends with whom he has lived, and of scenes in which he has had his home, obviously necessitates a much ampler and much subtler Art than that which is required to make a positive fact clear to the comprehension. The highest quality of Art, as applied to literature, is therefore called "the Creative." Nor do I attach any importance to the cavil of some over ingenious critics, who have denied that genius in reality *creates*; inasmuch as the forms it presents are only new combinations of ideas already existent. New combinations are, to all plain intents and purposes, creations. It is not in the power of man to create something out of nothing. And though the Deity no doubt can do so now—as those who acknowledge that the Divine Creator preceded all created things, must suppose that He did before there was even a Chaos—yet, so far as it is vouchsafed to us to trace Him through Nature, all that we see in created Nature is combined out of what before existed. Art, therefore, may

be said to create when it combines existent details into new wholes. No man can say that the watch which lies before me, or the table on which I write, were not created (that is, made) by the watchmaker or cabinetmaker, because the materials which compose a watch or a table have been on the earth, so far as we know of it, since the earth was a world fit for men to dwell in. Therefore, neither in Nature nor in Art can it be truly said that that power is not creative which brings into the world a new form, though all which compose a form, as all which compose a flower, a tree, a mite, an elephant, a man, are, if taken in detail, as old as the gases in the air we breathe, or the elements of the earth we tread. But the Creative Faculty in Art requires a higher power than it asks in Nature; for Nature may create things without life and mind—Nature may create dust and stones which have no other life and mind than are possessed by the animalcules that inhabit them. But the moment Art creates, it puts into its creations life and intellect; and it is only in proportion as the life thus bestowed endures beyond the life of man, and the intellect thus expressed exceeds that which millions of men can embody in one form, that we acknowledge a really great work of Art—that we say of the Artist, centuries after he is dead, "He was indeed a Poet," that is, a creator: He has created a form of life which the world did not know before, and breathed into that form a spirit which preserves it from the decay to which all of man himself except his soul is subjected. Achilles is killed by Paris; Homer re-creates Achilles—and the Achilles of Homer is alive to-day.

By the common consent of all educated nations, the highest order of Art in Literature is the Narrative, that is the Epic; and the next to it in eminence is the Dramatic. We are, therefore, compelled to allow that the objective faculty—which is the imperative essential of excel-

lence in either of these two summits of the 'forked Parnassus'—attains to a sublimer reach of art than the subjective—that is, in order to make my scholastic adjectives familiar to common apprehension, the artist who reflects vividly and truthfully, in the impartial mirror of his mind, other circumstances, other lives, other characters than his own, belongs to a higher order than he who, subjecting all that he contemplates to his own idiosyncrasy, reflects but himself in his various images of nature and mankind. We admit this when we come to examples. We admit that Homer is of a higher order of art than Sappho; that Shakespeare's 'Macbeth' is of a higher order of art than Shakespeare's Sonnets; 'Macbeth' being purely objective—the Sonnets being the most subjective poems which the Elizabethan age can exhibit.

But it is not his choice of the highest order of art that makes a great artist. If one man says "I will write an epic," and writes but a mediocre epic, and another man says "I will write a song," and writes an admirable song—the man who writes what is admirable is superior to him who writes what is mediocre. There is no doubt that Horace is inferior to Homer—so inferior that we cannot apportion the difference. The one is epic, the other lyrical. But there is no doubt also that Horace is incalculably superior to Tryphiodorus or Sir Richard Blackmore, though they are epic and he is lyrical. In a word, it is perfectly obvious, that in proportion to the height of the art attempted must be the powers of the artist, so that there is the requisite harmony between his subject and his genius; and that he who commands a signal success in one of the less elevated spheres of art must be considered a greater artist than he who obtains but indifferent success in the most arduous.

Nevertheless, narrative necessities so high a stretch of imagina-

tion, and so wide a range of intellect, that it will always obtain, if tolerably well told, a precedence of immediate popularity over the most exquisite productions of an inferior order of the solid and staple qualities of imagination—so much so that, even where the first has resort to what may be called the brick and mortar of prose, as compared with the ivory, marble, and cedar of verse, a really great work of Narrative in prose will generally obtain a wider audience, even among the most fastidious readers, than poems, however good, in which the imagination is less creative, and the author rather describes or moralises over what is, than invents and vivifies what never existed. The advantage of the verse lies in its durability. Prose, when appealing to the imagination, has not the same characteristics of enduring longevity as verse;—first and chiefly, it is not so easily remembered. Who remembers twenty lines in 'Ivanhoe'? Who does not remember twenty lines in the 'Deserted Village'? Verse chains a closer and more minute survey to all beauties of thought expressed by it than prose, however elaborately completed, can do. And that survey is carried on and perpetuated by successive generations. So that in a great prose fiction, one hundred years after its date, there are innumerable beauties of thought and fancy which lie wholly unobserved; and in a poem, also surveyed one hundred years after its publication, there is probably not a single beauty undetected. This holds even in the most popular and imperishable prose fictions, read at a time of life when our memory is most tenacious, such as 'Don Quixote' or 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Gulliver's Travels' or the 'Arabian Nights.' We retain, indeed, a lively impression of the pleasure derived from the perusal of those masterpieces; of the salient incidents in story; the broad strokes of character, wit, or fancy; but quotations of striking passages do not rise to our lips as

do the verses of poets immeasurably inferior, in the grand creative gifts of Poetry, to those fictionists of prose. And hence the Verse Poet is a more intimate companion throughout time than the Prose Poet can hope to be. In our moments of aspiration or of despondency, his musical thoughts well up from our remembrance. By a couple of lines he kindles the ambition of our boyhood, or soothes into calm the melancholy contemplations of our age.

Cæteris paribus, there can be no doubt of the advantage of verse over prose in all works of the imagination. But an artist does not select his own department of art with deliberate calculation of the best chances of posthumous renown. His choice is determined partly by his own organisation, and partly also by the circumstances of his time. For these last may control and tyrannise over his own more special bias. For instance, in our country, at present, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there is no tragic drama—scarcely any living drama at all; whether from the want of competent actors, or from some disposition on the part of our public and our critics not to accord to a successful drama the rank which it holds in other nations, and once held in this, I do not care to examine; but the fact itself is so clear, that the Drama, though in reality it is, in itself, the highest order of poem, next to the Epic, seems to have wholly dropped out of our consideration as belonging to any form of poetry whatsoever. If any Englishman were asked by a foreigner to name even the minor poets of his country who have achieved reputation since the death of Lord Byron, it would not occur to him to name Sheridan Knowles—though perhaps no poet since Shakespeare has written so many successful dramas; nay, if he were asked to quote the principal poets whom England has produced, I doubt very much whether Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, or Otway,

would occur to his mind as readily as Collins or Cowper. We have forgotten, in short, somehow or other, except in the single instance of Shakespeare, that dramas in verse are poems, and that where we have a great dramatist, who can hold the hearts of an audience spell-bound, we have a poet immeasurably superior, in all the great qualities of poetry, to three-fourths of the lyrical, and still more of the didactic versifiers who, lettered and bound as British poets, occupy so showy a range on our shelves. It is not thus anywhere except in our country. Ask a Frenchman who are the greatest poets of France, he names her dramatists immediately—Corneille, Racine, Molière. Ask a German, he names Goethe and Schiller; and if you inquire which of the works of those great masters in all variety of song he considers their greatest poems, he at once names their dramas. But to return; with us, therefore, the circumstances of the time would divert an author, whose natural bias might otherwise lead him towards dramatic composition, from a career so discouraged; and as the largest emoluments and the loudest reputation are at this time bestowed upon prose fiction, so he who would otherwise have been a dramatist becomes a novelist. I speak here, indeed, from some personal experience, for I can remember well, that when Mr. Macready undertook the management of one of those two great national theatres, which are now lost to the national drama, many literary men turned their thoughts towards writing for the stage, sure that in Mr. Macready they could find an actor to embody their conceptions; a critic who could not only appreciate, but advise and guide; and a gentleman with whom a man of letters could establish frank and pleasant understanding. But when Mr. Macready withdrew from an experiment which probably required more capital than he deemed it prudent to risk in the mere rental of a

theatre, which in other countries would be defrayed by the State, the literary flow towards the drama again ebbed back, and many a play, felicitously begun, remains to this day a fragment in the limbo of neglected pigeon-holes.

The circumstances of the time, therefore, though they do not arrest the steps of genius, alter its direction. Those departments of art in which the doors are the most liberally thrown open, will necessarily most attract the throng of artists, and it is the more natural that there should be a rush toward novel-writing, because no man and no woman who can scribble at all, ever doubt that they can scribble a novel. Certainly, it seems that the kinds of writing most difficult to write well, are the easiest to write ill. Where are the little children who cannot write what they call poetry, or the big children who cannot write what they call novels?—

"Scribimus indocti doctique poemata
passim."

says Horace of the writers of his day. In our day the saying applies in most force to that class of *poemata*, which pretends to narrate the epic of life in the form of prose. For the *docti* as well as the *indocti*—men the most learned in all but the art of novel-writing—write novels, no less than the most ignorant; and often with no better success. One gentleman wishing to treat us with a sermon, puts it into a novel; another gentleman, whose taste is for political disquisition, puts it into a novel; High Church and Low Church and no Church at all, Tories and Radicals, and speculators on Utopia, fancy that they condescend to adapt truth to the ordinary understanding, when they thrust into a novel that with which a novel has no more to do than it has with astronomy. Certainly it is in the power of any one to write a book in three volumes, divide it into chapters, and call it a novel;

but those processes no more make the work a novel, than they make it a History of China. We thus see many clever books by very clever writers, which, regarded as novels, are detestable. They are written without the slightest study of the art of narrative, and without the slightest natural gift to divine it. Those critics who, in modern times, have the most thoughtfully analysed the laws of æsthetic beauty, concur in maintaining that the real truthfulness of all works of imagination—sculpture, painting, written fiction—is so purely in the imagination, *that the artist never seeks to represent the positive truth, but the idealised image of a truth.* As HEGEL well observes, "that which exists in nature is a something purely individual and particular. Art, on the contrary, is essentially destined to manifest the general." A fiction, therefore, which is designed to inculcate an object wholly alien to the imagination, sins against the first law of art; and if a writer of fiction narrow his scope to particulars so positive as polemical controversy in matters ecclesiastical, political, or moral, his work may or not be an able treatise, but it must be a very poor novel.

Religion and politics are not, indeed, banished from works of imagination; but to be artistically treated, they must be of the most general and the least sectarian description. In the record of the Fall of Man, for instance, Milton takes the most general belief in which all Christian nations concur,—nay, in which nations not Christian still acknowledge a myth of reverential interest. Or again, to descend from the highest rank of poetry to a third rank in novel-writing; when Mr. Ward, in his charming story of 'Tremaine,' makes his very plot consist in the conversion of an infidel to a belief in the immortality of the soul, he does not depart from the artistic principle of dealing, not with particulars, but with generals. Had he exceeded the point at which he very wisely

and skilfully stops, and pushed his argument beyond the doctrine on which all theologians concur, into questions on which they dispute, he would have lost sight of art altogether. So in politics—the general propositions from which politics start—the value of liberty, order, civilisation, &c.—are not only within the competent range of imaginative fiction, but form some of its loftiest subjects; but descend lower into the practical questions that divide the passions of a day, and you only waste all the complicated machinery of fiction, to do what you could do much better in a party pamphlet. For, in fact, as the same fine critic, whom I have previously quoted, says, with admirable eloquence:—

“Man enclosed on all sides in the limits of the finite, and aspiring to get beyond them, turns his looks towards a superior sphere, more pure and more true, where all the oppositions and contradictions of the finite disappear—where his intellectual liberty, spreading its wings, without obstacles and without limits, attains to its supreme end. This region is that of art, and its reality is the ideal. The necessity of the beautiful in art is derived from the imperfections of the real. The mission of art is to represent, under sensible forms, the free development of life, and especially of mind.”

What is herein said of Art more especially applies to the art of narrative fiction, whether it take the form of verse or prose. For, when we come to that realm of fiction which, whether in verse or prose, is rendered most alluring to us, either by the fashion of our time or the genius of the artist, it is with a desire to escape, for the moment, out of this hard and narrow positive world in which we live; to forget, for a brief holiday, disputes between High and Low Church, Tories and Radicals—in fine, to lose sight of *particulars* in the contemplation of *general* truths. We can have our real life, in all its harsh outlines, whenever we please it; we do not want to see that real life, but its ideal image, in the fable land of

art. There is another error common enough in second-rate novelists, and made still more common because it is praised by ordinary critics—viz., an attempt at the exact imitation of what is called Nature; one writer will thus draw a character in fiction as minutely as he can, from some individual he has met in life—another perplexes us with the precise *patois* of provincial mechanics—not as a mere relief to the substance of a dialogue, but as a prevalent part of it. Now I hold all this to be thoroughly antagonistic to art in fiction—it is the relinquishment of generals for the servile copy of particulars. . . . It cannot be too often repeated that art is *not* the imitation of nature; it is only in the very lowest degree of poetry—viz., the Descriptive, that the imitation of nature can be considered an artistic end. Even there, the true poet brings forth from nature more than nature says to the common ear or reveals to the common eye. The strict imitation of nature has always in it a something trite and mean—a man who mimics the cackle of the goose or the squeak of a pig, so truthfully, that for the moment he deceives us—attains but a praise that debases him. Nor this because there is something in the cackle of the goose, and the squeak of pig, that in itself has a mean association; for as Kant says truly, “Even a man’s exact imitation of the song of the nightingale displeases us when we discover that it is a mimicry, and not the nightingale.” Art does not imitate nature, but it founds itself on the study of nature—takes from nature the selections which best accord with its own intention, and then bestows on them that which nature does not possess—viz., *the mind and the soul of man*.

Just as he is but a Chinese kind of painter, who seeks to give us, in exact prosaic detail, every leaf in a tree, which, if we want to see only a tree, we could see in a field much better than in a picture; so he is but a prosaic and mechanical pre-

tender to imagination who takes a man out of real life, gives us his photograph, and says, "I have copied nature." If I want to see that kind of man I could see him better in Oxford Street than in a novel. The great artist deals with large generalities, broad types of life and character, and though he may take flesh and blood for his model, he throws into the expression of the figure a something which elevates the model into an idealised image. A porter sate to Correggio for the representation of a saint; but Correggio so painted the porter, that the porter, on the canvass, was lost in the saint.

Some critics have contended that the delineation of character artistically—viz., through the selection of broad generalities in the complex nature of mankind, rather than in the observation of particulars by the portraiture of an individual—fails of the verisimilitude and reality—of the flesh-and-blood likeness to humanity—which all vivid delineation of human character necessarily requires. But this objection is sufficiently confuted by a reference to the most sovereign masterpieces of imaginative literature. The principal characters in Homer—viz., Achilles, Hector, Ulysses, Nestor, Paris, Thersites, &c.—are so remarkably the types of large and enduring generalities in human character, that, in spite of all changes of time and manners, we still classify and designate individuals under those antique representative names. We call such or such a man the Ulysses, or Nestor, or Achilles, or Thersites of his class or epoch. Virgil, on the contrary, has, in Æneas, but a feeble shadow reflected from no bodily form with which we are familiar, precisely because Æneas is not a type of any large and lasting generality in human character, but a poetised and half-allegorical *silhouette* of Augustus. There is, indeed, an antagonistic difference between fictitious character and biographical character. In biography, truth must be sought in the pre-

ference of particulars to generals; in imaginative creations truth is found in the preference of generals to particulars. We recognise this distinction more immediately with respect to the former. In biography, and indeed in genuine history, character appears faithful and vivid in proportion as it stands clear from all æsthetic purposes in the mind of the delineator. The moment the biographer or historian seeks to drape his personages in the poetic mantle, to subject their lives and actions to the poetic or idealising process, we are immediately and rightly seized with distrust of his accuracy. When he would dramatise his characters into types, they are unfaithful as likenesses. In like manner, if we carefully examine, we shall see that when the Poet takes on himself the task of the Biographer, and seeks to give minute representations of living individuals, his characters become conventional—only partially accurate—the accuracy being sought by exaggerating trivial peculiarities into salient attributes, rather than by the patient exposition of the concrete qualities which constitute the interior nature of living men. Satire or eulogy obtrudes itself unconsciously to the artist; and mars the catholic and enduring truthfulness which, in works of imagination, belongs exclusively to the invention of original images for æsthetic ends.

Goethe, treating of the drama, has said, that "to be theatrical a piece must be symbolical; that is to say, every action must have an importance of its own, and it must tend to one more important still." It is still more important, for dramatic effect, that the *dramatis personæ* should embody attributes of passion, humour, sentiment, character, with which large miscellaneous audiences can establish sympathy; and sympathy can be only established by such a recognition of a something familiar to our own natures, or to our conception of our natures, as will allure

us to transport ourselves for the moment into the place of those who are passing through events which are not familiar to our actual experience. None of us have gone through the events which form the action of Othello or Phèdre; but most of us recognise in our natures, or our conceptions of our natures, sufficient elements for ardent love or agonising jealousy, to establish a sympathy with the agencies by which, in Othello and Phèdre, those passions are expressed. Thus, the more forcibly the characters interest the generalities of mankind which compose an audience, the more truthfully they must represent what such generalities of mankind have in common—in short, the more they will be types, and the less they will be portraits. Some critics have supposed that, in the delineation of types, the artist would fall into the frigid error of representing mere philosophical abstractions. This, however, is a mistake which the poet who comprehends and acts upon the first principle of his art—viz., the preference of generals to particulars—will be the less likely to commit, in proportion as such generals are vivified into types of humanity. For he is not seeking to personate allegorically a passion; but to show the effects of the passion upon certain given forms of character under certain given situations: And he secures the individuality required, and avoids the lifeless pedantry of an allegorised abstraction, by reconciling passion, character, and situation with each other; so that it is always a living being in whom we sympathise. And the rarer and more unfamiliar the situation of life in which the poet places his imagined character, the more in that character itself we must recognise relations akin to our own flesh and blood, in order to feel interest in its fate. Thus, in the hands of great masters of fiction, whether dramatists or novelists, we become unconsciously reconciled, not only to unfamiliar, but to im-

probable, nay, to impossible situations, by recognising some marvellous truthfulness to human nature in the thoughts, feelings, and actions of the character represented, granting that such a character *could* be placed in such a situation. The finest of Shakespeare's imaginary characters are essentially typical. No one could suppose that the poet was copying from individuals of his acquaintance in the delineations of Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, Iago, Angelo, Romeo. They are as remote from portraiture as are the conceptions of Caliban and Ariel. In fine, the distinctive excellence of Shakespeare's highest characters is that, while they embody truths the most subtle, delicate, and refining in the life and organisation of men, those truths are so assorted as to combine with the elements which humanity has most in common. And it is obvious to any reader of ordinary reflection, that this could not be effected if the characters themselves, despite all that is peculiar to each, were not, on the whole, typical of broad and popular divisions in the human family.

Turning to prose fiction, if we look to the greatest novel which Europe has yet produced (meaning by the word novel a representation of familiar civilized life)—viz., 'Gil Blas'—we find the characters therein are vivid and substantial, capable of daily application to the life around us, in proportion as they are types and not portraits—such as Ambrose Lamela, Fabricio, the Archbishop of Toledo, &c.; and the characters that really fail of truth and completion are those which were intended to be portraits of individuals—such as Olivares, the Duke the Lerma, the Infant of Spain, &c. And if it be true that, in Sangrado, Le Sage designed the portrait of the physician Hecquet (the ingenious author of the "Système de la Trituration"), and, in the poetical charlatan Triquero, aimed at a likeness of Voltaire, all we can say is, that no two per-

traits can be more unfaithful to the originals; and whatever belongs to the characters worthy the genius of the author is to be found in those strokes and touches by which the free play of humour involuntarily destroys the exactitude of portraiture. Again, with that masterpiece of prose romance or fantasy 'Don Quixote,' the character of the hero, if it could be regarded as that of an individual whom Cervantes found in life, would be only an abnormal and morbid curiosity subjected to the caricature of a satirist. But regarded as a type of certain qualities which are largely diffused throughout human nature, the character is psychologically true, and artistically completed; hence we borrow the word "Quixotic" whenever we would convey the idea of that extravagant generosity of enthusiasm for the redress of human wrongs, which, even in exciting ridicule, compels admiration and conciliates love. The grandeur of the conception of 'Don Quixote' is its fidelity to a certain nobleness of sentiment, which, however latent or however modified, exists in every genuinely noble nature. And hence, perhaps, of all works of broad humour, 'Don Quixote' is that which most approximates the humorous to the side of the sublime.

The reflective spirit of our age has strongly tended towards the development of a purpose in fiction, symbolical in a much more literal sense of the word than Goethe intended to convey in the extract I have quoted on the symbolical nature of theatrical composition. Besides the interest of plot and incident, another interest is implied, more or less distinctly or more or less vaguely, which is that of the process and working out of a symbolical purpose interwoven with the popular action. Instead of appending to the fable a formal moral, a moral signification runs throughout the whole fable, but so little obtrusively, that, even at the close, it is to be divined by the reader, not explained by the

author. This has been a striking characteristic of the art of our century. In the former century it was but very partially cultivated, and probably grows out of that reaction from materialism which distinguishes our age from the last. Thus—to quote the most familiar illustrations I can think of—in Goethe's novel of 'Wilhelm Meister,' besides the mere interest of the incidents, there is an interest in the inward signification of an artist's apprenticeship in art, of a man's apprenticeship in life. In 'Transformation,' by Mr. Hawthorne, the mere story of outward incident can never be properly understood, unless the reader's mind goes along with the exquisite mysticism which is symbolised by the characters. In that work, often very faulty in the execution, exceedingly grand in the conception, are typified the classical sensuous life, through Donato; the Jewish dispensation, through Miriam; the Christian dispensation through Hilda, who looks over the ruins of Rome from her virgin chamber amidst the doves.

To our master novelists of a former age—to Defoe, Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett—this double plot, if so I may call it, was wholly unknown. Swift, indeed, apprehended it in 'Gulliver's Travels,' which I consider the greatest poem—that is, the greatest work, of pure imagination and original invention—of the age in which he lived; and Johnson divined it in 'Rasselas,' which, but for the interior signification, would be the faulty and untruthful novel which Lord Macaulay has, I venture to opine, erroneously declared it to be. Lord Macaulay censures 'Rasselas' because the Prince of Abyssinia does not talk like an Abyssinian. Now, it seems to me that a colouring faithful to the manners of Abyssinia, is a detail so trivial in reference to the object of the author of a philosophical romance, that it is more artistic to omit than to observe it. *Rasselas* starts at once, not from a positive but from an ima-

gined world—he starts from the Happy Valley to be conducted (in his process through actual life, to the great results of his search after a happiness more perfect than that of the Happy Valley) to the Catacombs. This is the interior poetical signification of the tale of 'Rasselas'—the final result of all departure from the happy land of contented ignorance is to be found at the grave. There, alone, a knowledge happier than ignorance awaits the seeker beyond the catacombs. For a moral so broad, intended for civilised readers, any attempt to suit colouring and manners to Abyssinian savages would have been, not an adherence to, but a violation of, Art. The artist here wisely disdains the particulars—he is dealing with generals.

Thus Voltaire's 'Zadig' is no more a Babylonian than Johnson's 'Rasselas' is an Abyssinian. Voltaire's object of philosophical satire would have been perfectly lost if he had given us an accurate and antiquarian transcript of the life of the Chaldees; and, indeed, the worst parts in 'Zadig' (speaking artistically), are those in which the author does, now and then, assume a *quasi* antique oriental air, sadly at variance with meanings essentially modern, couched in irony essentially French.

But the writer who takes this duality of purpose—who unites an interior symbolical signification with an obvious popular interest in character and incident—errs, firstly, in execution, if he render his symbolical meaning so distinct and detailed as to become obviously allegorical—unless, indeed, as in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' it is avowedly an allegory; and, secondly, he errs in artistic execution of his plan, whenever he admits a dialogue not closely bearing on one or the other of his two purposes, and whenever he fails in merging the two into an absolute unity at the end.

Now, the fault I find chiefly with novelists is their own contempt for their craft. A clever and scholar-

like man enters into it with a dignified contempt. "I am not going to write," he says, "a mere novel." What, then, is he going to write? What fish's tail will he add to the horse's head? A tragic poet might as well say, "I am not going to write a mere tragedy." The first essential to success in the art you practise is respect for the art itself. Who could ever become a good shoemaker if he did not have a profound respect for the art of making shoes? There is an ideal even in this humblest mechanical craft. A shoemaker destined to excel his rivals will always have before his eye the vision of a perfect shoe, which he is always striving to realise, and never can. It was well said by Mr. Hazlitt, "That the city prentice who did not think the Lord Mayor in his gilded coach was the greatest of human beings would come to be hanged." Whatever our calling be, we can never rise in it unless we exalt, even to an exaggerated dignity, the elevation of the calling itself. We are noble peasants or noble kings just in proportion as we form a lofty estimate of the nobility that belongs to peasants or the nobility that belongs to kings.

We may despair of the novelist who does not look upon a novel as a consummate work of art—who does not apply to it, as Fielding theoretically, as Scott practically, did, the rules which belong to the highest order of imagination. Of course he may fail of his standard, but he will fail less in proportion as the height of his standard elevates his eye and nerves his sinews.

The first object of a novelist is to interest his reader; the next object is the quality of the interest. Interest in his story is essential, or he will not be read; but if the quality of the interest be not high, he will not be read a second time. And if he be not read a second time by his own contemporaries, the chance is that he will not be read once by posterity. The degree of interest is for the many—the

quality of interest for the few. But the many are proverbially fickle, the few are constant. Steadfast minorities secure, at last, the success of great measures, and confirm, at last, the fame of great writings.

I have said that many who, in a healthful condition of our stage, would be dramatists, become novelists. But there are some material distinctions between the dramatic art and the narrative—distinctions as great as those between the oratorical style and the literary. Theatrical effects displease in a novel. In a novel much more than in a drama must be explained and accounted for. On the stage the actor himself interprets the author; and a look, a gesture, saves pages of writing. In a novel the author elevates his invention to a new and original story; in a drama, I hold that the author does well to take at least the broad outlines of a story already made. It is an immense advantage to him to find the tale he is to dramatise previously told, whether in a history, a legend, a romance, or in the play of another age or another land; and the more the tale be popularly familiarised to the audience, the higher will be the quality of the interest he excites. Thus, in the Greek tragedy, the story and the characters were selected from the popular myths. Thus Shakespeare takes his story either from chronicles or novels. Thus Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire take, from scenes of antiquity the most familiarly known, their fables and their characters. Nor is it only an advantage to the dramatist that the audience should come to the scene somewhat prepared by previous association for the nature of the interest invoked; it is also an advantage to the dramatist that his invention—being thus relieved from the demand on its powers in what, for the necessities of the dramatic art, is an unimportant if not erroneous direction of art—is left more free to combine the desultory materials of the borrowed story

into the harmony of a progressive plot—to reconcile the actions of characters, whose existence the audience take for granted, with probable motives—and, in a word, to place the originality there where alone it is essential to the drama—viz., in the analysis of the heart, in the delineation of passion, in the artistic development of the idea and purpose which the drama illustrates through the effects of situation and the poetry of form.

But in the narrative of prose fiction an original story is not an auxiliary or erroneous, but an essential, part of artistic invention; and even where the author takes the germ of his subject and the sketch of his more imposing characters from history, he will find that he will be wanting in warmth of interest if the tale he tells be not distinct from that of the history he presses into his service—more prominently brought forward, more minutely wrought out—and the character of the age represented, not only through the historical characters introduced, but those other and more general types of life which he will be compelled to imagine for himself. This truth is recognised at once when we call to mind such masterpieces in historical fiction as '*Ivanhoe*,' '*Kenilworth*,' '*Quentin Durward*,' and '*I Promessi Sposi*.'

In the tragic drama, however, historical subjects appear to necessitate a different treatment from that which most conduces to the interest of romantic narrative. There is a dignity in historical characters which scarcely permits them to be transferred to the stage without playing before the audience the important parts which they played in life. When they enter on the scene they excite a pre-dominating interest, and we should not willingly see them deposed into secondary agencies in the conduct of the story. They ought not to be introduced at all, unless in fitting correspondence with our notions of the station they occupied and the influence they exercised in the actual world; and

thus, whether they are made fated victims through their sufferings, or fateful influences through their power, still, in the drama, it is through them that the story moves: then the incidents affect—then the catastrophe involves—whether for their triumph or their fall.

The drama not necessitating an original fable nor imaginary characters, that which it does necessitate in selecting a historical subject is, the art of so arranging and concentrating events in history as to form a single action, terminating in a single end, wrought through progressive incidents clearly linked together. It will be seen that the dramatic treatment is, in this respect, opposed to the purely historical treatment; for in genuine history there are innumerable secondary causes tending to each marked effect, which the dramatist must wholly eliminate or set aside. He must, in short, aim at generals to the exclusion of particulars.

And thus, as his domain is the passions, he must seek a plot which admits of situations for passion, and characters in harmony with such situations. Great historical events in themselves are rarely dramatic—they are made so on the stage by the appeal to emotions with which, in private life, the audience are accustomed to sympathise. The preservation of the Republic of Venice from a conspiracy would have an interest in history from causes appealing to political reasoning, that would be wholly without interest on the stage. The dramatist, therefore, places the preservation of Venice in the struggle of a woman's heart between the conflicting passions, with which, in private life, the audience could most readily sympathise. According as Belvidera acts, as between her husband and her father, Venice will be saved or lost. This is dramatic treatment—it is not historical. All delineations of passion involve the typical; because whoever paints a passion common to mankind presents us with a human

type of that passion, varied, indeed, through the character of an individual and the situations in which he is placed; but still, in the expression of the passion itself, sufficiently germane to all in whom that passion exists, whether actively or latently, to permit the spectator to transfer himself into the place and person of him who represents it. Hence the passions of individuals, though affecting only themselves, or a very confined range of persons connected with them, command, in reality, a far wider scope in artistic treatment than the political events affecting millions in historical fact. For political events, accurately and dispassionately described, are special to the time and agents—they are traced through the logic of the reason, which only a comparative few exercise, and even the few exercise it in the calm of their closets, they do not come into the crowd of a theatre for its exercise. But the passions of love, ambition, jealousy—the conflict between opposing emotions of affection and duty—expressed in the breast of an individual, are not special,—they are universal. And before a dramatic audience the safety of a state is merged or ignored in the superior interest felt in the personation of some emotion more ardent than any state interest, and only more ardent because universal amongst mankind in all states and all times. If the domestic interest be the strongest of which the drama is capable, it is because it is the interest in which the largest number of human breasts can concur, and in which the poet who creates it can most escape from particulars into generals. In the emancipation of Switzerland from the Austrian yoke, history can excite our interest in the question whether William Tell ever existed—and in showing the large array of presumptive evidence against the popular story of his shooting the apple placed on his son's head. But in the drama William Tell is the personator of the Swiss liber-

ties; and the story of the apple, in exciting the domestic interest of the relationship between father and son, is that very portion of history which the dramatic artist will the most religiously conserve,—obtaining therein one incalculable advantage for his effect—viz., that it is not his own invention, and therefore of disputable probability; but, whether fable or truth in the eyes of the historical critic, so popularly received and acknowledged as a truth, that the audience are prepared to enter into the emotions of the father, and the peril of the son.

It is, then, not in the invention of a story, nor in the creation of imaginary characters, that a dramatist proves his originality as an artist, but in the adaptation of a story, found elsewhere, to a dramatic purpose; and in the fidelity, not to historical detail, but to psychological and metaphysical truth with which he reconciles the motives and conduct of the characters he selects from history, to the situations in which they are placed, so as to elicit for them, under all that is peculiar to their nature or their fates, the necessary degree of sympathy from emotions of which the generality of mankind are susceptible.

But to the narrator of fiction—to the story-teller—the invention of fable and of imaginary character is obviously among the legitimate conditions of his art; and a fable purely original has in him a merit which it does not possess in the tragic or comic poet.

On the other hand, the skillful mechanism of plot, though not without considerable value in the art of narrative, is much less requisite in the Novelist than in the Dramatist. Many of the greatest prose fictions are independent of plot altogether. It is only by straining the word to a meaning foreign to the sense it generally conveys, that we can recognise a plot in 'Don Quixote,' and scarcely any torture of the word can make a plot out of 'Gil Blas.' It is for this reason

that the novel admits of what the drama never should admit—viz., the operation of *accident* in the conduct of the story: the villain, instead of coming to a tragic close through the inevitable sequences of the fate he has provoked, may be carried off, at the convenient time, by a stroke of apoplexy, or be run over by a railway train. Nevertheless, in artistic narrative, accident, where it affects a *dénouement*, should be very sparingly employed. Readers, as well as critics, feel it to be a blot in the story of 'Rob Roy' when the elder brothers of Rashleigh Osbaldistone are killed off by natural causes unforeseen and unprepared for in the previous train of events narrated, in order to throw Rashleigh into a position which the author found convenient for his ultimate purpose.

A novel of high aim requires, of course, delineation of character, and with more patient minuteness, than the drama; and some novels live, indeed, solely through the delineation of character; whereas there are some tragedies in which the characters, when stripped of theatrical costume, are very trivial, but which, despite the poverty of character, are immortal, partly from the skill of the plot, partly from the passion which is wrought out of the situations, and principally, perhaps, from the beauty of form—the strength and harmony of the verse. This may be said of the French drama generally, and of Racine in especial. The tragic drama imperatively requires passion—the comic drama humour or wit; but a novel may be a very fine one without humour, passion, or wit—it may be made great in its way (though that way is not the very highest one) by delicacy of sentiment, interest of story, playfulness of fancy, or even by the level tenor of everyday life, not coarsely imitated, but pleasingly idealised. Still mystery is one of the most popular and effective sources of interest in a prose narrative, and sometimes the unravelling of it constitutes the entire plot. Every one

can remember the thrill with which he first sought to fathom the dark secret in 'Caleb Williams' or 'The Ghost-Seer.' Even in the comic novel, the great founder of that structure of art has obtained praise for perfection of plot almost solely from the skill with which Tom Jones's parentage is kept concealed; the terror, towards the end, when the hero seems to have become involved in one of the crimes from which the human mind most revolts, and the pleased surprise with which that terror is relieved by the final and unexpected discovery of his birth, with all the sense of the many fine strokes of satire in the commencement of the tale, which are not made clear to us till the close.

To prose fiction there must always be conceded an immense variety in the modes of treatment—a bold licence of loose capricious adaptation of infinite materials to some harmonious unity of interest, which even the most liberal construction of dramatic licence cannot afford to the drama. We need no lengthened examination of this fact; we perceive at once that any story can be told, but comparatively very few stories can be dramatised. And hence some of the best novels in the world cannot be put upon the stage; while some, that have very little merit as novels, have furnished subject-matter for the greatest plays in the modern world. The interest in a drama must be consecutive, sustained, progressive—it allows of no *longueurs*. But the interest of a novel may be very gentle, very irregular—may interpose long conversations in the very midst of action—always provided, however, as I have before said, that they bear upon the ulterior idea for which the action is invented. Thus we have in 'Wilhelm Meister' long conversations on art or philosophy just where we want most to get on with the story—yet, without those conversations, the story would not have been worth the telling; and its object could not, indeed, be comprehended—its

object being the accomplishment of a human mind in the very subjects on which the conversations turn. So, in many of the most animated tales of Sir Walter Scott, the story pauses for the sake of some historical disquisition necessary to make us understand the altered situations of the imagined characters. I need not say that all such delays to the action would be inadmissible in the drama. Hence an intelligent criticism must always allow a latitude to artistic prose fiction which it does not accord to the dramatic, nor indeed to any other department of imaginative representation of life and character. I often see in our Reviews a charge against some novel, that this or that is "a defect of art," which is, when examined, really a beauty in art—or a positive necessity which that department of art could not avoid—simply because the Reviewer has been applying to the novel rules drawn from the drama, and not only inapplicable, but adverse, to the principles which regulate the freedom of the novel. Now, in reality, where genius is present, art cannot be absent. Unquestionably, genius may make many incidental mistakes in art, but if it compose a work of genius, that work must be a work of art on the whole. For just as virtue consists in a voluntary obedience to moral law, so genius consists in a voluntary obedience to artistic law. And the freedom of either is this, that the law is pleasing to it—has become its second nature. Both human virtue and human genius must err from time to time; but any prolonged disdain, or any violent rupture, of the law by which it exists, would be death to either. There is this difference to the advantage of virtue (for, happily, virtue is necessary to all men, and genius is but the gift of few), that we can lay down rules by the observance of which any one can become a virtuous man; but we can lay down no rules by which any one can become a man of genius. No technical rules can enable a student to be-

facility which otherwise every writer acquires by practice. And as this over-facility is naturally more apt to be contracted in prose than in verse, and in the looseness or length of the novel or romance, than in any other more terse and systematic form of imaginative fiction—so I think it a wise precaution in every prolific novelist to seek rather to multiply, than emancipate himself from, the wholesome restraints of rules; provided always that such rules are the natural growth of his own mind, and confirmed by his own experience of their good effect on his productions. For if Art be not the imitator of Nature, it is still less the copyist of Art. Its base is in the study of Nature—not to imitate, but first to select, and then to combine, from Nature those materials into which the artist can breathe his own vivifying idea; and as the base of Art is in the study of Nature, so its polish and ornament must be sought by every artist in the study of those images which the artists before him have already selected, combined, and vivified; not, in such study, to reproduce a whole that represents another man's mind, and can no more be born again than can the man who created it: but again to select, to separate, to recombine—to go through the same process in the contemplation of Art which he employed in the contemplation of Nature; profiting by all details, but grouping them anew by his own mode of generalisation, and only availing himself of the minds of others for the purpose of rendering more full and complete the realisation of that idea of truth or beauty which has its conception in his own mind. For that can be neither a work of art (in the æsthetic sense of the word) nor a work of genius in any sense of the word, which does not do a something that, as a whole, has never been done before, which no other living man could have done; and which never, to the end of time, can be done again—no matter how immeasurably better may be the *other* things which *other* men may do. 'Ivanhoe' and 'Childe Harold' were produced but the other day; yet already it has become as impossible to reproduce an 'Ivanhoe' or a 'Childe Harold' as to reproduce an 'Iliad.' A better historical romance than 'Ivanhoe,' or a better contemplative poem than 'Childe Harold,' may be written some day or other; but, in order to be better, it must be totally different. The more a writer is imitated the less he can be reproduced. No one of our poets has been so imitated as Pope, not because he is our greatest or our most fascinating poet, but because he is the one most easily imitated by a good versifier. But is there a second Pope, or will there be a second Pope, if our language last ten thousand years longer?

THE LIFE OF GENERAL SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS, BART.

WHEN the announcement first appeared that a biography of the late Sir Howard Douglas was in progress, the impression made upon our minds was anything but favourable to the enterprise. Of the good and gifted man himself, as he mixed in general society, our recollections were indeed of the most pleasurable kind. He stood before us with his kindly manner, his noble appearance, his high bearing, his generous nature, the perfect model of what an English officer and gentleman ought to be. And casting our eyes across the room to the shelf on which his 'Naval Gunnery' and 'Military Bridges' were ranged, we thought of him as a man of science more than ordinarily well read in his profession. But not all our desire to find in connection with him materials for a consecutive history, helped us to any other conclusion than this, that the story of his life, if told at length, must be a dull one. We acknowledge, less with shame than with satisfaction and some surprise, that we were quite mistaken. Sir Howard Douglas's career had more of romance about it than that of many a man who has filled a much larger space in the world's observation. It was successful as far as it carried him, because a sound judgment controlled good abilities, and directed them to a wise end. And, above all, it reads this lesson to coming generations, that he who honestly seeks the wellbeing of others rarely fails, sooner or later, to secure his own. Nor must we omit to render to Sir Howard's biographer the commendation which he deserves. Mr. Fullon has executed his task well; neither overlaying his narrative with details, which sometimes weary, nor keeping back anything which might conduce to its com-

pleteness, he has given us one of the pleasantest books which, for some time past, has come under our notice.

The house of Douglas has from the earliest times been renowned in Scottish story. Its alliance with the royal family began in the fourteenth century, when the Lord of Dalkeith took to wife Mary the fifth daughter of James I. On this same Lord of Dalkeith the earldom of Morton was not long afterwards conferred by his brother-in-law, James II. From father to son, or from uncle to nephew, the earldom passed through twelve generations, and narrowly escaped coming in the thirteenth to the father of Sir Howard. But Charles Douglas, if he missed a coronet, won for himself a baronetcy and great distinction as a British sailor. He it was who, when Arnold and Montgomery besieged Quebec, forced his squadron through the ice on the St. Lawrence and relieved the place. He it was who first of all constructed a flotilla for himself, and then swept the Canadian lakes of the rebel gunboats; and by-and-by, on the 12th of April 1782, he caught, as if by inspiration, that idea, the application of which enabled Admiral Rodney to break the enemy's line, and to save at a critical moment the honour of the British fleet.

Of this Sir Charles Douglas, Howard was the eldest son by a second marriage. Sir Charles's first wife, a foreign lady, had brought him two sons and a daughter, so that Howard's prospects, so far as title and fortune were concerned, could not have been in his infancy very bright: and they would have been entirely overcast by the early death of his mother, had not her place been well supplied by a

'The Life of Gen. Sir Howard Douglas, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., F.R.S., D.C.L. From his Notes, Conversations, and Correspondence.' By S. W. Fullon. John Murray, London.

maternal aunt. Under the roof of this lady, Mrs. Bailey of Olive Bank, near Musselburgh, the little fellow grew and prospered, repaying all the tenderness with which he was reared by his affectionate and gentle disposition, as well as by his industry and success over his books.

Howard's brothers both entered the navy. This was natural, and it was perhaps equally so that Howard should desire to follow their example; but Sir Charles considered that, if his three sons were all to embrace the same profession, the chances were that they would only stand in each other's way. He gave directions, therefore, that Howard should be educated for a different walk in life, and the boy ascended in due time from the charge of the governess to the grammar-school. Yet the child's tastes were entirely naval all the while. He built toy ships, and sailed them on a pond in the garden; he made friends of the fisher-lads and cabin-boys along the coast, and became so irritated into the mysteries of their craft that none among them could better manage than he a fishing-boat or a ship's yawl. It thus became clear to Sir Charles Douglas, who visited his sister in 1789, previously to assuming the command on a foreign station, that nature had designed his youngest son for a career similar to his own, and he made up his mind to take Howard with him, and to rate him as a midshipman on board the flag-ship. But the coveted flag he was never destined to hoist. A sudden illness carried him off while the guest of his sister, and Howard's lot was cast for him in the army.

The Royal Academy at Woolwich was more easily entered in those days than it is now. A pass examination was, however, required; and young Douglas, strange to say, in spite of his marked bias for practical mechanics, failed in the elements of geometry. But he had made so good a figure in other re-

spects, and appeared so cast down by the circumstance, that the examiner, Dr. Hutton, encouraged him to try again; and three weeks spent with a clever crammer sufficed to bring him up to the mark. He therefore presented himself a second time, passed, and was admitted.

There is one defect in Mr. Ful-lom's history which puts his readers to considerable inconvenience—he is not very accurate in his dates. We do not quite make out, for example, when young Douglas made his way into the Academy, or how long he continued a cadet; but we are told, what is extremely probable in itself, that he was much beloved by his contemporaries, and that he soon took the lead among them both in the playground and in the class-room. His passion for naval affairs continued as strong as ever, and he indulged it by frequent boat excursions on the Thames. He swam, also, like a duck, and paid many a furtive visit to Deptford dockyard, where he studied by fits and starts the art of shipbuilding. His vacations he spent in Scotland, passing to and from Leith in one of the smacks;—an intense delight to him, because he was instructed by the crews in the arts of knotting and splicing, of plaiting points and gaskets, of making gammets, and heaving the lead. It is not often that a youth displays such unmistakable aptitude for a career which he is not destined to follow; and it still more rarely happens that the amusements of the boy, whom circumstances in after life place in a groove apparently wide apart from them, turn out to have been by no means the least useful branches of his education, either to himself or to others.

After completing his college course, Douglas received a lieutenant's commission, and in 1795 assumed the command of a small artillery corps in the north of England. His headquarters were in Tynemouth Castle, and he had detachments at Sunderland, Hartlepool, and Berwick-upon-Tweed. His

entire force in gunners fell short of fifty men; yet this was at a time when the risk of invasion appeared to be imminent, and Douglas and his gunners were necessarily exposed to bear the brunt of it. The young lieutenant felt how perfectly inefficient his force was, and cast about to devise some means of increasing it. He asked first for a reinforcement of artillerymen, which could not be afforded. He then suggested to the general officer of the district the propriety of drilling a portion of his infantry to the great-gun exercise; and himself, with unwearied diligence, instructed thirty men from each of the regiments quartered within many miles of Tynemouth. He was not, however, satisfied even with this—the thought struck him that he might enlist the sympathies of the fishermen and coasting sailors in the cause which he had at heart; and having obtained through General Balfour the sanction of the Government, he invited them to form themselves into companies of volunteer artillery. Upwards of five hundred fine fellows answered to the call; and the thoughtful lad had soon the satisfaction of knowing that danger, if it did come, would not find him unprepared, and that the merit of having provided a remedy for a great and acknowledged evil was entirely his own.

It is not to be supposed that the young man was so given up to serious matters, as to turn away from the recreations common to his age and profession: on the contrary, Douglas seems to have been at Tynemouth the gayest of the gay. He danced well, rode well, established a yacht in which he made many adventurous cruises, and won the hearts of young and old by his frank and graceful manners. But sterner work awaited him, and the romance of his existence began.

Early in August 1793 he received orders to take charge of a detachment of troops, which, with women and children, were to proceed from

Woolwich to Quebec. He joined the *Phillis* transport at Gravesend, and found himself the senior officer, with six subalterns besides himself on board. To him the prospect of a voyage across the Atlantic was a positive delight. What cared he about the inadequacy of accommodation, or the wretched nature of the food which was then issued to soldiers embarked? His thoughts were entirely given up to the great object of his boyish fancy—the actual navigation of a ship out of sight of land, and all the enterprise and excitement incident thereto. Never neglecting his own proper duties, he accordingly found time to make himself one of the crew, and, sharing their labours, and evincing perfect intelligence of all that was required, he won more than the goodwill, the confidence and respect of every one on board.

The *Phillis* was a slow sailer. She encountered various changes of weather, behaving, upon the whole, tolerably well, though sometimes uneasy and always uncomfortable. At last, however, a tempest overtook her about forty leagues to the east of the southern entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the sea swept over her decks, knocking the boats from their fastenings. The gale lasted all that day and throughout the night; but a lull came in the morning, and the women and children, who had been kept below, were allowed to come on deck. The same evening the officers entertained the skipper, and all were rejoicing in the prospect of escape from danger, when the mate suddenly broke into the cabin and requested the captain to follow him. Douglas guessed from the manner of the two men that something must be wrong. He ran up the companion-stair, and heard—for he could see nothing—the roar of breakers close ahead. The ship had drifted before the wind, and was already in imminent danger. Immediately the soldiers were ordered up, and with their assist-

ance, the best bower anchor was let go. But though it seemed to check the vessel for a moment, it soon began to drag; and, with breakers on the bow, practised eyes discovered that there was land on both quarters—that the ship was embayed.

It was evident under such circumstances, that the single chance of saving the lives of those on board was to force the *Phillis*, if possible, round a projecting reef on her lee bow. But this could be done only by making more sail, and to go aloft at the moment and shake out reefs was a service of the utmost hazard. The seamen ordered to do so hung back, whereupon Douglas sprang into the shrouds, and, followed by two cabin-boys, accomplished the operation. The consequence was that the *Phillis* bore up and cleared the point, though very narrowly; but it was a mere respite from danger. The storm grew more and more tremendous. The boats could with difficulty be moved, and one of them (the long-boat) was scarce got over the side ere she went to pieces. The ship was now upon the rocks, and another boat was lowered chiefly by the exertions of the soldiers. But she in her turn seemed in danger of being broken to pieces; whereupon Douglas, followed by two officers, sprang in, hoping to fend her off from the ship's side. Already she was more than half full of water, which compelled the three youths to spring back, in doing which Douglas missed his footing and fell into the sea. Happily he had divested himself of most of his clothing, and his skill as a swimmer stood him in good stead, for he rose upon the top of a wave, and one of his friends, seizing his collar at the moment, dragged him on to the deck.

Shipwreck under any circumstances is an awful thing. The wreck of the *Phillis* went on, so to speak, through two days and as many nights. Men and women went overboard; children died from

exposure in their mothers' arms. One poor fellow struck out in despair for the land, and was lost among the breakers. The first raft which the survivors constructed carried two of their number to the shore, who, regardless of the fate of their companions, immediately deserted. A second raft was put together, and on that Mr. Douglas reached the land. He had carried a rope with him, and began immediately to construct a bridge. Fortunately the wind lulled at this moment, and the wreck was cleared of its living occupants. But scarcely was this done ere the *Phillis* went to pieces without an opportunity having been afforded of securing the means of subsistence even for a single day.

The sufferings of these poor people on the barren cliff to which they escaped were dreadful. Happily the waves brought ashore some pieces of cloth as well as a cask of wine and a quantity of smoked pork. But the sailors seized the wine and drank it; and the first night was spent in cold and misery, for the snow lay deep on the ground, and there was no fuel with which to make a fire. All lay down and slept—a sleep from which they would probably never have awakened had not Douglas been roused by a fearful scream, to which the wife of his servant gave utterance. She had gone mad from privations and excitement, and died shrieking to the last, so that her voice was heard over the wind and rain. She had outlived all the women who went on board at Gravesend, and not a child survived.

Mr. Douglas was at this time barely nineteen years of age, yet such was the force of his character that all about him, seamen as well as soldiers, looked to him for instructions. He rescued a second cask of wine from being broached this time by soldiers, though not without a struggle. "We are all equals now," said the leader of the mutineers; "we'll take no orders from you or anybody else." "Won't

you!" cried Douglas, springing at his throat with a knife; "you are under my command; and if you don't obey, by heavens, I'll kill you!" The man yielded; the small stock of provisions and wine was secured, and after a vain attempt to penetrate through the forest, the whole party returned again to the cliff—there to wait till either help should come from the sea, or famine do its work and destroy them.

A feeling of despair was beginning to gain the mastery, when one day the cry was heard, "A sail! a sail!" They had already set up a spar, and hoisted a piece of cloth upon it; but the object was small, and might not be discerned from a distance, and then what a fate awaited them! It was not, however, so ordered. The sail approached; she was a small schooner trading between St. John and Great Jarvis; and the crew gave back the cheer which the poor castaways raised in their agony, crowding at the same time to the beach. They were all taken off and carried to the place whither the schooner was bound, and spent the winter, roughly but not unhappily, among the honest fishermen who had there established themselves.

The winter seemed long, the days being very short in that latitude. Not ungrateful, but tired of the monotony, Douglas purchased a whale-boat, and, having fitted it with a deck, determined, as soon as the season should advance a little, to risk a voyage to the West Indies. Several of his brother officers agreed to share the danger with him, and they got a St. Lawrence pilot and a seaman from Newfoundland to join them. But a succession of heavy gales hindered them from starting till April was far spent. At last, just as their preparations were completed, there arrived in the harbour a schooner bound from Halifax to St. John, the commander of which had heard of their misfortunes, and gone out of his way to offer them assistance. Adventurous as they were, Douglas and his friends did

not hesitate to abandon their own project, and to avail themselves of the superior accommodation thus placed at their disposal. They were accordingly conveyed in the first instance to St. John, Mr. Douglas doing seaman's duty throughout the voyage, and by-and-by to Halifax, whither, after discharging cargo, the schooner returned.

The Duke of Kent, the father of her present Majesty, was at that time Governor and Commander-in-Chief in Nova Scotia. He had heard of the fate of the *Philis*, and of the sufferings of the crew and passengers, and sent an aid-de-camp to request that such of the officers as might be in a state to be moved, should present themselves at Government House. Douglas and his friend Mr. Forbes obeyed the summons, and were most kindly treated by the Royal Duke. But their destination was Quebec, whither, as soon as means of transport could be found, they proceeded. The reception awarded them there, and especially Mr. Douglas, was gratifying in the extreme. The important services rendered by the father to the colony had not yet passed out of men's minds, and they believed that they saw in the son qualities which proved him worthy of his parentage. He was taken at once, so to speak, to the hearts of the people, and had the still higher gratification to find that the authorities, civil and military, entertained a just appreciation of his talents, and were determined to make use of them.

There was an alarm of a French fleet hovering near the coast, and not a single cruiser lay in the St. Lawrence. The Governor became anxious, and having often observed Mr. Douglas guiding with remarkable adroitness a sailing-boat in boisterous weather about the bay, he bethought him that the nautical skill of the young officer might be applied to better purposes than those of mere amusement. Douglas was sent for, and asked if he would be disposed to take command of an

armed coaster, and go off as far as the Banks of Newfoundland in search of the enemy. He accepted the trust without a moment's hesitation; and, carrying with him, in addition to a good crew, artillerymen enough to man his ten guns, he hoisted his pennant on board a schooner of 250 tons burden, and stood out to sea. Though never coming up with the French fleet—which, indeed, had steered in a different direction—he found more than one opportunity of showing how well qualified he was, under trying circumstances, to manage a ship of war, and probably to fight her. And many a time in after life he used to tell the story, adding that, "after all, a naval life was that for which nature had peculiarly fitted him."

So passed a year in Lower Canada, at the close of which the roster of service carried Mr. Douglas to Toronto, where he still found vent for his marine propensities on Lake Ontario. He became likewise a great sportsman, as well with the gun as with the fishing-rod, and made frequent incursions into the forests in search of game. This brought him more than once in contact with the Red men, over whom, by his cool courage and endurance of fatigue, he acquired a remarkable ascendancy. Among other circumstances worth noticing was his encounter in the bush with a young white girl, of surpassing beauty, who had lived among the Indians from her infancy. He states in his note-book that she had been carried off by a party of warriors who had ravaged a settlement, and that they treated her, as she grew up, with the utmost kindness and respect. "A strange chance discovered her to her brother, and he entreated her to return home; but she refused, declaring that she was perfectly happy, and could not support a different existence."

In the autumn of 1798, tidings reached Mr. Douglas of the death of the elder of his half-brothers. The event rendered necessary his immediate return to England, and he

took a passage in the last ship of the season, a little brig, timber-laden and bound for Greenock. It seems to have been his destiny never to go to sea without encountering danger and difficulty. One night, shortly after clearing the Bay of St. Lawrence, Mr. Douglas was awakened by the vessel giving a sudden lurch, for which he could not account otherwise than by supposing she had struck on some sunken rock. He jumped out of bed, and staying only to throw a greatcoat about him, ran upon deck. A brisk gale was blowing, and the brig, having got into the trough of the sea, staggered under single-reefed top-sails, main-top-gallant-sails, and jib, and fore-and-aft main-sail, with the wind on the beam. The mate, whose watch it was, had got drunk, and gone below, and the helmsman seemed quite at a loss how to guide the rudder. Douglas saw that there was not a moment to be lost. He took the command of the ship, called up all hands, issued with clearness and promptitude orders which were instantly obeyed, and kept the vessel from foundering. The tumult brought the captain on deck, who stood by astonished and speechless. No sooner, however, had he satisfied himself of the untrustworthiness of the mate, than he directed the vessel to be put about, and would have returned to Quebec had not Mr. Douglas volunteered to do mate's duty during the remainder of the passage. There could be no hesitation on the captain's part, after what he had just seen, to accede to this proposal: so the brig held her course, and arrived safe in the Clyde, where, with protestations of mutual respect and esteem, he and his friendly skipper parted.

Mr. Douglas had not been long in Scotland before he fell in love, and soon afterwards married Miss Anne Dundas, a young lady of great personal beauty and cultivated mind. He obtained his promotion likewise in 1799; and having done duty for a while as adjutant of a battalion,

he was subsequently posted to the horse-artillery. But better things than the command of a troop were in store for him. The military authorities had established at High Wyckham a cadet school, with a senior department attached to it, in which officers might be instructed for the Staff; and General Zamy, an old aide-de-camp of Frederick the Great, being appointed commandant, it was proposed to Captain Douglas that he should undertake the superintendence of the Staff College. Captain Douglas was not unnaturally reluctant to give up the proper line of his profession, but finding the Duke of York bent upon the arrangement, and being tempted to accede to it by the offer of a step of rank, he passed from the artillery into the line as a major, and took the place for which both his natural talents and acquired information eminently fitted him.

From 1804 up to 1814 Douglas continued to be connected with the educational department of the army. It would be impossible to overestimate the importance of the services which he rendered. He not only instructed candidates for Staff employment by lessons gathered from the past, but deduced, from his own clear perception of things, hints and suggestions which were then entirely new. He had many differences because of this habit with General Zamy, who, like veterans in general, was slow to believe that the tactics and strategy of his own youth could be improved upon. But in 1806 the old man retired, and Douglas, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, took his place at the head of the establishment. A fresh impulse was immediately given to the course of study. Not surveying only, but pontooning, artillery, and the theory of the whole art of war, were taught, and those brilliant Staff officers sent out who in the Peninsular struggle gave to the Great Duke such efficient support. Sir Howard, however—for he had by this time succeeded by the death of another brother to the baronet-

cy—yearned for active employment in the field. He applied for and obtained permission to join Sir John Moore's army, which he overtook just as the retreat from Benevento began; and he shared its fortunes both in the painful marches which it accomplished, and in the battle near Corunna, which enabled it to re-embark without dishonour. By-and-by, when the expedition to the Scheldt was fitted out, Sir Howard prevailed upon the Duke of York to appoint him to the Staff of Lord Chatham's army as Deputy Quartermaster-General. The enterprise grievously failed; and the loss by disease among the troops and ships' companies engaged was very severe. But even under such circumstances Sir Howard proved of great service to his chief: for having kept a journal of each day's proceedings as it occurred, he was able to show, when examined concerning the causes of the failure, that by far the largest share of blame rested with the navy, or rather with the officer whom the Admiralty had placed at its head.

For two years subsequently to his return from Walcheren, Sir Howard led a quiet and useful life as Head of the Military College. In 1811, however, a fresh opportunity was found for employing him abroad. The Government of that day put a far higher value on the services of the Spanish guerillas than they deserved, and were incredulous of Lord Wellington's assurances, that on the regular armies of Spain no dependence could be placed. It seemed to Lord Liverpool and his colleagues that the Spaniards, if properly armed and supplied, were capable by their own valour of driving the French beyond the Pyrenees; and they made choice of Sir Howard Douglas to go among them, because they believed that he possessed talents and energy enough to awaken them to a sense of their duty. He received instructions, therefore, towards the end of July, to proceed without delay to

Lord Wellington's headquarters, and to arrange with him all details respecting his future proceedings. Perhaps there is no interval in the long and useful career of Sir Howard Douglas which afforded him more frequent opportunities of doing good service to his country than that which, extending over little more than a year, was spent by him in Spain; but the tale is one which will not bear condensation.

After conferring with Lord Wellington on the Portuguese frontier, Sir Howard rode across the country to Oporto, and thence took a passage by sea to Corunna. He entered there into relations with Spanish juntas, Spanish generals, and the chiefs of guerilla bands, and found them all, with the exception of one or two individuals belonging to the latter class, even more impracticable than he had been led to expect. He gave them first arms, money, clothing, and had the mortification to learn that the best battalions and batteries, as soon as they became fit for war, were shipped off for South America. He turned next to the irregulars, and succeeded in getting a levy *en masse* set on foot, which very much perplexed, and gave constant occupation to, the French troops scattered over that and the adjoining provinces. But the circumstance which more than any other affected his own fortunes, was a combined attack on the fortified convent of St. Cintio Rey by Sir Home Popham's squadron from the sea, and the guerilla band of Don Ga-par on shore. It was while watching the effect of the Venerable's fire that Sir Howard became struck with the ignorance of the first principles of gunnery which manifested itself both among officers and men, and that he conceived the idea of applying, should leisure ever be afforded him, a proper remedy to the evil. From that idea emanated

the first great treatise, to which the British navy owes so much, and of which the Admiralty did not think fit, for many months after

it had been submitted to them, even to acknowledge the receipt.

There can be no doubt that to Sir Howard's activity in Galicia the successful issues of Lord Wellington's campaign, in the early summer of 1812, were greatly owing. Had he not managed to find employment for two whole divisions of French infantry, these, with a division of cavalry, must have joined Marmont's army; in which case the battle of Salamanca would have either not been fought at all, or it might have ended less triumphantly than it did. But no man can work impossibilities; and the time arrived when, having accomplished the main purpose of his mission, Sir Howard received orders to return to England. He could not quit the Peninsula, however, without once again communicating with Lord Wellington, whom he found just about to undertake the siege of the Castle of Burgos. To Douglas's practised eye the place appeared of immense strength in proportion to the means disposable for its reduction; and a private reconnaissance led him to conclude that the whole plan of attack was faulty. In both opinions he stood alone; yet such was the respect in which his judgment was held, that the chiefs of artillery and engineers communicated what he had said to Lord Wellington, and Lord Wellington sent for him. The following is Mr. Fullon's account of this interview:—"Well, Sir Howard, you have something to say about the siege?" "I think the place is stronger than we supposed, my Lord." "Yes, by G—; but our way is to take the hornwork, and from there breach the wall, and then assault over the two advanced profiles." "I would submit to your Lordship whether our means are equal to such an attack?" "I am not satisfied about our ammunition," replied Lord Wellington. "The enemy's guns are 24-pounders, my Lord, and we have only three 18-pounders and five 24-pound howitzers. The 18-pounders will not breach the wall, and our fire

must be overpowered, unless your Lordship brings up some guns from the ships at Santander.' 'How would you do that?' 'With draught oxen as far as the mountains, and then drag them on by hand; we can employ the peasantry, and put a hundred men to a gun.' 'It would take too long.' 'I think the place may be captured, with our present means, from the eastern front, my Lord,' returned Sir Howard; and he disclosed his plan, with the reasons for thinking it the most practicable. Lord Wellington made no remark. Possibly he saw the defects of his own plan, but it had been deliberately adopted, and he was not convinced that it ought to be abandoned."

Mr. Fullom has not told this anecdote quite correctly. Sir Howard was more closely questioned as to the mode of conveyance for the guns, and answered more pertinently, than is here set down. He suggested that the 24-pounders should be dismounted, the guns placed in the holes of trees hollowed out, and the carriages run forward by themselves. Thus the narrowest track through woods and round rocks would suffice for the conveyance of the former, while the latter, being comparatively light, would offer no formidable resistance wherever men or bullocks could travel. Lord Wellington, however, adhered to his own plan, and sustained the only reverse which marks the progress of an experience in war extending wellnigh over a quarter of a century. It is just towards both parties to observe, that the baffled hero was too magnanimous not to acknowledge his error. "Douglas was right," he exclaimed, as he mounted his horse to begin the retreat; "he was the only man who told me the truth."

Sir Howard returned to England, and there resumed his occupations as a military instructor; but his mind was full of a project for forcing attention to gunnery on the chiefs of the navy; and the disastrous results of the first frigate-actions in the American war not a

little quickened his zeal. He had a more herculean task before him, however, than he himself imagined. Strange to say, his disinclination to the study of pure mathematics had never been overcome; and now he found himself obliged to master all the arcana of the science, so far as these had any relation to the movement of a vessel through water under all possible contingencies. While pursuing these studies he effected such improvements in the reflecting circle and semicircle for land and marine surveying as attracted the attention of the Royal Society, which immediately elected him a member; and then he gave himself up steadily to the object for which all this abstruse study had been only the preparation. He produced a treatise in which every point connected with the theory and practice of artillery was handled. He discussed not only the power and range of various kinds of ordnance, with the uses of their several parts, and the effects of transit, windage, recoil, and suchlike, but he explained how a school of naval gunnery could be established, and submitted the whole in MS. for the consideration of the Lords of the Admiralty. Weeks and months passed by, however, without bringing him so much as a written acknowledgment of its receipt; and then, and not till then, he wrote privately to his friend Sir Graham Moore. Sir Graham made such apology as the case would admit of, and did his best to fix upon the subject the attention of his colleagues; but a year elapsed before any decided steps were taken. At last the scheme was adopted; and in 1819, Sir Howard, having first of all obtained the sanction of the Government, gave his valuable treatise to the world. It attracted at once the attention of scientific men both at home and abroad, and led to frequent correspondence between the author and all persons capable of appreciating and taking an interest in so important a matter.

Promoted to the rank of Major-General, Sir Howard was now

nated in 1824 to the Governorship of New Brunswick, and to the command of the troops stationed there, and in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, and Bermuda. Mr. Fullom tells an amusing story of Sir Howard being met on the pier at Halifax by Mr. Justice Haliburton, which fails in this respect, that it happens unfortunately not to be accurate. It was not Sam Slick, but his cousin of the same name, who in 1796 had served in the Fusiliers, and in 1824 greeted his old comrade as Governor of New Brunswick. But there is so much of *vraisemblance* in the matter, that the anecdote may very well remain where it is. On the other hand, Mr. Fullom's narrative of Sir Howard's administration of the province is not only correct to the letter, but extremely interesting. It came to pass while he was there that one of those fires occurred, of the appalling effects of which we in this old world of Europe can form no conception. It was an unusually dry summer, the third of a succession of such, when first in the town, and by-and-by far off in the forest, flames suddenly broke out. Government House was the first to be burned down; then whole streets ignited at once; and just as a line began to be drawn between what remained of the town and the ashes of dwellings consumed, a lurid glare, seen afar off, gave warning that even a worse calamity was in progress.

"Several days elapsed before the fire subsided, and then it became masked by a smoke which darkened the whole country. But night proved that it had not burned out; for showers of flame shot up at intervals, and trees stood glaring in the dark, while the mingled black and red of the sky seemed its embers overhead. Thus a week passed, when Sir Howard determined to penetrate the forest, and visit the different settlements. A friend has described his parting with Lady Douglas and his daughters, whose pale faces betrayed their emotion, though they forbore to oppose his design, knowing that nothing would keep him from his duty. — But

this was not understood by others, and the gentlemen of the town gathered round his rough country waggon at the door, and entreated him to wait a few days, pointing to the mountains of smoke, and declaring that he must be suffocated if he escaped being burned. He thanked them for their good feeling, grasped their hands, and mounted the waggon. It dashed off at a gallop, and wondering eyes followed it to the woods, where it disappeared in the smoke.

"The devastation he met exceeded his worst fears; for the settlements he went to visit no longer existed. The fire seems to have burst in every quarter at once; for it broke out at Miramichi the same moment as at Fredericton, though one hundred and fifty miles lay between. But here its aspect was even more dreadful, and its ravages more appalling, as Miramichi stood in the forest completely girt round except where escape was shut off by the river. Many were in bed when they heard the alarm; many were first startled by the flames, or were suffocated in their sleep, leaving no vestige but charred bones; others leaped from roof or window, and rushed into the forest, not knowing where they went, or took fire in the street, and blazed up like torches. A number succeeded in gaining the river, and threw themselves in boats or on planks, and pushed off from the banks which the fire had almost reached, and where it presently raged as fiercely as in the town. One woman was aroused from sleep by the screams of her children, whom she found in flames, and caught fire herself as she snatched up an infant and ran into the river, where mother and child perished together. Then came the hurricane, tearing up burning trees and whirling them aloft, lashing the river and channel to fury, and snapping the anchors of the ships, which flew before it like chaff, dashing on the rocks, and covering the waves with wreck. Blazing trees lighted on two large vessels, and they fired like mines, consuming on the water, which became so hot in the shallows that large salmon and other fish leaped on shore, and were afterwards found dead in heaps along the banks of the river. What can be said of such horrors, combining a conflagration of one thousand miles with storm and shipwreck, and surprising a solitary community at midnight! Happily the greater number contrived to reach Chatham by the river; but

floating corpses showed how many perished in the attempt, and nearly three hundred lost their lives by fire or drowning."

No small portion of Sir Howard's time henceforth was spent in devising means for the relief of the unfortunate people whom this calamity had ruined. He made strong appeals to the benevolence of the British public, which were not disregarded, and he advanced from his own funds more than he could well spare. Nor was he inattentive to other matters. He made a voyage from harbour to harbour throughout the extent of his military command, and, with his usual luck, twice narrowly escaped shipwreck. Indeed, so completely was his name up as a Jonah, that the captain of the Niemen frigate, with whom he had been a passenger, took the alarm.

"The following day" (the day after one of these mishaps) brought Captain Wallace to dine with the Governor, and it came out that he had been hearing tales about his Excellency which he did not consider to his advantage, for he suddenly asked him if he had not once been shipwrecked. Sir Howard replied by telling the story, and the captain's face became longer as he proceeded, though he made no remark till the close. He then observed that his regard for him was very great, and he valued their interchange of hospitality in port and ashore, but should never like to take him to sea again; for he had been twenty years afloat without mishap, except on the two occasions when they had been together; and he should now look upon his appearance in his ship as a passenger as a very bad omen indeed."

On both occasions the ship had struck for lack of proper beacons, and Sir Howard at once applied the remedy. He caused lighthouses to be built where they were most required; and in order to improve the internal communications of the province, he made roads, and proposed a plan for connecting by a canal the Bay of Fundy with the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Meanwhile he was not neglectful of the intellectual wants of the colonists, as

yet very imperfectly attended to. He founded, endowed, and, after a good deal of opposition, obtained a charter for the University of Fredericton, of which, in 1829, he became the first Chancellor, giving at the same time his own name to the College. These were works of peace; and he was equally careful in guarding against the chances of war. The treaty of 1783 had left the boundary-line between Great Britain and the United States very imperfectly defined; and as the inhabitants of the latter country increased in number, they began to encroach on the territories of the former. A good many squatters had forced themselves into New Brunswick, and been driven away, till at last a person named Baker, bolder than the rest, took possession of an outlying portion of land, and hoisted the American standard. The proceeding was much approved by the Government of Maine, and strong parties of the militia were turned out in anticipation of a collision with the garrison of Fredericton.

Sir Howard Douglas, however, knew better than to precipitate hostilities. He contented himself with sending a civil message to Baker, requesting him to withdraw; and when no attention was paid to it, he gave such orders to the troops as would bring them to the frontier in a few hours should their presence be required. This done, a parish constable was desired to perform his duty; and the man, coming upon Baker without any fuss or parade, cut down the flag-staff, seized the squatter, and carried him off in a waggon to the capital of the province. All Maine was thrown into a ferment. The Governor threatened, and demanded that Baker should be set at liberty. Sir Howard refused so much as to see the messenger intrusted with this demand, justly alleging that he could hold communication on such subjects only with the Central Government at Washington. The result was, that Baker, being put

upon his trial, was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine; which fine, after an enormous amount of bluster, was duly paid. For his firm yet judicious conduct throughout this awkward affair Sir Howard received the approbation of the Home Government, becoming at the same time more than ever an object of enthusiastic admiration to the people whom he governed.

While approving all that their representative had done, the British Government saw that it would be impossible with safety to leave the boundary question longer unsettled. Arrangements were accordingly made with the United States for referring the points at issue to arbitration; and the King of the Netherlands being accepted as arbitrator, Sir Howard was requested to return to Europe, and to watch proceedings. The King's decision, gave, however, little satisfaction to either party. England, indeed, would have acquiesced in it, though feeling herself wronged; but America failed to get all that she coveted, and refused to be bound. It remained for her, by sharp practice at a future period, to gain her end; and for England, under the management of Lord Ashburton and Sir Robert Peel, to be made a fool of. The part played by Sir Howard Douglas during the progress of this negotiation was every way worthy of his high reputation; and that which strikes us most is his sagacity with which, so early as 1825, he foretold events in the States themselves, which have since come to pass. In a paper addressed to the Secretary for the Colonies, which points out unless arrears of quarrel between the Federal Government and the Governments of the several States, he thus expressed himself:—

"Here we may see the manner in which a State will behave—namely, the refusal of any State which is considering its interests properly to send deputies to Congress. This is the great defect in the Bond of Union,

which has not, perhaps, been very generally noticed, cloaked as it is under article 1st, section 5th of the Constitution, which states 'that where there are not present, of either House, members sufficient to form a quorum to do business, a smaller number may be authorised, for the purpose of forming one, to compel the attendance of absent members.' But this appears only to be authorised for the purpose of forming a quorum, and only extends over members actually sworn in, who being delegated to Congress by the States they represent, are subjected to whatever rules of proceeding and penalties each House may provide, with the concurrence of two thirds of its members. But there is nothing obligatory upon the several 'Sovereign States' to send members to Congress, or to prevent those sent from being withdrawn. The 'Sovereign States' have never bound themselves to do either; so that the process of dissolution in this way is very simple, and the danger imminent of a separation being thus effected, whenever the interests of any particular State or States are touched by the Government, or brought into discussion in Congress, although those interests may be overruled by the preponderating influence of other States having different interests. But the State or States which are to suffer will not, it is clear, send members to vote their own injury or ruin, and it may safely be pronounced, from what I have shown in this paper, that this is the manner in which the American Union will come to a natural death."

Sir Howard returned to England from the Hague, to find the Government bent on equalising the duties on foreign and colonial timber, and thereby depriving the people of New Brunswick of one of the most lucrative branches of their trade. He could not sit still and see done what he himself regarded as an act of great injustice. He made immense exertions, therefore, personally and through the press, to defeat the Ministerial measure, and he succeeded. It was impossible under such circumstances, to return to New Brunswick, and he therefore resigned the government. Not even their satisfaction at the victory which he had achieved for them could reconcile the New Brunswickers to the loss of their Governor;

and they marked their gratitude for all that he had done by presenting him with a magnificent service of plate. Indeed, it is very touching to remember how, up to the latest day of his life, every person connected with New Brunswick, on visiting England, sought him out as if he had been a private friend, and laid open to him matters, not of public only, but of private business. The Whig Ministers, on the other hand, naturally piqued at their defeat, left him for four years without any employment. Hence it was not till 1835, when Sir Robert Peel acceded to office, that Sir Howard received the appointment of Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. It was again his fate to be mixed up with calamities brought on by natural causes, and with political difficulties of no common order. There arrived one day from Ireland, at Government House, a Right Rev. Dr. Hynes, a *protégé* of Daniel O'Connell, who introduced himself to Sir Howard as Bishop of Corfu, and handed him a letter from Lord Glenelg, at that time Colonial Secretary.

"'You seem not to be aware that there is already a Bishop in Corfu,' remarked Sir Howard. Dr. Hynes intimated that he was a Catholic Bishop appointed by the Pope. 'I know of but one Bishop here, sir,' replied Sir Howard, 'and no other could be recognised.' Dr. Hynes remonstrated, and pointed out the importance to England of the Roman Catholic interest in the islands; but Sir Howard could not be persuaded that the British Government was not strong enough to hold its ground without this bulwark. The prelate appealed to the letter of the Minister of the Colonies, but was shown that this was no recognition, nor could such be given without the sanction of the Ionian Senate. He declared he would assume his functions, and abide the consequences; but met a firmness surpassing his own, and learned that he would not be permitted to remain on the island. He denied that he could be expelled, and warned the Lord High Commissioner that his conduct must be answered in England. 'I have only to say,' was the reply, 'that you will be removed by

the police if you are not gone within twenty-four hours.'"

The bishop was unable to resist such an argument as this, and Papal aggression received a temporary check in Corfu. But Sir Howard had another battle to fight, and he fought it to a successful issue. Wherever he exercised authority, his great object seems to have been to promote the physical and moral wellbeing of society, and he applied himself with this view to compile a sound code of laws for the Ionians. Nothing could be more offensive to those who profited by bad laws; and the priests in particular, set on by the Patriarch of Constantinople, as he was set on by Russia, offered all the opposition in their power. Sir Howard's mode of defeating this move of the Hellenistic faction proved at once novel and effective. He waited till the preparations for revolt (for open revolt was meditated) were complete; and then surrounded the house where the chief conspirators sat, arrested them all, and took possession of papers which placed the complicity of the Patriarch beyond doubt. These he sent to the British Minister at Constantinople, who obtained without difficulty the deposition of the Patriarch, and the setting up of a successor less disposed to become a tool in the hands of Russia.

Of the great earthquake which shook Zante to its centre the memory will not soon pass away. It began just as Sir Howard entered the harbour on one of his tours of inspection, and continued, with shocks recurring at narrow intervals, for a whole fortnight. The people, paralysed with terror, knew not what to do, or whither to betake themselves, till the Lord High Commissioner appeared among them, calm and collected. He gave the necessary orders for extricating the wounded from the ruins; he directed men, women, and children where to go; caused temporary barracks to be erected for their shelter; and appeared to them as a guardian angel in their hour of

need. His good offices on that occasion, as well as a brief experience of the working of his laws, brought about a thorough change of opinion both with regard to them and to him. When he resigned his office, which he was obliged to do in consequence of the not very generous conduct towards him of Lord John Russell, then Colonial Secretary, he left scarce one enemy in the island, and had the honour of having an obelisk erected to him, by vote of the Senate, bearing this inscription: "Howard Douglas, Cavalier, and General, High Commissioner, Benefactor of the Ionian Islands."

Sir Howard sat in Parliament for Liverpool during Sir Robert Peel's last administration, and spoke and voted on all occasions like a sound yet thoughtful Conservative. In 1817 he retired from the House of Commons, and thenceforth applied his energies to the service of the country as a writer on professional and scientific subjects. His treatise on 'Naval Gunnery' had already gone through several editions, as did his volume on 'Fortification;' and he now compiled and published his 'Military Bridges,' perhaps the most generally interesting, if not the most important, of all his works. But it was not thus alone that he continued to be useful. His opinions were sought and freely given to each successive Government on every question connected with the improvement of arms, the selection of points to be fortified, the management of the navy, and the steps to be taken for putting the country in a state of defence. It is extremely interesting to know that, like the great Duke of Wellington, Sir Howard laid aside all party feeling whenever the honour or interests of the country came to be considered; and that he possessed, as he deserved, the entire confidence of Whigs not less than of Tories. His opinions as to the relative value of iron and wooden ships are well known; he was entirely op-

posed to the former, though he did not object to the process of casing the latter with mail; while in his 'Naval Warfare with Steam' he advocated a system of tactics which should bring the management of fleets very much into the same category with the management of armies in the day of battle.

Thus, honoured and beloved, Sir Howard grew old, without losing one jot of the elasticity of spirit which had characterised him in earlier days. He was very happy also in his family till death began to cut it short, and blow after blow fell so heavily, that, brave as he was, he sometimes reeled. In 1854 a grandson, the bearer of his own name, died; then came tidings of the decease of his eldest son, Charles, far away; then his second son left him; then two of his daughters, Mrs. Harcourt and Mrs. Murray Gartshore. The loss of Mrs. Gartshore affected him very deeply; and well it might, for she was one of those gifted and beautiful creatures who shed light around them wherever they go, seeming too pure and noble for earth. And scarcely were his tears dry when Lady Douglas, his companion for fifty-seven years, followed her daughters. Two daughters and one son alone remained to him, and one of these daughters was a widow; the other kept his house, and was, indeed, everything to him. But she likewise was taken from him, in a manner as trying as could be to his Christian patience and courage. She had been in apparent health and cheerful with him at dinner one day, and next morning was found dead in her bed. If the old man's head had fallen into the dust, who could have wondered? But it did not. "No one can tell," he observed to Mr. Bateman, the medical gentleman who was called in, "what a loss she is to me: she has devoted herself to me; but I must do what is to be done. She will sleep beside her mother, where I will soon join them."

In this manner the sun went

gradually down till it sank beneath the horizon. Not that he suffered himself to be unmanned by sorrow; quite otherwise. But the physical frame felt the shock, and yielded to it perceptibly.

"Sir Howard enjoyed excellent health up to Miss Douglas's death. All his teeth were sound; he walked three or four miles a-day, and obtained eight hours' sleep at night. But that event gave his system a shock, and the controversy about armour-ships wore it more, showing his friends a marked change. His sleep was less regular and composed, and he frequently recited the lines of our great poet—

'Oh, sleep! oh, gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Wilt thou upon the high and chilly mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly death itself awakes.'

"But he hid his sorrows, appearing calm and cheerful, though his manner was subdued and his conversation less animated. His vivacity revived at times, particularly when he spoke of Scotland, the theme he liked best; or when he recalled his early life in America, and described the pathless forests, the villages of wigwags, or the falls of Niagara, reciting Thomson's lines—

'Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid,' &c.

"He derived little benefit from the Folkestone breezes on his last visit, though enjoying his walks on the promenade, which he pronounced the noblest platform in Europe. Its attractions were just to his taste, for he could here see the coast of France, against which he had raised such bulwarks, watch the yachts and shipping in harbour and Channel, and glance around at the military strollers. Shorncliffe Camp was within reach, as well as the Military School at Hythe, in which he took great interest, highly appreciating General Hay. He supported the Volunteer movement, and aided in its organisation, addressing a letter of advice to the National Rifle Association through his

friend General Hay, and receiving an acknowledgment in his election as an honorary member. So well did he keep abreast with the age. He showed the same interest in the movements at the Camp, and attended any display, though not always to commend. He particularly censured a sham fight, representing an attack on an enemy who had landed in a bay near Hythe. The troops were marched down, and skirmishers thrown out on the beach, when the whole body fell back on the heights, holding them to cover their retreat. 'What an absurd proceeding!' remarked Sir Howard to Mr. Bateman, who was by his side; 'the movement ought to be exactly reversed. They should have brought down every man and gun as quickly as possible if the enemy had landed, and attacked him, and driven him into the sea. There would be some sense in that.'

"Sir Howard looked a soldier to the last, retaining his erect bearing, and walking with a firm step, though cautiously, and with looks bent on the ground. His sight had begun to fail, and cataracts were forming on both his eyes, but he did not submit them to medical treatment. 'They will last my time,' he remarked to the author. He contrived to write by never raising his pen, forming the letters by habit, and all were plain to one acquainted with his hand. A career of threescore years and ten left his character much what it first appeared, with all its elements of dash, vigour, enterprise, aptitude, and perception, its habits of industry, its generous instincts, and its warm sympathies. Neither heart nor mind showed the wear of life, and he is the same at eighty-five as at seventeen; inspiring the Volunteers at Hythe as he inspired them at Tynemouth, and exercising the inventive genius which scared the rats in improving the screw propeller. The hand that caught up the child in the shipwreck, obeyed the same impulse still; and Mr. Bateman saw him walking up the street at Folkestone with a loaded basket which he had taken from a poor little girl. 'My dear, give that to me,' he said, as he saw her bending under the weight; 'I am better able to carry it than you.' The words were reported by a lady who heard them in passing, as the General of eighty-five and the poor child of five walked away together."

We are not going to draw an elaborate character of one whose life may be said to have formed his epitaph. Sir Howard Douglas

needs no panegyrist to tell the world what he was. Chivalrous, truthful, high-minded, brave, he secured the esteem, not less than he commanded the respect, of all who approached him. Had circumstances so ordered it that he had ever directed the movement of troops in the field, we take it upon us to say, that among English generals few would have attained to higher eminence than he. As it was, he did more for the British army, and navy too, in his books

and by his teaching, than either army or navy, or the heads of both branches of the service, have ever had the grace to acknowledge. To these more shining qualities of head and temperament he added the faith and humility of a Christian man: a humility which was far too real to be obtruded on careless observers; a faith which had not one shade of hypocrisy or fanaticism about it. Rest to his noble spirit! it will be long before we look upon his like again.

ITALIAN BRIGANDAGE.

TERRORISM, in one shape or other, is the bane of Italy. By a system of organised terrorism the princes of Italy have governed their states, and by means of terror the peoples have replied to their rulers. From the wide diffusion of this sentiment throughout the nation, secret societies took their root in the land, and men became banded together for attack, protection, resistance, or revenge. There was none so high in character or so elevated by station that he might not be denounced; there was not one so degraded that he might not be associated with the secret acts of the Government. The only idea of rule was through the instrumentality of a secret police. All were suspected—all were watched. The report of the secretary was entertained as to the character and the acts of the minister, and the secretary was himself under the close inspection of some underling in his office. The work of the State went on under the assumption that no man was honest; and it was really curious to see how all the complicated questions of a Government could be dealt with by a system whose first principle was that there was no truth anywhere. It impaired nothing of a man's position or influence that he was known to take bribes. Corruption was the rule, from the star-covered courtier beside the throne, down to the half-

naked lazzarone on the Mole. "Take care of your pockets, gentlemen, there's a minister coming," was the decorous pleasantry of King Ferdinand at one of his last receptions, and the speech had a significance which all could appreciate. It was especially in Southern Italy that this corruption prevailed the most. Amongst a race long enervated and demoralised, the work of Government went easily on by means of such agency. The great efforts of the rulers were directed, not to repress crimes against property and offences against society, but to meet political disaffection and discontent. The noted thief would be leniently dealt with, while the Liberal journalist would be sentenced to the ergastolo. Assassination and robbery went on increasing, and none seemed to feel terrified; while the imprisonment of one man for some expression of Liberal opinions, or some half-implicit censure of the Government, was sure to strike terror into many a heart.

The "Government" was, in fact, very little else than an organised conspiracy against the spread of all civilization. Its efforts were directed to keeping the people in a degraded ignorance—the slaves of priestly superstition, thinking little of the present and utterly regardless about the future. The Neapolitan temperament was well suited

for such a system. Caring wonderfully little how life was sustained, so that no labour was exacted for its maintenance,—light-hearted, even to recklessness—indifferent to almost all privations,—such a people were neither subject to the same fears nor stirred by the same hopes as the Northern Italian. They asked, in fact, for little beyond the permission to exist. Discontent, in its political significance, had no place among them; they had never heard of any better liberty than idleness, and if they had, they could not have prized it. With natural acuteness, however, they saw the corruption that surrounded them—how the minister took bribes from the contractor, and how the contractor cheated the State—how the customs officer was bribed by the smuggler, and how the first merchants of the capital filled their warehouses with contraband goods. They saw that no man's integrity ever interfered to his disadvantage, but that self-interest was the mainspring of every action; and could a people so acute to learn be slow to profit by the lesson they acquired? Out of this system of terror, for it was and is a system, grew two institutions in Southern Italy—Brigandage and the Camorra. The former of these asserted its influence over the country at large; the latter, which was an "organised black-mail," limited its operations to towns and cities. Brigandage is no new pestilence in Italy; it has existed for centuries. From the character of the country, so difficult to travel and so interlaced with cross paths only known to the inhabitants, all pursuit of these robbers has been rendered difficult; but besides this, another and far greater obstacle has presented itself in the sympathy of the peasantry, who, partly from affection and partly from fear, have always taken part with the brigands to protect or to conceal them. The same disposition of the country people to side with those who break the law that we see every day in Ireland, is recog-

nisable here. Like the Irish, the lower Italians have never regarded the law but as a harsh and cruel tyranny. They only know it in its severity and in its penalties—they have never had recourse to it for protection or defence; it has never been to them a barrier against the exactions of the great man, or the unjust pressure of the powerful man; they have felt it in its moods of vengeance, and never in its moments of commiseration. Elevated above their fellows by a certain wild and savage chivalry, the brigands have long exercised a terror over the people of the South. Their lives were full of marvellous adventures, of terrible incidents and hairbreadth escapes, sure to excite interest in the minds of an uneducated and imaginative race, who grew to regard the robbers in the light of heroes. Nor did the Church itself scruple to accept the ill-gotten gains of the highwayman: and the costly robe of the Virgin, and the rich gems that decked her shrine, have often and often displayed the spoils that have been torn from the luckless traveller.

In this mixture of religious superstition with a defiance of all human law, we see again a resemblance between the Italian and the Irishman, whose traits have indeed an almost unerring similarity in everything. That "wild justice" of which the great Irish rhetorician once spoke, is the rule of each. Assuming that society has formed a pact against them, they have taken up arms in their own defence; and whether it be the landlord or the traveller, it matters little who shall pay the penalty. It is next to impossible to deal with crime where the general sentiment favours the criminal. The boasted immunity of the policeman in England is but another name for the ascendancy of the law. How comes it otherwise that one man armed with a mere truncheon dares to arrest a thief in the midst of his accomplices and associates, while

we see in Italy ninety thousand soldiers unable to repress Brigandage in two provinces of the South, where the number of the brigands is set down as four hundred? Such in substance is the report lately furnished to the Chamber of Deputies at Turin by the order of General Lamar-mora. The forces for the repression of Brigandage amount to ninety thousand well-armed and well-disciplined soldiers, and the enemy are stated as four hundred half-naked and scarcely armed wretches, as destitute of courage as of food. Such is the picture given of them; and we are left in utter astonishment to guess why, with such a disparity of numbers, the curse of Brigandage should yet be known in the land.

Why cannot ninety thousand deal with four hundred, even were the cause at issue less one of equity and justice? If, as has often been asserted, the Brigandage has been fed from Rome—if the gold of Francis II. and the blessing of the Pope go with those who cross the frontier to maintain the disturbance in Southern Italy—what should be easier, with such a superiority of numbers, than to cut off the communication? With sixty thousand men a cordon could be drawn from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic in which each sentinel could hail his neighbour. Were the difficulty to lie here, could it not be met at once? It was declared a few weeks back by Mr. Odo Russell, that a whole regiment, armed and clothed in some resemblance to French soldiers, passed over to the south; and we are lost in amazement why such resources should be available in the face of an army greater than Wellington ever led in Spain or conquered with at Waterloo. To understand a problem so difficult, it is first of all necessary to bear in mind that this same Brigandage is neither what the friends of the Bourbons nor what the advocates of united Italy have pronounced it. If the Basilicata and the Capitanata are very far from being La Vendée, they are also unlike what the friends of Pied-

montism would declare—countries well affected to the House of Savoy under the temporary dominion of a lawless and bloody tyranny from which they are utterly powerless to free themselves. If Brigandage is not in its essence a movement of the reactionists, it has nevertheless been seized upon by them to prosecute their plans and favour their designs. To render the Neapolitan States ungovernable—to exhibit to the eyes of Europe a vast country in a state of disorganisation, where the most frightful cruelties are daily practised—where horrors that even war is free from are hourly perpetrated—was a stroke of policy of which the friends of the late dynasty were not slow to avail themselves. By this they could contrast the rule of the present Government with that of the former ones; and while the press of Europe still rang with the cruelties of the Bourbons, they could ask, Where is the happy change that you speak of? Is it in the proclamations of General Pinelli—the burning of villages, and the indiscriminate slaughter of their inhabitants? Do the edicts which forbid a peasant to carry more than one meal to his daily labour, tell of a more enlightened rule? Do the proclamations against being found a mile distant from home, savour of liberty? Are the paragraphs we daily read in the Government papers, where the band of this or that brigand chief has been captured or shot, the only evidences to be shown of a spirit which moves Italians to desire the united nation? You tell us of your superior enlightenment and cultivation, say the Bourbonists, and the world at large listens favourably to your claims. But why, if it be true, have the last two years counted more massacres than the forty which have preceded them? Why are thousands wandering homeless and shelterless through the mountains, while the ruins of their dwellings are yet smoking from the ruthless depredations of your sol-

diery? If Brigandage numbers but four hundred followers, why are such wholesale cruelties resorted to! The simple fact is this: the Brigandage of Southern Italy is not a question of four hundred, or four thousand, or four hundred thousand followers, but of a whole people utterly brutalised and demoralised, who, whatever peril they attach to crime, attach no shame or disgrace to it. The labourers on one of the Southern Italian lines almost to a man disappeared from work, and on their return to it, some days after, frankly confessed they had spent the interval with the brigands. They were not robbers by profession nor from habit; but they saw no ignominy in lending themselves to an incidental massacre and bloodshed. The National Guards of the different villages, and the Syndics themselves, are frequently charged with a want of energy and determination; but the truth is, these very people are the very support and mainspring of Brigandage. The brigands are the brothers, the sons, or the cousins of those who affect to move against them. So far from feeling the Piedmontese horror of the brigand, these men are rather irritated by the discipline that bands them against him. They have none of that military ardour which makes the Northern Italian proud of being a soldier. Their blood has not been stirred by seeing the foreigner the master of their capital cities; their pride has not been outraged by the presence of the hated Croat or the rude Bohemian at their gates. To *them* the call to arms has been anything but a matter of vain glory. Besides this, there seems in the unrelenting pursuit of the Brigandage a something that savours of the hate of the North for the South. Under the Bourbons the brigand met a very different measure, as he did under the French rule, and in the time of Murat. Men of the most atrocious lives, stained with many and cruel murders, were admitted

to treat with the Government, and the negotiations were carried on as formally as between equals. When a Capo Briganti desired to abandon his lawless and perilous life, he had but to intimate his wish to some one in authority. His full conditions might not at first or all be acceded to, but he was sure to be met with every facility for his wish; and in more than one case was such a man employed in a situation of trust by the State; and there yet lives one, Geosaphat Talarrico, who has for years enjoyed a Government pension as the reward of his submission and reformation.

Under the old Bourbon rule, all might be pardoned, except an offence against the throne. To the political criminal alone no grace could be extended. The people saw this, and were not slow to apply the lesson. Let it also be borne in mind, that the brigand himself often met a very different appreciation from those who know him personally to that he received at the hands of the State. The assassin denounced in wordy proclamations, and for whose head a price was offered, was in his native village a "*gran' Galantuomo*," who had done scores of fine and generous actions.

To revolutionise feeling in such a matter is not an easy task. Let any one, for instance, fashion to his mind how he would proceed to turn the sympathies of the Irish peasant against the Rockite and in favour of the landlord, to hunt down the criminal and to favour his victim. It would be a similar task to endeavour to dispose the peasant of the Abruzzi to look unfavourably on Brigandage. Brigandage was, in fact, but another exercise of that terrorism which they saw universally around them. Was the Capo Briganti more cruel than the tax-gatherer? was he not often more merciful? and did he ever press upon the poor? Were not his exactions solely from the rich? Was he not generous, too, when he was full-handed? How many a bene-

violent action could be recorded to his credit! If this great Government, which talked so largely of its enlightenment, really wished to benefit the people, why did it not lighten the imposts, cheapen bread, and diminish the conscription? instead of which we had the taxes quadrupled, food at famine prices, and the levies for the services more oppressive than ever. They denounced Brigandage; but there were evils far worse than Brigandage, which, after all, only pressed a little heavily on the rich, and took from them what they could spare well and easily.

It is thus the Neapolitan reapers and speaks of that pestilence which is now eating like a cancer into the very heart of his country, and taxing the last energy of her wisest and best to meet with success. At this moment Southern Italy is no more under the control of the Italian Government than are the States of the Confederacy under the sway of President Lincoln, and all the powerful energies of the North are ineffectual to eradicate a disease which is not on the surface, but in the very heart of the people.

The Italian Brigand, like the Irish Rockite, is by no means of necessity the most depraved or most wicked of his native village. Perhaps his fearlessness is his strongest characteristic. He is in other respects pretty much like those around him. He has no great respect for laws, which he has often seen very corruptly administered. He has been familiar with perjury all his life. He has never seen the rites of the Church denied to the blackest criminals, and he has come to believe that, except in the accidents of station, men are almost alike, and the great difference is, that the filchings of the minister are less personally hazardous than the spoils of the highwayman.

That these men take pay and accept service from the Bourbonist is easy enough to concede. To cry *Viva Francesco Secondo*, when they stop the diligence or pillage a farmhouse, is no difficult task; but that

they are in any sense followers, or care for the King or his cause, is utterly and ridiculously untrue. The reactionists affect to believe so, for it gives them the pretext of a party. The French like to believe so, for it proclaims, what the press continues unceasingly to assert, that the North has no footing in the South, and that no sympathy ever has existed, or ever will exist, between peoples so totally and essentially dissimilar.

The Piedmontese, too, unwilling to own that the event they have so ineffectually struggled against has not all the force of a great political scheme, declare that the Brigandage is fed from Rome, and would not have a day's existence, if the ex-King were compelled to leave that capital, and the favour of the Papal Court withdrawn from its support.

That the present rulers of Italy pursue the brigands with an energy, and punish them with a severity never practised before, is cause even to prefer the reign of the Bourbons to that of the Piedmontese. There is no need for them to enter upon the difficult questions of freedom and individual liberty, to contrast the rights enjoyed under one government with those available under another. It is quite sufficient that they see what was once tolerated will no longer be endured, and that the robber chief who once gave the law to the district he lived in is now hunted down with the remorseless severity that will only be satisfied with his extermination.

It may be asked, How could the people feel any sympathy for a system from which they were such heavy sufferers, or look unfavourably on those who came to rid them of the infliction? The answer is, that long use and habit, a sense of terror ingrained in their natures, and, not less than these, a reliance in the protective power of the brigand, disposed the peasant to prefer his rule to that of the more unswerving discipline of the State. The brigand was at least one of his class, if not of his own kindred. He knew and could feel for the peculiar

hardships which pressed upon the poor man. If he took from the proud man, he spared the humble one; and, lastly, he possessed the charm which personal daring and indifference to danger never fail to exercise over the minds of the masses.

Let us again look to Ireland, to see how warmly the sympathies of the peasant follow those who assume to arraign the laws of the State, and establish a wild justice of their own—how naturally they favour them, with what devotion they will screen them, and at what personal peril they will protect them; and if we have to confess that centuries have seen us vainly struggling with the secret machinery which sustains crime amongst ourselves, let us be honest enough to spare our reproaches to those who have not yet suppressed brigandage in Southern Italy. It is not, in fact, with the armed and mounted robber that the State is at issue, but with a civilisation which has created him. He is not the disease, he is only one of its symptoms; and to effect a cure of the malady the remedies must go deeper.

Nor is the question an easy one to resolve; for though Garibaldi with a few followers sufficed to overthrow a dynasty, the whole force of a mighty army, backed by a powerful public opinion, has not succeeded in firmly establishing a successor.

Piedmont is not loved in the South. There is not a trait in the Piedmontese character which has not its antitype in the Neapolitan; and they whose object it was to exhibit the sub-Alpine Italian in the most unfavourable colours, could not lack opportunity to do so. The severities practised towards the brigands—which were not always, nor could they be, exercised with discrimination—furnished ample occasion for these attacks. Many of these assumed a Garibaldian, or even Mazzinian tone, and affected indignation at cruelties of which the people—the *caro popolo*—were always the victims. One of the

chief brigands, Chiavone, pretended to imitate Joseph Garibaldi; and in dress, costume, and a certain bold, frank manner, assumed to represent the great popular leader. Amongst his followers he counted Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, Belgians, and, it is said, Irish. One of these foreigners was a man of high rank and ancient lineage, Count Alfred de Trazémiès—a near relative of M. de Merode's: he was taken prisoner and shot. Another was the famous Borjès, from whom was taken the instructions given him by General Clary, and, more interesting still, a journal written in his own hand.

Though his "instructions" are full of grandiloquent descriptions of battalions and squadrons and batteries—horse, foot, and dragoons—with exact directions given as to the promotions, the staff appointments, the commissariat,—let us hear how he himself describes the first steps of his enterprise.

Having with great difficulty succeeded in obtaining about twenty muskets of Malta, he saw himself in some embarrassment as to getting away from the island, where intimations as to his project were already about. He succeeded, however, in getting on board of a small coasting vessel with his officers, and landed after a two days' voyage at Brancalione. "The shore," he says, "was totally deserted, no trace of habitation to be seen; and, directed at last by the glimmer of a solitary light, we came upon the hut of a shepherd, who received us kindly and hospitably. The next day he guided us to the little town of Precacore, where we were met by the curate, and amidst cries of Viva Francesco Secondo conducted into the Piazza. I was cheered by this," says he, "and deemed it a lucky augury. About twenty peasants enrolled themselves here under my command, and we moved on to Carràffa, where I was told a friendly welcome awaited me. On passing, however, near St. Agata, a company of the mobilised National Guard, about sixty in number,

opened a sharp fire on us, and my new recruits took to their heels, leaving me alone with my officers. Sustained, however, by a strong position, we held our own for an hour and a half, after which a deputation from Caratla came to offer me the hospitality of that city—an offer I was fortunate enough to refuse, for another and far more serious ambushade was prepared for me there."

At Cirella he came up with a Bourbon partisan named Mittica, with one hundred and twenty men under him, but who refused to accept him as a leader, and in fact treated him and his officers as spies and prisoners.

After many dangers and much suffering, deserted by Mittica and his band, Borjès found himself in Tovre, "where an old soldier of the 8d Cacciatori offered to accompany me—the only follower I have met with up to this day."

His narrative, simply and unaffectedly written, is one of the most extraordinary records of suffering, privation, and peril, and at the same time of devotion to his enterprise and zeal in the cause of the ex-King. He firmly believes that the mass of the people are "royalist," that he only needs five hundred men, well armed and disposed to obey him, to "overthrow the revolution" and restore the sovereign.

He met his death like a brave man. He was surprised with some of his followers at a farmhouse in the very last village before crossing the Roman frontier, to which he was hastening. A young Piedmontese Major, Franchini, with a detachment of Bersaglieri and some mounted gendarmes, surrounded the house and at last set fire to it, on which Borjès surrendered and was immediately shot. "I was on my way to tell the King," said he with his last words, "that he has nothing but cowards and scoundrels to defend him—that Crocco is a villain and Langlais a fool." Then turning to the Major he added, "Thank fortune for it that I did not start one hour earlier this morning, for

I should have gained the Roman frontier, and you would have heard more of me."

The Piedmontese have been severely blamed for the execution of Borjès. Indeed he has found no less an advocate than Victor Hugo, who would not consent to have him ranked with Crocco, Ningo Nanchio, and the rest, mere brigands and robbers on the highway. That the popular sentiment of Italy was not disposed in his favour may be assumed from the indignation felt by all the villages of the frontier when General Lamarmora consented that the body of Borjès should be exhumed and conveyed to Rome. There is little doubt, however, that his being a Spaniard influenced this feeling. In no country of Europe is the foreigner regarded with the same jealousy and distrust.

While the report of General Lamarmora shows that no disparity of force, not even ninety thousand to four hundred, is sufficient to deal with the Neapolitan Brigandage, it affects to explain why. In fact, the report is one insinuated accusation of the French, who by their occupation of Rome supply arms and money to the reactionists, and feed a movement which, if left to its own resources, must perish of inanition. The report shrinks from the avowal that the whole inhabitants of two great provinces are friends and sympathisers with the brigands; that however little political reasons enter into the issue, the priests have contrived to give a political colouring to the struggle, and by contrasting the immunities of the past with the severities of the present, have made the peasant believe that the rule of the Bourbon was more favourable to him than that of the House of Savoy. It is not merely in the conscription for the regular army that the pressure is felt, but in the very enrolment for the National Guard, which, liable as it is to being "mobilised," exacts all the services and all the privations of soldiering. So much as 3000 francs have been paid for a substitute, rather than serve in a force with

compels the shopkeeper to desert his business or the farmer his fields for eight or ten months of the year!

If we have heard much of the personal unpopularity of the Piedmontese in Southern Italy, it is a theme which cannot be exaggerated. There is not, perhaps, throughout Europe a people who have less in common than the sub-Alpine and the South Italian. If Garibaldi and his followers came as liberators, the Piedmontese entered Naples as conquerors. The Garibaldians won all the suffrages of a people who loved their free-and-easy manners, their indiscipline, that "disinvoltura" so dear to the Italian heart;—their very rags had a charm for them. The rigid, stiff, unbending Piedmontese, almost unintelligible in speech and repulsive in look, were the very reverse of all this. Naples was gay, animated, and happy under the sway of the same lawless band of red-shirted adventurers, but she felt crushed and trampled down by the regular legions of the King.

In the great offices of the State, and in the Prefectures, it was easy enough for the Piedmontese to appoint their own partisans; but how do this throughout the rural districts, the small towns, and the villages? In these the choice lay between a Royalist—that is, a Bourbonist—and a Mazzinian. If you would not accept a follower of the late King, you must take one who disowned sympathies with all royalty. The Syndics and "Maires" of the smaller cities have been almost to a man the enemies of the Northern Italian. It is through these all the difficulties of propagating "union" sentiments have been experienced. It is by their lukewarmness, if not something worse, that Brigandage is able still to hold its ground, not so much because they are well affected to the Bourbons, or that they cherish sentiments of Mazzinianism, but simply that they disliked Northern Italy, nor could any rule be so distasteful to them as that which came from that quarter. That the French occupation of Rome has tended to main-

tain and support Brigandage cannot for a moment be disputed. The policy of France, from the very hour of the treaty of Villafranca, has been to perpetuate the difficulties of Italian rule—to exhibit the country in a state of permanent disorder, and the people unquiet, dissatisfied, and unruly—to reduce the peninsula to that condition, in fact, in which not only would the occupation of Rome be treated as a measure of security to Europe at large, but the graver question urged whether a more extended occupation of territory might not be practicable and possible.

If Garibaldi's expedition had not terminated so abruptly at Aspromonte, it is well known the French would have occupied Naples. When they would have left again, it is not so easy to say. It is clear enough then to see, how little soever the French may like that Brigandage that now devastates the South, they are not averse to the distress and trouble it occasions to the Italian Government, all whose ambitions have been assumed as so many menaces against France. Had you been content with the territory we won for you—had you remained satisfied with a kingdom of six millions, who spoke your own language, inherited your own traditions, and enjoyed your own sympathies, you might have had peace and prosperity, say the oracles of the Tuileries; but you would be a great nation, and you are paying the penalty. "This comes of listening to England, who never aided you, instead of trusting to us who shed our blood in your cause."

France never has consented to a united Italy; whether she may yet do so is, however improbable, still possible; one thing is, however, clear—until she does give this consent, not in mere diplomatic correspondence, but in heart and wish, the southern provinces of the peninsula will remain unconquered territories, requiring the presence of a large force, and even with that defying the power of the Government to reduce them to obedience.

Brigandage is but the open expression of a discontent which exists in every class and every condition in the districts it pervades. It is the assertion of the Catholic for the Pope, of the Royalist for the Bourbon, of the Revolutionist against a discipline, and last of all, of the Southern Italian against being ruled by that Northern race whose intelligence he despises, and for whose real qualities of manliness he has neither a measure nor a respect.

One word as to the Camorra before we conclude: and first of all what is this Camorra of which men talk darkly and in whispers, and whose very syllables are suppressed while the servants are in the room? The Camorra is an organised black-mail, which, extending its exactions to every trade and industry, carries the penalties of resistance to its edicts even to death.

The Camorra has its agents everywhere. On the Mole, where the boatman hands over the tenth of the fare the passenger has just paid him—at the door of the hotel, where the porter counts out his gains and gives over his tithe—at the great restaurant, at the theatre, at the gaming-table—some one is sure to present himself as the emissary of this dreaded society, and in the simple words, "for the Camorra," indicate a demand that none have courage to resist.

The jails are, however, the great scenes for the exercise of this system. There the Camorra reigns supreme. In the old Bourbon days the whole discipline of the prisons was maintained by the Camorristi, who demanded from each prisoner as he entered the usual fees of the place. The oil for the lamp in honour of the Madonna had to be paid for, then came a sort of fee for initiation, after which came others in the shape of taxes on the income of the prisoner and his supposed means, with imposts upon leave to smoke, to drink, or to gamble. His incomings too were taxed, and a strict account demanded of all his gains, from

which the tenth was rigidly subtracted. To resist the imposts was to provoke a quarrel, not unfrequently ending fatally; for the Camorristi ruled by terror, and well knew all the importance of maintaining their "prestige."

The revenues of the Camorra, amounting to sums almost incredibly large, are each week handed over to the treasurer of the district, and distributed afterwards to the followers of the order by the Capo di Camorra, according to the rank and services of each, any concealment or malversation of funds being punished with death. The society itself not only professes to protect those who belong to it, but to extend its influence over all who obey its edicts; and thus the poor creature who sells his fruit at the corner of the street sees his wares under the safeguard of one of these mysterious figures, who glide about here and there, half in listlessness, and whose dress may vary from the patched rags of almost mendicancy to the fashionable attire of a man of rank and condition.

In the cafés where men sit at chess and dominoes, the Camorrist appears, and with his well-known whisper demands his toll. In vain to declare that the play is not for money; it is for the privilege to play at all that his demand is now made. The newly appointed clerk in a public office, the secretary to the minister, it is said, have been applied to, and have not dared to dispute a claim which would be settled otherwise by the knife.

Recognised by the old police of Naples, tolerated and even employed to track out the crimes of those who did not belong to the order, the Camorristi acquired all the force and consideration of an institution. Men felt no shame at yielding to a terror so widespread; nor would it have been always safe to speak disparagingly of a sect whose followers sometimes lounged in royal antechambers as well as sought shelter under the portico of a church.

It has been more than once asserted that Ferdinand II. was a sworn member of the order, and that he contributed largely to its funds. Certain it is the Camorra in his reign performed all the functions of a secret police, and was the terror of all whose Liberalism made them suspected by the Government. To the Camorra, too, were always intrusted those displays of popular enthusiasm by which the King was wont to reply to the angry remonstrances of French or English envoys. The Camorra could at a moment's notice organise a demonstration in honour of royalty which would make the monarch appear as the loved and cherished father of his people.

It was, however, by the Liberals themselves the Camorra was first introduced into political life, and Liberio Romano intrusted the defence of the capital to these men as the surest safeguard against the depredations of the disbanded soldiers of the King; and, strange to say, the hazardous experiment was a perfect success, and for several weeks Naples had no other protectors than the members of a league who combined the atrocities of Thuggee with the shameless rapine of the highwayman. The stern discipline of Piedmont would not, however, condescend to deal with such agents; and Lamarmora has waged a war, open and avowed, against the whole system of the Camorra. Hundreds of arrests have been made, and the jails are crowded with Camorristis; but men declare that all these measures are in vain—that the magistracy itself is not free from the taint; and certain it is that the system prevails largely in the army and navy, and has its followers in what is called the world of fashion and society.

The Mezzo Galantuomo is the most terrible ingredient in the constitution of a people. The man who is too bad for society but a little too good for the gallows, is

a large element in this land, and it will require something more than mere statecraft to deal with him.

A Parliamentary Commission is at present engaged in the investigation of the whole question of Brigandage, and their "Report" will probably be before the world in a few days. It is very doubtful, however, if that world will be made much the wiser by their labours. There is, in fact, no mystery as to the nature of this pestilence, its source, or its progress.

It may suit the views of a party to endeavour to connect it with Bourbonism, but it would be equally true to assert that the peasant-murderers in Ireland were adherents of the Stuarts! The men who take to the mountains in the Capitanata are not politicians. They have no other "cause" at heart than their own subsistence, for which they would rather provide at the risk of their heads than by the labour of their hands. All that they know of civilisation is taxation and the conscription. In these respects the old *régime* was less severe than the present; neither the imposts were so heavy, nor the levies so large; not to add that, under the Bourbons, soldiers led lives of lounging indolence, and "no one was ever cruel enough to lead them against the Austrians."

The Bourbon Government of Naples had many faults, but the Piedmontese rule has had no successes. There is that of ungeniality in the Northern temperament that renders even favours at their hands little better than burdens, and their justice has a smack of severity in it that wonderfully resembles revenge.

What may be the future fate of Southern Italy it is not easy to say; but one thing at least is certain, the influence of Piedmont has not obtained that footing there which promises to make *her* cause *their* cause, or *her* civilisation *their* civilisation. If the Bourbons governed badly, their successors do not govern at all!

LUDWIG UHLAND.

INCONTESTABLY, since the death of Goethe, Ludwig Uhland has been, at least in the hearts of the people, the Laureate of Germany. He is not a poet who took the world by storm with his earliest productions; but he has been gradually growing in favour and general acceptance, until his death is now deplored as a national affliction. He died quietly at Tübingen, the place of his birth, on the 13th of November 1862, in his seventy-sixth year, having been born on the 26th of April 1787. He was said never to have known a day's illness until his last, which was occasioned by his attending the funeral of a friend and brother poet, Justin Kerner, in inclement weather.

The parents of the poet were Johann Friedrich Uhland, Secretary to the University of Tübingen, and Elizabeth (born) Hoser, daughter of one Hoser who held a similar office. He had a brother, Fritz, who died in his ninth year, and a sister, Luise, who married Meyer, the pastor of Pfullingen near Reutlingen. His education conducted to bringing out the talent that was latent in him, as it was the custom of Kauffmann, the rector of the Tübingen school, to give free themes to be worked out in prose or verse, according to the inclinations of his scholars; and the young Uhland generally chose the latter, and was early distinguished in his choice. Even at school he was known as an enthusiastic student of German and Scandinavian antiquities. At the age of sixteen and seventeen he produced many compositions of merit, but only two, 'Der Sterbender Hehl,' and 'Der Blinder König,' found their way into that collection of his poems which was published in 1815. At this time he was hesitating between the professions of law and medicine. As a youth, though given to long walks alone in the beautiful neighbourhood of Tübingen,

he was distinguished by his love of social manly exercises, particularly of skating. Two of his earliest poetical friends were Schröder, who was afterwards drowned in the Baltic, and Harpprecht, who fell in the Russian campaign of Napoleon. This is the friend who is alluded to in the exquisite poem of 'Die Ueberfahrt' as "brausend vor uns allen," while the fatherly friend spoken of there is Uhland's maternal uncle, Hoser, the pastor of Schmiden. He was also much influenced in his tastes by Haug of Stuttgart, and Gorz, Professor of Ancient Literature in Tübingen. Later he became acquainted with Justin Kerner, whose talent he placed above his own, Oehlenschläger the Danish poet, and Varnhagen von Ense the historian. Goethe he had seen once when a boy in 1797, and he records his impressions in the 'Münstersage.' In 1810 Uhland went to Paris, in order to work at the treasures of Romance literature contained in the Imperial Library. On his return he applied himself to practice as an advocate at Stuttgart, without remitting his poetic labours. His tragedy, 'Herzog Ernst von Schwaben,' which belongs to this period, elicited the warm admiration of Goethe. In 1819 he was elected a deputy of the Württemberg States. In 1820 he married Emma Vischer, a daughter by a former marriage, of a celebrated woman, Frau Emilie Pistorius, to whose memory Rückert dedicated a poem called 'Rosen auf das Grab einer edlen Frau.' In 1834 he was made Professor of German Literature at Tübingen. He distinguished himself as a political character in 1848, though without joining the extreme Liberal party, and on one occasion presented an address to the King of Württemberg, praying for the restoration of the Constitution, the prayer of which was immediately granted, as

most prayers of the kind were at that particular time, from prudential motives. He had already resigned, in 1833, his office of deputy, finding it incompatible with his professorship, and had returned to his residence at Tübingen. His marriage with Emma Vischer was in many respects a fortunate one. He appears to have lived with her in great harmony till his death, and the dowry she brought him, though not large, was sufficient to keep from his door the anxieties which usually beset a priest of the Muses. On the other hand, the marriage was not blest with children. There are old pictures extant of Uhland as a child with a fair honest face and powdered hair. His later face is now familiar to the Germans. Its first impression is decidedly heavy. The upper-lip is long, the cheekbones high, the eyes not large, the forehead broad over the brows, and narrower above—altogether an ordinary honest man's face, nothing more. A phrenologist in a steamer-boat, to whom the poet was unknown, once guessed him to be a watchmaker, adding, to console him, that every one could not be a poet. Uhland's manners appear to have been plain and unpretending—rather those of a man who makes friends than acquaintances. Yet those who knew him, knew him as a hearty and even jovial companion. He was shy, and shunned publicity, and could not bear to be treated as a literary lion. On one occasion, when he was presented with a crown of laurel, he hung it and left it on an oak beside the pond. His habits were early and healthy. In summer he lived in his open garden-house, and at ten o'clock every morning used to go out for a long walk, prefaced by a plunge in the Neckar when the weather was genial. At Tübingen, which is a very pretty quaint little university town, lying in that finely-broken country which intervenes between the Black Forest and the Alps, he owned a plain house on the country side of the Neckar bridge, only

ornamented by Corinthian pilasters in front; behind it was his garden, arranged in terraces, and his "Weinberg," from which he made his own ordinary supply of wine. He was of social habits, but, at the same time, fond of musing and solitude. The homely but intellectual society of Tübingen fully sufficed him. He was not a man to care for that of those above him in station, as his sterling independence shrank from patronage in the same way in which his diffidence shrank from general notoriety.

Politically, Uhland was a people's man without being a Radical. His love of medieval literature imbued his mind with respect for hereditary rank, station, and honours, while his love of freedom and optimist views of the future of his country and mankind in general, made him a sturdy opponent of any attempt to infringe on what he called "the good old right." In England he might have been a Tory or Conservative Whig. In Germany, it has pleased the powers that be to count him with the Democratic party; hence the admiration or policy which prompted Louis Napoleon to make a national affair of the funeral of Béranger, was wanting in the case of Uhland, who was buried, as he had lived, in privacy. Although this does not tell well for the temper of the Government of Würtemberg, and fully accounts for the hatred of Englishmen which is said to be dominant at Stuttgart, the deceased poet would probably not have wished it otherwise. No doubt he was, as far as the honours that proceed from the great are concerned, to the end of his life an unacknowledged and unappreciated man. But he had all he wanted—robust health, self-respect, and the respect of those he loved, sufficient worldly means, and that divine gift which Homer himself thought a full compensation even for blindness.

The uneventfulness of Uhland's life, his unpretending presence, his very look and bearing, his intense love for nature, the simplicity of

his habits, his steady domestic character, and unaffected religious feeling, all bring to mind our own Wordsworth; and in his poems, as in those of Wordsworth, the gems are to be sought among the shorter compositions. But Wordsworth made it his business to sit down at the Lakes and paint nature in words, as the pre-Raphaelite or naturalistic school of landscape painters sit down and paint her in colours. Wordsworth wooed the beauty of nature immediately and for itself. His human figures are merely put in roughly to help out the foreground. But Uhland rarely paints nature directly; he rather uses natural scenery as a background to his "genre" pictures, which interest chiefly by presenting the phases of human feeling, and the joys and sorrows of mankind. All his poems are alive with the breath of Spring—fresh, luminous, and joyous; but we are aware of his surroundings rather from the effects they produce upon him than from any actual descriptions. His poems have the ring of the true singer; an internal melody permeates his verse, capricious rather than monotonous, changing its airs and cadences like the voice of a bird, rather than flowing on with the mechanical jingling of a musical box. This is the quality which gives the bardic stamp to the compositions of a Burns, a Béranger, a Tennyson, and a want of it which is felt in the glowing rhetoric of Byron, and in

"The beauty for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the soft sunny lapse of a summer
day's light,"

which belongs to the poetry of Moore. In matter and choice of subject, and in some measure in respect of treatment, he has much in common with Walter Scott. His preparatory studies were much of the same nature, consisting in the history, scenery, and legends of his own country. He has done for Germany what even Schiller and Goethe with all their greatness omitted to do in the same degree. He has

immortalised her local recollections. Second only to the man who leads an army to the rescue of his country from the stranger, such a man is a patriot of the true kind, whatever the colour of his politics may be. Some poems he has written are like those exquisite ancient miniature pictures on a gold ground, best to be understood and appreciated by the educated connoisseur, while others are so plain in language and sentiment that they have sunk into the hearts of the people, and will flow for ever from the lips of the people in the shape of national songs. Uhland differs most from the twin stars of Germany—Schiller and Goethe—in that his poetry is more exclusively objective than theirs. Goethe was all wrapt in his glorious self, and his all-absorbing devotion to art. Like Horace's hero, a world might have fallen in ruins about him and he would not have quailed; and, indeed, all the crash of empires and clash of armies in which he lived left his brow as serene as that of one of the gods of Epicurus. But Uhland could not sing through the humiliation of his country, and his voice sank within him through the French occupation; but when Germany arose at length, and with incredible hardihood pushed back the flood of invasion, Uhland, like Körner and others, did manful service, not by fighting and falling among the foremost, as Körner did, but with even better judgment, as husbanding his gifts, becoming the Tyrtæus of the Liberation War. His songs of that time have a deep and manly note peculiarly their own, and they are such as no lesser circumstances could have called forth. Uhland, again, as distinguished from Schiller and Goethe, was the prominent poet of the Romantic school. But he was to them what Socrates was to the Sophists—counted with them, but not of them. From whatever source he derived his inspirations, he always remained fast rooted in truth and nature. The unreal and morbid sentimentality of Tieck and

Novalis was unknown to him; nor did he share the Romeward tendencies of Friedrich Schlegel, while fully appreciating the beauty of the Roman Catholic ritual and associations, and freely interweaving them with the golden tissue of his compositions. On the whole, he is the most German of German poets, as he owes none of his inspiration to "the gods of Greece," and little to any foreign source, except those old Romance writers whom he studied at Paris; but then it must be borne in mind that the early threads of history in France and Germany are closely interwoven, and the empire of the Franks in particular belonged as much to one as to the other.

In attempting to present to the English reader some of the best of the poems of Uhland, we must premise that to translate a perfect poem from one language into another is simply an impossibility, and difficult exactly in proportion to the degree in which any poem approaches perfection. The special difficulty of translating German poetry into English, and *vice versa*, consists in this, that though the two languages are not in their basis much more than dialects of the same original stock, yet German is as generally dissyllabic as English is monosyllabic, owing in part to English having discarded inflection where German retains it. We are aware that many of Uhland's poems are already known through very good translations, one of those most highly spoken of being that of Mr. Platt. Longfellow has also done freely into English verse the 'Castle by the Sea,' 'The Black Knight,' the 'Luck of Edenhall,' and others, and has succeeded admirably in catching the spirit of the original. Not having Mr. Platt's translations before us, as we write in Germany, we must apologise, in our zeal for Uhland's memory, for attempts of our own in the same direction, in which we have tried to reproduce as nearly as we can the ideas of the original in the metres in which they appeared. It is impossible to find

a song in the whole collection more perfect than "Der Wirthin Töchterlein." There is not a word or thought one would wish changed. The pathos is expressed, without a single pathetic epithet, solely by the situation. This poem has been interpreted politically, as alluding to the different feelings with which three classes of patriots regard the corpse of German liberty. But to our mind this spoils the simplicity of the picture. It is more likely to be true that the poem was occasioned by an accident of Uhland's youth, since it is said that he once stopped some students who were singing it under his window, telling them not to end it, as the end had too close a personal interest for him. If this be true, the poem is more complimentary to the memory of the fair maid of the inn than to the lady who became Frau Uhland. But poets will be poets, as boys will be boys.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

Three students they bled them over the Rhine,
And there they turned in at a landlady's sign.

"Landlady, hast thou good beer and wine?
And where is that beauteous daughter of thine?"

"My beer and wine are fresh and clear;
My daughter she lies on the funeral-bier."

And when they did enter the inner room,
There lay she all white in a shrine of gloom.

The first from her face the veil he took,
And, gazing upon her with sorrowful look,

"Oh, wert thou living, thou fairest maid,
'Tis thee I would love from this hour," he said.

The second let down on the face that slept
The veil, and turned him away and wept:

"Alas for thee there on the funeral-bier!
For thee I have loved full many a year."

The third, he lifted again the veil,
And kissed her upon the mouth so pale:

"I loved thee before, I loved thee to-day,
And I will love thee for ever and aye!"

The last line, "Und werde dich lieben in ewigkeit," would be more correctly rendered, "And I will love thee in eternity." And we are equally aware that our "landlady's sign" is objectionable, as the original is simply, "They turned in there to a landlady's." But it

would be hard to render it otherwise without losing the quadruple rhyme, which has a certain mournful elegance. 'The Landlady's Daughter' naturally leads us to 'The Goldsmith's Daughter.' In this poem we must not suppose that the hero and heroine meet for the first time. The maiden has fallen in love with the knight, her superior in station, but scarcely dares even confess it to herself, till the knight agreeably surprises her by adorning her as his bride, taking her acceptance for granted. We would not spoil the romance by hinting that it may not have been an uncommon case in the middle ages for young noblemen of small fortune to seek their brides from the rich *bourgeoisie* of the Free Towns.

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

A goldsmith stood within his stall,
Mid pearl and precious stone:
Of all the gems I own, of all,
Thou art the best, Heléna,
My daughter, darling one.

One day came in a knight so fine:
"Good morrow, maiden fair;
Good morrow, worthy goldsmith mine;
Make me a costly crownlet,
For my sweet bride to wear."

The crown was made, the work was good,
It shone the eye to charm,
But Helen hung in pensive mood
(I trow, when none was by her)
The trinket on her arm.

"Ah! happy happy *she* to bear
This glittering bridal toy;
Would that true knight give me to wear
A crownlet but of roses,
How full were I of joy!"

Ere long the knight came in again,
Did well the crown approve:
"Now make me, goldsmith, best of men,
A ring with diamonds set,
To deck my lady-love."

The ring was made, the work was good,
The diamonds brightly shone,
But Helen drew't in pensive mood
(I trow, when none was by her)
Her finger half-way on.

"Ah, happy happy *she* to bear
This other glittering toy:
Would that true knight give me to wear
But of his hair a ringlet,
How full were I of joy!"

Ere long the knight came in again,
Did well the ring approve:
"Thou'st made me, goldsmith, best of men,
The gifts with rarest cunning,
For my sweet lady-love.

"Yet would I prove them how they sit;
So prithee, maiden, here
Let me on thee for trial fit
My darling's bridal jewels:
In beauty she's thy peer."

'Twas on a Sunday morn betime;
It happed the maiden fair,
Expectant of the matin chime,
Had donned her best of raiment
With more than wonted care.

With coyness all aglow, behold
The maid before him stand;
He crowns her with the crown of gold,
The ring upon her finger
He sets, then takes her hand.

"Heléna sweet, Heléna true,
I've ended now the jest;
That fairest bride is none but you,
By whom I would the crownlet
And ring should be possessed.

"Mid gold and pearl and jewel fine
Hath been thy childhood's home;
Be this to thee a welcome sign
That thou to heights of honour
With me shalt duly come."

There is a great dramatic beauty in the accident of the girl having put on her best apparel to make ready to go to church, so that the knight has only to furnish her with the bridal accessories to prepare her at a moment's notice to go to church with him.

A ferry-boat is a favourite subject for painters; and the navigation of his native Neckar has been to Uhland the occasion of some of his sweetest verse-pictures. In the poem called 'The Boat' he shows how a freight of people, before unacquainted with each other, and therefore silent, struck up an intimacy, and parted with regret, when some improvised music had once furnished an introduction.

THE BOAT.

The boat is swiftly going,
Adown the river 's flowing;
No word beguiles the labour,
For no one knows his neighbour.

What pulls from coat the stranger,
The tawny forest-ranger?
A horn that sounds so mildly,
The stream-banks echo wildly.

Then haft and stopper screwing,
His staff to flute unloosing,
Another, deftly playing,
Chimes with the cornet's braying.

Shy sat the maid, self-chidden,
As speech were thing forbidden,
Now blend her accents willing
With flute and cornet's trilling.

The rowers with new pleasure
Pull strokes that match the measure;
The boat the stream divideth,
And, lured by music, glideth.

It strikes with shock the landing,
The folk are all disbanding;
"May we again meet, brother,
On board this boat or other!"

The companion to this little cabinet picture of the boat going with the stream is the crossing of the ferry. The poet offers the ferryman three times his fare because the spirits of two friends, now dead, who crossed the same ferry with him in past years, are supposed to have gone with him.

THE FERRY.

Many years have passed for ever
Since I came across the river;
Here's the tower, in evening's blushing,
There, as erst, the weir is rushing.

Then with me the boat did carry
Two companions o'er the ferry,
One a friend, a father seeming,
One a youth with high hopes beaming.

That one lived a peaceful story,
And is gone in peace to glory;
This, of all most fiery-hearted,
Hath in fight and storm departed.

So when I, mid blessing cherished,
Dare to think on seasons perished,
Must I still to sorrow waken,
Missing friends that Death hath taken.

Friendship may not be united,
Save when soul to soul is pledged:
Full of soul those hours went by me,
Still to souls a bond doth tie me.

Ferryman, I gladly proffer
Thrice the fare that others offer,
Since two spirits thou dost carry
At my side across the ferry.

Longfellow, in his 'Hyperion,' has beautifully rendered the spirit of this poem, if he has somewhat missed its cadence.

The fine elegy on the death of

Tell belongs to Uhland's 'Songs of Freedom.' Tell's death is undemonstrative, and he characteristically comes by it, by rescuing a child from a torrent. 'The Sunken Crown' stands before it in the collection, probably by way of introduction:—

THE SUNKEN CROWN.

There, over on the hill-top,
A little house doth stand;
One gazes from the threshold
On all the lovely land.
There sits a free-born peasant
Upon the bench at even;
He whets his scythe so blithely,
And sings his thanks to Heaven.

There, under in the hollow,
Where glooms the mere of old,
There lieth deeply sunken
A proud rich crown of gold:
Though in it gleam at nightfall
Carbuncle and sapphire,
Since ages grey it lies there,
To seek it none desire.

In his neighbouring Switzerland the poet seems to see the image of his ideal freedom, modest and self-respecting; founded on the laws of decency and order; possessing its ancient charters and title-deeds; no ephemeral offspring of democratic chaos; a gentle and serene goddess of justice holding the exact balance between despotism and universal suffrage. Such freedom as this, in many grand patriotic strains, he desires for Württemberg—a country whose praises he enumerates in soil, products, climate, scenery, and manners, only lamenting one want, without which it would be a paradise, the want of "Good Right." He is certainly justified in his praise of his country, which, with the Grand-Duchy of Baden, forms a corner in the map of Europe which is a garden of fertility, a museum of antiquities, and a labyrinth of natural grandeur; but we question whether Uhland is not over-sensitive as to its political misery.

When we pass from his 'Songs of Freedom' to his 'Songs of the Affections,' we find the same moderation and purity of sentiment. Uhland always seems afraid of saying too much. His exquisite taste is a

constant check upon him. He leaves the lines of his sketches to speak for themselves, and shrinks from too much elaboration. The imaginative reader may, if he pleases, supply for himself much of the incasential detail. What a picture of a bashful old-world lover he gives us in his poem called 'Resolution !'

RESOLUTION.

She comes to walk in this sweet wild ;
To-day I'll banish all alarm ;
Why should I tremble at a child
That does no living creature harm ?

All give her greeting near and far ;
I would, but dare not do the same ;
And to my soul's transcendent star
I cannot lift my eyes for shame.

The flowers that bend as she doth fare,
The birds with their voluptuous song,—
All these their love so well declare,
Why must I only feel it wrong ?

To highest Heaven I oft prefer
Through livelong nights a bitter plaint ;
Yet would I say three words to her,
" I love thee," then my heart is faint.

In wait behind the tree I'll stay
She passes in her daily walk.
And whisper " My sweet life " to-day,
As if in dreaming I did talk.

I will—but oh the fright I feel !
She comes, and she will see me sure ;
So here into the bush I'll steal,
And I shall see her pass secure.

For pathetic simplicity, perhaps none of his love-poems stands higher than *Die Mähderin*—the 'Female Mower.' There is a pathos in the very fact of the delicate girl—delicate at least in feeling—being engaged in rude masculine toil, a case but too common in many countries; then, again, in her hopeless attachment to the son of the rich farmer; then in her overtasking her strength in mowing the whole field without refreshment or repose, because the avaricious and selfish old man has promised her his son's hand as the price; and again, in the killing deception at the close. She dies a martyr to the combined effects of the labour and the disappointment, and the old man has virtually murdered her to prevent her marrying his son and for selfish gain. Another

example of a deep and simple pathos, produced by two pictures of the same place, is 'The Castle on the Sea;' it is a dioramic change of effect produced by a dialogue. First the castle stands superb in rising or setting sunlight, towering to heaven and bowing to the deep; the king and queen walk on the terrace in their royal insignia, and a beautiful princess walks with them: the scene changes to a weird moonlight effect, where the castle stands in ghostly grandeur; the king and queen are there on the terrace, but without their robes or crowns; they are in mourning, and the princess is no longer with them. This ballad has been effectively translated by Longfellow. Though verging on the impossible in subject, 'The Mournful Tournament' is a grand tragic sketch. Seven knights came to joust for the favour of the king's daughter, but as they came in through the castle gate they heard the knell of her funeral. They persist in the tournament; for the one who loves her most truly, holds that still, though dead, she is worthy to be fought for, the victor gaining her wreath and ring. All fall in the fight but he, and he is mortally wounded, but, as the prize of victory, is buried with his lady-love.

Similar in actual improbability of subject, but demonstrating its bare possibility by its tragic truth, is the ballad of 'Three Young Ladies.' The father brings to mind the Greek bandit, the hero of About's '*Roi des Montagnes*,' who keeps his daughter at school at Athens, and when she wants a new piano, harries a village. As he returns from his rides, or raids, the three maidens ask this feudal tyrant what he has brought for them. The first, he knows, loves gold and finery; he has killed a knight for her, and brought her the spoil. But the dead knight was her lover; she strangles herself with the stolen chain, and dies beside his body. Two maidens only welcomed the

father on his next return. The second, he knows, loves the chase; so he brings her a hunting-lance with a gold band, having killed a wild huntsman to obtain it. The wild huntsman was her lover, and she falls on the lance and dies beside him. One maiden only greets him the next time. Flowers are her passion; so he brings her flowers, having slain the bold gardener to obtain them. She takes the flowers and seeks the body of the dead gardener, who was also her lover; but flowers can inflict no wounds, so she stays beside him till the flowers wither, and she withers with them. 'The Black Knight' has been done full justice to by Longfellow. The practice of wearing visors in the ages of chivalry made such tales a poetic possibility. Death comes to joust in a king's court, like a knight in black armour on black steed; he kills all the champions, dances with the king's daughter, pours out a draught for the prince and princess, from which they quickly grow pale and sink. The old king begs him to take him also, but he says that "he only breaks flowers in spring," and stalks away. In the 'Luck of Edenhall' Uhland gets upon English ground. His own preserves are so well stocked that he had no need to poach on those of the minstrels of the Scottish Border. But the offence is a single one, and may be forgiven for its admirable success and the world-wide interest of the beautiful Cumbrian legend.

The trumpet-like bray and strange metre of this poem render it one of the most difficult for a translator to grapple with; Longfellow, however, has done it almost without fault, the only exception we might take being to the repetition of the "crystal tall," and the expression "the cup to praise," instead of "the cup to honour." But in sonorous cadence his rendering equals the original. There is a thrilling solemnity in the remark at the end, that the world will one day be dashed to pieces like the shattered

Luck of Edenhall. In a note below Longfellow's translation it is said, "The tradition on which this ballad is founded, and the 'shards of the Luck of Edenhall,' still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart. of Edenhall, Cumberland, and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it." -

If not the very best of all the ballads, at least the most characteristic of the poet's ethical bent, is 'The Singer's Curse.' With this we may fitly conclude our specimens, as it is a declaration of the greatness and holiness of the poet's mission, and a prophecy of the annihilation of all earthly pomp that is founded on injustice and wrong, which it is the poet's highest duty to raise his voice against. It might also be entitled 'The Martyr-Minstrel.'

THE SINGER'S CURSE.

In days of old a castle stood, it stood so haught
and high,
Wide o'er the lands it shone to where the blue
sea met the sky;
All round it lush flower-gardens a perfumed gir-
dle made,
Wherein with radiance rainbow-arched reviving
fountains played.

Sat there a proud king rich in spoil of war and
rich in land,
Upon his ancient throne he sat so gaunt and
grimly grand;
For all he thinks is Terror, and all he looks is
Hate,
And all he speaks is Scourging, and all he writes
is Fate.

Once did a noble minstrel pair up to this castle
so,
The one with golden ringlets, the other with locks
of snow;
The old man with the harp he sat on a goodly
steed astride,
The while his blooming comrade tript gaily at
his side.

Spake to the youth the old man, "My son, be
strong to-day;
Our deepest songs remember, attune thy fullest
lay;
Knit all the nerves of music, the joy, the pain,
in one;
Our task it is to-day to touch the tyrant's heart
of stone."

Now stand the singers twain within the lofty pil-
lared house,
And high upon his throne the king sits with his
royal spouse;

The king so fiercely splendid, like blood-red
northern light,
But sweet and mild the queen as looks the full
moon on the night.

Then smote the strings the old man right won-
drously and well,
That full and fuller on the ear the tides of music
swell;
And then angelically clear the young man's voice
did flow
In the elder's pauses, like a choir of spirits, weird
and low.

They sing of spring and true love, of an age of
golden youth,
Of freedom and of manhood, of holiness and
truth;
They sing of every sweetness that makes man's
bosom soft,
They sing of every greatness that bears man's
heart aloft.

Forthwith the courtier circle unlearns the court-
ly cheer,
The king's disdainful warriors bow down to God
and fear.
Then, as her soul with tender pain and rapture
overflows,
The queen before the singers from her bosom
flings the rose.

"Ye have beguiled my people—will ye bring my
wife to shame?"
So cries the king in fury, quivering through all
his frame:
He hurls his sword, that flashing strikes through
the stripling's heart;
Now from the source of golden songs a blood-jet
high doth start.

Strewn as by sudden tempest is all the listening
swarm,
The youth had sobbed his life out upon his mas-
ter's arm;
Upon his horse he sets him, wound in his man-
tle's fold,
And fastly binds him upright, and quits with him
the hold.

But at the high gate halting, the old man stands
sublime,
His harp he seizes wildly, of harps the peerless
prince;
Against a marble column he hath dashed its
strength in twain,
Then cries aloud that garden and castle peal
anathema.

"Woe, woe to you, proud halls, no more echo
melodious word
Through all your vaulted hollows, nor ever song
or chord;
No, moans alone and wailing, and coward step
of slaves,
Till sprites of vengeance trample you to dust and
mould of graves.

"Woe to you, odorless gardens, in Maytime's
lovely list,
As ye behold this dead face, so sadly changed
to sight;

Even so untimely wither, with every fountain
dry,
And naked all and turned to stone through com-
ing ages lie.

"Woe to thee, murderer accurst, of minstrel-
craft the bane,
For crowns of savage glory strive on, and strive
in vain;
And be thy name forgotten, in endless midnight
sunk,
And pass as into vain air that last death-rattle
shrunk."

The old man's voice hath pealed it, and Heaven
hath heard on high;
The mighty walls are levelled, the halls in ruin
lie;
One pillar lone and lofty still tells of vanished
power;
E'en that is cloven, and may fall before the
morning hour.

Around for perfume-d gardens is a heath of desert
land,
No tree-sheds welcome shadow, no spring leaps
in the sand.
That king he perished all unnamed in hero-scroll
or verse,
Forgotten, blindly overwhelmed!—so wrought
the singer's curse.

Shortly before his death Uhland
wrote a little epigram on the death
of a young child, which it would
be inexcusable to attempt to give
in any other language than the
original, especially as it has not
yet appeared in any collected edi-
tion of his works.

AUF DEN TOD KINER KINDES.

Du kamst, du gingst mit leiser Spur,
Ein flücht'ger Gast in Erdenland.
Woher? Wohin?—wir wissen nur
Aus Gottes Hand in Gottes Hand.

In these lines the childlike spirit
of the old poet may have conceived
a fitting epitaph for himself, so
calm and simple was his life and
death. But the "mit leiser Spur,"
"with faint footfall," could not
have been applied to his own case
except by his own modesty; for
unmistakably, if ever man did so,
to use the language of his admirer,
Longfellow, Ludwig Uhland has
left some very enduring "footsteps
on the sands of Time."

MY INVESTMENT IN THE FAR WEST.

"A GOLDEN opportunity, sir; Fortune knocking at your door, as she knocks but once in a man's lifetime; and if you refuse to let her in, excuse me, sir, but you will repent it—you will."

Such were the persuasive words of Colonel Coriolanus Sling, as he cracked his filberts and sipped his sherry in the snug dining-room of my villa at Stamford Hill. The Colonel, as his name indicates pretty clearly, was an eminent citizen of the model republic, not long arrived on British ground, and the bearer of an introductory letter from my esteemed friend Cassius Corkey, a late Secretary of Legation. I had given a little dinner in honour of my new acquaintance; the repast had gone off pleasantly enough, and the ladies had left us four gentlemen to our wine and politics, when the Colonel uttered the above remarks.

It was early autumn, and, if the flower-beds of the garden were somewhat faded, the shrubberies of Magnolia Villa had still a cheerful aspect; and the lawn, as seen through the French windows, was smooth and trim as a gigantic piece of Genoa velvet. Not a weed, not a withered leaf, marred the neatness of the bright gravel of the walks; the fountain was in full play, liberally sprinkling the gold-fish in the little marble basin; and the transparent walls of the conservatory showed a wealth of many-tinted flowers within. There may be larger and more stately residences than Magnolia Villa, but I flatter myself that few proprietors could make more of four and a half acres of ground, imperial measurement, than your humble servant, George Bulkeley. We were, as I have said, four in company—the Colonel; young Tom Harris of the Stock Exchange; a friend and countryman of the Colonel's, by name Dr. Titus A. C. Bett; and myself.

"Why, Colonel Sling," answered I, doubtfully, "I don't quite know about that. The distance, you see, is great, and the risk may be——"

"Nothing at all!" interrupted my guest, warmly; "I pledge you the honour, sir, of a free-born citizen of the United States, nothing at all! The plum, sir, is ripe, and ready to drop into your mouth spontaneous; and I may safely assure you, sir, that nothing but my gratitude for your hospitality would have induced me to promulgate a scheme so out-and-out auriferous as the Great Nauvoo and Nebraska Railway will eventuate."

I did not always find it in my power to follow the Colonel through all the windings of an argument. His exuberant diction was occasionally too much for me; but the drift of what he said was pretty clear, and I was greatly struck with it.

Tom Harris, who had been staring at the Colonel with his round eyes very wide open, here ventured to say that he supposed there would be considerable expenditure before any returns could be expected.

"Guess you'd better shut up," said, or rather snuffled, Dr. Titus A. C. Bett. "I have documents in my pocket to substantiate the number of miles metalled, and the bridges, and the viaducts, and general plant. A mere flea-bite of outlay, sir, would suffice to establish another of those mighty arteries of communication in respect to which America, it's pretty much admitted, whips the world; and none but a softhorn, sir, would have the least dubiosity about it."

The Doctor and the Colonel were compatriots, one being a Boston man and the other a New-Yorker, but they were very unlike each other in aspect and manner. For whereas the Colonel was six feet two inches high, at the very least computation, and had an eagle beak, keen dark eyes, and a forest of lank

black hair streaming around his sallow face; the Doctor was a little man of five feet three, or thereabouts, with weak eyes, spectacles, a head almost bald, and a little wizened countenance. Furthermore, the Colonel was a soft-spoken man, with conciliatory manners and a peculiarly honeyed tone; and though he smoked prodigiously, he consumed tobacco in no other way. The Doctor, on the other hand, was quarrelsome and warlike to a degree, capped every anecdote, contradicted everybody, hummed and buzzed in society like an angry wasp, and kept a silver box full of quids in his coat-pocket. These two were partners. Ill-natured people were malicious enough to say that the Colonel's department was cajolery, and the Doctor's bullying, in the joint interest of the firm. I gave no ear to these unkind rumours, and indeed I justly considered the Colonel to be a man of superior abilities and remarkable eloquence. He did not omit, on this occasion, to spread a little soothing salve on the wounds which his countryman's rudeness had inflicted.

"Excuse the worthy Doctor," he murmured, in bland accents, to Tom Harris, whose face was very red with awkward indignation, "he is accustomed to the free discussions of our colossal country, where the restrictive etiquette of older and more despotic lands is spurned beneath the boot-heels of enlightenment. Do not be riled, I beseech you, at the freedom of his remarks; truth inspires them. You do not know, gentlemen" (here the orator's voice swelled into a sonorous fulness)—"you cannot know—the resources of our glorious country: none but American citizens can fully appreciate the mines of profitable produce always awaiting the civilising pick-axe of the hardy western pioneer. But never, never since first our Pilgrim Fathers began to improve the Indians off the face of nature—never since Manhattan changed its name to New Amsterdam, afterwards to be

New York—has such a speculation as this, of which I am the felicitous herald, been going a-begging. Hail, Columbia, happy land! as our inspired bard, who whips your Swan of—ahem!" And here the Colonel ended in some confusion, and hid his fluent lips for a moment in his wine-glass.

Tom Harris was quite appeased. He was not a bright personage, Tom, but he did very well on the Stock Exchange, to which he may be said to have been born and bred. He was the only son of the well-known old Peter Harris, the man who made so much, as a bear, at the time of the Nore mutiny. He, Tom—not old Peter—had inherited a great deal of money; and though he set up for a sporting man, and generally hedged so artfully, and made up such ingenious books on the races that his alternative was between great losses and small ones, he was richer than when he came into his father's fortune. For money accrues to money, as a snow-ball gathers in rolling; and it no more requires a genius to thrive in the Stock Market than it does to rule in a Cabinet, if Chancellor Oxenstiern tells the truth. And Tom had married a young lady of property, Miss Mungle, daughter of Chuttnoe and Mungle, or rather of the junior partner in that great firm. Tom Harris, therefore, was wild for lucrative investments, and so, in a qualified way, was I; and money was plentiful in the City, as the 'Times' correspondent daily informed the reading public. We therefore already began to nibble at the tempting bait which the Colonel placed before us so dexterously.

"But," said I, "is the traffic certain to be remunerative? The line runs through rather a thinly-peopled tract of country, doesn't it?"

Colonel Coriolanus Sling slapped his leathery palm upon the polished mahogany with an emphasis that made the glasses ring. "Sir," said he, "you are the most sensible

man I have met in this benighted—I mean this beautiful kingdom. You have hit the exact point, my dear Mr. Bulkeley, on which the eligibility of the whole affair pivots, only you must look at it from that sublimely piercing elevation from which the American intellect surveys it. Sir, we must *create* a population: sir, we must found cities: sir, it must be ours to people the western solitudes and to implant the germs of a nascent commerce, a new learning, a fresh community, where now the coon and the prairie dog dwell unmolested and alone: and, sir, future ages will decree to us colossal statues of imperishable brass; while in this we shall realise the applause of our consciences and of our bankers." Here the Colonel stopped, overpowered by his feelings, and blew his nose with a martial dissonance.

"By Jove!" said Tom Harris, "I'll speak to old Muggins about it: if he says 'all right,' I'll take a thousand shares in the concern."

"Muggins, sir! who is Muggins?" demanded the Doctor, waspishly: "is Muggins, sir, a fit judge when such an enterprise is in question—an enterprise to reflect eternal honour, sir, on its spirited and high-feluting projectors, with the finger of ignominy to point at the craven that draws back. Muggins! some stony-hearted London capitalist—some toad-eater at the beck of a bloated aristocracy—some miserable haunter of the gilded saloons of a Chancellor of the Exchequer" (the doctor was not very particular as to the authenticity of the accusations he flung broadcast). "Muggins, indeed!"

Tom Harris was an ingenuous youth. He looked excessively ashamed of his allusion to Muggins, and was quite borne down by the volubility of his transatlantic opponent. Thus it came about that a meeting was arranged for the next day at Colonel Sling's chambers, at which we were to discuss the propriety of forming a company

to work out the concession of the Nauvoo and Nebraska Railway, of which our American friends were the fortunate owners. I was an older man than Tom Harris, and had necessarily seen more of the world. And I had been "bit," as the phrase goes, once or twice, by Mexican Debentures, Spanish Deferred, and unsaleable Scrip. I therefore asked, as delicately as I could, why my new acquaintances had not raised among the enlightened capitalists of their own country a sufficient amount to pay all preliminary expenses, thus keeping the golden fruit entirely among Americans. But the Colonel had an answer ready for me. He frowned, pursed up his mouth, bit his lips, and assumed very much the air of a conspirator.

"Hush!" he uttered, in tragic tones; then rushing to the door, whisked it open, putting to rout Adolphus the page, who always is listening at keyholes, in spite of repeated corporal punishment. Adolphus scuttled away across the hall in great dismay, and the Colonel returned to his seat with an expression that Iago might have envied. "Hush!" said he, "walls have auriculars, and spies are always on the watch to report the words of Columbia's children. It is well known that your arbitrary Government has long adopted the wicked maxim due to the crafty forethought of your Pitt, Earl of Holland, that 'America's danger is England's opportunity.'"

I could not help laughing as I answered, "I am afraid, Colonel, your memory has not rendered the passage in exactly its original form."

"Excuse me," croaked the Doctor, "but nothing is more wonderful than the ignorance which prevails in Britain, with regard to the sayings and doings of your grantees and public persons."

"Allow me, Doctor," said the Colonel, oracularly, "to finish my explanation. You see, gentlemen, we might have offered this concession in Wall Street in the Empire

City, and Wall Street would have snapped it up; yes, sir, as an alligator would chew pork."

This was a forcible simile, but it did not quite content us. "Why didn't you?" was trembling on the lips of both Tom Harris and myself, but politeness restrained us from uttering what our looks must have plainly said.

The Colonel answered our looks thus: "Because, squires, there was this difficulty in the way,—Buck, you know, is our old man."

"I beg your pardon," said Tom, reddening again; "but I don't quite catch your meaning. Buck, did you call the gentleman?"

"Buck! the old man! White House—deputations—soirees—soft sawder," explained the Doctor; and then we discovered that President Buchanan was the object of discourse.

"Well," pursued the Colonel, "Buck's very far gone—notice to quit—time nearly up. His successor is sure to be Abe Lincoln, if the little giant don't beat him at the election. Nobody else has got a chance. Caucuses all at work! dark as moles. Now, sir, we have plugged the platform."

"You've done what?" exclaimed Tom Harris.

"We've made it all safe, and Lincoln stands to win," exclaimed the Colonel, condescendingly. "Now we suspect those Southerners mean to ride rusty if they get an anti-slavery man, like old Abe, to be President over them; and though our folks air screamers, and that's a fact, the South's an ugly customer, and our line of railway is too close to Missouri State to be safe, if owned by Northerners. But in the smartest row the South can make, you Britishers are sure to be handled as tenderly as a hoosier handled a squirrel's skin; and so it's best the property should be in the name of British subjects, not free citizens. Don't you see?"

We did see, and we resolved that on the morrow we would sift the matter thoroughly.

"Try the claret, Colonel," said I; "you have been drinking nothing, but sherry, and this is Chateau Margaux that I got at Bilkingham's sale. Those are pretty good peaches, Doctor, of my own growing."

"Don't talk of peaches," said the Doctor, who, I will own, was anything but an agreeable guest; "you must cross the broad Atlantic before you talk of peaches, I reckon. I've fed pigs with better than your dukes and earls could show. I've bought in the market twenty-nine big peaches for thirty cents, I have. We do crow over you in peaches, as in most, only your national vanity won't permit you to see it."

The Colonel jumped from his chair. "You be quiet!" said he; "the Doctor is a glowing patriot, Mr. Bulkeley; but I know he admires your delightful snuggery, embellished by art and high-flying taste, as much as I do myself. Some day, as a director of the Nauvoo and Nebraska, you may, if you please, build a palace on the site of Magnolia Villa that will take the shine out of the sumptuous halls of your nobility. But enough of business. Gentlemen, if you have liquored sufficiently, we will join the ladies."

We did join the ladies. We found them strolling over the lawn in the cool of a September evening, and presently we all went in to coffee. I noticed that the Colonel was very polite and attentive, not only to my wife, but to young Mrs. Harris, who was exceedingly stupid and plain of feature. As for Mrs. and Miss Jarman, they were entertained by the Doctor with an amusing dissertation on the difference between America and England, and especially between London and New York. If Mrs. Jarman had hitherto cherished a belief in the pre-eminence of London, as she apparently had, she must have received a considerable shock as the Doctor informed her that Belgravia was but a poor place to Fourth and Fifth Avenue, and that we were

benighted creatures in all matters of elegance and taste.

"Not a mahogany door, I guess, have I seen in this smoky beggarly town of yours," said Dr. Bett, with both thumbs in the pockets of his black satin vest; "and as for silver knockers and bell-pulls, I might as well look for liberty in your institutions, or for sincerity in your press. The helps are enough to disgust all free-born men; to see them in plush and powder, with goldsticks and nosegays, standing behind the gilt vehicles of an effete aristocracy, is alone a spectacle that beats earthquakes; and your Life Guards would sing small, I guess, by the side of the Brooklyn Volunteers."

The Colonel, however, could be complimentary and gentle, if his brother republican could not; and so well did he play his cards, that when the company drove off, and the last grinding of their carriage-wheels upon the gravel had died away, my wife and daughters turned to me with beaming faces, and began to sing the praises of their departed guest.

"A most superior, well-informed, gentlemanly man, is Colonel Sling," said the partner of my joys, emphatically.

"A delightful man!" lisped Georgiana, my eldest.

"Quite an Admirable Crichton," said Selina, my second, who is a bit of a blue.

"Delightful! he has so much conversation, and makes one laugh so!" cried artless Lucy, the third and youngest of my daughters.

So he had pleased them all, and, I admit, he had pleased me too; but he mostly showed his tact in winning the suffrages of the feminine members of my household. For Mrs. Bulkeley is not a cipher by any means, even in my business transactions, and she has an amiable habit of warning me against entering into commercial relations with any one she mistrusts or dislikes. The next day beheld assembled in the showy Pall Mall chambers of

Colonel Sling the same quartette that had closed around the mahogany in Magnolia Villa on the preceding day. Tom Harris and I drove down there together from the City, and we found the two Americans awaiting us with a hearty welcome. There were maps on a great table, and plans, and minerals, and parchments, and heaps of papers, carefully stocked and docketed, and files of letters with great red seals to them that would have carried conviction home to the most incredulous. And the Colonel after the first salutations were over, and after tenderly inquiring about the health of my womankind, commenced a lucid explanation of the exact position of the Nauvoo and Nebraska Railway — its position, I mean, in a pecuniary point of view, not its geographical position. The latter, we ascertained by a glance at the map, to be in the free State of Iowa, skirting Missouri, and with one terminus in Illinois State and the other in Nebraska Territory. But information now came showering upon us, and the Colonel was extremely careful to prove every fresh axiom which he laid down by an appeal to documents of the most incontrovertible character. There was the original concession of the line, approved by the State Legislature, signed by the governor, registered by the State's law officers and by the Federal attorney of the district. There were similar documents, to which the autographs of the governors of Nebraska and Illinois were attached. There were the reports of surveyors, the accounts of contractors, sub-contractors, architects, machinists, and ironmasters. Moreover, there were specimens of minerals found in the immediate neighbourhood of the line, and within the liberal grant of land which the State had made — which specimens the Colonel showed us, in rather a careless way, as mere incidental advantages. But the eyes of Tom Harris and myself sparkled at the sight; for although we were not

adepts in geology, we knew iron ore, and copper ore, and limestone, and hornblende, and fine marble, when we saw them; and visions of mines and quarries to be worked at vast profit, or leased for high rentals, flitted brilliantly before us. What wonder that, on hearing the generous terms on which the two American gentlemen were willing to admit us to a full participation of their advantages, Tom and I shook hands most heartily with Doctor and Colonel, and devoted ourselves from that moment to the establishment of the projected company? And then Colonel Coriolanus rang the bell for lunch, and we all drank, over and over again, in creaming bumpers of Clicquot, prosperity and success to the Nauvoo and Nebraska Railway. Two days after, out came our prospectus to dazzle the City. A more flowery manifesto, or one more fertile in temptations, I have seldom seen. It proved, moreover, as plainly as that two and two make four, that the investment was as secure as the bank, if not more so, and a hundred-fold more remunerative. Never was there such a railway; never were there directors so opulent, so respectable, so conscientious, so experienced; never was there a line on which the expenses were so trifling, the traffic so enormous, or the dividend so princely, as that of the Nauvoo and Nebraska. Iowa was a State of boundless fertility, of inexhaustible resources — cereal, mineral, commercial. The line would be part of a main highway to the Far West, and the Old World and the New World pour tribute into the cornucopia of its matchless wealth. Cities were to spring up, fair and flourishing provinces were to blossom where the virgin soil now awaited the spade and the ploughshare; we were to carry tobacco, madder, corn, cattle, immigrants and ore. The gigantic fortunes we were to make were thrown into the shade by the benefits we were to confer on posterity and our contemporaries. Unborn millions were to canonise the projectors of the Grand Nauvoo and Nebraska; and we were not only to insure for ourselves the smiles and blessings of ages yet to come, but were to feather our nests pretty handsomely in a few short months. Not only were we to take rank as philanthropists of the first water, but to rig the market as well. Nor were the advantages of the new railroad confined to the eminent and clear-sighted capitalists who had first embarked in it. No; in that good cause the widow's mite was welcome. Never, it was pointed out, was so admirable an opportunity offered to ladies of limited income, to struggling professional men, to decayed gentry or others, to double or treble their little store by means of the splendid dividends, the bonuses, premiums, and other good things, to be expected from the Company. Who has not read many such glowing proclamations as this, promising to realise the dreams of an El Dorado for the lucky speculator, bolstering up each statement by an imposing array of figures, and always concluding by the recommendation that (to prevent disappointment) *immediate* application be made at the office for shares? We had a secretary and cashier, and Dr. Titus A. C. Bett was so kind as to undertake the latter responsible position; while the celebrated Wyldrake Flam, Esq., a gentleman who had been concerned with a good many companies in his time, was happily secured for the former situation. Sir George Gullings, M.P., a rich banker who had earned his baronetcy by his long course of voting for a Whig Ministry, was our chairman; and of course, Tom Harris, Colonel Sling, and I, were among the managing directors. We took a great many shares amongst us; but, of course, by far the greater number were submitted to public competition, and the frequenters of the money market bit with tolerable freedom. But there

were some wary old fish who refused so much as to nibble at the glittering bait, and foremost amongst them was old Muggins, that veteran stockbroker of whom Tom Harris had made mention at my table. Muggins was a character, and disagreeably outspoken. One day I met him at the Royal Exchange, and taking him playfully by the button, I asked him why he gave our Company the cold shoulder.

"Mr. Bulkeley, sir, I'll tell you," said Muggins, with a frown: "I shirk your Company, sir, because I can't afford to lose my property in duck-and-drake fashion among those swindling Yankees. I hate bubbles, sir, and this is worse, for it is a cruel robbery."

"Sir, sir! Mr. Muggins!" said I, choking with anger. What did this remarkable man proceed to say? Just this:

"George Bulkeley, I have known you from a boy, and you are an honest man, though not very bright (I was speechless at his effrontery). When I call this affair a swindle, I don't impute blame to you, for I am aware that you are a dupe, not a duper. But I don't pity you for losing some pen-feathers out of your wings, as you will do; I keep my pity for the poor wretches who will be plucked bare, and who can least spare the little savings or capital your fine prospectus has wheedled them into investing, — I mean the widows and old maids, the half-pay officers, the needy clergymen, that your Company is to ruin. I wish I could see your American friends in the pillory, I know! Good-day."

And off he went, leaving me very angry, but a little dismayed as well. After all, old Muggins passed for an oracle in the city; and seriously, had I examined sufficiently into the foundation of all the alluring statements we had published with the sanction of our names? What Muggins had said about the widows and poor helpless folks gave me an unpleasant twinge in my heart, and

conscience came and whispered, "George Bulkeley, the accomplice of rogues, is not very far from being a rogue himself, is he?" I made a bold resolution. I determined to go out myself to America, and, on the spot, thoroughly to investigate the condition and prospects of the line of railway. When I broached this proposal at the next meeting of the Board, Colonel Sling and the Doctor were found to be violently opposed to it, and to be inclined to resent such interference on my part as an insult. And the influence of the two Americans was very considerable with the committee, partly because all our information was derived from the authority of Colonel Sling, and partly because the transatlantic gentlemen had a custom of putting down and pooh-poohing whatever any one but themselves happened to say. But I was firm this time; and besides, as I offered to go out without putting the Company to any expense whatever, the opposition to my departure could not decently be continued. Then, to my surprise, Colonel Coriolanus Sling very kindly offered to accompany me, and to save me all trouble and inconvenience by lending me the aid of his perfect knowledge of the localities. The Doctor, as cashier, must of course remain at his post; but the Colonel could be spared, he felt assured he could be spared, and indeed he proposed that we should go as a deputation, and at the cost of the Company. Why not? Our shares were at a premium. Money was flowing in. All went prosperously with us. Why not? The Colonel's proposition was carried *nem. con.*, and it was agreed that George Bulkeley, Esq., and Colonel Coriolanus Sling, should proceed at once to Iowa, there to survey, report, and inspect. Mrs. Bulkeley's consent was procured; and indeed, but for the terrors of sea-sickness, she would have insisted on accompanying me. The Cunard packet, *Mersey*, was to sail from Liverpool on the 17th of the month;

our berths were engaged on board her; and it was duly agreed that the Colonel and I were to go down together on the day preceding that of embarkation. I never thoroughly understood why the gallant American officer did not keep his appointment. He wrote me a hurried note, saying that important business detained him in town, and that he would join me in Liverpool; but I believe a dinner at the Star and Garter, at Richmond, was the engagement in question. At any rate I travelled alone; alone I embarked; and though I looked out for the Colonel till the last moment, till the bell rang, and the plank was withdrawn, and the huge paddlewheels began to revolve, no Colonel came. And we went to sea with his name in the roll of passengers, but without his corporeal presence on deck or in cabin. I cannot say that I was altogether sorry. I felt instinctively that I was by far more likely to form an unbiassed judgment when alone. I felt that in company with a man so plausible, so fluent of speech, and so experienced in all the ways of the singular country for which I was bound, I should be in danger of seeing all objects through the rose-coloured haze in which it was the Colonel's policy to mask them. But, at the same time, I was a little nervous at the prospect of exploring the Far West without a Mentor; and the weight of the responsibility attaching to my report was not exactly reassuring. The packet was crowded, for many were desirous of making use of the last week or two of fine still weather, before the November gales should begin to expend their fury upon the vast breadth of the Atlantic. There were but few Britons on board; but there were Dons in abundance; and great numbers of pallid ladies, with Parisian toilettes and faulty teeth, and of sallow lean-visaged men in tail-coats and varnished boots, returning from a tour of European baths and cities. Also, there were plenty of keen-looking persons, who

eyed all mankind with suspicious scrutiny, who had memorandum-books sticking out of the pockets of their black satin vests, and who were probably not unconnected with commercial pursuits and the cotton trade. Aware that I was on my way to a new world in more senses of the word than one, a world whose standard of morality was wholly novel, I took every opportunity of acquiring information which might afterwards prove invaluable. I therefore associated exclusively with natives of the Western Continent, studied their sentiments, and stored up every scrap of information bearing on traffic and transit. I will own that my pride met with frequent abrasions; that my deepest-rooted convictions were rudely assaulted; and that I was unable to avoid observing that my neighbours would have been all the better for a little more attention to the precepts of Lord Chesterfield. We are not always very fastidious in the city: I am constantly obliged to bargain, dine, and converse, with uncommonly rough diamonds; but I do not think that any Cockney alive can contrive to render vulgarity so glaringly offensive as his Yankee congener. I was most unlucky in my fellow-passengers, some of whose habits were distressing to a degree, and did not show any remarkable improvement since the days when Mrs. Trollope and Captain Hamilton crossed the Atlantic. I began to owe Sir Walter a grudge for his discovery of tobacco, since tobacco, chewed to pulp, and lubricating the deck and cabin stairs with its nicotian extract, became the bugbear of my existence. Besides, I prefer to see gentlemen sit with their feet in a more normal position than an undue elevation of the boot soles can afford. I wish our transatlantic brothers would smoke a little less and wash a little more; and I never could entirely pardon young Mr. Tips for whittling my portman-teau. Mr. Tips—young Mr. Tips, that is—Minos Blackstone Story Tips—was the sharer of what was

facetiously" called my state-room. The latter was a wedge of a cabin, with two little berths in it, not quite so spacious as the box-beds in an old-fashioned Highland cottage, and was naturally meant to accommodate two passengers. Under ordinary circumstances, Colonel Sling would have held divided empire over this den with myself; and I believe that, in strict justice, the whole should have been mine, seeing that I had signed the cheque in payment for both passages. But berths were at a premium: several passengers had come on board at the last, and had to shift for their quarters as they might, and among them the Tips family. Now, although the "state-room" was rightfully mine, yet I was easily induced to permit the installation of young Mr. Tips in the undermost berth, though I admit that my temper was sorely tested when I found him in bed, one rather blustering afternoon, very sick, and beguiling the tedious hours, by operating with a sharp penknife on the glossy leather of my new portmanteau—Allen's best, fitted for India and the colonies. Also this delightful youth—a lawyer from the cradle, as his names imply—was fond of using my pet razor, and borrowing my scissors and brushes; was not over partial to soap and water; and sang queer nasal songs at untimely hours, besides smoking in bed. I might have had a pleasanter companion, but I had let him in, and there was no help for it, while, after all, the voyage was but for ten days. Why had I let him in? For two reasons: firstly, because exclusiveness is most unpopular among Republicans; and the old sentiment which dictated the New York proverb, that "A man must be a hog to want a bed all to himself," still exists in a modified form. Another reason was, that I wanted to make friends, and get letters of introduction to some Western citizens who would be able to tell me all about the Nauvoo and Nebraska Railway, and perhaps a little about Colonel Sling. I

knew that Americans, amongst each other at least, were most generous in this respect. I was aware that few retired storekeepers or land-jobbers brought over their charming families without being provided with introductions from ex-ministers and secretaries to half the peers and princes of Europe; that American diplomacy was subservient to any one who could influence an election; and that very queer folks indeed had the honour of figuring at royal levees and state balls under the wing of Franklin's eagle. I determined, therefore, to be as conciliatory as possible in all my dealings with the citizens and citizenesses of the model commonwealth.

I had the pleasure of making acquaintance with old Mr. Tips,—Judge Tips, of Salem, Mass.—his Christian name was Magnentius,—in rather a curious manner. He sat next to me at the general dinner in the best cabin or saloon. The table was crowded, but there were three below me, on the same side of the long board. The dinner was a capital one: the Cunard directors are famous for good feeding; and Judge Tips, father to my young companion, played an excellent knife and fork. A dish of peas came round, the last of the marrow-fats, the latest peas of summer; and indeed I cannot conceive from what remote market the steamboat purveyors had imported them, seeing that Covent Garden had been barren, in respect to this vegetable, for some weeks. I am very fond of peas, and was rejoiced to see my favourites once again; and I anxiously awaited their arrival. Miss Tips, Miss Julia Tips, and Tips *mère*, as the French would say, had each taken a decorous spoonful from the flying dish, and now the black waiter was offering the delicacy to Tips himself, enough being left for five persons at least. What was my horror to behold the Judge deliberately monopolise the whole—sweep, as I live, every pea into his own plate—and then

turning to me, with a greasy smile, remark, "I guess, stranger, I'm a whale at peas."* Yes, Mr. Bright tells sterling truth. There are some matters in which the most acquisitive of us all are distanced by an American. Judge Tips was obliging enough to favour me with a good deal of his improving conversation, and by meekness and affability I won his heart. He not only invited me to visit him at Salem, but when I hinted that I was on my way to the West, and should be glad to make the acquaintance of any notable citizens of Illinois or Iowa, he gave me the coveted letters of introduction to more than one magistrate, sheriff, and popular preacher. Nor did any accident mar the even tenor of our agreeable passage to New York. We had almost uniform good weather; and before the evening of the eleventh day, we were standing on the wooden landing-places of the Empire City, surrounded by German porters, Irish car-drivers, and Yankee touts. The latter race, wise in their generation, prefer head-work to the toil of actual muscle, and permit old Europe to furnish them with soldiers and foremast-men, stevedores, navvies, and dock labourers; while they supply officers, foremen, mates, and overlookers to regulate and profit by the exertions of their hirelings.

The Astor House is not what it was. It has been distanced by more gigantic competitors; and as for the Tremont, it is left high and dry, like a stranded whale, by the tide of fashion. Nevertheless, I bestowed my patronage on the latter, perhaps for Sam Slick's sake, and spent a couple of days under its hospitable roof while recovering from the sensation of cramp, tedium, and nausea quite inseparable from a sea voyage. Then I set out for the West. The journey, as far as Fort Madison, on the western boundary of the State of Illinois, I performed by railway, expeditiously

perhaps, and not very uncomfortably, in spite of the amount of rocking and swinging due to a carelessly-metalled "permanent way," if I may employ the phraseology of engineering. But I could not, with a clear conscience, agree with the enthusiastic comments of my fellow-travellers, as to the immense superiority, in speed and accommodation, of American railroads over those of Britain. After being jolted and swung till one's bones ached, all the time, perhaps, being at a net speed of thirty miles an hour, it was rather provoking to listen to such remarks as the following:—

"Wall, mister, I expect our flying locomotives do rayther astonish you. They kinder take the conceit out of Old England, I some think." Or, more gravely, "I believe, sir, it's pretty universally admitted that America whips the world for speed. We have beaten your yachts, we have licked your racers, and our trains must make you think small beer of your expresses. We go ahead, *we* do!"

I take great praise to myself that I was always able to keep my temper, and to abstain from polemics. But argument would have been useless. I had to do with a people who saw the outer world through the spectacles of their journalists, and who would no more admit the imperfections of America than a lover will see a blemish in his mistress. To them America was all in all; and the mightiest countries in Europe were esteemed by them as rotten and worthless, only existing by the sufferance of the Giant Republic. As for my praise of the British Constitution, they simply laughed at it, assuring me that I knew nothing about the matter, and that there could be no liberty where a plain man was not allowed to go to court in his working dress if he chose. But I had not crossed the ocean to argue: I had come to pluck out the heart of the mystery concerning the Nauvoo and Ne-

* Fact.

braska Railway. And I was very careful at dinner-tables, bars, cafés, and railway cars, to elicit all available information with respect to the resources of the West. What I heard was, of course, vague; but on the whole it contained some comfort. It appeared certain that a great trade was carried on by land and water; that towns started up with incredible quickness in the midst of desolate prairies, or, like Chicago, on piles in a swamp; and that hardy men were taming the wilderness. So far so good. But it did not appear to me that security to life and property went in exactly the same ratio as the increase of wealth. I heard odd stories about regulators, vigilance committees, and Judge Lynch. Mob-law seemed paramount to written statutes; and the fiat of a legal court required to be backed by the good pleasure of a majority before its execution could be guaranteed. Besides, the moral standard of the community did not rank as high as perhaps a very delicate sense of honour required. Commercial tricks were spoken of as "clever," or "ingenious," which in other lands would have engaged the serious attention of the law-officers of the Crown; and the most unprincipled ruse was mentioned with laughter and indulgence, if not with approbation. All this augured badly, methought, for the prospects of the Nauvoo and Nebraska Railway. And yet I did not despair, and still less did I drop a hint of my suspicions to any casual acquaintance. It was not for me, a managing director, to denounce the project with which my name was, alas! inextricably linked, until it should be proved a bubble on the very clearest evidence. I reached Fort Madison, the most remote point to which the steam-horse could convey me, and had, at any rate, the satisfaction of knowing that I was within a few miles of Nauvoo. I hired a mule-waggon for the journey, and sitting down to dinner at the public table of the hotel, I in-

quired what sort of a place Nauvoo might be?

"Nauvoo, mister," said a tall gaunt man, whom his friends addressed as "Major," "Nauvoo is a pretty considerable sprig of a city. It is a tall place, sir. There air good points and great developments about Nauvoo. Do you settle down there, stranger? I could sell you a lot of land awful cheap."

"Thank you," said I, "I have no intention of becoming a resident at Nauvoo; I merely wish to visit it."

"I see," observed another guest; "you want to have a peep at the great temple the Mormons built before Joe Smith was shot at Springfield. 'Tain't much you'll see, though, stranger, for the place is all to ruin. The bhoys were not soft enough to let so much cedar-pine and dressed limestone stand, when houses were costing hatfulls of dollars. But Nauvoo has some fine bluff, considered a signal to any scenery the old Rhine can show."

"Air you in the hardware line? If so, we might trade, I guess;" said a little man at my elbow.

"No, no;" I returned, "my journey is not of a commercial character, exactly."

"Political, eh?" asked the Major: "picking up news, perhaps, for your Downing Street wiseacres, and feeling Uncle Sam's pulse to know when the old gentleman is at fever heat, eh, mister?"

"Not at all," said I; "I have no mission of the sort; nor, indeed, do I believe the British Government to entertain any peculiar anxiety on the subject you mention."

A cough and shrug of disapprobation pervaded the assembly.

"It is well known, sir," said the tall Major, "that the Government of your benighted land is ever on the watch for the expression of American opinion. American opinion, sir, has great weight in your House of Commons."

"I was not aware of it, I give you my word;" I answered with a smile.

"Perhaps not, sir, perhaps not," replied the Major, pityingly. "Do you never read the 'Evening Planet,' sir, when you are at home?"

I winced. The truth was, that I *did* take in the 'Evening Planet,' and heedfully perused therein the valuable dicta of its eloquent proprietor, a celebrated parliamentary and platform orator. And I had been accustomed to give credence to the confident assurance of this gentleman, that we were miles behind the Northern States of the American Union in all that was useful and good, and that we could not do better than copy so shining a model in all things. I had read and heard the bold statement, made in defiance of statistics, that America was floating peacefully on the tide of prosperity into the haven of universal empire—an empire won by bloodless means, of course; for what nation, unsaddled with an aristocracy, would dream of war, while Britain was sinking into decrepitude and decay! All this, and much more, had I heard and read, and I had believed that Britannia ought to sit at the feet of her flighty offspring for instruction, and to remodel her old institutions after a republican pattern. But, as not seldom happens, a nearer view of the United States did not precisely confirm the loud assertions of the Americanising party in the British press and senate, and I was gradually losing my ideal admiration for transatlantic liberty and customs. After the rapid dinner, and the more leisurely supplement of juleps and brandy-cobblers imbibed in the bar-room of the hotel, I asked a coloured waiter if my waggon and mules were forthcoming, as I was desirous of reaching Nauvoo before dark.

"Iss, massa," answered the negro, and whisked off with his rapkin to inquire after the lingering equipage.

The Major said he was going to Nauvoo too, and begged the favour of a lift, which I willingly conceded.

The mules and waggon, with their whipcracking teamster, soon

rattled up to the door; my bill was promptly paid, my baggage transferred to the vehicle; the Major and I climbed into our places, and we started.

"How comes it, Major," said I, "that there is no line open to Nauvoo?"

The Major knocked the ashes off his cigar as he replied, "Wall, I suppose it wouldn't pay. Rail to Fort Madison is all right and spry, because Uncle Sam has property there; but I guess not a dime could be drawn from Washington treasury to make a line on to Nauvoo."

"And from Nauvoo, westward through Iowa, say to Nebraska," observed I, with affected carelessness; "what would you say to the prospects of a railroad in that direction?"

My heart throbbed audibly as I spoke, for all my feigned indifference, and I listened with anxiety for the Major's reply. I had not long to wait.

"That depends," said my fellow-traveller, with sagacious deliberation, "on the sort of rail you talk about. Is it a line to go no farther than Wall Street, and perhaps your London Chapel Court, that you are speaking of, mister?"

"Wall Street and Chapel Court! Upon my life, I hardly comprehend you," returned I.

"Moonshine, flummery, make-believe, sleepers, rails, stations, all of paper, *that's* what I mean, stranger!" rejoined the Major, somewhat impatiently.

"But I spoke of a bona fide concern—of a real railway, a really made and fairly worked," answered I: "what would you say to that?"

"Say!" replied the Major, with infinite contempt. "say! Let me see the gones. Trot 'em up to me, sir. Just let me have a look at the simple ones that are at the head of the business, and I'll tell them what I think, fast enough. No, Nauvoo is a rising place, a neat little one, but it can wait for a rail once while, most every sage plant on the prairie turns to silver dollars."

After this I asked the Major no more questions. We reached Nauvoo, and through the dusk I espied the shingled roofs of its houses, the bold bluffs of limestone, the rushing coffee-coloured river, and the unfinished building lots with their heaps of wreck and rubbish. We put up at the General Jackson Hotel. I had a letter of introduction to Squire Park of Nauvoo, a gentleman in the flatboat interest, who owed his title of Squire to his being in the commission of the peace. But on repairing to his house I was doomed to disappointment — the more vexatious because Mr. Park had been eulogised by Judge Tips as a man who knew the West thoroughly. Squire Park was gone to Cairo on business, and was not expected back before the end of the month. On consulting the map I carried, I found that a place called Keosauque was the nearest of the few towns in Iowa to the line of railway, real or imaginary, in connection with which my name, and those of other men of respectability and substance, were flaming, in advertisements and on the broad-heets of a prospectus, throughout the British metropolis. I set off to Keosauque, mounted on an Indian pony, and accompanied by a guide in the shape of a wiry backwoodsman, in an enduring costume of leather, and who gave accommodation to my portmanteau behind his saddle. For some miles we rode in silence over the apparently boundless sea of grass, mottled with weeds and flowers, and occasionally studded with lone farmhouses and maize fields, or by herds of grazing cattle. Those half-reclaimed mustangs are not the most pleasant mount for a timid rider, nor am I, George Bulkeley of Stamford Hill, a very adventurous horseman; and before we had got far, I began to wish the brute I rode would desist from what seemed an alternation of starts and stumbles. My guide, a good-humoured wild man, observed my embarrassment, and undertook its removal.

"See here, Colonel," said he — strangers in the West are usually decorated with visionary epaulettes — "you mustn't keep the rein so slack as that, nor yet hold your hand up level with your cravat, or, scalp me, but you'll be spilt! Mustangs want a tight grip on the bit. So — steady now. Stick in your knees, Colonel, and scorn to ketch hold of the pummel — so. Do as you see me do; give him a touch of the spur, but mind his kicking — for mustangs *can* kick, they *can*. You'll do nicely, now."

Ichabod was a skilful riding-master, by instinct, I suppose; and, thanks to his forcible instructions, I was soon on better terms with my refractory quadruped. On we rode, over the waving grass, through the rank weeds, through the belts of cottonwood timber and maples that skirted every streamlet, and past the swampy bottoms where sluggish waters wound like wounded snakes. We dined on dried venison, jerked beef, parched corn, and hominy, at a farm which did duty for an inn, and slept at another house of the same character. Next day we resumed our route; and as we rode towards Keosauque, I ventured to ask Ichabod if he had ever heard of the Great Nauvoo and Nebraska Railway. I had been hitherto averse to propounding this query; for how could I tell whether the interests of my informant might conflict with mine? — but with this rough frontiersman I felt I was safe. He, at least, was no rival speculator — no shareholder in a competing line — no steamboat proprietor, or lord of many stage-waggons. But his first answer was not satisfactory. It was comprised in the one word, "Anan!"

"The Railway" — asked I again — "from Nauvoo to Nebraska: not a finished thing, of course; but you surely must have seen or heard of the works — the bridges, the embankments, and the rest of the preparations?"

Ichabod shook his head. "You're talking Greek to me, Colonel, and that air a fact."

"How is it possible," cried I, in an agony, "that there can have been a railway begun in this country, and the settlers unaware of it? Surely you must be a stranger to this part of the State yourself!"

"You're wrong there, Colonel," answered Ichabod; "I'm Illinois born, but I'm Iowa bred. In this State I was raised; and I don't believe there's a thing happened over the border sin' I could mount a horse, be it buffler or deer, loping Indian, runaway nigger, or Yankee pedlar, without my hearing on't. Stop" (and he smote his knee with a palm as hard as iron) — "I've got it. You're talking of Harvey's Folly."

And I thought the young backwoodsman would have tumbled off his horse in the extravagant burst of mirth which this discovery produced. "Who-whoop!" cried he; "I've seen queer sights, but never did I think to see a stranger come out in a bee-line from the old country — no offence, Colonel! — to ax about Harvey's Folly. I'd nigh forgot that the thing existed at all. Wah! but it beats coon-catching!"

With some trouble I got an explanation. It appeared from the borderer's statement that, years ago, a speculative individual of the name of Harvey had undertaken to construct a railway from Nebraska to Nauvoo, with a branch linking it to the Central Illinois line. He had obtained the usual charter and grant of land from the State, and had actually commenced operations between Keosauque and New Buda, two little towns not far from the Missouri boundary. But he had soon desisted from the Sisyphean task, ruined, disheartened, or disappointed of the aid on which he had somewhat sanguinely reckoned; and thenceforth no more had been said of the scheme or the schemer. "But the property," groaned I, "the works, surely *they* must remain?"

"Why," said Ichabod, meditatively, "I kinder think there's rails laid down a bit — yee, for some miles I guess, and they'll be there still.

The cussed Indians can't have stampeded them, like they do the cattle. There's a tidy bridge over a creek or two Harvey built, and some sheds and scantling; and that's about all."

"All," said I, "think again, Ichabod. Surely there must be more plant than that, and then the rolling stock?"

The frontiersman laughed. "We know more about gunstocks than rolling stocks, out here on the pararas," said he; "and I never heard of plants, unless 'twas hickory or sumach. But I've kinder catalogued the hull fixings for you, Colonel, without 'tis a pile of rusty iron, or a few waggon-loads of logs — neat bits of oak timber they were, trimmed and dressed, and shaped mighty like a saddle tree, that Harvey left on the ground."

"The sleepers, I suppose," returned I; "are they there still?"

"Well, Colonel, mebber some of 'em are taking a nap there still," replied Ichabod, "but parara men often camp thereabouts, hunting, cattle-tending, or prospecting, and firewood being mortal scarce on the plains, 'twasn't to be expected the bhoys wouldn't make free with some chips to cook with. I may have had a chop at those logs with my tomahawk, when I wanted a broil, onst or twice, myself."

I groaned again. The Great Nauvoo and Nebraska Railway was evidently as brittle a speculation as Alnashar's basket of glass. I finished the ride to Keosauque in moody reverie. There was no other guest to share such rugged plenty as the wooden tavern, called by courtesy the Eagle Hotel, could afford; and as the landlord was absent, and the landlady busy in the management of her children and Irish helps, no one talked to me, and I sat sullen and dejected the whole evening. Next day, tired as I was, I set out again, under Ichabod's guidance, to visit what he persisted in naming Harvey's Folly. We reached the spot at last. A swampy level, intersected by run-

lets of water, and with a good deal of thorny brake, and here and there a clump of cottonwood poplars diversifying the scene, had been selected by Mr. Harvey for the site of his preliminary operations. Why he had chosen that wet ground at all, when so much dry prairie lay beyond, of very tolerable smoothness, it is difficult to conjecture; but perhaps the more accurate level had tempted him. There were rails, certainly there were rails, half-hidden by the growth of hemlocks and rank grass; but on dismounting I discovered that for lack of proper metal trams, the rails had been constructed of *wood*, covered with a thin slip of iron—not an unusual device in out-of-the-way parts of America, as I was afterwards told. The fastenings were very defective, the sleepers loose, and the whole concern had a crazy haphazard look. Such as they were, these precious rails were continued for about 5 miles—5 miles out of 350!—and then they terminated in a mass of ruin and confusion. There were roofless sheds, scantlings and screens blown down by hurricane gusts, heaps of rusty iron, broken tools, damaged wheelbarrows, and a shattered truck with only one wheel left. Also there were a quantity of sleepers of dressed oak, and the fragments of many more, split by the axe and charred to coal, as they lay around the blackened spots of burnt turf, where many a camp fire had been lit by the frontiersmen. That was all the valuable property left at the disposal of the directors. The sight sickened me. "Harvey's Folly," muttered I between my teeth, "say rather Bulkeley's Folly—Bulkeley's credulity, idiocy, weakness! And not only mine, but Tom Harris's and that of all of us. What a long-eared pack were we to be lured by the crafty piping of such a dissembling knave as that glib Colonel!" I rode away, sad and careworn. Ichabod's quaint talk was unnoticed. I had another companion that claimed my undivided attention, and that was

Care, Black Care, which sat crouching behind my saddle. I was haunted by a ghastly phantom of impending bankruptcy. The London Gazette spread its ill-omened sheet before me, and in its fatal columns I read, in flaming characters, "George Bulkeley, of Cannon Street in the City of London, and Stamford Hill, Middlesex, to surrender at Portugal Street on Monday the 14th instant. Official Assignee, Mr. Wilks!" That it should have come to this! Ruin, ruin, ruin. Ruin and disgrace to us all, the duped directors of this wretched swindle. Were we not responsible for the debts of the undertaking? Was not the paid-up capital in the treacherous hands of our Yankee cashier, Dr. Titus A. C. Bett, and could there be a doubt that it was lost for ever? Plainly the whole business was a fraudulent trick from the first—a net to catch gold-fish! Ah! already with my mind's eye I saw the broker's men in possession of Magnolia Villa; I saw my costly furniture, the cellar of wines I had been so proud of, carriages, pictures, everything submitted to public competition by a smirking auctioneer. I heard the hammer fall, knocking down my Lares and Penates to the highest bidder. Going, going, gone! the accursed formula rang in my ears with baleful clearness. Magnolia Cottage to let! My family hiding in poor lodgings in Boulogne! George Bulkeley, a moody bankrupt, slinking about the pier of that refuge for insolvency, and afraid to face the Stock Exchange! Even though the Court might declare me blameless, even though the commissioner might whitewash me into commercial purity, my conscience was less complaisant, and sternly refused me even a third-class certificate.

I might have had the right to ruin myself and family, but what right had I to make desolate the hearths of many helpless and confiding people? How about those shareholders ignorant of business

those pinched vicars, needy widows, poor old half-pay officers, and the rest, who had been dazzled by our prospectus, and had invested their savings in the pocket of Dr. Titus A. C. Bett? It was my respectable name, in common with those of my fellows in the Direction, which had baited the hook for such poor prey as these. My heart—even City men have hearts sometimes—was heavy and mournful with a grief not wholly selfish. Plump! fluff! down went the mustang on his knees, his feet having plunged into the holes that led to the dwellings of some “prairie-dogs”—interesting little brutes that burrow all over the plains—and over the animal’s head I flew with the force of a sky-rocket. Lighting with a great thump on the hard turf, I ran no trifling risk of a broken neck; but my hat saved me, at the expense of its own demolition, and I was only stunned. But when Ichabod hurried to the rescue he found me bruised and faint, and with a sprained thumb that caused me exquisite pain for the time. So stupified was I by the shock, that I did not hear the beat of hoofs upon the green carpet of the prairie, nor the sound of friendly voices, and was surprised, on looking up, to see that I was surrounded by a large party of equestrians, who were surveying me from the saddle with every appearance of interest. Riding-habits and side-saddles here in prairie-land! hats and feathers, too, of most ladylike elegance, and a pair of pretty, rather pale faces under the shadow of those plumed felts. Besides the two girls, there were a grey-haired elderly man, two younger gentlemen, and three or four mounted blacks in suits of striped cotton, one of whom led a couple of hounds in a long leash, while another had a buck strapped behind him on the horse.

“Is the poor gentleman much hurt?” asked one of the young ladies in a sweet kind voice. Ichabod, as bold as a lion in general, was awkward and bashful when

addressed by a lady, and seemed to be weighing the words of his answer, when I felt it necessary to reply for myself. On discovering that I was a stranger in the land, General Warfield insisted that I should accompany the party to his house, just across the Missouri border, where my injured thumb should receive every attention, and where he and his family would gladly welcome me. Yielding willingly to this hospitable persuasion, I permitted Ichabod and one of the negroes to help me to remount my mustang, and we rode towards the Missouri boundary. The family whose acquaintance I had just made in so singular a way, bore no similarity to the travelling Americans whom it had previously fallen to my lot to encounter. General Warfield, his son, daughters, and nephew, had the well-bred air and unobtrusive demeanour which I had hitherto deemed exclusively insular. They asked me no abrupt questions as to my station or errand: they indulged in no diatribes against my country, nor in any extravagant laudations of their own; and I might have fancied myself the guest of some long-descended family at home, but for the wild scenes and unusual objects that met my eyes as we rode along. It turned out that General Warfield, a retired military officer, *not* a militiaman, was of an old Virginian family, and had migrated to the newer soil of Missouri six years ago. There his children had grown to be men and women, in the hardy habits of that wild country, a mere outpost of civilisation; and indeed they were returning from a hunting expedition into Iowa when they stumbled upon me in my prostrate condition. Three hours’ ride brought us to the General’s house, a large building of mingled wood and stone, with a pretty garden on one hand, and on the other the farm-buildings, the corrals for horses and cattle, and the negro huts. Within I found furniture of old-fashioned dark

mahogany, partridge-wood, and bird's-eye maple, old family pictures, pretty knickknacks picked up during a three years' residence in Europe, and the massive silver plate which had been handed down from father to son ever since the ancestral Warfield settled in Virginia in the reign of Charles I. I never knew anything so *un-American*, in respect to the usual standard of comparison, as the mode of life, the bearing, and tastes, of General Warfield and his high-spirited and amiable children. Here was no exaggeration of sentiment, no outrageous national vanity, no rude indifference to the feelings of others, no prying, no pretension. I felt, as I conversed with them, how wide was the gulf that severed the North from the South. It was not diversity of interest alone, but diversity of habits, principles, and aspirations. Wide apart in heart and mind as the poles from each other, the citizens of the opposite ends of the Union had but the feeble Federal bond to delay that violent disruption and severance of which, even then, the signs of the times gave fearful warning. But it is not my purpose to linger on the happy days I spent beneath the roof of my kind hosts. Let me rather relate the information I received from General Warfield, when his friendly hospitality had caused me to confide to his ear my errand to America, and the ruin I had too much reason to anticipate.

"My dear sir," said the General, "I am glad you have told me of this—very glad. I can help you in this matter."

The General then proceeded to tell me that, in the first year of his residence in Missouri, Harvey, a notorious speculator, had begun the railway whose miserable wreck I had visited. He had given it up for want of funds, had become insolvent, and was reputed to have died in Texas. That he had received a real concession of land and authentic charters from the State

legislatures, was undoubted. But the concession had been clogged by the express stipulation, that in two years Harvey should have a hundred and fifty miles in working order, and that the whole should be completed in four years. The condition not having been complied with, the concession was null and void. The Great Nauvoo and Nebraska Railway Company, had no right to a corporate existence.

"But," said I, "I of course perused the papers. I saw no mention of such a conditional clause."

The General smiled.

"Depend upon it, Mr. Bulkeley," said he, "that erasure and forgery have been practised to make the old deeds sufficiently tempting to effect the only purpose their present holders have in view—that of raising cash in the London market. Colonel Sling—who, by the way, is no more a colonel, even of militia, than black Cæsar there—is no novice at fraud. He was convicted at Jefferson city of a like offence, and I was present at his trial, and heard some of his antecedents; indeed, I was a witness in the case. But if you will take my advice, you will hasten back to England, and, if possible, save the funds in the hands of this confederate of his, this Bett, before the pair can abscond with their gains. Do not parley, but apply to the police at once, if, indeed, it be not too late."

Finally, General Warfield was so good as to accompany me to the chief town of Iowa State, where he introduced me to the legal authorities, by whom his statements were fully confirmed, and the Nauvoo and Nebraska declared a transparent swindle. In this town we suddenly came on "Colonel" Sling, who had come out by the next packet, and was tracking me, no doubt in the hope of hoodwinking or silencing me in some mode or other. But when he saw the General, his swaggering air collapsed, a guilty crimson suffused his yellow cheeks, and he slunk away and entered a tavern without accosting

us. And yet when, after giving hearty thanks to my kindly Virginian friend, I hurried to embark at New York, I had the honour of finding Colonel Coriolanus Sling, my fellow-passenger. He now ventured to address me, but by this time I was on my guard against his specious eloquence, and he retired with an air of mingled effrontery and shame. At Liverpool, as I took my seat in the train, which I did without the loss of a moment, I saw Colonel Sling dart into the telegraph office. So busy was my brain with what was before me, that I did not, during the principal part of the journey, attach any particular meaning to this proceeding of my treacherous ally. When I did think of its probable object, I struck my forehead, and could have cursed my blind stupidity, my dullness of conception. After all my haste, scampering as quickly as possible to the station at Liverpool, was I to be too late, after all? Was this Yankee rascal to be permitted to warn his brother knave in London through my inattention, and was the paid-up capital to fatten the two harpies whose tools we had been? Heavy misgivings filled my heart as I arrived in London, hurried to Scotland Yard, and requested that a detective policeman might at once be ordered to accompany me to the residence of Dr. Titus A. C. Bett, cashier to the Nauvoo and Nebraska Company. Luckily I was a man of credit and character in the city; my request was granted instantly, and off whirled the hansom cab, as fast as hansom cab could be impelled by the most lavish bribe, on its way to Piccadilly, bearing me and a quiet man with a resolute, thoughtful face, in plain

clothes. Ha! there is a cab waiting at the door as we jump out—I hot and breathless, the policeman cool and steady. The gaping servant-girl belonging to the lodgings comes quickly at our knock. It is morning yet, early morning, from a London point of view—not much after nine.

"Is Dr. Bett in?"

"Yes, sir," replies the girl, "but he's just a-going. He sent me out for the cab five minutes ago, and he's called away so sudden he won't take breakfast."

"Ah, indeed!" says the detective; "telegram, I suppose, eh?"

"Yes, sir," replied the maid, "and he swore hawful because I hadn't woke him up directly it came, two hours ago, along with the milk, but I didn't dare, 'cause he always stops out late, and always swears and scolds if I bring up his hot water before nine o'clock."

I could have hugged that maid, Mary Ann, Eliza, or Susan, no matter what, for she was my preserver—a most valuable but unwitting ally. I did give her a sovereign as I bade her show us up. We found the Doctor, unshaved, half dressed, tugging at his boots, and with a leather dressing-case weighty with gold and notes lying on the table at his elbow. We rushed in with scant ceremony. The detective tapped him on the shoulder and took him into custody with the magic formula of uttering her Majesty's name. The bubble burst, but the funds were saved; and after some expense, ridicule, and trouble, we were able to return their money to the shareholders, and I washed my hands most gladly of my American investment.

THE LANDSCAPE OF ANCIENT ITALY, AS DELINEATED IN THE
POMPEIAN PAINTINGS.

"Und aber nach zweitausend Jahren
Kam ich desselbigen Wegs gefahr'n."

"Et puis nous irons voir, car décadence et deuil
Viennent toujours après la puissance et l'orgueil,
Nous irons voir"

WE are so much accustomed to depend on the four great literary languages for the whole body of our information and amusement, that it occurs to few to consider that ignorance of other European dialects involves any inconvenience at all, except to those who have occasion to visit the countries in which they are spoken. Yet there is much of really valuable matter which sees the light only in the minor tongues, especially those of the industrious North, and with which the world has never been made familiar through translation. Joachim Frederic Schouw, the Danish botanist, is one of the writers of our day who has suffered most prejudicially both to his own fame and to the public from having employed only his native language. For his writings are not only valuable in a scientific point of view, but belong to the most popular order of scientific writing, and would assuredly have been general favourites, had not the bulk of them remained untranslated. His *'Tableau du Climat de l'Italie'* has, however, appeared in French, and is a standard work. A little collection of very brief and popular essays, entitled *'The Earth, Plants, and Man,'* has been translated both into German and English. One of these, styled *'The Plants of Pompeii,'* is founded on a rather novel idea. The paintings on the walls of the disinterred houses of that city contain (among other things) many landscape compositions. Sometimes these are accessory to historical representations. But they often merely portray the scenery

of ordinary out-door life. The old decorators of the Pompeian chambers had indeed an evident taste for those trivial tricks of theatrical deception, which are still very popular in Italy. Their verdure, sky, and so forth, seem often as if meant to impose on the spectator for a moment as realities; and are, therefore, executed in a "realistic" though sketchy style. "Consequently," says Schouw, "the observation of the plants which are represented in these paintings will give, as far as they go, the measure of those which were familiar to the ancient eye, and will help to show the identities and the differences between the vegetation of the Campanian plains a hundred years after Christ, and that which adorns them now."

We propose to follow the Professor through this confined but elegant little chapter of his investigations. But by restraining ourselves to this alone, we should be dealing with only part of a subject. In most regions, two thousand years have made considerable changes in the appearance of the vegetable covering of the earth; but in that land of volcanic influences in which Pompeii stood, great revolutions have taken place, during that time, in the structure of the ground itself. Sea and land have changed places; mountains have risen and sunk; the very outlines and main landmarks of the scene are other than what they were. Let us for a moment imagine ourselves gazing with Emperor Tiberius from his "specular height" on precipitous Capri, at that unequalled panorama of sea and land formed

devoured, cannot help looking with a certain eagerness for the occurrence of those two interesting catastrophes, of which the day and hour are written down in the book of the Fates—that combination of high tide, west wind, and land-flood, which is to drown St. Petersburg; that combination of south-east wind and first-class eruption which is to bury Naples in ashes. This finale seemed nearer in that recent eruption of December 1860, which spent its fury on Torre del Greco, than perhaps on any former occasion; but once more the danger passed away.

To return, however, from this digression, which has nothing to excuse it except the interest which clings even to often-repeated stories respecting the popular old volcano. Other features in that wonderful panorama, seen from Capri, have undergone scarcely inferior changes since the time of Tiberius. Yonder rich tract of level land at the mouth of the Sarno, between Torre dell' Annunziata and Castellamare, did not exist. The sea has retreated from it. Tiberius saw, instead of it, a deep bay washing the walls of the compact little provincial city of Pompeii. But the neighbouring port of Stabiae is gone: not a vestige of its site remains. Above it to the right, Monte Sant' Angelo, and the limestone sierra of which it forms a part, remain, no doubt, unchanged by time. Only that marvellous range of Roman villas and gardens which lined its foot for leagues, almost rivalling the structures of the opposite Bay of Baiae for magnificence, has disappeared, no one knows how or when. The diver off the coast of Sorrento can touch with his hand the long ranges of foundation work, brick and marble, which now lie many feet beneath the deep clear water. It was a strange fit of short-lived magnificence, that which induced the grandest of millionnaires, the chiefs of the Augustan age, to raise their palaces, all round the Gulf of Naples, on vaulted ranges of piles laid within the sea, so

that its luxurious ripple should be heard under the rooms in which they lived. Niebuhr, who, with all his curious insight into the ways of antiquity, was not superior to the temptation of finding a new reason for everything, asserts that they did so in order to escape the *malaria*. But that mysterious evil influence extended some way beyond the shore. The country craft will, to this day, keep as far as they can, in the summer nights, off the coast of the Campagna, while the quiet land-breeze is waiting death from the interior. The real causes were, doubtless, what the writers of the time disclose. The land close to the shore was dear and scanty, and ill-accommodated for building, from its steepness. The first new-comer who set the fashion of turning sea into land, was imitated by others in the mere wantonness of wealth, until the whole shore became lined with palatial edifices, like the grand Canal of Venice; but not so durably. These classical structures, frequently delineated with more or less detail in the Pompeian frescoes, were as beautiful and as transitory as those of our dreams; or like the vision which Claude Lorraine transferred to canvass in the most poetical of landscapes, his 'Enchanted Palace.' Judging from the singular phenomena exhibited by the 'Temple of Serapis,' and by other topographical records, geologists have concluded that land and sea, in this volcanic region, wax and wane in long successions of ages. Thus the sea rose (or rather the land sank) on the coast of the Bay of Naples for about eleven centuries previous to A.D. 1000; then the reverse movement took place until about A.D. 1500: and the land is now sinking again. If so, these marine palaces must have gradually subsided into the sea, and their owners may have been driven out by the invasion of cuttle-fish and sea-hedgehogs, and other monsters of the Mediterranean shallows, in their best bedrooms, even before

Norman or Saracen incursions had reduced them to desolation. But whatever the cause of their disappearance, they had vanished before modern history began; nor has modern luxury in its most profuse mood, ever sought to reproduce them. Their submarine ruins remain as memorials of ages when men were at all events more daring and earnest in their extravagance, and the "lust of the eye and the pride of life" were deified on a grander scale, than at any other epoch of the world's history.

Naples herself, the "idle" and the "learned" (for the ancients called her somewhat inconsistently by both epithets, nor had she as yet acquired her more recent soubriquet of the "beautiful"), formed a far less conspicuous object in the view than now; it was a place of some twenty or thirty thousand souls, according to Niebuhr's conjectural estimate; confined between the modern mole on the one hand, and the Gate del Carmine on the other; and nestling close in the neighbourhood of the sister city Herculaneum. The lofty line of the houses on the Chiaia—of which you may now almost count the windows in the top storeys from the sea-level at Capri, through that pellucid atmosphere, while the lower storeys are hidden by the earth's curvature—did not then exist. But instead of it there extended the endless terraces and colonnades, the cypress avenues and plane groves, of that range of fortress-palaces erected by Pollio and Lucullus, enlacing island, and beach, and ridge, even to the point of Posilippo with tracery of dazzling marble. Here, however, the mere natural changes have been small, except that an island or two (like that of the Castel dell' Uovo) has since been joined to the continent. But farther west, round the Bay of Baia, fire and water have dealt most fantastically with the scenery. Scarcely a prominent feature on which the Roman eye rested remains unchanged. Quiet little Ni-

sida was a smoking semi-volcano. Yonder level dun-coloured shore, from Pozzuoli to the Lucrine, was under water, and the waves dashed against a line of cliff now some miles inland. That crater-shaped Lake of Agnano, now the common resort of Neapolitan holiday-makers, did not exist; it must have been formed by some unrecorded convulsion of the dark ages. Yonder neatly truncated cone, rising five hundred feet above the plain, seems as permanent a feature in the landscape as any other of the "everlasting hills;" but it was the creation of a few days of violent eruption, only three centuries ago—as its name of Monte Nuovo still indicates—whether by "upheaval" or by "ejection," philosophers dispute. But the beautiful Lucrine Lake, the station of Roman fleets and the very central point of Roman luxury, disappeared in the same elemental commotion; leaving a narrow stagnant pool behind. Only yon slight dyke or barrier of beach, between this shrunken mere and the sea, deserves respect; for that has remained, strange to say, almost unaltered throughout. It is one of the very oldest legendary spots of earth; doubtless the very road along which Hercules dragged the oxen of Geryon; the very "narrow shore" on which Ulysses landed, in order to call up the melancholy shades of the dead. Farther inland, again, Avernus remains unchanged, in shape at least; but many and strange are the revolutions which it has undergone in other respects. We first hear of it as a dark pool, surrounded by forests; the bed, doubtless of an ancient crater filled with water, and retaining much of volcanic action; but not (as commonly supposed) fatal to the birds that flew over it. That notion is not classical; or rather it is founded on a misconception of classical authorities. The pool is not called by the best writers "lacus Avernus" but "lacus Avernus," the lake of the Avernus. What is an Avernus? Lucretius tells us

that it is a spot where noxious gases escape from the earth, so that the birds which fly over it fall dead on the earth or into the lake if there happens to be a lake below them.

"*Si forte lacus substratus Averno est.*"

And Virgil's description, accurately construed, gives exactly the same meaning.

"*Spelunca alta fuit . . .
 . . . tuta lacu nigro nemorum que
 tenebris,
 Quam super*" (not quem super, over the cavern, not the lake)
 . . . "haud ullæ poterant impund volantes
*Tendere iter pennis . . .
 Unde locum*" (not lacum) "*Græci dixerunt nomine Aornon.*"

It was the exhalations from the mysterious cavern that were deadly, not those from the lake. Such an "Avernus" is the "Gueva Upas" or Valley of Death, in Java, to which condemned criminals were formerly sent to perish; whence the romance about the Upas Tree. And such an Avernus, on a small scale, still exists on the shore of the peaceful little Lake of Laach in Germany, also an extinct crater: there are spots on its beach where bird-corpses are to be found in numbers, killed by mephitic exhalations. But to return to our lake—it must at that time have lain at or (like some other extinct craters) below the level of the sea; for Augustus's great engineering operation consisted in letting the sea into the lake.

"*Tyrrhennusque fretis immittitur æstus Avernus.*"

Fifteen hundred years afterwards, and just before the Monte Nuovo eruption, the place was visited by that painful old topographer, Leandro Alberti, the Leland of Italy. The channel made by Augustus was then gone; but the lake was still on a level with the sea, for he asserts that in storms the sea broke into it: and the water, as he expressly affirms, was salt. Now, its level is several feet above that of the sea, and the water is fresh. The upheaval must have been gradual and peaceful, for the outline of the lonely mere is as

perfectly rounded now as the poet Lycophron described it;—but a portion only of that bewildering succession of changes of which this coast has been the theatre: the latest vibration of that vast commotion figured in the legendary war of the Giants. Nor is it quite so wild a conjecture as some have deemed it, that the tradition which peopled this bright coast with Cimmerians—then dwellers in the everlasting mist on the border-land between the dead and the living—had its origin in the tales of primeval navigators, who had visited the neighbourhood during some mighty and prolonged eruption, covering sea and shore with a permanent darkness which "might be felt;" like the coast of Iceland in 1783, when for a whole summer continual eruptions arose from the sea as well as the land: when "the noxious vapours that for many months infected the air, enveloped the whole island in a dense fog which obscured the sun, and was perceptible even in England and Holland."

Still farther westward in our panoramic view, the confusion between past and present becomes even more undecipherable. Bath has disappeared; a stately city of pleasure, which, to judge by its remaining foundations, rose on a hillside in terraces, something like its British counterpart Bath, but with its foot washed by the Mediterranean instead of the Avon: so has Misenum, with its naval station: and not only are these towns gone, but the land on which they stood seems so to have changed its shape, through earthquakes, marine encroachments, and the labour of men, that its very outlines are altered, until the eye rests at last on the peak of Ischia, which ends the semicircle.

Thus much by way of introduction to the more immediate point of our inquiry: the changes in the general aspect and character of the earth's vegetable covering which have taken place in the same period of two thousand years, and in the same locality.

One of the greatest features of interest to the scientific botanist, and even to the less instructed lover of nature, which Italy presents, consists in the circumstance that the northern and southern types of vegetation—to speak more closely, the northern-temperate and the sub-tropical—meet together, especially in its warmer regions, in stronger contrast than probably anywhere else. The same remark is true, no doubt, of the Mediterranean shores in general: but those of France and of Turkey approach more to the general northern aspect; those of Barbary to the tropical: in favoured Italy the two types seem sometimes to blend and sometimes to contrast in ever-changing and ever-striking variety. The same was doubtless, to some extent, the case in ancient times. But the northern character was probably far more prevalent than now. The early Greek settlers landed on a forest region, where the common deciduous trees of the north, now driven back to the scantily clothed gorges of the central Apennines, flourished in great abundance. Such a nature as this may still be observed in the few forest patches left in the higher Abruzzi, the Sila of Calabria, and so forth. "The beech-forest," says Schouw, "is called the symbol of the Danish character. But I have wandered in Calabria through large and beautiful beech-woods, on the higher plateaux of the Apennines, where the vegetation as well as the bracing air constantly reminded me of my home." Probably the wild shores of Corsica, or those of Dalmatia, with their shaggy growth of northern forest and their undergrowth of mixed northern and Mediterranean shrubs, present an aspect more resembling what the followers of Ulysses and Æneas beheld when they landed, than may elsewhere be found. We may notice historical traces of the continued existence of this ruder and fresher nature, not only in the agricultural

writers of the Romans, who speak far more of deciduous trees than of the evergreen, now deemed so characteristic of Italy, but in the well-known pages of Virgil. There is not in general much of "local colour" in the 'Eclogues' and 'Georgics': that is a poetical artifice of later day. But what there is, represents the physiognomy, not of the Lombard plains where he was born, but of the neighbourhood of Naples in which he lived. His sea-sand is "black," not brown or yellow, like that of all other bards,—the volcanic sand of the bays of Baiæ and Naples—very coal-dust in appearance. When he recommends the farmer to place his hives near a tree, for the bees to swarm on, it is a "palm-tree, or huge oleaster"—advice which he might as well have tendered to a Scythian as to a *colonus* of his native Mantua. Now, the general idea which the verses of Virgil convey of the region with which he is concerned, is that of a sylvan country—not, emphatically, the "land of the cypress and myrtle," but of the oak, ash, linden, wych-elm, beech, citizens of the great Trans-alpine forests. Some of the trees of which he celebrates the grandeur are now not only become scarce in his country, but it is difficult to ascertain with accuracy their real character. The mighty *æsculus*, for example, the noblest denizen of Latin forests, which formed of itself great woods, "*lata æsculeta*," is a mere puzzle for antiquarian botanists: no one knows what it was, and there may be some question whether it has not disappeared from the face of earth, or whether it survives only in some nearly extinct variety of oak.*

Man has doubtless done much towards the effecting of this change, the more valuable plants of the south having been gradually introduced, and the indigenous woods cleared for their reception; but Nature has done much of herself. In the remaining woodland dis-

* Heldreich (author of 'An Essay on the Useful Plants of Greece') finds it in a single oak forest in Elis.

tricts of maritime Italy — such as the Maremma of Tuscany and the Latian Campagna — the evergreen species seem to be gradually supplanting the deciduous, the foreign the indigenous. We talk familiarly of the hardy vegetation of the North; but, where the two meet on conditions of climate endurable by both, the children of the tropical sun seem to show the greater hardihood, and to come out survivors in the great battle for existence. Their every aspect, their rough bark and leathery leaves, seem indicative of a stronger vitality than that which animates the more majestic but more delicate structure of the leafy giants of the northern temperate zone. A similar law — if the analogy do not appear too fanciful — seems to govern the migrations of trees and shrubs, and of the human family itself. The North produces the races of more commanding aspect; it sends them forth conquering and to conquer; they establish empires, they subjugate the so-called feeblar races of the South; but, in the midst of their conquests, they sicken and perish, and become extinct. The children of the South gradually penetrate northwards, and by their own more prolific multiplication, as well as by crossing or intermixture, in which their more essentially vigorous nature attains predominance, they efface the type of the Northern race, and cause it ultimately to disappear. What has become of the descendants of those hordes which swarmed from the populous North, in the decline of the Roman Empire, over all the regions adjacent to the Mediterranean? They have vanished, or are scarcely recognised by antiquaries in a few problematical instances, where small insulated communities, thought to be of Teutonic or Gothic origin, maintain a precarious existence among the descendants of their former subjects. Where are the historical Gauls, with their tall figures, their fleshy frames, their golden hair, and eyes of truculent blue? A few of them, pos-

sibly, to be found in Flanders; but anything less like the Gaul of antiquity than the sinewy, nervous, agile, undersized, brown-skinned, and black-haired biped, who now inhabits some eighty out of the eighty-five departments of France, can hardly be imagined. What is become even of the purer Northern breed of Germany itself? Scarcely to be found, except on the shores of the Baltic: elsewhere the ordinary European type prevails, olive skin and *cheveux châains*. "I sought for the fair population of classical Germany in vain," says Niebuhr, "until I found it in Scandinavia." On the other hand, the Greek in Provence, the Moor in Spain, Southrons, transplanted into those countries in no very great numbers, have impressed their type on the general population, and, as it were, changed the very breed. When dark and fair intermix, the odds seem to be greatly in favour of the dark complexion prevailing in the offspring. We heard lately of a society formed in France for the conservation of the "Xanthous," or yellow-haired variety of the human race, which they regard as the true aristocracy of nature, and rightly conceive to be threatened with extinction: their object to be attained by portioning from time to time blonde maidens who might take to themselves husbands of the same complexion. Even so — to return to our trees — the meridional vegetation gradually drives back that of the North in the battlefield of species. If we figure to ourselves the appearance of the plains of England two thousand years ago, with their indigenous vegetable covering only — without the common elm, the linden, plume, sycamore, poplar, acacia, chestnut, fruit-trees of every kind, and cultivated plants in general — without, probably, a single species of pine or fir, or indeed any evergreen but box, yew, and holly — and remember that every foreign plant has displaced a native, we may gather some idea of the conquests which the South has effected even here, not indeed without the

aid of human industry, but in part by sheer physical superiority. But on the Mediterranean coast these conquests have been much more marked. Take the following description of the change which two thousand years have made in the common flora of Greece, from the work of a German botanist (Fraas *Klima und Otolanzenwelt*):—

"The following species from the flora known to Theophrastus have either entirely disappeared from Greece, or have emigrated from the habitations which he assigns to them, and withdrawn into the moister climate of more northerly regions; the varieties commonly known to the ancients of the Linden; the Yew, that child of damp and shady hill-sides, of which rare and dwarfed specimens only are now to be found on the highest mountains; the Hornbeam, the Beech, and Alder of Homere, and, with scanty exceptions, the 'spear-furnishing' Cornel and the tall Ash. Instead of these, another class of plants has conquered for itself greater space in the vegetable realm—thick-leaved, hardleaved, down-covered, thorny and prickly bushes, evergreen for the most part, and adding, by their rich flowers, great beauty to the spring. This vegetation, analogous to that of the American savannas and Asiatic steppes, has now replaced the ancient flowery meadows, resembling those of middle Europe, with wastes of beath and pines, carob-trees and grey oleasters. Together with these we have the various kinds of arbutus, myrtle, oleander, phillyrea, pistachios, kermes-oaks, rosemary, thyme, and the flora of dry mountain regions in general."

Let us now see how far the historical indications furnished by the Pompeian relics corroborate what has been already said respecting this "intrusion of the climate of the South," as Fries terms it, into the regions north of the Mediterranean.

In order to ascertain the plants known to the citizens of Pompeii,

says Schouw, two records remain to us—namely, the pictures discovered in its ruins, and the remnants of plants themselves. But, he adds, the use of the first requires some care:—"Many representations of plants are naturally so little precise that their particular species cannot be ascertained, as would be the case in modern pictures of the same kind. And, if the plant be recognisable, it does not follow as certain that it was known at Pompeii, for the plants of foreign countries are also occasionally represented. Thus the Nile-nature is often delineated—marshy landscapes, with the lotus and the *nelumbium*, the hippopotamus, ichneumon, flocks of geese, and date-palms at the water's edge; as, for instance, in the lower rim of the famous mosaic supposed to represent Alexander and Darius. Frequently, also, the representations are fanciful—for instance, a laurel growing out of a date palm, and even appearing to rise out of it as a shoot from the same root—a physiological impossibility, unless, perhaps, it has reference to that strange practice of the ancients—the planting of different kinds so close to each other that they might appear to the eye connected."

After making these allowances, we may safely arrive at the following conclusions. Among the trees which gave the Neapolitan landscape its character were then (as now) the stone-pine and the cypress. The former is frequently represented, with its peculiar branchless stems and cloud-like head—the product not only of close planting but of actual pruning in nurseries, as may now be noticed in the neighbourhood of Naples. This tree was cultivated for its edible nuts; and pine cones have been found among the charred objects in the shops of Pompeii. The beautiful cypress often occurs in the Pompeian frescoes, not unfrequently mingled with the pine, and gracefully combining with the outlines of the fanciful villas and temples represented. It is Gilpin,

we think, who points out the peculiar adaptation, by contrast, of the spiral cypress and poplar to the long horizontal lines of southern buildings; while the square masses of the lime and elm combine well with the pointed Gothic. The "*Pinus halepensis*," adds Schouw (the common maritime pine of Italy), is also found in these pictures. The vine, of course, occurs constantly — so does the olive. They were, no doubt, as universal then as now; and preferred respectively, as they do now, the volcanic and the calcareous hills in the vicinity of Naples. Preserved olives were found in Pompeii, which even retained something of their taste. The myrtle, and the beautiful oleander, or laurel-rose, as the French call it — common shrubs of to-day — also appear in the frescoes. Add to these the laurel and bay tribe, the ilex, fig, pomegranate, the "arundo donax" or gigantic reed — cultivated then as now for its various uses, and covering the marshy grounds with its dense brake, strange to the northern eye, are most of them recognisable also in these pictures. And we are enabled to say that the common vegetable forms on which the eye of the Pompeian citizen rested were, to this extent, similar to those on which his descendant gazes now.

But there were many species, now common, then rare or unknown, some of which are mentioned by Schouw in the little essay before us; others, we are able to add, from different sources. The aloe or agave, and the Indian fig (figue de Barbarie, as the French call it), are now among the familiar plants of maritime Italy. The former vigorously protrudes itself in every stony, solitary spot, from the old ramparts of Genoa to the lava-fields of Aeta; the latter is half-cultivated in a careless sort of way for its luscious bulb; and the two seem, in many places, to have almost extirpated the older vegetation. Both of these lusty children of the South are of quite modern origin in Italy,

having come over from America. Some have fancied that the pineapple is represented in one Pompeian fresco. "But this," says our Professor, "is undoubtedly the edible crown of a young dwarf palm, or *chamarops humilis*."

A still more important want of classical ages was that of the whole tribe of Agrumi, as the Italians call them — the orange, lemon, citron, and so forth. "Italy was not then," says our Professor, "the land

Wo die Citronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die gold-orangen glühen;"

and was consequently without one of the favourite features with which æsthetic Northerners adorn their notions of Italy. They are of course absent from the frescoes. They were known to Pliny as foreign plants only. The "Median Apple" (citron) was cultivated in Italy no earlier than the third century after Christ; lemons came from the Saracens; oranges, last of all, brought by the Portuguese from the East.

The white or silk-worm mulberry, now the commonest of all trees in the richer parts of Italy, was also unknown to the Pompeians. Its cultivation on the peninsula began, according to Schouw, in the sixth century. Silken fabrics were scarce and expensive, and imported by the Romans from the East. Voltaire somewhere makes the great superiority of a *femme de chambre* of Madame de Pompadour over the Empress Livia consist in the unlimited enjoyment of silk stockings. It may, however, be questioned whether the Empress would have appreciated such a luxury, or whether, as the audacious French traveller, Monsieur Nodier, asserted respecting the Glasgow ladies not many years ago, she would not have got rid of such incumbrances whenever free from the restraints of company. The picturesque Carrouba tree (*Ceratonia siliqua*), which now forms groves along many parts of the Italian coast, is also probably of modern introduction. We may add another more important plant which the Professor has omitted —

the chestnut. Not, of course, that this magnificent native of Theessaly was unknown to Roman antiquity. It was, on the contrary, extensively cultivated in ancient Italy for its fruit. Naples was particularly famous for the excellence of its chestnuts—

"Quas docta Neapolls creavit,
Lento castaneas vapore tostas"—

such as Martial appetisingly describes, and such as that *flâneur* of a poet had doubtless often purchased, scalding hot, from the tripod of some hag-granddaughter of Canidia or Sagana, in the alleys of the learned city. But probably it was as yet a fruit-tree only. Introduced but two centuries before Christ,* it had not had time to form forests; to become, as it now is, the characteristic tree of the lower Apennines, supplanting its ancient but thriftless relative the beech, and driving the latter back to the narrow domain which it still occupies on the top of Monte Sant' Angelo. The gnarled and twisted chestnut trunks, with their pointed foliage, under which Salvator Rosa studied his art when sojourning among the brigands at the back of Amalfi, have no counterpart in the drawings of Pompeii any more than in the poetry of Virgil.

Of cultivated crops, wheat and barley are represented in the Pompeian frescoes, and grains of them have been discovered in the houses. In one pretty sketch a quail is picking at an ear of barley; in another at a kind of millet. Other less known cereals seem to have been familiar to the ancients. But two of the most important, both in an economic and picturesque point of view, are missing from these sketches;—maize and rice. Both are of modern introduction. The "polenta" of the classical peasant was of barley. Cotton, it need scarcely be added, is of very modern introduction; it now covers extensive fields at the southern foot of Vesuvius.

After this long list of acquisitions, we must turn to some few instances of vegetable forms familiar to the ancient eye, and which the modern misses. The absolute extinction of a species is indeed a rare thing. Decandolle, in his '*Géographie Botanique*,' likens the changes in vegetation to those which take place in a language; the appearance of a new word, or a new species, attracts attention at once; the disappearance of an old one is very gradual, and seldom total. We have already spoken of the comparative scarcity at present of deciduous trees, and of one—the *æsculus*—which modern botanists have been unable to define. But one or two ornamental foreigners, introduced in old times, have also disappeared, or nearly so. The most remarkable of these is the oriental Plane. Every Latin scholar is well aware of the modish passion for these trees which prevailed among the wealthy Romans, a preference not wholly æsthetic; it was partly a fashion, borrowed like other fashions from the despotic East, in days when republican millionnaires at Rome, like those of Washington had begun to discover that everything really meritorious came from lands possessing a "strong government." The *Platanus* had been from hoary antiquity the object of veneration of Persian monarchs and Grecian heroes. No tree had anything like the same amount of historic and fabulous tradition attached to it. Marsyas was hanged on one, when duly skinned, by Apollo: Agamemnon and Menelaus planted a couple, each of which, a monstrous relic, was shown to Pausanias in his travels. Xerxes had caused his whole host to halt before a noble specimen in Lycia. "He was so enamoured of it," says old Evelyn, "that for some days neither the concernment of his expedition, nor interest of honour, nor the necessary motion of his portentous army, could persuade him from

* According to the prevalent opinion; the high authority of Decandolle is the other way: he believes it indigenous in the South of Europe generally; but the contrary evidence is very strong.

it. He styled it his mistress, his minion, his goddess: and when he was forced to part from it, he caused a picture of it to be stamped on a model of gold, which he continually wore about him." As it is now the glory of Ispahan and Shiraz, so it was of the Greek cities of yore. The groves of the Academe and Lyceum were composed of it. "By the Plane Tree" was the favourite oath of Socrates: the more shame to him, said his accuser Melitus, that he should blaspheme so fine a tree. The famous Plane of Buyuk-déré on the Bosphorus is popularly said to serve even now as a tent for the Seraskier when he encamps there. The Romans took to it, as we have said, with that extravagant enthusiasm which characterised their foibles; "the only tree," says Pliny, in his sententious stoical way, "which ever was transplanted for the sake of its shade alone." Julius Caesar himself planted the first specimen in Spain, at Corduba; it was a noble tree in Martial's time, and flourished, as he says, by being irrigated with wine.

"Crevit et affuso letior unbra mero."

It became so common in the Roman pleasantries, that groves of planes, as well as laurels, are spoken of by the same poet as the ornaments of every citizen's place of ordinary pretensions.

"Daphnones, platanones, et æthere cyparissi."

Undoubtedly, in fashionable Campania, it must have been so common as to form a familiar feature in the landscape. But it perished with the remainder of that luxurious civilisation. In a convent garden at Naples—so a traveller tells us—there remains one enormous specimen, of an antiquity which can only be conjectured: the grandchild, it may be of some forlorn ornament of a ruined villa, which had seen the Goths march into Italy. We have heard of no others of the genuine race. Of late years, indeed, the plane has begun to resume its popularity as an ornamental tree: and for the same reasons, i.e. delightful

shade, namely, and its adaptation to the atmosphere of great cities; being able to throw off the noxious residuum of coal smoke by the peeling of its bark. Planes are now the common trees of the market place in Southern Europe, as they are in our London squares. But, unhappily, the variety almost always seen is of new importation, not of the old stock; not the princely oriental, but its plebeian cousin the occidental, or button-wood of the United States; faster in growth, taller,—stronger perhaps—but incomparably uglier: a melancholy instance of the encroachments of modern democracy.

To the Oriental plane we must add the date-palm: not indeed as strange now to the Italian eye, nor as very abundant in classical times; but as certainly more abundant then than now; an exception to the general law which we have indicated of the increasing prevalence of Southern forms of vegetation. The date-palm in Italy is, after all, but an occasional exotic. Mayer, the painstaking German author of a book on 'Naples and the Neapolitans,' says there are scarcely a dozen or two of them in the gardens of that city and its suburbs. There are eight or ten only in Rome, says M. Ampère. It does not ripen its fruit. It dwells uncomfortably, in the uncongenial neighbourhood of the pine; for in America and other unsophisticated regions, the natural limit of the palm ends where that of the pine begins. Picturesque as its solitary form often is, in the villa garden, or behind the convent wall, we cannot look at it without thinking of some poor captive Saracen maiden, shivering at the door of a Northern crusading baron. Even on the coast of the Riviera, where it appears to thrive the most, it affords a melancholy sight when writhing under the icy Mistral, which ever and anon turns the flank of the precarious barrier of the Maritime Alps, and whirls its blasts of snow-dust against the broad leaves. It appears in mauve of the Pompeian frescoes. Schouw

suggests that this does not prove it a native, as the scenes represented may be foreign or symbolical. But the caution is unnecessary. The date-palm was certainly common of yore in maritime Italy, though no doubt in single specimens.* "Vulgo in Italiâ, sed steriles," says Pliny: who accurately distinguishes it from the dwarf-palm or *chamarops*, then, as now, more characteristic of Sicily. We have already noticed the use for which Virgil recommends it in the 'Georgics.' Varro, 'De Re Rustica,' is still more to the point, when he classes the fibres of the palm along with flax, hemp, and reeds, among materials grown on the farm, which may be turned to account for making cordage.

"Thus we perceive," concludes our naturalist, "that the vegetable world, and in particular the list of cultivated vegetables, has undergone many changes since the age when Pompeii flourished; and that, while the ancient Pompeians enjoyed a great superiority over the moderns in respect to many enjoyments of life, particularly those arising from the arts, they lacked nevertheless some very valuable plants which increased geographical knowledge and extended commerce, have procured for their descendants."

But however this may be, no one can well contemplate in earnest these relics of a most curious and refined civilisation—in some respects perhaps the most curious and refined which the world has ever seen—and return with satisfaction to the coarse generalisation of the disciples of universal progress in the affairs of humanity, with whose speculations we have been lately surfeited. The feelings which such inquiries excite are, assuredly more akin to those with which they inspired the proud and melancholy Leopardi, when he turned from them and from the wealth of con-

ception and nobleness of sentiment with which the ancient world abounded, to that long degradation of subsequent ages, out of which humanity is in truth only now emerging. Very grand, though profoundly sorrowful, are those lines of his, entitled 'Bruto minore,' in which he portrays the expiring patriot, not as bewailing his present catastrophe, nor calling on the gods for present revenge, but as brooding, in utter hopelessness of spirit, over "the dark *forward* and abyss of time"—the Erebus-like blackness of that prospect of coming degeneracy and decay: the trance of ages, into which the human soul was about to fall.

"In peggio
Precipitano i templi: e mal s'affida
Al putrido alipoli
L'onor d'egregie menti, e la suprema
De' miseri vendetta."

For the duration of that era of decline was indeed such as we are sufficiently accustomed to measure backwards, in historical reflection; but such as, when contemplated as a future, the conception shrinks from with a painful sense of incapacity. Thirteen centuries were to elapse ere the first Italian could stretch his hand across the chasm to the last Roman. As the paradise of cultivation, in which these Campanian cities nestled, was separated from the fertile aspect of the same region in modern times by a formidable blank of centuries of duration, so was the ancient civilisation from the modern by a similar space of intellectual desert; and in each instance alike, the succeeding age can scarcely appreciate its predecessor as a reality.

"Credetur virum ventura propago,
Cum segetes iterum, cum jam hæc deserta
virebunt,
Infra urbes populosque preul."

And yet there are those who persist in cramming us with that dry formula of Positivism, that each generation enjoys the "accumulated knowledge" of preceding ones! Ask

* It was noted as something semi-prodigious that a palm-tree took root at Rome, in the temple of Jupiter, on the Capitol, during the war with Persens; and another in the pavement of Augustus's house on the Palatine.—*Ampère*, 'L'Histoire Romaine à Rome.'

those countless millions of Chinese who vegetate, generation after generation, in the vast interior of their empire apart from all foreign influence, how much of "accumulated knowledge" their community has gathered since the days of Confucius; ask the black nations of the interior of Africa what amount of "progress" distinguishes them from their ancestors known to Herodotus or to Leo Africanus; ask the wretched remnants of tribes which wander over the American wilderness, whether their progenitors, the sons of those who came thither over the ocean, were fewer and feebler and more ignorant than they? For those who seek truth and not phrases, "progress," as the term is used in social science, is an attribute not of mankind, but of the European family alone; and of that family only since the discovery of printing. What that incomparably greatest of all merely human events may have done towards fixing the elements of social improvement, and converting into a permanent advance that which was before only a precarious, oscillatory movement, we need not now consider. It may be that the so-called triumphal march of humanity is now secured from repulse, and that, as some of our latest speculators seem to hold, the powers of nature which we employ will begin of themselves to decay before our capability of employing them abates. But all this, if so, does not annul the melancholy record of previous periods of loss and retreat. It is extremely difficult, no doubt, for us to realise those periods. In our healthy exuberance of life we can hardly conceive a state of chronic political ebb or decline—a state, that is, in which each generation, instead of profiting by the "accumulated knowledge" of its predecessors, lets something of the results of that knowledge drop from its enfeebled grasp; is reduced in numbers, less provided with the external comforts of life, weaker against aggression, poorer in substance, feebler in spirit, in-

ferior in mental acquirements; nevertheless, such periods have been beyond all doubt. The history of the Byzantine empire furnishes one well known to all; and many such have rolled drearily away in the dimmer ages of early time, since the subjects of Nimrod were dispersed on the plain of Shinar. But let us take the most familiar, and at the same time the truest, instance of what we mean, and which happens also to be most germane to the matter in hand. Could a modern really do what many a visitor to Pompeii has striven to do in intense eagerness of fancy; could he restore those truncated columns and repeople those desolate streets, and actually converse with some cultivated contemporary of Pliny and Juvenal, or Cicero and Horace; one can fancy that the feeling on both sides, after the first strangeness of the meeting had been got over, would be one of surprise, that two specimens of humanity of such distant origin could have so much in common. In moral and social philosophy; in political speculation; in appreciation of eloquence, literature, art, they would really find themselves—some exceptions apart which would give zest to the conversation—almost on the same ground. In respect of matters of still more intimate interest—the inner clothing, as it were, of civilised existence—in their estimate of physical and mental pursuits, tendencies, weaknesses, pleasures, and pains, and their relation to each other—each would feel that he understood his companion; each would be conscious, as it were, of possessing a key to many of the other's inmost feelings. This would be partly owing, no doubt, to the circumstance that the ancients have been our tutors, and that much of our mental furniture is derived directly from them. But also, in great measure, to mere similarity of circumstances, which engenders similarity of ideas. Civilisations so nearly resembling each other, even in many points of

minuteness, as those of modern Europe and of the Rome of Cicero or the Athens of Demosthenes, must, from the necessity of the case, have strongly corresponding spiritual and mental emotions, and corresponding language wherein to express them.

Now let us alter the picture: let the man of the nineteenth century wake up under the shadow of Winchester or Canterbury Cathedral, such as the Saxons had reared them, and, to give him the best company of the day, let him consort with a baron or an abbot of the time of the Norman conquest. Except the subject of religion, of which we would not now speak, what single topic could they have in common? Would they not be separated from each other by a barrier as high and strong as any which divides contemporary civilised from savage man? What object (except possibly horses and dogs), could they appreciate together? What points of morals or science or politics, small talk, sentiment, or humour, would suit them both? How could they argue on premises which one would assume as certain and the other would treat with contempt? The mediæval wight would certainly rate the modern at a very different value from his own estimate of himself; and if the modern escaped with a whole skin from the interview, which is greatly to be doubted of, he would find his romantic respect for the baron, or veneration for the ecclesiastic, very little increased. They would be denizens of alien spheres, and would converse in utterly dissonant tongues.

And yet the Norman was our countryman; was nearer to us by many an age than the Roman; and possessed the "accumulated knowledge" (had such a thing really existed before the invention of printing), of many an intervening generation. But these were in truth generations of decline, not of advance; a decline often hardly sensible, or arrested for a time, but on the whole prodigious. And if the

enthusiastic disciple of progress chooses to count these ebbs as insignificant exceptions to his general theory of flow, let us remember that a space of a thousand years, however unimportant to a geologist, is a considerable fraction of the historical existence of man.

And this, as many have said, though not many truly feel it, is one of the most real advantages of classical study, and one of the charms which make us turn back to it with recurring affection, after resultless wanderings in company with the "Positivists." He who has imbibed its lessons deeply can hardly find his judgment much affected by those metaphors turned into arguments which pass commonly current, likening the youth, manhood, and old age of the world to those of an individual; nor will he readily adopt the formulas of a recent clever writer of the Positive school, that "we may expect to find, in the history of man, each successive age incorporating into itself the substance of the preceding," and that "this power, whereby the present ever gathers into itself the results of the past, transforms the human race into a colossal man, whose life reaches from the creation to the day of judgment." Classical study made men pedants, after a fashion, two centuries ago; at present its effect is to preserve them from an equally tasteless and less innocent pedantry. By bringing clearly before our view that magnificent phantasma of great communities entombed, and great conceptions buried with them, it weakens the ordinary temptation to over-value ourselves and our age. It displays to us the vast ocean of moral and intellectual being such as it really is, subject to æons of rise and fall, and not a steady onward current continually gaining ground; and, by so doing, administers a reasonable check to that "Excelsior" tendency which elevates but often misleads us — an indiscriminating confidence in the destiny and powers of our species.

AMERICAN STATE PAPERS.

It is not probable that many of our readers will meet with the volumes, lately published in Washington, containing the correspondence of American diplomatists during the period of the civil war. But, after perusing some of the specimens we shall offer, they will no doubt agree with us in thinking it a pity that these productions should not be generally known. Under any circumstances, most people would find something comical in a set of elderly gentlemen, engaged in important business, exchanging by letter moral sentiments suited to a schoolboy's theme. But when the compositions thus embellished are of the kind known to the world as State Papers, and when the writers, who thus aim, like the interlocutors in a religious novel, at the instruction of the universe through the medium of dialogue, are American politicians, the effect produced is such as few professed humorists could hope to rival. For most people are aware nowadays that the atmosphere through which those politicians must pass before they can attain to that eminence, one condition of which is the writing of state papers, is much more likely to develop in them the wisdom of the serpent than the guilelessness of the dove. Remembering the pushing and scrambling, the elbowing of vile competitors, the truckling and corruption, the wire-pulling and log-rolling, the acquaintance with all the small and dirty ramifications of tickets and platforms, which success in politics demands in the States, the very last vein of composition we should expect to find these gentlemen especially cultivating would be that in which the sage Imlac addresses Rameelas, or in which the good godmother improves every occasion in a children's story. A difficulty to believe in the existence of craft or guile or self-interest as motives of political conduct, yielding at last to a surprised and mournful conviction of the sad truth, and a touching and simple style of moralising over human delinquency, are the characteristics, on paper, of the diplomatists who have particularly distinguished themselves in the pleasing and pastoral pursuits we have attempted to enumerate. Everybody who has read American speeches must have noticed in them a tendency to flowery sentiment and to ancient and fish-like metaphors, such as the audiences of the Old World would reject. Why the not very immaculate or poetical classes who constitute a New York mob should especially relish this style of oratory, we cannot explain; but it is the fact that it seems to succeed in America whether the audience be a constituency, or a house of assembly, or the population of a Boston lecture-room, or the entertainers of an American celebrity, or a jury in a criminal case — and all the scribes of their newspapers indulge in the same vein. That it does succeed may appear to be a sufficiently good reason why the parliamentary and stump orators of America should habitually launch at their audiences such sentences as are, on this side of the water, never addressed to any but the galleries at a Surrey melodrama. But directly the speakers are placed in relation to foreign Governments, they think it necessary to engraft on the florid Rosa-Matilda style which deals with "star-spangled banners," "great, glorious, and free people," and "the best Government the world ever saw," the virtuous didactic style we have attempted to describe, and which we suppose they imagine to be particularly likely to influence the counsels of such guileless and simple-minded statesmen as Gortcha-

koff, Rechberg, Russell, Palmerston, and the Emperor Napoleon.

The principal agent in the pious attempt to inoculate mankind, through their governments, with virtuous principles, is Mr. William Henry Seward. The circumstances under which the benevolent sage perseveres in his philanthropic efforts are not such as are favourable to placid meditation or composition. His lucubrations must have been disturbed not unfrequently by the booming of Confederate cannon. The sudden irruption on his privacy of a distracted Finance Minister, a desperate War Secretary, or a bewildered President, must have been extremely unfavourable to the prosecution of the task. Yet that he struggled successfully with those hostile influences is proved by the enormous volume of his essays, which must, we estimate, be equal in bulk, for one year, to about four volumes of the original edition of 'The Rambler,' under which title, indeed, they might not inappropriately have been published. Seated at his desk, with the copy-books of his boyhood at hand for quotation, in a glow of philanthropy that cannot fail to warm what he would himself call the "moral atmosphere" of barbaric Europe, he can shut his eyes to passing events, and find sermons in civil wars, and good in everything. Immediately on his accession to office, he begins a circular to all the Ministers at foreign courts in the following style: "Sir,—The advocates of benevolence, and the believers in human progress, encouraged by the slow though marked meliorations of the barbarities of war which have obtained in modern times, have been, as you are well aware, recently engaged," &c.

Since that was written, the advocates of benevolence and the believers in human progress have been further encouraged by the "meliorations" of stone fleets, of corps of licensed plunderers, of the submersion of great tracts of cultivated land, of the devastation of half a State, of the incitement to servile

insurrection, and of the rule of Benjamin F. Butler at New Orleans—illustrations of his remark, which the eminent essayist probably did not at that time expect.

In the early part of his correspondence, Mr. Seward's opinions of the policy to be pursued towards the South are much more indulgent than at a later period. "The Union," he says, on March 22, 1861, "was formed upon popular consent, and must always practically stand on the same basis." He says, on April 10, that secession is "a bad enterprise," and that the secessionists are "a misguided portion of our fellow-citizens." But he goes on to say that the President "would not be disposed to reject a cardinal dogma of theirs (the citizens of the Southern States), namely, that the Federal Government could not reduce the seceding States to obedience by conquest, even although he were disposed to question that proposition. *But, in fact, the President willingly accepts it as true. Only an imperial or despotic government could subjugate thoroughly disaffected and insurrectionary members of the State.* This Federal republican system of ours is, of all forms of government, the very one which is most unfitted for such a labour." And he goes on to suggest the following paternal method of bringing back the prodigal South, and providing a fatted calf for it:—

"The system has within itself adequate peaceful, conservative, and recuperative forces. Firmness on the part of the Government in maintaining and preserving the public institutions and property, and in executing the laws where authority can be exercised without waging war, combined with such measures of justice, moderation, and forbearance as will disarm reasoning opposition, will be sufficient to secure the public safety until returning reflection, concurring with the fearful experience of social evils, the inevitable fruits of faction, shall bring the recusant members cheerfully back into the family, which, after all, must prove their best and happiest, as it undeniably is their most natural home. The constitution of the United States provides for

that return by authorising Congress, on application to be made by a certain majority of the States, to assemble a national convention, in which the organic law can, if it be needful, be revised so as to remove all real obstacles to a reunion, so suitable to the habits of the people, and so eminently conducive to the common safety and welfare."

These be brave words and high sentiments; but their value as an expression of conciliatory policy is a little diminished by the fact that, as the seceding States were then seven out of thirty-four, the concession spoken of, being dependent on the "application to be made by a certain majority of the States" (two-thirds) was an impossibility. And in fact one of the best arguments in favour of Secession is, that the constitution provides no means whereby a minority, or indeed anything but a large majority, of States can obtain a remedy for their grievances, should the interests of the remainder render them adverse.

On the 19th of June, however, a change has come over the spirit of the Secretary's dream, leading him to retract even this visionary compromise.

"What is now seen in this country," he tells Mr. Adams, "is the occurrence, by no means peculiar, but frequent in all countries, more frequent even in Great Britain than here, of an armed insurrection engaged in attempting to overthrow the regularly constituted and established Government. *There is, of course, the employment of force by the Government to suppress the insurrection,* as every other Government necessarily employs force in such cases. But these incidents by no means constitute a state of war impairing the sovereignty of the Government, creating belligerent sections, and entitling foreign States to intervene or to act as neutrals between them, or in any other way to cast off their lawful obligations to the nation thus for the moment disturbed. Any other principle than this would be to resolve government everywhere into a thing of accident and caprice, and ultimately all human society into a state of perpetual war."

Here the facts of the Union, founded on consent, and of the Pre-

sident's acceptance of the dogma, together with the unfitness of the Federal system for the task of subjugation—a task proper to imperial or despotic governments—are suddenly lost sight of along with the benevolent scheme for calling on the misguided citizens to abandon their "bad enterprise," and return within the fold of the Union; and this great, glorious, and free Government is driven to confess that its only alternative is the rude and barbarous one hitherto repudiated, of force, such as the most abject monarchy might adopt. To such complexion must even the most beneficent institutions come under the pressure of necessity. And this change of Mr. Seward's tone is contemporaneous with his observation of the sudden appearance of inflexible and enthusiastic resolve on the part of the people of the North to put down the Secession by military power.

At this time two objects are diligently prosecuted by the high-minded Seward, always on the highest grounds. The one is the task of convincing the British Government that it has fallen into a grave error in acknowledging the South as a belligerent, and warning it against receiving the "missionaries of the insurgents," as he terms the commissioners of the Southern Confederacy. "The cause of the North," he says, "involves the independence of nations and the right of human nature." "We feel free to assume that it is the general conviction of men, not only here, but in all other countries, that this Federal Union affords a better system than any other that could be contrived to assure the safety, the peace, the prosperity, the welfare, and the happiness of all the States of which it is composed." "It is a war," he says elsewhere, "against human nature;" and again, "The wit of man fails to suggest, not merely a better political system, having the same objects as the present Union, but even any possible substitute for it." And on the 21st July, "I cannot leave the subject without endeavouring once more, as I have so often done before, to

induce the British Government to realise the conviction which I have more than once expressed in this correspondence, that the policy of the Government is one that is based on interests of the greatest importance and sentiments of the highest virtue, and therefore is in no case likely to be changed, whatever may be the varying fortunes of the war at home, or the action of foreign nations on this subject, while the policy of foreign States rests on ephemeral interests of commerce or ambition." "Sure we are that the transaction now going on in our country involves the progress of civilisation and humanity, and equally sure that our attitude in it is right, and no less sure that our press and our statesmen are equal in ability and influence to any in Europe."

Manifestly to countenance any power hostile to so beneficent a system would be almost as bad as to acknowledge Satan and the rebel angels as belligerents. But lest "the cupidity and caprice of Great Britain," to which, he says, the disunionists will appeal, should render her blind to such high considerations, he takes a lower ground with her, and delivers, May 21, 1861, the following ominous and prophetic warning:—

"Great Britain has but to wait a few months, and all her present inconveniences will cease with our own troubles. If she take a different course, she will calculate for herself the ultimate as well as the immediate consequences, and will consider what position she will hold when she shall have for ever lost the sympathies and affections of the only nation on whose sympathies and affections she has a natural claim."

It is a sad picture thus presented to us of the British Pythias abandoned by the American Damon, and left alone and friendless in the world. Yet with that direful consequence we are threatened unless we accept the idea of neutrality entertained in common by Mr. Seward and Mr. Bright, who regard it not as a "cold and unfriendly," but as a highly enthusiastic, condition.

But, as we said, this was not the only point to which the high-minded Secretary at this period directed his efforts. At the Congress of Paris in 1856 the maritime Powers of Europe had come to an agreement in order to mitigate the severities of war, by which among other stipulations, privateering was abolished so far as the parties to the compact were concerned. In this agreement America had refused to join, unless an article, specially favourable to herself, should be introduced. But the flame of philanthropy which glowed so ardently in Mr. Seward's breast, now lit up the question which had been buried in obscurity since 1857, and he proposed of course from the most elevated motives, that America should now join the convention. As provision had originally been made for the admission of parties wishing subsequently to accede to it, no difficulty appeared, and everything seemed to work smoothly—Ministers arranging and conceding, conventions made ready for signature, and all going merry as a marriage-bell.

But it had occurred to the suspicious mind of Lord Russell, whose political morals had been debauched by long diplomatic intercourse with the barbaric Cabinets of Europe, and who was incredulous of public virtue even in the immaculate statesmen of America, that a great advantage would accrue to the Northern Government by joining in the Declaration at this juncture, because the abolition of privateering would exclude the South from all the ports of Europe, which would of course still be open to the regular navy of the North. Not that the proposals of Mr. Seward were likely to inspire the suspicion; for, taking the lofty grounds of benefit to the human race, his papers on the subject contained but two slight incidental allusions to the minor point. The Provisional Government of the Confederates had, he said, "taken the bad resolution to invite privateers to prey upon the peaceful commerce of the

United States." And on the 21st May he says to Mr. Adams, "You already have our authority to propose to her our accession to that Declaration. If she refuse it, it can only be because she is willing to become the patron of privateering when aimed at our devastation." These are the only hints on the subject given to the American Ministers. Towards foreign Governments the elevated tone of public virtue was never for a moment jarred by the discordant note of immediate advantage.

But the crafty Russell, led by the low cunning of the European diplomatic mind, had, while appearing to accede with perfect frankness to the American proposal, made this seemingly casual remark, "I need scarcely add that, on the part of Great Britain, the engagement will be prospective, and will not invalidate anything already done"—meaning, of course, We shall be happy to receive your adhesion to the compact, but the prohibition of privateering must not apply to the Confederates, whom we have already acknowledged as belligerents.

The manner in which the virtuous statesmen of the Republic viewed this passage or "implied reservation" was highly characteristic. Incapable of guile themselves, they could not suspect that they could be the objects of suspicion. It was impossible to say what might be hidden behind the mysterious words. Mr. Seward professed himself totally in the dark, and demanded explanation. Whereupon Lord John declares "that her Majesty does not intend thereby to undertake any engagement which shall have any bearing, direct or indirect, on the internal differences now prevailing in the United States."

If the high-minded Secretary was startled by the original passage, he was deeply wounded by the explanation. To suppose that the American Government were aiming at any petty advantage over the Confederates in the matter was a point

beneath notice. The Minister appointed to conclude the convention says, indeed—

"The natural effect of such an accompaniment would seem to be to imply that the Government of the United States might be desirous at this time to take a part in the Declaration, not from any high purpose or durable policy, but with the view of securing some small temporary object in the unhappy struggle which is going on at home. Such an inference would spoil all the value that might be attached to the act itself."

It might be supposed that the best way to restore the full value to the act would have been to reject the petty despised advantage by accepting the convention with the reservation. But so deeply have the virtuous statesmen been wounded by the unworthy suspicion, that they have no heart to proceed in the business. They have done their best for humanity, and failed. The reservation was so unusual, so informal, and it so complicated the matter that the negotiation must be suspended, said the American Secretary—hoping, however, with habitual pathos, that it might be resumed "in some happier time."

Britannia having thus, by the refusal of the American Government to proceed with the negotiation, clearly constituted herself the patron of privateering, and having also declined to accept Mr. Seward's interpretation of neutrality, must henceforth expect him to regard her as a Puritan conscious of being in a state of grace would regard some wretched backslider still in the bonds of iniquity. But in the midst of his homilies an event had occurred which had forced from him a very natural expression of alarm, the effect of which in the state papers is very much as if Mr. Spurgeon, in the delivery of an eloquent sermon, should howl with anguish on feeling a sharp twinge of the gout. Mr. Seward's howl being a short one, we give it entire:—

—[Confidential.]

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, July 21, 1862.

"Sir.—My despatch, No. 42, dated July 21, was delayed beyond the proper

mail-day by circumstances entirely beyond my control. I trust, however, that it will still be in time.

"Our army of the Potomac on Sunday last met a reverse equally severe and unexpected. For a day or two the panic which had produced the result was followed by a panic that seemed to threaten to demoralise the country. But that evil has ceased already. The result is already seen in a vigorous reconstruction upon a scale of greater magnitude and increased enthusiasm.

"It is not likely that anything will now be done here hastily or inconsiderately affecting our foreign relations.

"I am sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Esq.,
&c. &c. &c.

An interval of three days sufficed, however, in a considerable degree, to restore the elastic spirits of the buoyant Secretary, for on 29th July he says:—

"You will hear of a reverse of our arms in Virginia. The exaggerations of the result have been as great as the public impatience, perhaps, which brought it about. But the affair will not produce any serious injury. The strength of the insurrection is not broken, but it is not formidable. The vigour of the Government will be increased, and the ultimate result will be a triumph of the Constitution. Do not be misled by panic reports of danger apprehended for the capital."

And on the 12th August Seward's himself again,—

"The shock produced by the reverse of our arms at Bull Run has passed away. The army is reorganised; the elections show that reaction against disunion has begun in the revolutionary States, and we may confidently look for a restoration of the national authority throughout the Union. If our foreign relations were once promptly reestablished on their former basis, the disunion sentiment would languish and perish within a year."

In this way, after each defeat, or "reverse of our arms," he presently consoles himself by extracting a precious jewel, in the shape of a moral, from the front of adversity, and transmitting it for the comfort of the American envoys. We all remember the

achievement which first made Jackson famous, of turning suddenly on Banks at Winchester and driving him headlong over the Potomac, previous to joining in the general movement against M'Clellan on the Chickahominy. Upon that event Mr. Seward remarks to Mr. Adams:—

"The defeat of General Banks at Winchester yesterday, and his withdrawal across the Potomac, are just now the prominent incidents of the war. A careful consideration of the affair results in the satisfactory conclusion that the movement of the enemy was one of merely energetic strategy."

What this can possibly mean, or why it should be satisfactory to Mr. Seward, or what satisfaction it could convey to Mr. Adams, we are utterly at a loss to divine. Again, on July 7th, when M'Clellan had been driven from the York to the James River, he tells Mr. Adams that—

"The efficiency of the army of the Union is improved. . . . If the representative parties had now to choose whether they would have the national army where it is and as it is, or back again where it was and as it was, it is not to be doubted that the insurgents would prefer to it the position and condition on the Pamunkey, and the friends of the Union the one now attained on the banks of the James. . . . The insurgents and the world abroad will see that the virtue of the people is adequate to the responsibilities which Providence has cast upon them."

July 12th, he states the cheering fact that a force is "under the command of Major-General Pope, who has achieved great successes in the Western States, and is esteemed an officer of great ability."

July 28th, he says: "Our assault upon Richmond is for the moment suspended. No great and striking movements or achievements are occurring, and the Government is rather preparing its energies for renewed operations than continuing to surprise the world with new and brilliant victories." Thus much in the way of particular information, but the moral presently follows:—

"It is not upon isolated events, much less upon transitory popular impulses,

that Governments are expected to build their policies in regard to foreign countries. What I think is important, not loss for foreign nations than for ourselves, is always to hold our civil war under contemplation, not merely as streams of unequal widths and intermitting currents, but as one continuous river, and so not to forget its source, its direction, and not only its immediate and local, but also its ultimate and universal, effects."

And before the reader can recover from this tremendous passage, it is followed up by another :—

"It is only the reflecting observer who habitually considers the course of events occurring in any one country as being determined, or at least materially influenced by natural causes lying wholly or in part outside of that country, and which create a force commonly recognised under various names as the opinion of mankind, or the spirit or the genius of the age or of the times."

After uttering this extraordinary sentence, one might expect the oracle to become exhausted ; but not at all : it continues to pour forth pages of reasoning equally close and clear on this same 28th July. And what do our readers think of this splendid passage, written April 14th ?—

"It is believed that this survey of the military position of the Government may serve to satisfy Great Britain that those statesmen here and abroad who, a year ago, mistook a political syncope for national death and dissolution, altogether misunderstood the resources, the character, and the energies of the American Union. The blood that at first retreated to the heart, is now coursing healthily through all the veins and arteries of the whole system ; and what seemed at first to be a hopeless paralysis, was in fact but the beginning of an organic change to more robust and vigorous health than the nation has ever before enjoyed."

And when McClellan finally abandoned the peninsula with the wreck of his army, it is announced to Mr. Adams, and to Mr. Dayton, the Minister to France, in this way :—

"General Halleck, upon taking command of the army, made a careful survey of the entire military position, and concluded thereupon to withdraw the army of the Potomac from the peninsula, and

to combine all our forces in front of Richmond. It is believed to have been substantially accomplished without any casualty. Our new levies are coming in in great numbers and in fine spirits. The gloom has passed away from the public mind. Although our arrangements for resuming offensive operations are yet incomplete, we have much confidence in being able to do so speedily and with decisive effect. . . . It is represented to us that the popular determination to maintain the Union has at no time been as unanimous and as earnest as it is now."

And so on of all events, whether promising success or ending in disaster ; the object being to persuade foreign Governments what a mistake they made in countenancing such a failing business as Secession. And when the prospect is especially cheerful—when patriots under arms are counted by hundreds of thousands, and when any successes call for a fresh enumeration of the triumphs of the Republic—a judicious menace is insinuated in the despatch, by hinting that as soon as the rebellion is crushed (which is always just going to be) the shortcomings of those whose duty it was to assist the Union in its "hour of distress," will not be forgotten by the victorious and thrice-potent Northern people. For instance, on January 31 he says :—

"I have observed that the British people were satisfied with the vigor and the energy of the preparations which their Government made for the war which they expected to occur between them and ourselves. *It may be profitable for us all to reflect* that the military and naval preparations which have been made by this Government to put down the insurrection have, every day since the first of May last, equalled, if not surpassed, the daily proportion of those war-preparations which were regarded as so demonstrative in Great Britain."

And again, 2d June 1862 :—

"The President thinks it desirable that the Government of Great Britain should consider, before the war closes, what are likely to be the sentiments of the two nations in regard to each other after that event shall have occurred."

We wonder whether it ever oc-

curred to Mr. Seward that if the imaginary injuries of one nation upon another are to be visited with such remote vindictiveness, it may be probable that very real and deep sufferings may leave still more indelible rancour behind them; and that there is a people at this moment not only undergoing treatment at the hands of the Union which excites the horror of civilised nations, but proving itself perfectly capable of executing future vengeance.

But in providing for the probability that Great Britain will be indifferent to the high moral ground which he indicates for giving her sympathies to the Union, Mr. Seward does not trust entirely to threats. A lower argument, better suited to her defective moral sense, consists in pointing out that it is the interest of European countries to see the war terminate as quickly as possible; that it is also the interest of the Union to terminate the war as quickly as possible: *ergo*, the way to attain the common object is to unite in procuring it. But he omits to show why the same argument might not apply with equal force to an alliance with the South.

All this eloquence and logic has a double object—first, to avert the recognition of the South, followed by subsequent intervention; and, secondly, and chiefly, to induce the European Powers to retrace the step they had taken of acknowledging the South as a belligerent. The original protest against this step had been on the particular ground that the Government had taken it more hastily than was needful, and ought to have awaited the arrival of Mr. Adams, charged with the reasons which the Federal Government might urge in protesting against it. As the measure was one of neutrality, it was manifestly proper that it should be adopted without hearing the arguments of one side only. However, the North considered itself injured, and expressed its sense of injury; but until we read these

papers we had thought that the precipitation of the measure was the chief ground on which it was complained of. But, so far from that being the case, the measure itself constitutes, down to the present time, the chief point of dispute. It is not going too far to say that, had the Federal Government accepted the position of neutrality of foreign Governments, and conducted its relations with them on that basis, the greater part of these despatches need never have been written. Nine-tenths of them are the result of looking at the same facts from two points of view—of looking at the war, on the one side, as a conflict between great sections, each possessed of power, sufficient to maintain itself against the other, and to produce consequences highly important to neutrals; on the other side, as a domestic difficulty caused by a weak and failing faction, and which should not be noticed by foreign Powers any more than any other insignificant outbreak. Our Government saw in it the division of the Republic into portions, strongly defined by a territorial line, arming themselves for a conflict in which the balance of right was a subtle question open to opposite interpretations, but in which, it was evident, the Federal Government could never be victorious consistently with its own principles. The magnitude of the quarrel was such as powerfully to affect our own interests, and to render the probability imminent that the Queen's subjects would be involved in the struggle on the one side or the other, in such a manner as to compromise themselves, perhaps the Government. That the nature of the war was rightly estimated, events have more than sufficiently proved; that it was the first duty of the Government to protect its own subjects will probably be admitted by most moralists. But there is one moralist, Mr. Seward, who thinks that the British Government, however bound to protect the interests of its own subjects, as it might be, he admits,

in an inferior degree, is still more bound to consider the interests of the human race as involved in the maintenance of the Federal Union,—of the system, be it remembered, whose inevitable results have been to make a Lincoln the chief magistrate, and a Seward the chief minister—a system which has for years been the most corrupt ever known, and the inability of which to produce any kind of political merit is one of the wonders of the world.

Mr. Seward's view, which he insists that foreign Governments should adopt, is that they must not admit the existence of any war at all; that Bull's Run and Fredericksburg, and all the disasters of McClellan and Pope, are the work of a small insurrectionary faction; that the inability of the Federalists to recover authority in the South does not at all affect the integrity of the Republic; and that the millions of men whom he so complacently describes as determined to restore the Union have been called to arms to quell a few "misguided fellow-citizens" who have taken the "bad resolution" of seceding from its authority. But neither great defeats, nor vast armaments, nor huge debt, nor impending dissolution, can divert Mr. Seward from his singular efforts to persuade foreign Governments, chiefly ours, to adopt his extraordinary fiction as their rule of action. If mere acquiescence in his view were all that he demanded, it might be no great matter; but he requires that we shall not merely admit the fictitious view, but proceed to found thereon the extraordinary measures which we shall presently find indicated in his correspondence. What the view itself is may be gathered from a few extracts.

19th June 1861:—

"The United States are still solely and exclusively sovereign within the territories they have lawfully acquired and long possessed, as they have always been. . . . Great Britain, by virtue of these relations, is a stranger to parties and sections in this country, whether they are loyal to the United States or not; and Great Britain can neither rightfully qualify the sovereignty of the United States, nor concede nor recognise any rights or interests or power of any party,

State, or section, in contravention to the unbroken sovereignty of the Federal Union."

6th March 1862:—

"If Great Britain should revoke her decree concerning belligerent rights to the insurgents to-day, this civil strife, which is the cause of all the derangement of those relations, and the only cause of all apprehended dangers of that kind, would end to-morrow. The United States have continually insisted that the disturbers of their peace are mere insurgents, not lawful belligerents. This Government neither can nor is likely to have occasion to change this position; but Her Majesty can, and it would seem that she must, sooner or later desire to relinquish her position. It was a position taken in haste, and in anticipation of the probable success of the revolution. The failure of that revolution is sufficiently apparent. Why should not the position be relinquished, and the peace of our country thus be allowed to be restored?"

10th March 1862:—

"Let the Governments of Great Britain and France rescind the decrees which concede belligerent rights to a dwindling fiction in this country, and all their troubles will come to a speedy end."

15th March 1862:—

"We are brought to lament anew the precipitancy with which foreign Powers so unnecessarily conceded to the insurrection belligerent rights. The President trusts that you are sparing no efforts to convince Earl Russell that the time has come when that concession can be revoked with safety to Great Britain and advantage to the great material interests of that country."

To which Mr. Adams responds 27th March:—

"I am bound to notice in several of your late despatches a strong disposition to press upon the British Government an argument for a retraction of its original error in granting to the rebels the rights of a belligerent. There may come a moment when such a proceeding might seem to me likely to be of use. But I must frankly confess that I do not see it yet."

We will now show by a few other extracts what consequences Mr. Se-

ward expected to follow the adoption of his view.

6th March 1862 — Mr. S. to Mr. Adams :

"Is it not worth your pains to suggest to him the inquiry whether it would not be wiser and better to remove the necessity for our blockade than to keep the two nations, and even the whole world in debate about the rightfulness or the expediency of attempting to break it, with all the consequences of so hostile a measure?"

2d April :

"It is a matter of deep regret to us that our troubles at home render it hazardous to withdraw a part of our great land and naval forces from operating here, and send them to China to co-operate with the forces of the Allies there. As you are well aware, the continuance of the insurrection in the United States is due to the attitudes of Great Britain and France towards our country. It would seem to be desirable for those two States to have our co-operation in China in preserving a commerce of vast importance to them as well as to ourselves. *That co-operation we could give if we were relieved from the necessity for maintaining a blockade and siege of our southern ports.*"

Whether Mr. Seward desired that Great Britain should herself undertake the blockade of the Southern ports, or should pass a law, and persuade other States to pass similar laws, prohibiting all commercial intercourse with the South, and should enforce the prohibition, does not appear. But that he desired one of these measures to be adopted is clear, and the one would not be more extraordinary than the other.

Another operation of the adoption of Mr. Seward's fiction is seen in the case of the British Consul at Charleston. The British and French Governments agreed that it was expedient to communicate to the persons exercising authority in the Confederate States the desire of those Governments that certain articles of the Declaration of Paris should be observed by them in the prosecution of hostilities. Mr. Seward remarks thereupon—

"It is enough to say that in our view the proper agents of the British Govern-

ment to make known its interests here, are the diplomatic not the consular agents of her Majesty; and that the only authority in this country to which any diplomatic communication whatever can be made is the Government of the United States itself."

The articles to which France and England desired to call attention were those which relate to the capture of the property of neutrals at sea. It was very necessary to the protection of our commerce that they should be made known, and to do so was not in any way contrary to any of the pretensions of the Federal Government. Yet because the powers had chosen the English Consul as their medium, instead of the Federal authorities, who did not acknowledge or maintain communications with the Southern Government, the consul's exequatur was withdrawn.

The case of the Trent is too well known, and that of the Alabama is too recent, to need recapitulation here. It is only necessary to remind the reader that in the late debate in Parliament it was shown that Mr. Seward's demands could only be complied with by passing a special law, having for its exclusive object to aid the Federal Government by stopping vessels, not on evidence, but on suspicion, that they were intended to become Confederate ships of war. In the case of the Emily St. Pierre he expressly tells us his views. That vessel had been captured in attempting to run the blockade, and had then been recaptured from the prize-crew and brought into Liverpool. Whereupon the Federal authorities demanded that she should be restored to them by the British Government. Lord Russell replied that "neutral nations are not bound to punish their subjects for offences committed only against the laws of war as enforced by belligerents, nor to restore property rescued by their subjects from foreign captors." When our Government communicated its decision declining to restore her, Mr. Seward remarked—

"I think it proper to observe at present that the reasons seem to be limited

to a want of power vested in the Government to restore, and do not bear at all on the justice or legality of the demand. Under such circumstances this Government has in more than one instance admitted the claim, and *appealed to legislative authority for the power to satisfy it*, and it has been promptly conferred and exercised."

The American Minister was directed to press these demands for an alteration of the law. In reply, Lord John Russell, after adverting to the injury sustained by England in the blockade, says:—

"Yet Her Majesty's Government have never sought to take advantage of the obvious imperfections of this blockade, in order to declare it ineffective. They have, to the loss and detriment of the British nation, scrupulously observed the duties of Great Britain towards a friendly State. But when Her Majesty's Government are asked to go beyond this, and to overstep the existing powers given them by municipal and international law, for the purpose of imposing arbitrary restrictions on the trade of Her Majesty's subjects, it is impossible to listen to such suggestions. . . . If, therefore, the United States consider it for their interest to inflict this great injury on other nations, the utmost they can expect is that European powers shall respect those acts of the United States which are within the limits of the law. The United States Government cannot expect that Great Britain should frame new statutes to aid the Federal blockade, and to carry into effect the restrictions on commerce which the United States for their own purposes have thought fit to institute, and the application of which it is their duty to confine within the legitimate limits of international law."

Mr. Seward's demand, that we should adopt his interpretation of the character of the war would entail the consequences that we should ourselves enforce the Federal blockade; that we should refuse all Southern vessels admission to our ports, while allowing the freest use of them to the Federal ships; that we should stop all exports of commodities to the South, while granting fullest commercial intercourse with the North; and that

we should alter our own laws for the purpose of making ourselves the agents of the belligerent interests of the Federal Government. His interpretation of neutrality in affording supplies to the belligerents is amusingly, though we daresay quite unintentionally, illustrated by himself in a couple of sentences. It will be recollected that, at the time of the Trent affair, Federal agents had bought up a great quantity of saltpetre here, and that, in expectation that this might be used against ourselves in case of war, the export of the article was prohibited by an Order in Council. This prohibition was withdrawn when the settlement of the Trent affair removed the apprehension of war. "It affords me pleasure," says Mr. Seward thereupon, "to know that the inhibition of saltpetre, which was so unnecessary, has been rescinded."

"It has been only European sympathies and European aid," he proceeds in the next sentence, "that have enabled our disloyal citizens to prolong the civil war." The coupling of his pleasure at getting munitions of war from England with his complaint against European aid to the South, is too impudent not to be, we hope, accidental.

Now, does any foreign European statesman living think that it would be a light task to persuade England to restrain the liberty of her subjects, or to change her laws? Would any such statesman think that he was labouring for a practicable object, if he were to found his efforts on the assumption that such changes would be made at his suggestion? Would any European people, of whose government he should be the agent, regard such efforts with other feelings than derision? Yet there are ministers of potent governments who could show plausible reasons for expecting that their efforts might prevail, and who could urge their arguments with skill and eloquence. But even if, confident in their long experience and profound knowledge of diplomacy, they

might venture on the experiment, is it possible to suppose that, when the failure should be manifest, they would, instead of abandoning the ground for surer footing, continue to build an entire policy on the shadowy foundation, though certain to see the baseless fabric sink as often as it should be raised? Yet such is the hopeless task in which the American Secretary persists with dreary pertinacity. Some malign spell seems to rule his course like that by which Michael Scott compelled the devil to make ropes of sand, and to bale out the sea with a limpet-shell. All his arguments, all his complaints, all his homilies, are based on the delusion that he can compel the British Government, by the marvellous force of his persuasive eloquence, to occupy with him a cloudland of his own creation; where a resolute people in arms is a dwindling faction; where a strife that drenches a continent in blood is a waning insurrection; where the victorious result always seems close, yet is always receding; where in the obstruction of a commercial system there is nothing which the partners in that system are entitled to take note of; where the Union, repelled at all points, and staggering under a load of debt, is said to exercise authority in all but a few rebellious spots, and to keep firm hold on the affections of all but a few misguided men; and where nefarious contracts, armies of mercenaries and deserters and plundering generals, are bright examples of the virtue and patriotism of a great people elicited in the hour of trial. All his instructions, all his remonstrances, all his prophecies, proceed upon the assumption that these delusions are facts. If it were not so, the vast volume of despatches would shrink to the size of a pamphlet, for every dispute, every argument, every feeling of injury, has its root in the shadowy standing-ground which he chooses to occupy. Of this he appears sensible himself when he says:—

"I have not failed to see that every wrong this country has been called to endure at the hands of any foreign power has been a natural if not a logical consequence of the first grave error which that power committed in conced-

ing to an insurrection, which would otherwise have been ephemeral, the rights of a public belligerent. It has seemed, therefore, to be wise, as well as more dignified, to urge the retrogression upon that false step, rather than to elaborate complaints of the injuries that have followed it."

It would have been well had he done so; but instead he has, without ceasing to urge retrogression, indulged in ceaseless complaints. Wrapt in his delusions, he drifts calmly on the tide of events that is bearing him and his despatches to chaos, and takes the crack of doom for a wholesome thunderstorm which is to clear the political atmosphere. Nothing can surpass the feeble complacency with which he records his perpetual illusions as incontrovertible facts. On Feb. 19, 1862, he writes to Mr. Adams—

"I was just about instructing you how to answer the querulous complaints in Parliament which you have anticipated, the chief of which is the assumed incompetency of Government to suppress the insurrection. But a very shrewd observer, a loyal, and at present exiled Virginian, fell in at the moment, and expressed to me the opinion that the end of the war is in sight; that there will be a short and rapid series of successes over a disheartened conspiracy, and then all will be over. I give you these opinions as entitling us to what is sometimes granted by candid tribunals—namely, a suspension of judgment."

It is a pity that the name of the shrewd observer has not been preserved. So sagacious a man ought not to be anonymous.

On the 10th of February he tells us—

"The process of preparation has steadily gone on in the loyal States, while that of exhaustion has been going on in the disloyal. . . . We have the most satisfactory evidence that the Union will be hailed in every quarter just as fast as the army shall emancipate the people from the oppression of the insurgent leaders."

March 15—"The financial and moral, as well as the physical, elements of the insurrection seem to be rapidly approaching exhaustion." On 25th

March it seems impossible to the sanguine Secretary that the organisation of the insurgents can be longer maintained. On 28th April he asserts that "to-day the country is assuming that the fate of this unnatural war is determined by the great event of the capture of New-Orleans." On the 5th May the fiscal system of the insurgents must, he calculates, have exploded, and their military connections be everywhere broken. On 28th May the Federal Government is said to possess the Mississippi and all the other great natural highways. And on June 2—

"The war in the Mississippi valley may be deemed virtually ended. . . . The army of General McClellan will be rapidly strengthened, although it is already deemed adequate to the capture of Richmond. . . . No American now indulges any doubt that the integrity of the Union will be triumphantly maintained." 24th June—"You tell me that in England they still point to the delays at Richmond and Corinth, and they enlarge upon the absence of displays of Union feeling in New Orleans and Norfolk. Ah, well! scepticism must be expected in this world in regard to new political systems, inasmuch as even Divine revelation needs the aid of miracles to make converts to a new religious faith."

On 7th July, after McClellan's disasters, he says—

"The military situation is clearly intelligible, and ought to be satisfactory to the cool and candid judgment of the country. . . . We have a rumour that Vicksburg is actually taken. But the report is premature, though we have no doubt but the capture has before this time occurred."

And on the 10th November, just before the defeat of Fredericksburg, we find him "apprehending no insurmountable obstacles to complete success."

Nor are his prophecies addressed only to England. On the 15th April he tells Mr. Dayton:—

"A few days will probably complete the opening of the Mississippi river, and restore to the country that national outlet of the great granary of America which disunion, in its madness, has

temporarily attempted to obstruct, in violation not more of political laws than of the ordinances of nature."

22d April:—

"We have reason to expect Savannah to come into our possession within the next ten days."

5th May:—

"We shall have peace and union in a very few months, let France and Great Britain do what they may. We should have them in one month if either the Emperor or the Queen should speak the word, and say, If the life of this unnatural insurrection hangs on an expectation of our favour, let it die. To bring the Emperor to this conviction is your present urgent duty."

On the 10th May he has a vision of a Yankee millennium:—

"Less than a year will witness the dissolution of all the armies; the iron-clad navy will rest idly in our ports; taxes will immediately decrease; and new States will be coming into the Confederacy, bringing rich contributions to the relief and comfort of mankind."

On the 10th July he says:—

"The reduction of Vicksburg, the possession of Chattanooga, and the capture of Richmond would close the civil war with complete success. All these three enterprises are going forward. The two former will, we think, be effected within the next ten days."

And in September he actually bites his thumb at the Emperor:—

"We have not been misled," he says, "by any of the semblances of impartiality or of neutrality which unfriendly proceedings towards us in a perilous strife have put on. When any government shall incline to a new and more unfriendly attitude, we shall then revise with care our existing relations towards that power, and shall act in the emergency as becomes a people who have never yet faltered in their duty to themselves while they were endeavouring to improve the condition of the human race."

Compared with these prophecies the ravings of Mother Shipton become respectable oracles. Yet on them was founded the entire foreign policy of the Federal Government; the complaints that foreign statesmen and other sane persons

would not confide in them were incessant; and they were the lights by which American envoys were expected to steer.

These gentlemen, with more or less sense and discretion, all write in the stilted creaking style, stuck over with hard metaphors, which distinguishes the master-spirit Seward, and which appears to be the characteristic of American public compositions. They seem to have caught, and to express very honestly, not only his style but his ideas, and to represent perfectly the querulous, arrogant, exacting tone of the Secretary. It is not, probably, from a wish to do him homage that they thus accurately reflect him, but rather because it is natural to American politicians to take abroad with them that idea of the pre-eminence of their country which they have passed their lives at home in asserting, and because their habit of regarding England as the abode of a jealous aristocracy, and as being always in the wrong, places them in a position of natural antagonism to us in every case that can arise. But, granting this to be inevitable, we may consider ourselves very fortunate that America is represented among us by a gentleman in every way so entitled to respect as Mr. Adams. The son of one President and the grandson of another, both of whom were elected to the chief place in the Republic at a time when something else besides obscurity and the absence of any quality which could excite the jealousy of aspiring men, was demanded for the attainment of the position which Washington had filled, the claims of Mr. Adams as a public man evidently rest on other grounds than those of ordinary American politicians. We do not doubt that the expressions of goodwill and courtesy addressed to him from our Foreign Office are perfectly sincere and deserved. It is true that the tone of his correspondence with that office is often captious, and his demands are sometimes unreasonable. Without prompting from his own Govern-

ment he seems often to prejudge questions of international law with a bias that blinds him to the true bearing of the question, as in the case of the *Emily St. Pierre*, and leads him to treat as an injury the denial of concessions which are denied because impossible to be granted. But this is the traditional character of American diplomacy: it thus expresses the spirit of the people with the promptings of which a Minister may think himself bound to comply, and both Mr. Adams and Mr. Dayton, Minister to France, appear in their correspondence to discharge their duties with great zeal and fidelity, and, moreover, to display the virtue, not by any means universal among their brethren, of confining themselves to the business of their own legations.

We need not say that our remarks relate only to Mr. Adams's share in the published correspondence, and not to his later acts. The extraordinary step he took on the 9th April, in granting a permit to an English vessel, enabling her to pass the blockade, is fraught with consequences too important to be dwelt on here, and if unexplained, would force us largely to qualify our encomium.

It might be supposed that the ties between Austria and America are neither numerous nor close, and that consequently the Minister to Vienna would find but a narrow field for the display of his qualities as a diplomatist. Accordingly we find Mr. Motley, in the dearth of other matter, falling back upon the grand resource of American politicians, and discussing English affairs as the most natural topic possible to engage the attention of an envoy at Vienna. From that convenient point of observation, then, he proceeds to enlighten the Washington Cabinet on the disposition and intentions of the statesmen, and organs of the press, of Great Britain; and as other ministers elsewhere imitate this course, the Government of Mr. Lincoln has the advantage of seeing British policy

represented, not merely in the aspect in which it is seen by Mr. Adams the special photographer, but as it appears, when viewed by amateurs, from the various capitals of Europe.

Should a Tory Government succeed the present Cabinet, Mr. Motley anticipates much trouble. Nothing, he says, can exceed the virulence with which the extreme Conservative party regard America, nor the delight with which they look forward to its extinction as a nation. The hatred to the English Radicals is, he has discovered, "the secret of the ferocity and brutality with which the 'Times,' the 'Saturday Review,' and other Tory organs of the press, have poured out their insults upon America ever since the war began." How the journals thus classified may approve of being linked together as Tory organs, we cannot say. To ourselves we, of course, see nothing personal in the general allusion, our leaning to radicalism and republicanism being too notorious to admit of any mistake. Subsequently Mr. Motley writes a long essay about British matters, explaining the sentiments of the "venerable Premier of England" and our Foreign Minister, and criticising the speech made by Mr. Gladstone at Newcastle, part of which makes him very angry, and causes him to express a hope that that statesman's tongue may be blistered. Nor, unusual as his style of diplomatic correspondence may appear, does he stand quite alone in it.

It is possible that the godfathers and godmothers of Mr. Cassius Marcellus Clay are, in principal degree, responsible for the efforts made by that gentleman to obtain notoriety. It would be mean to sneak obscurely about the world under such magnificent appellations. Better, in such a case, be called John Thomas. Hence, without any quality apparent that would entitle the bearer of these historic names to claim distinction amid the company of a pot-house, his efforts to become known in the world have been as uncess-

ing as if he were some wronged genius entitled to a hearing. At the outbreak of hostilities he launched from Paris a tremendous defiance against our unfortunate country. Then he published a letter in the 'Times,' telling us what we ought to do in the American quarrel, and, in case we should not comply, threatening our great-grandchildren with the vengeance of we forget how many millions of unborn Yankees. At this time he was on his way to St. Petersburg as United States' Minister to Russia. For his guidance he had received one of Mr. Seward's most elaborate moral essays, beginning in this remarkable way: "Sir,—Nations, like individuals, have three prominent wants; first, freedom; secondly, prosperity; thirdly, friends. The United States early secured the two first objects by the exercise of courage and enterprise. But, although they have always practised singular moderation, they nevertheless have been slow in winning friends." Fortified with a great deal of this kind of composition, Mr. Clay arrived in the Russian capital. From his own correspondence we learn that he found the Emperor "absent in the direction of Moscow," and being advised by the Assistant-Secretary of State to await his Majesty's return, "I presumed," he says, "it would not be agreeable to the Emperor for me to follow on." In a few days he had an interview with Prince Gortchakoff, who "asked after Pickens" (whether Pickens is something, or some place, or somebody, does not appear), "my family, and other things in a familiar way, when I was dismissed by again shaking hands." Soon after we learn that he and "his suite, Green Olay, William C. Goodloe, and T. Williams," set out for Peterhoff, where the Emperor received them, and addressed Mr. Clay in a set speech which was delivered in Russian, though, says he, "the Emperor spoke American mostly." We are at liberty, therefore, to suppose that his Majesty, during great part of the interview, spoke through

his nose, and, no doubt, Prince Gortchakoff, who spoke only English, beheld with wonder, not unmixed with envy, this exhibition of his Imperial master's accomplishments as a linguist.

Mr. Clay then addressed to the Emperor an essay on the moral government of Russia, which, from internal evidence, we pronounce to have been learnt by heart from a prize paper by Seward. "The Emperor," he says, "seemed much gratified and really moved by this last remark," possibly because it was the last; and, besides speaking Russian and American, Alexander was so ostentatious as to conclude the interview by speaking English, perhaps deeming it appropriate to the subject-matter. "He wanted to know if I thought England would interfere. I told him we did not care what she did; that her interference would tend to unite us the more; that we fought the South with reluctance: we were much intermarried and of a common history; but that the course of England had aroused our sensibilities towards her in no very pleasant manner. The Emperor seemed to like my defiance of old John Bull very much. He wanted to know if I was a relative of Henry Clay, and what was my military rank. I told him I was only a distant relation of Clay, and that I wore the uniform of an American colonel" (borrowed, perhaps, from another relation, Pipe Clay), "which rank I filled in my own country." His Majesty then shook hands twice with the Ambassador, and dismissed him.

Before concluding the despatch from which we learn the foregoing interesting particulars, it seems to have occurred to Mr. Clay that it would be judicious to show Mr. Seward that moralising on the war was a game which two could play at; and he wound up in the following style:—

"I have already made this letter too long; but I cannot conclude without saying how much more and more I value the great and inestimable bless-

ings of our Government, and how I trust in God that no compromise will be made of the great idea for which we have so long fought, but that General Scott, following out the programme of Mr. Lincoln's inaugural, will *slowly* and *surely* subdue the rebellion, 'stock, lock, and gun-barrel,' 'hook and line, bob and sinker,' and that we may all be spared to see once more the glorious old banner restored, — 'Liberty and union, now and for ever—one and inseparable.'"

These extracts from the Clay correspondence of 1861 will no doubt cause the reader keenly to regret that we cannot give more. But the fact is that, whether Mr. Seward was jealous of Mr. Clay's native humour as displayed in these papers, or considered him a formidable rival as a moral essayist, or whatever the cause might be, the omissions are so numerous that a great part of the ambassador's correspondence consists of asterisks, leaving only the driest details, such as any ordinary John Thomas or Green Clay might have written. So numerous are the stars between the stripes of print, that the successive pages look like so many representations of the American banner. But in January last year he wrote an essay on the subject of the perfidy and general villany of Great Britain, which has fortunately been preserved entire. "In this critical time," he says "whether war or peace with England ensues, I deem it my duty to give the President my impressions of European sentiment." He then details the reasons why the monarchies and aristocracies of Europe have always regarded his republic with jealousy. "Their jealousy, their secret hate, their blind vengeance verges," Mr. Clay thinks, "upon insanity . . . they renew with us the fable of the wolf and the lamb; though we are below on the mountain stream, we are accused of muddying the waters." His method of dealing with secession is tersely expressed—"I have always thought that the whole property of the rebels, slaves and all, should be summarily confiscated." But before prescribing this treatment for

the South, he devotes a paragraph to the way in which England should be handled:—

"In case of war with England," he says, "Canada should be seized at all hazards. A large force should be first placed in fortifications in some place suitable near the coast, which would cut off reinforcements from England. Union with us, with equal rights, should be offered the Canadians, and the lives and property of friends secured. Men and money should be sent to Ireland, India, and all the British dominions all over the world, to stir up revolt. Our cause is just; and vengeance will sooner or later overtake that perfidious aristocracy."

Such was the esteem in which the Cabinet at Washington held either the practical qualities evinced in this essay, or the diplomatic services veiled under the asterisks, that they were considered to entitle him, on his return to America, to the position of a Brigadier-General. In the records of the war we cannot, however, find that Brigadier Cassius Marcellus ever performed any military achievement worthy either of the foe of Cæsar or the foe of Hannibal. He seems to have worn his warlike honours with remarkable meekness, and never to have done anything to fulfil his own aspiration that "liberty and union may be for ever inseparable," by taking the smallest step towards the subjugation of the enemy. Under these circumstances Mr. Seward, finding his military so inferior to his diplomatic talents, seems to have thought that the Brigadier who had failed to bid defiance to the South would find a more appropriate field of action in resuming his employment of gratifying the Emperor of Russia with other defiances of "Old John Bull"—and accordingly we learn that the eminent statesman either is, or is to be, once more Minister to St. Petersburg, and may possibly be at this moment engaged in his favourite occupations of shaking the hand of the Emperor, and shaking his own hand at the British monarchy. If it be so, we may perhaps hope to read, in another state paper, of his

second reception at the Court of Russia—which, judging from the familiar cordiality displayed in the first, may, if the Czar should again deign to express himself in the American language, open something in this way,—“Wal, Cassius M. Clay, how air you, old boss? Do you feel pretty brisk and spry, sir? How is it you ha’n’t chawed up them rebels yet, lock, stock, and gun-barrel, hook and line, bob and sinker! What do you think of *our* insurrection to Poland, sir?”

Future volumes of these documents will probably reveal Mr. Seward as still assuring his correspondents that the end of the rebellion is at hand; that foreign governments will soon see dire reason to repent their hostility; that the Union is growing stronger with every “reverse of our arms”—that discord and desertion and corruption are only “fresh developments of patriotism,” and that the flooding of the lands on the Mississippi, far from being an act of barbarous vindictiveness, will be as beneficent in its consequences as the overflowing of the Nile. We shall probably see, too, that American envoys, addressing themselves, not to Mr. Seward, but to the masses behind him, his masters and theirs, are still denouncing our perfidious aristocracy and jealous monarchy. Is it a comedy or a tragedy that these men are acting? If unconscious absurdity, and ludicrous unfitness for the conduct of grave affairs were all the elements of the exhibition, we might well afford to laugh; but, unfortunately, the grotesque display has its terrible side, and incapacity and conceit only increase the tremendous power of mischief wielded by the principal characters in the burlesque. Meanwhile the course of foreign governments is not likely to be materially affected by the lucubrations of the American Secretary of State; and, amidst the strange displays of weakness made by the North, not the least strange will be the futility of its diplomacy.

THE BUDGET.

THE soundness of the position taken up by the Opposition last year in regard to the national finances, has this year been fully established by the admissions and procedure of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It may seem remarkable that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should preface his financial statement by referring to a resolution of the House, which was adopted at the instance of the Opposition, that he should avowedly base his present Budget upon that resolution. But Mr. Gladstone is a Minister of consummate Parliamentary tact, who avails himself of every plea which best serves his purpose for the time; and, as we shall see in the sequel, he had a special reason for thus seeking to cover with the authority of Parliament a Budget which is not quite so accordant with the resolution of the House as he desires it to be thought. The resolution which was adopted at the instance of the Opposition, and upon which the Chancellor of the Exchequer professedly bases his present Budget, insisted upon the necessity of reducing the national expenditure. It was urged upon the Government that the financial administration of the three previous years had been such as to trench deeply upon the extraordinary resources of the country, and that, while ostensibly adding to the military strength of the country, we were really diminishing our power by exhausting the sources by which the expenses of war and national defence could be sustained. It was pointed out that during these years we had not only abolished, and put out of reach, several important taxes for the remission of which there was no urgent necessity, but that, in order to do so, we had actually incurred a considerable deficit. Of late years not only the leaders of the Opposition, but some of the highest

financial authorities on the Ministerial side of the House—including Lord Overstone, Lord Monteagle, and Earl Grey—had denounced as most impolitic the hand-to-mouth system pursued by Mr. Gladstone, and had urged the necessity of framing the estimates with a view to obtaining a substantial yearly surplus. These were the considerations which led the House of Commons last summer to adopt the resolution to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer now appeals in justification of his Budget; and they must not be forgotten when examining how far the financial programme of the present year is in accordance with that resolution.

A new critic now takes the field against Mr. Gladstone, and adds his protest to those which have already been made by the other leading financial authorities. In a new edition of his work on Taxation, that veteran Liberal and political economist, Mr. McCulloch, severely criticises the recent financial policy of the Government, and endorses with his high and obviously impartial authority the opinions by which that policy has been so often combated by the Conservatives. To all the special features of Gladstonian finance Mr. McCulloch is opposed. He is strongly in favour of the maintenance of a good yearly surplus, as an indispensable feature of a prudent system of finance; he condemns as most impolitic that narrowing of the area of taxation which Mr. Gladstone extols as a "simplification of the tariff;" and he moreover objects in the strongest terms to the manner in which that principle of "simplification" has been applied.

It is not surprising that the voice of protest should thus be raised from all quarters against the principles of Mr. Gladstone's finance. To begin with, he has been a most prodigal financier, and cares not a

five millions. Mr. Gladstone rarely aims at having a surplus of even a tenth of that amount; and sometimes £80,000 or less seems to him enough to meet the chapter of accidents, and sustain the moral power and financial credit of the country! The following passage which appears in the new edition of Mr. M'Culloch's work, seems to have been written expressly in reference to the financial administration of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer:—

"In countries under free or constitutional governments the reduction or repeal of taxes is frequently proposed in the view of courting popularity, or of favourably influencing public opinion. And the desire to grasp an immediate advantage, to be relieved of a burden, without caring for the ultimate consequences of its extinction, is so extremely prevalent that such projects, though often very undeserving, seldom fail to procure a less or greater share of the public sympathy for those by whom they are put forth. Statesmen, however, and those intrusted with the duties of government, should take a less circumscribed view of such matters, and are bound to inquire into the real character of the measures that come before them, and to weigh and consider their more remote as well as their proximate results. Their duty is to oppose, not to pander to the selfish and unfounded prejudices of the public. . . . The real questions are, can the tax be spared; and, if not, can it be replaced by a less inconvenient or injurious tax? If it can neither be spared nor replaced by another that is less objectionable, its repeal would be as futile, as inexpedient, and as unadvised a measure as can well be imagined."

Mr. Gladstone, in his desire for popularity, has carried the practice thus emphatically condemned by Mr. M'Culloch to a most dangerous extreme. He totally disregards the sound principle of ending every year with a surplus, in order to meet sudden and unforeseen contingencies, and he lavishes every spare pound upon the reduction of taxation. Moreover, in making these reductions he has adopted a practice which, although he presents it under the attractive guise of a

"simplification of the tariff," is paving the way for a serious popular agitation against some of the indispensable elements of our fiscal system. Sir Robert Peel, it is true, simplified the tariff; but he did so more wisely and prudently. It was not merely for the sake of simplicity that he reduced the list of taxed commodities, but because many of the taxes at that time vexed trade without appreciably swelling the revenue. Previous to his administration, our customs tariff comprised above a thousand articles, many of which were insignificant, and all but unproductive to the State. But Mr. Gladstone has carried out the same practice on a very different principle. The tariff, as left by Sir Robert Peel, embraced above four hundred items; now it is restricted to about forty. Indeed, this branch of our revenue at present is raised almost entirely from sugar, tea, tobacco, spirits, wine, beer, corn, coffee, currants and raisins, timber, and pepper. This is objectionable in many respects. In the first place, it renders our revenue liable to be much more seriously affected by the fluctuations of trade and the condition of the masses of the people, than under the old system; and by concentrating taxation upon a few commodities, it makes the fiscal pressure more obvious and more felt, and furnishes proportionately greater scope for popular agitation. "When the public attention is fixed exclusively on a few leading and indeed necessary articles," says Mr. M'Culloch, "it is all but certain that the duties on them, even should they be moderate, will come to be looked upon as being, in no ordinary degree, objectionable and oppressive. But were a great variety of articles, suitable for the consumption of all classes, subject to duties, there would be but little probability of the public attention being concentrated on a few only." And what are the few commodities which now furnish the principal part of our revenue? As we have seen, precisely those which are consumed in greatest quantity by the

bulk of the people. There is no real inequality in the distribution of our taxation; for the Income-Tax, the Succession-Duties, &c., do not fall at all upon the lower classes, and have been framed so as to keep the balance of taxation equal between the rich and the poor. But we fear this fact will not be fairly considered by the masses, who, under the influence of demagogues like Mr. Bright, are too prone to think themselves unjustly dealt with. Two months ago we pointed out this feature of Mr. Gladstone's financial policy, as one eminently provocative of agitation against some branches of our revenue which it is indispensable to preserve. Mr. McCulloch holds a similar opinion. He says—

“When such duties apply to all kinds of things [the raw materials of industry and the prime articles of food being excepted], it is seen that they must affect, in one way or other, every class, and, indeed, every individual, and being merged in and forming a part of the price of the article on which they are charged, they attract little or no attention. But such will not be the case with us in time to come. Consumption duties have ceased to be general, and are now (1862) unfortunately restricted to a few leading articles, comprising some of the principal necessities and luxuries of the labouring poor. So striking and momentous a change cannot fail to rouse the public attention; and will, it is to be feared, give rise to a belief that it is essentially partial and unfair. And such belief will be better founded than it is at all desirable it should be; for, while we admit various luxuries of the rich and the great, including the most *recherché* wines, at very low duties, and many more, comprising, among others, the finest laces, velvets, porcelain, table-cloths, carpets, silks, gloves, ornamental furniture, bronzes, and so forth, free of all charges, we lay heavy duties on the tea and sugar, which are indispensable to the labouring poor, and heavier still on the tobacco, the spirits, and the beer which constitute their luxuries. Is it to be supposed that such a policy should be considered by the bulk of the people as other than unfair and offensive?”

It is a most important principle of judicious finance that the inci-

dence, of taxation should be as little felt as possible, and also that it should not only be fair, but be seen to be fair. We believe that the present taxation of this country falls very equally on all classes; but unfortunately, under Mr. Gladstone's “reforms,” it has assumed an appearance of gross inequality. We have largely increased the spirit duties, and we have kept up the taxes on malt and beer, yet we have greatly reduced the duties on wine. Moreover, we have made the reduction of the duties on wines in such way that the finest wines pay no more than the cheap wines. Several articles of luxury have likewise, under the operation of the French treaty, disappeared from the tariff, and their absence, though of no great importance as affecting the revenue, gives a handle to demagogues who desire to excite the masses against the taxation of the country. The “Financial Reform Association,” and the Radical party in general, could have no better ally than Mr. Gladstone; and the chief result of his “popular” Budgets will inevitably be to render our whole system of taxation extremely unpopular.

Mr. Gladstone's new Budget is less ingenious, less experimental, less obviously hazardous, than those which have preceded it. The balance is, in appearance, at least, kept even between direct and indirect taxation; and the twopence off the income-tax, and the fivepence off the duties on tea, reduce these taxes to the level at which they stood prior to the Russian war. The modification of the Income-tax upon incomes between £100 and £200 a-year is an improvement. Mr. Gladstone has also done well in admitting a past error of his, by abolishing the small charges on certain operations of trade which he imposed in 1860, but which have been found exceedingly vexatious to commerce. Nor can any objection be taken to the change which he proposes to make on the taxation of railways, by which the

tax on the passenger traffic is reduced from 5 to 3½ per cent, while the exemption at present enjoyed by parliamentary and excursion trains is abolished. His proposal to levy the Income-tax upon the revenues of corporations which are expended in charity, and on the income of endowed charities, is more open to question; and so are some of his other minor proposals; but the interests affected are not sufficiently powerful to offer much opposition to the Government.

The main facts of Mr. Gladstone's financial statement are briefly as follows. Warned by the strong expression of opinion on the part of the House in favour of a reduction of expenditure, the Government resolved to anticipate farther opposition by curtailing the estimates which the House had so reluctantly voted, and last year spent about £800,000 less than they had taken power to do. In respect to the Revenue, Mr. Gladstone's estimates were singularly at fault. As on previous occasions, his estimate of the Excise greatly exceeded the actual return, which this year has fallen short of his estimate by more than a million sterling. But the Income-tax yielded nearly half a million more than he calculated, and so have the customs; and the total produce of the national taxes has been so favourable as to leave a surplus of about £400,000 above the estimate, and an excess of £1,300,000 above the expenditure. The revenue of the past year amounted to £70,603,000, the expenditure was £69,302,000: surplus £1,301,000. If the taxes were to remain on the same footing this year, they would yield (according to Mr. Gladstone) £71,490,000 and he proposes some trifling new taxes amounting to £183,000: together equal to £71,623,000. And as the estimated expenditure for the ensuing year is only £67,749,000 (£1,553,000 less than last year's), the surplus at the end of the ensuing year, if the taxes were kept at their present rate, would be

£3,874,000. But the proposed reductions of taxation, chiefly on the Income-tax and Tea-duties, will cause a loss of revenue in the ensuing year to the extent of £3,343,000; so that the actual surplus, as estimated by Mr. Gladstone, will be £531,000. The Budget stands thus:

REVENUE.	
Customs,	£22,737,000
Excise,	17,658,000
Stamps,	9,000,000
Taxes,	3,160,000
Income-tax,	8,675,000
Post Office,	3,800,000
Crown Lands,	300,000
Miscellaneous,	2,950,000
	£68,280,000
EXPENDITURE.	
Debt,	£26,333,000
Consolidated Fund,	1,940,000
Army,	15,060,000
Navy,	10,730,000
Collection,	4,721,000
Miscellaneous,	8,965,000
	£67,749,000
Surplus,	£531,000.

The surplus which Mr. Gladstone thus reckons upon this year is far below the amount which our best financiers consider requisite for the maintenance of a sound system of finance. It is true, and we attach great weight to the consideration, that the present depressed state of an important branch of national industry renders it desirable that the taxation of the country should be reduced as low as possible. But this argument, unhappily, cuts two ways. For the same depression of trade, which calls for a minimum of taxation this year, to at least a similar extent places in jeopardy the surplus which the Chancellor of the Exchequer reckons upon. In his estimate of the produce of the excise, especially, we believe that he commits his usual mistake of being too sanguine. But the really hazardous feature of his budget consists in this: That only a part of the proposed reductions of taxa-

tion will take effect during the ensuing year; and, therefore, the estimates which suffice for the financial year, upon which we have entered, will be inadequate for the year following. The reductions of taxation which will take place before April next will, as we have said, amount to £3,843,000; but the total yearly loss of revenue consequent upon the reductions, proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is 4,242,000; so that if they took entire effect during the present year, instead of a surplus of £531,000, there would be a deficit of £368,000. But of the loss on the Income-tax, £850,000 will only fall on the following year (1864-5), and £40,000 of loss from the abolition of some petty taxes will likewise be passed on to next year. Thus we obtain a surplus of £531,000 for the present financial year only by passing on to next year a loss of £900,000. If the finances had been in a thoroughly good condition, and if the state of the country promised to be prosperous, and our relations with other Powers peaceful, the heavy legacy of loss for the year 1864-5 might be contemplated with less alarm; for the experience of late years shows that, in ordinary times, the productiveness of the revenue tends to augment at the rate of £700,000 a-year. But this is not the case. And, moreover, as Mr. Gladstone's estimate of the miscellaneous receipts for the present year embrace half a million sterling of the China indemnity money—a payment which will not take place again—the deficit which we are preparing for the year 1864-5, is an exceedingly formidable one—£1,400,000.

This is the weak point of Mr. Gladstone's Budget. Suppose his expectations are fully realised—suppose he have a surplus at the end of this year of half a million, and that the productiveness of the taxes increase next year to the extent of £700,000 (which is not likely),—there would nevertheless be a deficit in the year 1864-5 of

£200,000. Such a result, the most favourable that can be expected, cannot be regarded with indifference. But this is not all. Is it not a fact that the balances in the Exchequer in March last year were £2,684,000 less than they were in 1860, when Mr. Gladstone began his present financial administration? And as he does not take any account of that deficit in his new Budget, the deficit remains unprovided for, and of course renders his present financial programme doubly hazardous. It was only by the help of the two and a half millions abstracted from the Exchequer balances and also by creating new Debt to the extent of £461,000, that he escaped bankruptcy during the two first years of his financial administration: and if he had been a Minister of ordinary prudence, he would have felt bound to replace those sums before he proceeded to make further reductions of taxation. But he is determined to produce popular Budgets, however dear a price the country may have to pay for them in the long run. He justifies anew the censure which Mr. M'Culloch has passed upon such a system of finance. He makes the show of a surplus for the ensuing year, only by ignoring nearly three millions of deficit which he has accumulated in past years, and by preparing a new deficit for the year 1864-5.

Every proposal to reduce taxation is sure to be popular,—we are equally sure that the present reductions are exceedingly dangerous. It is one thing to cut down expenditure—and this, we conceive, was what the Conservatives last year urged upon the Government—it is quite another thing to dispense with a real surplus, to resign ourselves to a past deficit, and prepare for ourselves a new one. The errors of Mr. Gladstone's previous Budgets now begin to weigh heavy upon the national fortunes. The abandonment of the paper-duties has rendered our present financial position one of no ordinary embar-

ramment. Had these duties still been in operation, the present reductions of taxation, so desirable in themselves, and so repeatedly called for by the Conservative party, could have been effected without any risk. As it is, we think the financial position of the country eminently unsatisfactory and unsafe. Not only must we experience a deficit in the year 1864-5, but we are totally unprepared for any untoward contingencies in the present year. The peace of Europe (if peace it may be called) is obviously insecure; hostilities seem impending between this country and Japan; and our relations with the Federal States of North America are such as, unhappily, and from no fault of ours, to render the occurrence of war between the two countries a contingency which cannot entirely be overlooked. But if any exceptional expenditure be forced upon us, how are we to meet it? Under Mr. Gladstone's management, the taxation of the country has been so concentrated upon a few articles of universal consumption, and the duty upon some of those commodities (such as spirits) has been so obviously carried to the highest possible point, that to increase the revenue from its present sources would be extremely difficult and unpopular. We cannot reimpose the old duties on wines, silks, gloves, and other articles embraced in the French treaty, for in respect to these we have sold our freedom of taxa-

tion to a foreign power. The paper duties are irretrievably abandoned; for, however impolitic may have been the abolition of those duties in times like the present, their reimposition would be a great hardship and injustice to the manufacturers who have made new arrangements in accordance with the abolition. A few months hence the same will be the case with the Tea-duties. A large increase of the *Income-tax*, and an issue of Exchequer bonds are the only means by which we can hope to make head against an emergency. The surplus is merely nominal—the balances in the Exchequer cannot be further reduced,—and even the issue of Exchequer bonds can be resorted to only to a small extent, in consequence of Mr. Gladstone's repeated postponement of paying off, as they fell due, the amounts already in circulation. Over the term of Mr. Gladstone's present financial administration, as over his previous one, the country will yet have to write the words, so damnable of the reputation of a statesman, *Improvidus futuri*. In the present aspect of affairs, we begin to think anew of his Budgets before the Crimean War; and we can only hope that the year 1864 will not be like 1854, and that the country will not find itself again in straits and embarrassments like those which proved wellnigh overwhelming ten years ago.

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A GLANCE AT THE ITALY OF CAVOUR.

IF at this moment the questions of Poland and Greece, by their imminence, have stronger claims on our interest than that of Italy, still the interval is by no means unfavourable to inquire into the relations of that country, and answer, if we can, how is it that the Italians have done so much?—why have they not done more? The inquiry obliges us to go somewhat back upon the past few years, but almost centres in the life and intentions of one man, Count Cavour. To that great statesman, who combined within himself qualities the most remarkable and most opposite, all that Italy has acquired is due, and which nothing could have won for her but his mingled sagacity and boldness, his prudence, his patience, his craft, and his audacity.

For years back Piedmont had been the Holland of Neapolitan Whigs. It was there that they wrote, they reasoned, and they conspired. Men of great ability and of great moderation, they never moved, nor advised a move, beyond the strictest legality. They believed that the great motive power of our age was Public Opinion; and to bring that power to bear upon Italy, it was alike necessary to dis-

abuse Europe of many ancient errors with regard to that country, and to show that it could lay claim to that high place which its traditions, its position, and its population, should rightfully assign it in the first rank of Continental nations.

Travellers and tourists had, unconsciously perhaps, done great disservice to Italy. The immense prominence given in all books on this country to questions of art or antiquity, eventually led the world to regard the peninsula as a great storehouse of things beautiful or curious. They came to it as a land teeming with memories of the past, rich in the most splendid traditions—and by the colossal remains of great monuments, able to revive that past even to minds the least speculative or fanciful. Such were the claims Italy was supposed to have upon the attention and respect of Europe; and, such as they were, they all referred to a bygone time. None, not the most ardent worshipper of her glorious monuments or splendid galleries, ever thought of speculating on a future Italy. None ever imagined a revival of that great Latin race whose civilisation had once been the day-

star of Southern Europe—none fancied that, in a word, Italians could be a people and Italy a nation;—none but one, and that man was Cavour.

Balbi, Gino Capponi, Farini, Ridolfi, and Ricasoli, were each and all men of considerable political eminence. Watching studiously and attentively the course of public events in Europe, they saw what constituted the elements of strength in other lands—what secured liberty, and what increased national wealth. Men of patience and moderation, they took England for their model, and believed that a well-regulated monarchy realised all that men could ask for or expect as a good government. To liberalise the policy of the State they lived in, was then their task; to teach that the age of repressions was bygone—that a wide latitude should be given to the expression of opinion—and that men were not necessarily enemies to order who thought it might be maintained with less ostentation of power, or less of cost to those who obeyed it. In this sense they wrote, discussed, and talked, eagerly seeking to make a public willing to lend an ear to such themes, and give a hearing to topics of a more serious interest than usually appealed to Italian attention. Their aim was so to improve the existing Governments of Italy that men who lived under them should enjoy a larger share of personal liberty, and a wider sphere of opportunities of knowledge and of wealth. It is scarcely possible to say what success might or might not have attended their efforts, when the revolution of '48 in France led the way, so to speak, to those excesses, and subsequently to that reaction which for a while dashed the hopes and disheartened the courage of Italian patriotism. Cavour, it is said, had never expressed himself with any confidence as to those reformations of which the Grand Duke in Tuscany or the Pope were the chief leaders. He regarded these princes as men

simply fascinated by an enthusiastic popularity, and not seriously imbued with the principles they professed. He saw, or thought he saw, that what they did they did with a certain fear and misgiving; and that they would never pledge themselves to an extent which left retreat impossible, nor make a liberal policy any other than a mere matter of experiment.

So long, therefore, as Austria held her position in the north, so long must this road of retreat be left open. "Let the Grand Duke be only once led to believe that he has gone too far—that he has endangered his dynasty and perilled his throne—and you will see," said Cavour, "how little weight he will give to his pledges. Let him only begin to fear Liberalism, and you will see how soon he shall ask for an Austrian occupation." It has often been asserted that the crafty statesman assisted his prediction to a fulfilment, and mainly aided that show of menace which made the timorous Prince insist upon being escorted to his capital by the Imperial troops. It has been frequently declared that Cavour exulted over the discomfiture of Ricasoli and Ridolfi and the others, who, in their indignation, refused now to lend their counsels to a sovereign who had insulted his people so grossly. Cavour had so often insisted on the correctness of his own forecastings that he was not over merciful to those who were now driven to acknowledge their justice. "*Fuori i Barbari*" had been his watchword for years. Out with the German, was the phrase with which, with little deference to argument, he would meet the statements made by him. He recognised no other remedy, he would discuss no other cure. "*Fuori i Barbari*" comprised a policy and a flag. It was alike a great scheme and a popular appeal. It was a code so simple that all could understand it; not like one of those subtle theories of government which require time to consider and

experience to pronounce upon. This was one of those propositions which address themselves to all ranks and gradations of men. The great Lombard noble and the peasant could feel it alike. Each sought for independence. If the ingenious speculations of Gioberti and others had made few followers outside the ranks of the learned classes, Cavour saw the reason, that these fine-spun theories could never appeal to the masses; and yet, if Italy were ever to win her freedom, it must be by these same masses. Every successful popular leader has been distinguished for the adoption of some one simple, easily intelligible principle, which each could repeat and each comprehend. O'Connell understood this thoroughly in his cry for emancipation. His theory was, "Emancipate us—the rest will follow." Now, as to all the great train of results, he only vaguely pictured them; he dwelt, it is true, largely on the evils which a condition of inequality enforced, and left his hearers to infer what an opposite state of matters would produce; so Cavour enumerated carefully all the wrongs and grievances of Austrian rule, and said, "These, whatever we do, these we must get rid of." What shape or form the liberated country was to take, he cautiously abstained from predicting. Lombardy was to be free—free to choose her own fortune and the form of government she would live under; either as an independent state or a province of the kingdom he affected to think it mattered little, so that the rule of the German was abolished. There was consummate skill in this. Not only did he band together men of different shades of political opinion in one common object—for in this the constitutionalist stood side by side with the Mazzinian, the monarchist with the red republican—but he at once escaped from all the shoals and quicksands of that municipalism which is the greatest of all the internal difficulties of Italy. *Fuori i Barbari* was a creed so wide,

none could refuse to subscribe to it. It left all the great future open; it prescribed nothing—it determined nothing. Italians were to be independent of Austria—the rest would follow.

Of the efforts the great statesman made to draw England to his side, and to make her his chief ally in the war, it is not my intention to speak. Those remarkable letters, whose authentic veracity none in Italy certainly disputes, with whatever qualification of their accuracy Lord Clarendon may speak of them, have declared that Cavour would infinitely rather have assigned the first place to England than to France. "As I could not obtain the Saint I have put up with the Devil," was the remark he himself made, employing a favourite Italian adage to express a forced choice of alternatives. Cavour was never a Franco-Italian; all his leanings were English. He liked our Parliament, our press, our judicial system, and, strangest of all for an Italian, our social habits. He always professed to think that there were many things in our institutions which would be easy of adoption by his countrymen; and this, if Piedmont meant Italy, he was unquestionably right in asserting. Necessity, however, imposed the French alliance, and its price. By its price, I do not mean the cession of Nice and Savoy, or that more painful cession still, by which the hand of a princess of this proud house was accorded to one whose personal character has never stood high in Italy. The price of French assistance was that preponderance of France over Italy which weighs in all her councils, and is felt in every struggle for her independence—which, establishing a French garrison in the very heart of the peninsula, declares, as *de droit*, what Italians may or may not do. "I never promised you Rome!" is the language of one who has no more real right to dispose of Rome than of Madrid. The Lombard war is assumed to be a debt which, let Italy

pay what she may, can never be acquitted. Nice and Savoy are, as it were, but mere instalments of the interest.

The proud spirit of Cavour chafed and fevered under this insulting dominance. He essayed, by every means in his power, to draw England to his side, and to make the weight of her influence bear heavily on her haughty rival. England, however, neither could nor would go to war for an Italian question; and it was in vain to expect anything important from notes, "official" or "officious."

Moral aid has, however, the power of the incommensurable; it is "the unknown number." No one can predict at what moment the sympathies of a people, long pledged and persisted in, will not assume the character of a debt to be acquitted; and Cavour calculated on this. His language was—"England may not help us to a forward movement, but she will never desert us if we be driven to a backward one." It was in this spirit he dared the boldest stroke he ever waged—the invasion of Umbria and the Marches. France positively forbade the step—threatened, telegraphed, and withdrew her envoy from Turin. Cavour sent his orders—"Go on;" and "on" the army went. The French General at Rome would not even believe the tidings; and, it is said, actually rebuked the officer for inaccuracy who brought them. We live in an age of *coups d'état*, and the chief element of a success is a surprise. To do something very suddenly and very unscrupulously—to astonish, not less by our energy than by our contempt for legality—to appear to assert that our object is too high and our aims too lofty to be arraigned by the tests which are applicable to everyday events—is the great principle on which this mode of action is based. The 2d December was a great lesson in this policy; and Count Cavour unquestionably profited by the teachings of his master in this new poli-

tical discovery, the grand secret of which lies in the fact of making the road back more difficult than the road forward, and compromising so many interests at one stroke that retreat is more dangerous than advance. It was thus the Empire was made in France, and thus so much as we see of a united Italy was won in this peninsula.

The march into the Papal territory was a *coup d'état* not less bold and daring than any ever dared by Louis Napoleon himself. In one respect it was a more audacious step than any taken by him—that, while it faced an enemy it threw off an ally. The French policy had hitherto been to maintain the Italian Government in a condition of subserviency to France. Cavour's reply came at last, and he said; "Deal for the future with the Italian people; it is with them you must treat."

The artful blending of constitutional forms with the force to be derived from popular enthusiasm, was Cavour's own invention. No man ever understood this chemistry of nations more thoroughly—as was displayed in the alternate pressure he knew how to apply to England or to France, alarming the jealousies and exciting the susceptibilities of each in turn.

It has often been said that the despatch of the Sardinian troops to the Crimea was a master-stroke of policy; but even its fullest merit has not been accorded to it; for while Cavour, by this step, advanced the claims of Italy as a warlike country, he was able to contrast Italian energy, promptitude, and daring, with Austrian slowness, hesitation, and distrust. "Look at your ancient ally," was the cry of the Italians; "see with what readiness he answers to your call." There was consummate craft in this. It was one of those instances in which statesmanship condescends to deal with popular sentiment, and calls upon the millions to ratify the decrees of a council.

Never, however, did Cavour dis-

play his twofold mode of action more perfectly than in the Garibaldian expedition to Sicily. The attempt was too outrageous to be glossed over by special pleading of any kind, so he left the issue to the greatest and last of all judgments—"its success." When once that success was certain, he set to work to legalise it,—not a very easy task, it must be owned, but at the same time not a more difficult one than he had before confronted. Where there has been much to complain of, the means for extinction will scarcely ever be closely scrutinised. The Government of the Bourbons had been long condemned by France and England; and the State which defies the judgment of two such powers combined, is hardly in a position to brave an internal revolution. Cavour well knew that the popular voice of Europe would hail the downfall of the Neapolitan dynasty, and that he need be little scrupulous as to the means. Certainly if the genius of a government were to be traced in the character of the governed, very little could be said for the Neapolitan Bourbons. Insecurity to life and property, theft, perjury, highway robbery, extortion, and roguery, on every hand; an unlettered aristocracy and a degraded people; a proprietary whose lives were passed between miserable parsimony on their estates and wasteful profusion in foreign capitals, and a peasantry who seldom rose above squalid misery ere they took to the highroad as brigands!—such was, and, with very little change, such is, Naples.

It has always been reproached to the Neapolitans that they sympathised little with the great movement in Italy, and accepted with cold indifference those changes which have led to Italian unity. Let it, however, be borne in mind that the south never was one-minded with the north on the question. The foreign occupation which oppressed the Lombards was not felt in Naples. The presence of the German, which made life a slavery

in the north, was unknown in the south. The one great grievance out of which sprang all the sorrows and sufferings of the northern Italian, was what the Neapolitan had not known, or, when he had known, not felt. The great fight in north Italy was for independence—the struggle in the south was for liberty. These were two very different issues, and evoked very different sentiments and passions. In the north, nothing could suffice short of a war—a war that would expel the dominant stranger and leave them free to deal with their own affairs in their own way. Not so in the south. There was no boon that a foreign Government could bestow that might not be given to them by their own. Certain reforms and changes, certain guarantees, it is true, were urgently needed. The laws of the realm were admirable could their administration be secured; but these might be accorded by their own sovereign just as well as by a new king. So, many thought and reasoned, and so, too, some foreign statesmen, little friendly to the Bourbons, felt bound to acknowledge; but the cry had gone forth that the perjury of the father would be repeated by the son—that the day of oaths to constitutions was over—that the nation would not again give its faith to the family who had betrayed it. In fact the two great contending parties of Italy—the Piedmontese and the Mazzinian—had determined that the dynasty should fall, each confident that the booty would fall to his own share. For a while the result was far more doubtful than many will be disposed to believe. Garibaldi was surrounded by partisans of Mazzini, who worked unceasingly upon his generous nature, suggesting distrust of Cavour and his Cabinet. To disbelieve in ministers of all sorts, is an instinct with men of the Garibaldi order. The great minister was, besides, no favourite at any time with the soldier of fortune. Passages had occurred between them, in the Chamber, of the fiercest kind,

when the practised orator most mercilessly dealt with his less accomplished antagonist; and with all Garibaldi's generosity of character, it would be too much to suppose he had forgotten them.

Intoxicated by a success which seems the more marvellous the more we learn of its details, Garibaldi's demeanour and pretensions grew each day more assured. He distributed rewards, named to offices, assigned a pension to this one and a palace to that, with more than royal munificence. This must be put a stop to at once, or how poor will kingly condescension and favour seem after such lavish generosity. It was not easy to do this. To reduce such a man to mere citizenship in the province he had won, was a difficult task. Cavour approached it in the spirit of an Italian. With consummate subtlety he counselled the King to send Garibaldi the order of the *Annunciata*, and which, although the highest in the state, would at once recall the recipient to a recollection of his position, and also of that fount from which all honours flow.

Garibaldi sent it back, not over graciously hinting that there were others just as worthy of it, and who would prize it more highly than he did.

Of these last few days of Garibaldi at Naples, before leaving for his island, various strange stories are current. The courtiers who came in the suite of the King were not slow to vent a number of petty insults on one who was not "of them," and whose pretentious bearing, while Dictator, exposed him to such slights. The creatures to whom he had assigned costly apartments in royal residences received "notice to quit;" rewards he had decreed were referred to ministers for confirmation. Even the petty spite of titled lackeys went so far as to expose him to an open slight; and when he sent for a carriage to the royal stables to convey him to the station—the privilege being one he had hitherto

enjoyed daily—"the Master of the Horse" sent him a message that he had none at his disposal, and recommended him to "take a fiacre."

It can scarcely be asserted that Garibaldi used his temporary power at Naples merely as such. In that trustfulness of disposition which is alike his charm and his defect, he never scrutinised the characters of those who stood around him; and probably there is not anything so wonderful in the whole career of this remarkable man, as that one so ill-supported, so inefficiently aided, and so miserably surrounded, should have accomplished the great feats that he has done. Though loyalty to his King was his guide-star hitherto, the intoxication of power seemed too much for him at Naples, and in the struggle to repress his ambition he threw himself into the "Revolution." The Mazzinists at this time had entire possession of him. The disbandment of the Bourbon army, the promotion to place of all the most advanced Republicans, the lavish sums decreed as compensation to the sufferers under Bourbon cruelties, and, least defensible of all, the pension awarded to the widow of Milano, the assassin who had attempted the life of the late King—all these attest the spirit of the Garibaldian Government, and plainly indicate to what a condition the whole nation was hastening.

As a measure of policy, nothing ever was more repugnant to Cavour's sentiments than the system of "compensations." It was not only, as he said, that people valued very little what cost them little, and that the liberty which was cheaply won was held as cheaply, but that the process of indemnification was in itself a hurtful and demoralising one. "*La guerre est la guerre*," said he, one day, to a deputation who waited on him to ask for compensation for the damage done to their crops by the war. "Some are killed—some are wounded: you are luckier; you have only lost some rice-fields." This conscious-

ness that the *morale* of a people must be at the level of the spirit of its Government, ran through all his policy, and was evidenced in the language he ever used when speaking of Naples and the Neapolitans. The corruption which pervaded every class would offer, as he well knew, a greater obstacle to the effective working of a good government than any openly avowed and boldly maintained opposition. Mazzinism he could combat—anarchy he could crush; but what do with a race who asked neither to believe nor to be believed—who trusted no man's word—who hated labour and felt no shame in crime. The greatness of the task before him was such as to appal even his own sanguine temperament. "What is a war with Austria in comparison with what I have now to do?" said he. "The assimilation of north and south—the fusion of these two Italies—is an infinitely more difficult problem than all that I have ever dared before."

The cold, stern Piedmontese, rugged of speech and ungenial, but brave, steadfast, and faithful to his word, was the very opposite of the pliant, subtle, insinuating Neapolitan, who shunned danger and hated every fatigue, and whose patriotism had no other form than an organised selfishness. What link was there between the two? Not a common origin: they were races essentially, radically different. Not common traditions: all their histories were dissimilar. Not language—for they were not intelligible to each other; and the first step of a Piedmontese soldier, as he landed at Naples, was to look for an interpreter! The Lombard, the Tuscan, the Romagnolo, and the Ligurian, all have their distinct and well-marked traits of nationality, but not so incongruously impressed as to defy the process of a fusion. But how make one people of north and south? And, above all, how do so, through the agency of the Piedmontese, the least conciliatory, the least genial of all Italians? Cavour

never undervalued the difficulty of this task. The last few days of his life scarcely any other topic was on his lips. He seemed to have foreseen the exact course events would take with his successors, and how resistance would provoke severities, and reprisals would follow cruelties. "Any one can govern with a state of siege," was the proud and scornful speech he uttered, as he pointed to the troubles in the south, and warned those who should come after him that to such a conflict between insurrection and power there is no end. "There never was worse use made of a man than hanging him," said Curran; and his name again reminds us how alike, in many respects, are Ireland and Naples: not that any amount of prejudice could class the intrepid and gallant Irishman with the faint-hearted and craven southerner; but their resemblance in other points is remarkable. The same inherent belief that they are intellectually higher than their masters is in each—a rooted conviction that they are the slaves of a mere brute force, and that in such a conflict as they are reduced to, all weapons, all devices, and all stratagems are fair. Neither reposes the slightest faith in the Law, which is simply regarded as an organised system of oppression. In their reverence for the Church, the Irishman and the Neapolitan are identical; the same blind bigotry, the same implicit credulity, the same slavish submission, are common to both. If we, therefore, would form a gauge of the difficulty that presented itself to Cavour, we need go no further than the records of our daily newspapers, and see how ineffectually we have combated the chronic spirit of rebellion at home. How much have we done in the task of "unification"? Is Tipperary more like Norfolk than the Basilicata is to the Lombard province? Have all our schools, colleges, canals, railroads, and harbours, made one of the two peoples; or are their traits deeper than institutions, and are

there traditions which become graven into instincts?

The Italy of Cavour lasted ten years. It was ten years from his accession to power to his death, and probably no other statesman accomplished more for his country within such a period. To have stood between the two parties in the state—the extreme “right,” the clerical and Conservative part of the Chamber, and the extravagant Republicanism which formed the “left”—and to have drawn over recruits from either, was no small achievement. But a far greater triumph was it to make of this moderate and coalascent party the source and origin of an energetic patriotism. Italy had talked, written, and “conspired,” for years; she had done everything for her liberty but one—she had never fought for it. Cavour only seems to have known that this was the one sole test of sincerity that the world will accept or believe in. With a dry brevity of which he was master, he placed the situation of Italy between two alternatives—“reconciliation with Austria and the Pope, or a War”—a “War,” as he writes it in English, “to the knife.”

He had closely studied the position of the French Emperor: he saw how the Crimean war had never either satisfied the aspirations of the army or the sentiments of Frenchmen generally. Would not a campaign against Austria accomplish both? was Cavour's calculation. Would it not, besides, gratify that Napoleonic ambition to carry out the traditional policy of his house, and once more to dictate a peace to the head of the Hapsburgs? Of all Italian statesmen Cavour was remarkable for his close and careful study of European politics. He saw that Italy's opportunity must be seized from some contingency in the condition of the Continent—some old grudge that would ripen into an open contention—some rivalry that would demand a forcible solution—or, as in the present

case, some political necessity, which a war alone could resolve.

“L'Empereur ne saurait s'opposer,” Cavour writes to Ratazzi, “à cette guerre; en secret il la désire.” A brilliant *fait d'armes*—something to recall the Empire in all its splendour—was a necessity to one whose achievements were certainly any other than heroic; and Cavour rightly judged that such a war would be popular in France.

Cavour never deceived himself as to the part England would take in the coming struggle. No man better understood the practical common-sense view English statesmen of either party in the House would take in such a question, nor how carefully they would weigh their “Italian sympathies” against the memories of an old and staunch ally; but, with all this, Cavour expressed himself bitterly, and as though disappointed, by the cold reception he met from Lord Palmerston, and in consequence threw himself with increased ardour into the French alliance. And it was in a sort of triumph he brought back to Turin the words of the Emperor, “Que pourrait-on faire pour l'Italie?”

Though the accession of Lord Derby to power in England was felt as a discouragement by Cavour, he soon saw that, in the maintenance of Sir James Hudson as Minister at Turin, no change of policy was contemplated by the new Ministry,—the incoming Government wisely deciding to avail themselves of the services of one of the most able and certainly the most popular envoy England had ever sent as her representative to a foreign court. With him Cavour had always maintained a close intimacy, and he soon saw that no intention existed of opposing the policy of the Whigs regarding Italy. Lord Malmesbury's efforts were exerted to prevent a war, it is true; but it was because he hoped that, by a peaceful solution, the claims of Italy might have been as advantageously dealt with: and who can say that a congress might not have done at Brus-

sels all that was achieved at Villafranca?

To bring the wavering public opinion of Europe, and particularly of England, to the side of Italy, was Cavour's next care; and to do this it was necessary to make Austria appear as the aggressor. Of the deep intrigue by which this was effected we do not know yet, nor indeed may we ever learn, the secret history. That Cavour himself at last had to concede the working of the scheme to the French Emperor is, however, clear; and that, at the very moment of its success, he was far from being aware of his triumph is also certain.

On the 20th of April came a telegraphic message to him from Paris in these words,—“Accept immediately all the preliminaries for a congress, and reply in these terms by telegraph.” To do this was to suspend all armaments, to arrest the volunteer movement, to disband the irregulars, stop recruitment—in a word, to accept a humiliating check in the face of Europe, and meet the Chamber with the load of an enormous debt and a disgrace together. For a moment he was overwhelmed. To have ruined his own reputation—to have to own himself cheated, tricked, and dishonoured, was much; but how much more to have brought his country to open shame and derision! He hesitated. It was a moment of intense struggle; but through the cloud of his doubts his clear quick glance caught a gleam of light, and he replied in his own hand, “I accede.” Forty-eight hours after came the Austrian ultimatum—a summons to surrender, so insolent that all Europe felt the outrage, and war was now inevitable.

La Marmora, in accepting his command, transferred his charge as War Minister to Cavour, who at last felt himself in his real element, where there was work in abundance, and of a kind he liked. In fact, combining within himself the home administration, the direction of foreign affairs, and the organisa-

tion of the army, he had attained a dictatorship the most complete and sovereign. Stepping from a position of equality from amongst his fellows to such an eminence, no wonder that he soon acquired that habit of domination which would not brook an obstacle, nor sometimes even hear a reason. Fortunately for his country, it was the despotism of a great mind, equal to all the strain and all the demands to be made upon it. Cavour used to speak of the period of the campaign as one of rest and leisure to him. The direction of home affairs was naturally easy so long as the great struggle of the war threw all the energies and interests of the nation in one direction. To what sort of existence he employed the term “tranquil,” may be judged from the fact that it was in this very interval—with hands full enough for most men's tastes—he set to work to overthrow the sovereignties of the Duchies! Of Modena the case is one easy of appreciation; there were great hardships and great difficulties. The rule of the Duke had one radical fault—it was not national; and it certainly derived little, either of guidance or intelligence, from the great events of Europe at large. Parma was, however, not ill administered under the regency, and the heaviest reproach against it was from the past. But Tuscany, without an exception, was the model state of the peninsula. Mild laws mercifully administered, peace and prosperity everywhere, were what struck the traveller as he crossed the frontier; and the most inveterate grievance-hunter would have been puzzled to find a flaw, except in certain religious intolerances, which are common to all Catholic countries, and which here were almost provoked by the defiant attitude of a propaganda.

To the capital of this state Cavour sent M. Buoncompagni, nominally as Sardinian envoy, but in reality as the chief agent of a revolution. The game was played with consummate craft and skill. The

first step was to place the Grand Duke and his family before the people as aliens, destitute of Italian sympathies, and merely ruling by the grace of Austria. Knowing well the nature of the man with whom they had to deal—a prince whose good qualities were always subordinate to his fears—they practised on him by a series of threats so constituted as to make him seek safety in complete inaction. They brought him, in fact, to that point in which he neither would take part with Austria nor against her; and, discredited and unsupported, he lived on for weeks at the Pitti, a puzzled spectator of a revolution that was hourly encroaching, and whose march he knew neither how to turn nor retard.

The downfall of the house of Lorraine, and the annexation of Tuscany and the other duchies to Piedmont, had, however, been no part of the Imperial programme. In that pompous declaration at Milan, of "Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic," no word of Central Italy had been dropped; on the contrary, it was currently reported, and as currently believed, that one of the objects of the war was the re-establishment of one of the kingdoms of the first empire, and that Etruria was again to figure in the map, with Prince Napoleon Bonaparte for its king. No sooner, therefore, had the Cavour intrigues become known to the Emperor, than he despatched an agent of his own to countermine them. The choice was perhaps not fortunate. The Prince Joseph Poniatowski was a Tuscan, it is true, but one who possessed no weight nor influence with his countrymen. Neither his habits, his tastes, nor his associates, were such as would impose respect on men engaged in a serious and important project, and his mission was a failure.

The Prince Napoleon was next sent, nominally as in command of the fourth *corps d'armée*, but in reality to "sound the channel," and examine for himself, and with

his own eyes, the chances of success. As a boy and a young man he had lived much in Florence; and although a city assuredly where tolerance in morals is carried to an extreme, he had left behind him a reputation for such excesses as find few apologists. He, too, failed—failed more egregiously than his herald!

The Prince did not "*ménager*" his disappointment. He received the deputations of the municipalities with rudeness, and dismissed them with sarcasms; and, indecorously alluding to what he himself characterised as mere newspaper gossip—the desire of establishing himself as a sovereign in Central Italy—declared that in no moment of his humility had he ever contemplated such a destiny!

The Prince, with the fourth army corps, arrived at Solferino after the battle. They were not in time to defeat the Austrians, but they were quite early enough to vanquish Cavour!

The interview between the Emperor and his cousin at once explained what had occurred in Central Italy, and explained how, while the French were conquering, Cavour was intriguing, and that while the rich plains of Lombardy were being won by the sword, the more splendid prize of Tuscany was gained by diplomatic subtlety.

The Emperor saw that Cavour was about to win the game, and he upset the chess-board. The treaty of Villafranca was the reply to the annexation of the Duchies!

Most men would have sunk under such a blow as this. For a while, indeed, Cavour seemed to feel it as the wreck of his hopes and the ruin of his ambition; he gave in his resignation as minister, which was accepted, and he retired into Switzerland. He was beaten at his own weapon, too, by one who combined the craft of Macchiavelli with the force of "les gros bataillons." It is said that the French Emperor could not conceal his triumph at the discomfiture of his opponent, and

actually overwhelmed the new minister, M. Rattazzi, with assurances of confidence and esteem.

Even in the close intimacy of his dearest friends—to whose society, on the Lake of Geneva, he now hastened—Cavour preserved a guarded reserve as to the motives of the Emperor, which his biographer, M. de la Rive, attributes to the moderation and justice with which he could judge even an adversary, but which it is by no means unfair to ascribe to a very different reason—the discomfiture of defeat in a struggle where each had attempted to outwit the other. Cavour had won “the first innings.” The Duchies were his own—he owed nothing to France on that issue whatever. The popular voice—how persuaded it is not part of my present task to inquire—had declared for annexation to Piedmont; and it is well to remember this fact, for at that moment there was no question whatever of Italian unity. The object of the movement was a larger kingdom for the house of Savoy. Now, this was not “the idea” for which France had gone to war. It was far less her object to aggrandise Piedmont than to humiliate Austria. “He has given me excellent reasons,” said Cavour, speaking of the Emperor; “for not making war, but not one—not one single one—for making a peace.”

“Be it so,” cried he. “One road has been closed against us—let us try another. It may take us twenty years to do what we should have done in a few weeks, BUT WE WILL DO IT. Besides, England has not yet helped us. Let us see what she will do. Meanwhile I’ll turn my attention to Naples.”

Little did the King of Naples suspect how closely his destiny was bound up with that treaty of Villafranca. Indeed the most forecasting of politicians could scarcely have predicted how the discomfiture of Piedmont in the north was to be compensated in the south.

The biographer who would exalt

Count Cavour above all other statesmen, and make such names as Pitt, Fox, and Peel pale before him, is certainly wise in passing over in silence the history of the intrigues against Naples. At no time a scrupulous man, here he transcends all that even the late history of Italy exhibits of Machiavellism and duplicity. He writes and receives despatches from the Neapolitan Court; he receives the visits of the Minister; discusses with M. Ludolf all the possible and impossible reforms to be introduced in the south; talks of treaties and customs, leagues and maritime conventions; and then retires to his cabinet to confer with Garibaldi, and plot the invasion of the kingdom and the downfall of the dynasty! Yes; but, asks some one,—are you about to uphold the rule of the Bourbons, or attempt to justify the well-known atrocities of their Government? Nothing of the kind. There was much to reprobate in the old sway of that house. They had faults in plenty, but perhaps, after all, neither of the kind nor to the extent ascribed to them. The question is, Was the mode in which they were treated—not by Garibaldi and his filibusters, for it is not to such acts the rule of right can be applied—but was the treatment by Cavour’s Government justifiable on any ground of honour or good faith? Was it fair to discuss the terms of an alliance with a state in the morning, and plot its revolution in the afternoon? Was it by such a policy as this that the new era of a moral Italy was to be inaugurated? Was it thus that the double-dealing and falsehood, which he deplored as the vices that rendered all constitutional government in Italy so difficult, were to be shamed down and discouraged?

It is generally believed that the whole work of the downfall of the Bourbons was accomplished by Garibaldi. This was not the case. All the agencies so successfully employed in Tuscany—the same machinery, worked by the same

hand—were engaged at Naples. The civil servants, the highest in the state—the army, from the generals down to the corporals—the functionaries of the various departments of the post-office and the customs—were all bought. The King, in fact, was left with a few Jesuits and some Bavarians to advise and to support him—to counsel him to yield when he ought to have resisted, and to resist when resistance was all in vain!

No apologist of Cavour has ever attempted to palliate the course of this policy. Indeed, he made a half-avowal that its necessity was its sole excuse. "Ils me forceront à passer la reste de ma vie à conspirer," was the very frank concession of the line to which he felt himself reduced. In other words,—"I shall be driven to plot and scheme and undermine—not to treat, to diplomatise, nor to administer."

In jockey phrase, Cavour did not "stand to win" on Garibaldi; but he risked little if he lost, nay, it was not quite certain if there would not be a real and tangible gain in the discredit that failure would bring upon a daring and aggressive partisan. Garibaldi had begun to hold his head high, and to employ a tone which ministers are not prone to admire.

That the expedition was neither interfered with nor impeded—that it was secretly encouraged and aided—is now no longer questioned. Many of the famous "thousand" were discharged and pensioned soldiers, who never would have resigned their hard-won pensions had the spirit of the Government been adverse to the cause. It is very probable Cavour never, in his most sanguine moments, calculated on the success achieved by Garibaldi, which was out of all proportion to the means at his command, and to the forces against him; but what he certainly did and could count upon was, the mistakes and errors which the Bourbon Government would inevitably fall into in their attempts

at resistance. "Je le ferai faire une indiscretion," was the subtle exclamation of Talleyrand when an adversary presented a front too difficult for open attack. The repressive measures which the eventuality would call for must necessarily be severe; and it would be hard if a cry of cruelty and inhumanity could not be raised against a sovereign driven to bombard his own cities and shoot down his own subjects.

Let Garibaldi, therefore, win or lose, good to the cause of Piedmont must come of it. With all this, Cavour affected to ignore the expedition. He wrote to his agents at foreign courts, that the Government not only discountenanced such attempts, but that orders were given to the fleet to stop all suspected ships, and carefully watch the various ports of embarkation. The ministerial press scarcely alluded to the expedition, or did so in terms of contemptuous disparagement. Meanwhile large steamers were chartered by the Garibaldians; arms and ammunition purchased; recruitment practised in open day; and an actual ostentation of openness displayed by the leaders of the expedition.

No gloss of excuse, or even of palliation, can cover the conduct of Cavour as regards the Neapolitan Government. It was one unbroken course of duplicity. He had decreed that the monarchy should fall—"delenda est Carthago;" and he cared very little by what means. When the Bourbons stood at bay before Capua, he saw the moment was critical, and at once sent the army to the aid of Garibaldi. He hurried off the King, too, to the scene, as though to cover by the presence of royalty the illegality of the movement. It was like despatching a sheriff to take the command of a mob! Speed was the great element of success here as in the invasion of the Marchese—speed that might outstrip France and prevent her interference. The only policy to which the French Emperor has always succumbed is

"le fait accompli;" and this none understood better than Cavour. In eighteen months, therefore, from the defeat at Villafranca, Cavour saw himself master of all Italy except Rome and Venice. The world is too ardent a worshipper of success to be very critical about the means employed to obtain it; and this is essentially the case in politics, whose paths are believed to be of necessity tortuous and crooked. Few crimes, besides, are less reprehended than those which assail the unpopular. To him, therefore, who would arraign the honesty or good faith of Cavour in these negotiations, the reply is always ready—Are you going to uphold the Bourbons? What can you say for a rule which has been a standing outrage to all Europe, and whose misdeeds have been the subject of universal complaint? In a word, the plaintiff is to be nonsuited on account of his character. Such is the judgment which grave, and even honourable men have come to pronounce on this issue. This would be a very dangerous doctrine at any time, but still more so if the property of the defaulter was to be ceded to the judge who condemned him.

Not, indeed, that Italians themselves have censured Cavour on this head. Intellectual greatness has a dazzling brilliancy about it that blinds the eyes of the impassioned native of the south. The immensity of the prize has, besides, absorbed all consideration as to the mode in which it has been won.

It was thus, therefore, that a great Italy has been made: By long persistent intrigues; by craft; by daring; by a careful study of the character, the position, and the requirements of the French empire; by a cautious balancing of the rivalries of the two great states of the West; and, last of all, by an audacious contempt for right, so long as that right was associated in the popular mind with acts of cruelty and oppression, and which

would make its downfall a triumph to the cause of liberty in Europe.

No man less great and gifted than Cavour could have done these things. They were beyond the reach of any who could not combine within himself a range of qualities the most opposite and most varied. He was at once patient and impulsive, a quick reasoner, a reflective thinker—cautious to what seemed timidity at times, and then bold with a courage that scorned danger. With a manner and address the most insinuating, he carried insolence, when it suited his purpose, even into the presence of royalty. He was a statesman by predilection, and a soldier by instinct; but, above all, in his persistent scheming, his unwearied resources of craft, of apparent *bon-homme* and seeming trustfulness, he was the *beau idéal* of his nation—a perfect Italian!

Having said thus much on how Italy has done what she has, little remains to be added as to why she has not done more. The answer is in one word—she has lost Cavour. He alone could have guided the country safely through the shoals and quicksands that surround it; and, in seeing the doubts, the indecisions, the impulsive efforts at action, followed by intervals of halting uncertainty, which have marked the latter administrations of Italy, one is forcibly reminded of that passage in Mr. Kinglake's history, where he speaks of the English generals as only eager to discuss what would the great Duke have done in an emergency like their own—how would *he* have met such a crisis as that before them?

No other policy than this has presented itself to M. Ricasoli, M. Katazzi, or his successors. The defiant tone assumed towards France, the impulse imparted to the rifle clubs throughout the kingdom, the Garibaldian menace at Sarnico—what were they all but imitations of the policy of him who, had he been alive, would never have menaced save when he meant to strike

—if indeed he did not strike before he menaced?

Assuredly, had Cavour lived, the position of Italy had now been different. Discontent would not, as now, lift its voice in the north, nor brigandage ravage the south. It is possible that the French might be still at Rome; but one thing is certain, there would have been no discredit thrown on the rash enthusiasm of the nation—there would never have been an Aspromonte! nor would Garibaldi now lie wounded and dishonoured on his lone island at Caprera!

Since the foregoing remarks on the Italy of Cavour were written, a small volume has been published in Florence, entitled '*Il Conte Camillo di Cavour*,' whose author, M. Bianchi, is said to have laid "one more garland on the tomb of the great statesman." Indeed his book is assumed to be the final vindication of Cavour's character against the calumnious attacks of the Republican party. One of the chief charges brought against the Cavour cabinet, was the backward and unwilling way in which Garibaldi's expedition to Sicily was seconded; and here, in the present volume, we have a distinguished member of the moderate party, a politician of note and merit, the personal friend of Ricasoli, distinctly and plainly declaring that, so far from acting in opposition to Garibaldi, so far from any discouragement or coldness, M. Cavour only shrouded his acts within the thin cloak of diplomatic treachery, and, while he was treating with Neapolitan envoys, discussing the conditions and terms of a future alliance, his subordinates were all actively employed in fitting out the expedition, and preparing for its embarkation.

This defence of Cavour, however unsuited to English notions of honour and rectitude, will astonish no one who is conversant with Italy.

It never occurred to M. Bianchi to think when he wrote his book, nor, we venture to say, to any of his Italian readers when they read it,

that he was uttering the most fatal condemnation on the character of that statesman whose fair fame he would vindicate. M. Bianchi tells us "it would not do for the Government to have accorded Garibaldi's demand of arms from the royal arsenal; but Farina was despatched by Cavour to Genoa to assist in procuring arms; and an order given to furnish all the guns of the arsenal at Modena was issued and promptly obeyed." These were despatched towards "La Foce" and "Quarto," while the government officials, to keep up the semblance of good faith assumed by Cavour, were told to watch the coast attentively, and directed in particular to Polcevera and Cornegliano, two places in a directly opposite position to those named!

Finally, we have the very words of a secret telegraphic despatch from the hands of Count Cavour to Admiral Persano, who had been ostentatiously despatched with the fleet, to prevent, as Cavour alleged, all unauthorised landing on the Neapolitan territory. Here it is—we give it, as M. Bianchi does, in capitals:—

"SIGNOR COUNT,—TAKE CARE TO CRUISE BETWEEN THE NEAPOLITAN FLEET AND GARIBOLDI. I HOPE YOU COMPREHEND ME."

The reply was worthy of the order, and is really too characteristic to be omitted:—

"SIGNOR COUNT,—I believe I understand you thoroughly. Should the case arise, you will send me to Finestrelle."

Finestrelle is a fortress in the high Alps, used for the punishment of the highest military derelicts. The Admiral's meaning therefore was, "If I get the opportunity, I shall do something so compromising, that only my own disgrace will suffice to rescue you from the difficulty." These great men were really worthy of each other!

M. Bianchi is so ardent an enthusiast of Count Cavour's duplicity—so fearful lest a vestige of doubt might rest on the active treachery

of his conduct—that he gives a despatch from the Neapolitan Prime Minister, Carafa, to the Neapolitan Minister at Turin, in these words:—

“Notwithstanding the assurances given us from Turin, and the pledges of the Government to prevent all buccannering expeditions to our shores, such an expedition landed yesterday at Marsalla, under the very eyes of the Sardinian fleet. Is piracy to be tolerated from a state with whom we are on friendly relations? CARAFA.”

On the 19th June Cavour writes to his agent, La Farint, in Sicily, “Persano will aid you in every-

thing *without compromising our flag!*” and his postscript is, “It would be a fine thing if Garibaldi should pass over into Calabria!” and adds, “Diplomacy here is somewhat stormy—Russia in particular—Prussia less so: our own Parliament is very prudent!”

When such a book can be written as the defence of a great statesman, and can be received as a noble and complete vindication of his memory, an Englishman must lay down the volume with some misgivings as to the future of a people so guided and so advocated.

ROUGH NOTES OF A RIDE TO BABYLON.

If, reader, at any previous period of your life, you have had the good fortune to visit the fair city of Baghdad, I pray you to look upon the following opening pages of my story much in the light that young ladies are wont to look upon the metaphysical disquisitions of a novel—as pages, in fact, containing matter wholly superfluous and void of interest to you, and which you may, therefore, lawfully and advantageously *skip*. I take it for granted that your stay there, whether short or long, did indelibly impress upon your mind the general appearance of the town, and the manner of life there—at least that of the European. No description of mine is likely to refreshen those memories of the old, quaint, Oriental city, such as I hold you must keep stored away somewhere, treasures to the mental vision. But, on the other hand, if you have never made that weary desert ride that has Damascus as a starting-point and Baghdad as a goal—if you have never won your way against the current of the Tigris, rolling its fast rushing waters over countless shifting sand-banks—if you have never entered the city by any of its numerous gates—if, in fact, for *non cubis homini contingit adire Corinthum*, you have never seen Bagh-

dad except in your childhood, peopled with genii and barbers, caliphs and calenders, I beg you will bear with me while I give you, in as few words as possible, the very roughest sketch of the appearance of the town and of our manner of life there, as we remember it during one sunny month of May. For the prettiest first glimpse of Baghdad that you can get, is when you enter the town from the south by the river. The Tigris, doubling and turning like a hunted hare, takes you for the last few miles through a country perfectly flat and level. But, flat and level as the country is, the eye cannot wander far over it. As you approach Baghdad, dense orange groves, long dark sweeping lines of pomegranate and date trees, shut in the view. The whole country seems a rich cultivated garden. You cannot look over it and come to any other conclusion. Cultivated it is, and fertile beyond all telling, but what you see is merely a fringe of verdure to vast tracts of desert sterile wastes. Looking over this garden, you may observe at work, wells, in number more than you can easily count—wells whose construction is identical with the early stories of the Bible. Your boat passes in mid-stream little islands covered in

such a way that you can make out nothing but a tall tangled mass of reeds and grass. Should the current swing your boat near to any one of these islands, you may hear a sudden rush and an angry grunt that will probably startle you. The reeds' canes rattle again, and the agitated slender points mark the course of a wild boar roused from his quiet island lair. The last bend of the river arrived at, you gaze at once upon the very heart of the old city, as it lies divided before you by the waters of the noble stream; and at once you are aware that fallen away indeed is Baghdad from her ancient splendour. A bridge of boats spans the current. You can distinguish, swarming across, a motley crowd of horsemen and footmen, and beasts of burden laden high with fruit and vegetables of all kinds. If you watch attentively you will see, between you and the clear sunlit sky, the dark form of some Arab Sheik or Bedouin of the desert emerge for a few moments distinct from the crowd, and as the eye is tracing the picturesque outline, crossed at an angle by the long tufted lance, the whole disappears behind a camel, moving slowly along under bales of goods piled high aloft. The waters are at their full height, and bathe in places the walls of the houses, some two or three feet above the usual level. To the right and to the left are the light-coloured sides of the houses, built, many of them, with bricks brought from the ruined Babylon. These walls, for the most part crumbling to pieces with age and neglect, present but a fragile barrier to the turbid current rushing so angrily by them. Tall window-frames of intricate wood-work, into which tiny fragments of painted glass are fastened, pierce the sides of the houses. As you glide under them a casement is run up, and a light floating cloud of white muslin gauze betokens the presence of some carefully barred-in, secluded inmate of a harem. Whether the "sweet soul that breathes beneath" the cloud is passing fair or the contrary,

young or aged, it is impossible for mortal eye to distinguish. But, of course, your innate gallantry inclines you to invest the mysterious apparition with all the bloom and with all the charms of youth and extreme beauty. On the flat terraced roofs a few figures veiled from head to foot, shapeless forms of blue drapery, are moving about, engaged apparently in various domestic occupations. You silently wonder how woman so disguised can make use of either hand or foot—at least to any purpose. In a shady verandah overhanging the waters is a fat Turk, resting his august person on piles of silk cushions, and motionless as a statue. A crowd of white-robed menials stand near; and the only thing moving about the group is a wreath of blue smoke, curling upward from the fragrant *latakia*, kindling in a pipe-bowl. The domes of mosques and graceful tapering minarets—some ruined, some brilliant with gold-leaf and porcelain—rise from the sea of flat-roofed houses around. Away to the left, appearing from behind the mud-bank of a canal, is a curious-shaped building, small, but in shape something between a pyramid and a spire. It is too far to make anything of it, and as you are giving it up in despair, you are told it is the tomb of Zobeide, the wife of the great Caliph Haroon al Rashid. Whilst your mind is still glowing with the recollections of the various adventures of the fair lady—of the diamond, boldly described big as an ostrich egg, which she found in the desolate city—of her two naughty sisters—of her wonderful escape from their treachery—of her daily beatings of them, when transformed into black dogs—and of her final happy union with the Commander of the Faithful,—you are off the steps of the British Residency. The house, built on the left bank of the stream, looks wonderfully substantial and solid, contrasting with the fragile-looking buildings and crumbling walls in the neighbourhood.

Life at Baghdad during the

summer months, if you are not living under canvass in some shady pleasant garden of the suburbs, leaves its impression on the mind as a game of hide-and-seek with the sun kept up the live-long day, and in which you find you have considerably the worst of it. In the morning, if you go for a ride, and leave the town by one of the eastern gates, you see before you a desert reaching away to a distant horizon line, like a watery waste, from the very spot whereon you are standing immediately beneath the city walls. Your good horse breathes gladly at the fresh free air of the desert, and at that moment not the wealth of a kingdom, not even the behest of your own lady-love, would prevent you from doing what you have in your mind to do. Your hand, by some almost imperceptible movement, causes a slackening of the rein; your knee gently presses the flank that is throbbing beneath you. For the sight of the far-stretching plain has not been lost upon your horse. His heart is thumping against the saddle flap with the bounding beat of a steam-driven piston. In that moment, as if some electric spark had kindled your natures simultaneously, he starts with a bound like a deer; in another you are flying along, urging the high-couraged animal beneath you to the top of his speed, and nothing before you but the wide wide desert, glistening in the morning sun, whose beams meet you pleasantly enough as you rush through the keen cold air of early day. But by the time your gallop is over, and you are home, and long before you have finished your bathing and dressing, the sun's rays, so pleasant in the early morning, are now pouring into the house, and heating it as furrace flames heat an oven. You fly with cracking skin and throbbing temples and hide yourself in the bowels of the earth. Below every house are subterranean chambers, furnished as the rooms above—another house, in fact—a range of fur-

nished cellars, called a "sirdaub." Here you breakfast: the morning's gallop, now a thing of the past, has bequeathed to you an appetite before which little hills of young green cucumbers, and of piloff (whose rice is largely mottled with boiled raisins and cinnamon), disappear like misty valley clouds before a midday sun. During the day, if you are a sensible man, you keep quiet, sheltered in these subterranean chambers from the fierce glow of noon by kindly mother earth. If you are otherwise, you roam about seeking a cooler place, but finding none. You are lured perhaps to the banks of the stream, where a reed-built room—the technical name of which I never could pronounce, so will not hazard reputation by writing—sprinkled constantly with water, holds out a tempting refuge. There is something pleasant in the sound of the rushing stream close beside you, and in the noise of the constant splashing of water on the reeds—the walls, as it were, of the room; but the thermometer stands considerably higher than in the house, and flies, as of those of the plague of Egypt, beset you, and give you not a moment's peace of body or mind. During these mid-day hours, should you be unfortunately abroad, wandering with restless spirit, you will find no sympathising Turk about. In the doorways and in the passages you will stumble across the prostrate bodies of cavasses and turbaned menials by the score; but they give no signs of life, and for all the assistance they are likely to give you in your distress, you might as well be among the petrified worshippers of the great Nardoun.

But there is an occasion on which all these apparently lifeless forms start into sudden action. We remember sometimes as the noontide hours were dragging their slow lengths along, a clattering of horses' hoofs would be heard in the yard. In a few minutes, cavasses and servants, bathmen and Turkish guards, would be hurrying—as much as a Turk.

ever does hurry—towards the sound. On looking into the yard to see the cause of this unusual excitement, we would see two horses, reeking with perspiration, nostrils distended, flanks heaving, and so wretchedly thin and worn withal, that we would not have been surprised if one or both had dropped down dead on the spot. One horse carries a pair of large leathern bags; on the other sits a man with the broad shoulders and thick arms of a giant. His face, notwithstanding the dark colour of the skin, has a terribly sunburnt look, and his beard and mustaches, once glossy and sleek with the blackest of "reng," are now white with the dust of travel. In the creases of his upper coat and of his enormous boots lie whole drifts of the desert sands. The reins drop mechanically from his hands; and as he devoutly mutters a sonorous prayer to Allah, he makes himself into as heavy and into as helpless a bundle as he possibly can, and drops off his horse into the arms of a cavass, who stands by with muscles braced ready to receive the inert mass. In the course of a few minutes that brawny breadth of shoulder, that formidable thickness of the arms that had so attracted our attention, would entirely disappear. There steps forth from a pile of furcoats, felt cloths, linen wrappers, leather leggings, and a perfect armoury of sundry defensive weapons, a large-framed man certainly, but so exceedingly spare that the large framework of bone appears to have nothing but skin upon it, not an ounce of superfluous flesh or muscle. He tucks the leathern bags under his arm, and strides away with legs immensely distended, a sort of striding bridge, towards the quarters of the Vice-Consul. This travel-stained man is the Tatar from Constantinople. He has been a number of

consecutive hours on horseback, the mere mentioning of which would make the toughest of postboys, the most dunderheaded, enduring of German "postillons," stand aghast. This Tatar has ridden in hot haste, and his ride has cost Her Majesty's Government about £100 sterling. He has probably left more than one horse dead or dying upon the road; and if the servants at the different post-houses had it in their power to sue him at law for assault and battery, the British Treasury would possibly have to pay a much longer bill. For in their zeal of office these Tartars slash about with surprising energy, on every possible occasion, over the heads and faces of the unfortunate attendants at the post-houses, the long leathern lashes of a whip, which is carried fastened to the wrist. Those leathern bags that the Tatar has brought with him may contain a despatch, on the reading of which the destination of an army may depend; or, as once happened, there may be pulled forth from their dusty recesses a pair of French pumps, for the diplomatic feet of some dandy attaché.* This pair of French pumps that had probably caused an amount of woe to man and beast beyond all telling, had happened to be the only packet to be taken eastwards, there being no despatches lying or ready at the Embassy at Constantinople when the time came round for the Tatar to start for Bagdad.

About five o'clock, while your enemy the sun is engaged slanting his beams down the river, making its waters look one mass of molten gold, you prepare for a stroll through the crowded bazaar. There you will be jostled more than to your heart's content by every variety of picturesque Oriental costume. Albanians in richly embroidered jackets and loose baggy trousers, and girdled round the waist by a sash twinkling with silver-

* Written when British troops were occupying Persian territory, and at the time when Her Majesty's ministers at the Court of Persia and suite were resident at Bagdad.

' mounted pistols and murderous-looking "yatagans." Wild Arabs straight from the desert, stalking along in their black and white striped "abbas," and with gay coloured handkerchiefs fastened over the brows with a rope spun from their own camel's hair. Veiled women shuffling about awkwardly on their high-heeled yellow slippers. Grave, solemn Turks seated on donkeys, who charge the crowd recklessly, never deigning to look either to the right or to the left. Half-naked, ragged beggars will throw themselves at your feet, contort their features, and in rambling incoherent speech will invoke all the blessings of Allah and his holy Prophet on your Christian head. I remember in those evening strolls we generally stopped before the pipe-shops, and those shops where the delicate Bussorah goblets were set out in tempting array. Neither the prettily-fashioned pipe-bowls, nor the fragile, gracefully-turned claywork of Bussorah did we find expensive: indeed much the contrary. But the recklessness with which we invested our Tomauns in basketfuls of the one and the other, was something incredible. When we used to gaze with fond eyes upon our treasures spread out on the floor of our rooms, in despair our thoughts would turn upon a long journey of months that was before us—a journey before starting upon which every single article that was not an actual necessary of life would have to be discarded, and left as a legacy to some unappreciating, unimaginative, ungrateful Turk. In one corner of the room stood a perfect bundle of cherry pipe-sticks, which had been chosen with immense judgment, as we flattered ourselves. What eventually became of them, we do not remember; but we can well call to mind, how in those days no earthly consideration would have induced us to part with any single one of them, no, not to our dearest friend, not for life itself.

By the time we were home again from the bazaars, that part of the house which at noon was the coolest, was, now that the sun was down, simply unbearable. The atmosphere was close and heavy, and clouds of mosquitoes hung about, filling the air with an ominous everlasting hum. This hour of parting day, as the bullying sun is dipping behind the glowing horizon, is the hour at which all Baghdad flies to the house-top. There, a gentle breeze coming down the river fans your cheek, and puts to utter confusion the adventurous mosquitoes who followed you like a pack of hounds as you fled through the yard and lower rooms. On looking about you, over the broad open terrace of the house, it would appear that some good kind genii had been at work, and had transported hither by a shake of his head everything appertaining to your evening's comfort. A table is spread, and preparations evidently for dinner are being made by a crowd of servants. Other servants are standing about, arms folded, and with a resigned, long-suffering look on their countenances, as if they had been waiting your arrival ever since daylight. A tiny cup of black coffee is presented to you, and the amber end of a long cherry-stick wheeling round approaches your lips. Sipping the black coffee, and coquetting with the smooth, clouded amber that yields generously to the slightest request of your lip such peace-restoring, grateful clouds, you beguile the intervening half-hour to dinner. If you are a man of an inquisitive turn of mind, or desirous of distraction with your tobacco, you need only take your seat on the parapet of the terrace, look over it, and note the various domestic arrangements that are being carried out on the neighbouring roofs around. Whole troops of veiled figures are sitting about like ghosts in the rapidly increasing gloom, and swarthy Nubian slaves, staggering under mountains of

a different being. Where he was walking now so quietly, he would be stamping his feet like an enraged gnu. That bland countenance would be purple; those lips would be consigning me and everything belonging to me to eternal perdition. For did I not see as clearly as if it was all before my eyes, the little steamer, with steam up, grating her triunly painted sides against the projecting roots and stones of a rugged bank, my horse tied with ropes in every conceivable way, but still able to lash out and sidle, and back and drag after him over the plain the whole ship's company like so many Hectors in the dust. The event turned out much as I had expected. The very sight of the river and the approaching steamer made the horse stiffen his crest, extend his thin nostrils, and prepare himself for battle. Planks were laid down from the deck to the bank, and artfully covered with grass. A tempting lock of fragrant hay was held out by a kind hand on board. The crew fastened on to the halter like bull-dogs, and tugged with all their strength. The groom coaxed and shouted, and even threw stones at the poor dear old horse. But all in vain. He "begged to decline." His desert blood was as shy of shipboard as is a delicate timid woman. After a desperate attempt to kill his groom, and drown me—for as a last resource I had tried to ride him, blindfold, across the planks—the captain, with patience quite exhausted and beside himself with wrath, called us all on board, and ordered the steamer to go ahead. As we pushed off from the bank, the feeling that I had parted perhaps for ever—and *it was* for ever—from an old friend sat heavy on my heart. On taking a last fond look at my old favourite, it was only too evident that no reciprocal feeling of sorrow crossed that broad breast. There he stood with head erect, snorting defiance at the departing steamer. The groom was standing by, significantly tapping the girdle,

that wound so tightly around his own slim waist. Now that I, his "lord and master," was gone from his gaze for ever, who was to put rice into that humble stomach?

Reader of mine! I trust yours is a forgiving nature. I had nearly started you off to Babylon, when I started myself off on the above needless digression about a horse; and I cannot even give a reasonable excuse for having thus wandered away from my original subject. When it was known in the bazars that horses on hire were wanted for Babylon, a man, one Hassan, speedily presented himself at the Residency. The bargain was soon struck, and according to the terms of it we were to be provided with three horses, and some mules to carry the servants and our bedding. Notwithstanding the man Hassan's dilating much on the excellent qualities of the horses that we were to be provided with, and his vowing by all that he held sacred that we had only to sit on their backs and ride them at a hand-gallop from one Serai to the other, we in our own minds were nearly certain that horses hired as these were would be but sorry brutes to look at; so not wishing to make ourselves needlessly uncomfortable by ordering them out to be looked at, we told the owner to take them some six miles down the river. By this arrangement, when we should arrive in the afternoon by water at the spot agreed upon, we should find him and the animals awaiting us on the bank, and we should ourselves be some six miles on our road to Babylon.

Early in the afternoon we threw our saddles into what looked like a large black shield floating on the water of the river. We ourselves stepped in over the side after our saddles, and in another minute, smiling triumphantly at greeting friends on the bank, we were shooting down the Tigris, midstream. A muscular Baghdadee, reaching over the edge of the shield, worked a paddle and kept us from spinning round in the boil-

ing eddies of the current. This black shield we were in, that glided so merrily over the seething, turbid waters of the river, was a "ghoofa." Its willow twigs, now precious to us as the breath in our bodies, bent under feet, as the wicker sides of a basket would have done. A thick coating of bitumen made the willow twigs water-tight, and inside was a sort of lining of rushes and date leaves. The enjoyment of this novel manner of proceeding down a river was rather marred by the idea that if any one of the party were suddenly to give a kick on the spot whereon he stood, the action would most inevitably consign the whole of us to one "watery grave." But, fragile as these "ghoofas" appear, in reality they are not so. They will cross a river with one or two horses on board with perfect safety. We sped rapidly down through the gardens and groves of Baghdad. Our ghoofaman plied his paddle craftily, and as he inclined his body forwards above the edge, he represented as it were the prow of our shield-like basket-boat. Singular as was the appearance and construction of our own ghoofa, and of the numberless others we passed, our attention was also much attracted by some large boats of quite another build. These were moving along, some down stream, under a huge lateen sail; others were being towed up stream by a string of stalwart naked Arabs, who chanted to their work a wild melancholy strain. These boats were also covered with bitumen as ours was, but the build, instead of being round, was that of a boat, with a fantastically-curved raking prow and sharp stern. Projecting far out behind the stern were several large logs of wood, fastened together in an objectless, untidy sort of way; these logs so fastened formed a grotesque-looking thing enough, which served, rather to our astonishment, as the rudder to the boat. These boats, a sort of "bagala," are simply a basket-work of rushes and straw, covered thickly with bitumen, and from forty to

fifty feet long, with good beam, and drawing but little water. An Arab will tell you that diligent workmen will finish a boat of the kind in one day. They are laden, some of them with grain, from Bassorah the great corn market, the Odessa of these countries. Others are carrying valuable merchandise, that has found its way up the Persian Gulf from the markets of Bombay. If you could manage to have a talk with that magnificent-looking fellow, whom, were you to meet him in Europe, you might take for a brigand straight from the Abruzzi, but here in Asia you know him to be a sort of Bashi-Bazook, half Kurd, half Chaldean, who scowls down at you as he lies sprawling on his deck, with weapons of all kinds within reach of his right hand, and who then, as if you were quite unworthy of any long scrutiny of his, looks afterwards about and around him as if he were lord of the whole universe; well, if you could manage to have a talk with him, and he would condescend to answer you in phrases of more length than merely cursing at you as an infidel, he could probably tell you that he and his companions have had more than one fight for dear life on their way up the river, with plundering Arabs from the Benilam and Montifca tribes, boat-loads of whom had pushed off from the banks with a view to appropriate the contents of the boat intrusted to his mercenary care.

As we shot down the stream, the cultivation and trees became thinner; and we could now see across the far-stretching broad plains on both sides of us. The river was very full, and having overflowed in places its banks, large sheets of water lay over the country, glistening in the light of the descending sun. Away to the right we caught a glimpse of K— spurring across the plain. As he had his own good horse to carry him, he naturally preferred the gallop of six miles to the "ghoofa." Every now and then, a sheet of water, that had been laid over the

desert by the river, would meet the distant horseman in mid-career. We would see a thousand diamonds gleam suddenly brilliant in the evening light, and then through the midst of them horse and rider would appear, skimming like some enchanted spirit across the smooth face of the waters. On our approaching the spot where it had been agreed that Hassan and his horses were to wait us, not a living thing did we see upon the plain for miles around, except a very lightly clad boy on a white donkey. The boy appeared to be watching our boat; and finally, as we touched the bank, he approached cautiously, and peered at us as if to satisfy himself of our identity. He then delivered himself of something very guttural to our boatman, settled himself quite on the tail-end of his donkey, broke into a hand-gallop, and, disappearing from our sight, vanished into space across the plain. Though certainly partaking largely of the mysterious, there was something business-like in the bearing of the boy that a little encouraged us; but for the rest it appeared that the fates had willed we were to be left an indefinite period of time with our own meditations on the banks of the stream.

And so left we were for two mortal hours. The glowing sun had gone down upon our impatience, and the short twilight was launching us rapidly into night, when Hassan, horses, and mules, made their appearance. The reason for their being so late at the trysting place was this: They had arrived at noon, but had no sooner sat down to await our arrival, than a party of horsemen, supposed to be Bashi-Bazooks, were descried in the distance. As it was nearly certain that, if by chance these desperate marauders caught sight of the horses, they would instantly ride up and appropriate them, and probably amuse themselves by pricking the owner with their lances till he jumped into the river, or otherwise considerably disposed of himself, Hassan and the muleteers crept

away to a place of concealment some four miles off, leaving the white donkey and boy as a sort of vidette. We said nothing. It was quite possible that the story was true. It was also quite possible that the party of dreaded Bashi-Bazooks was the mere creation of Hassan's brain rendered suddenly imaginative by the hopes of detaining us that night from proceeding onwards for some inscrutable object of his own. There was still daylight enough left to see only too clearly the wretched, miserable animals that we were about to mount. There they were, three angular galloways, sore-backed, girth-galled, hocks spavined to a degree that was a study, and feet all shapes and sizes, turned up like a Chinese slipper at the toe, and worn away to nothing at the heel. We positively shuddered as we thought over the long weary miles that lay between us and Babylon. We went through the farce of drawing lots, I remember, and having chosen our horses as the lots fell, we were about to saddle up, when Hassan rushed towards us with terror-stricken countenance, stayed our hands, and implored us in the name of the Prophet to desist. Good heavens! what on earth did the fellow want? What further detention could he wish to put upon us, we who had been hitherto so long-suffering, so indulgent of past delay, we who had listened without a murmur to the Bashi-Bazook story? It was simply this: night was coming on apace, and our starting in the rapidly-increasing darkness and gloom was a thing not to be dreamt of by the most foolhardy of men. The boy would be lost; the mules would stick fast and be deplorably drowned in the flooded tracts of the plain across which our road lay. We ourselves would inevitably catch fevers from breathing the nightly exhalations of the submerged desert. Even the dreaded Bashi-Bazooks were lugged in in the vain hope of establishing some sort of indecision, some sort of fear, in

our stubborn hearts. Hassan beat his breast, and finally went to the length of throwing his round felt skull-cap on the ground, and that with a vehemence and a suddenness that made even one of the poor horses prick his ears, and give a sign or two of life. But instantly our saddles were placed, as gently as circumstances would permit, on the raw backs of our horses, start we did, for we had no ambition of bivouacking around our saddles on the banks of Tigris, romantic as the situation might appear hereafter to friends in England. Under a starry heaven—I thought not even in Southern Africa I had ever seen one equal to it in brilliancy—we struck away southwest across the plain, leaving the Tigris behind us; and now our horses' heads were turned in the direction of her sister river the Euphrates. It had been long dark when the howling of dogs told us we were passing through an Arab encampment. Still on we went, every now and then splashing through acres of water, our horses profanely treading upon what seemed a brilliant starlit firmament spread beneath us. It was within an hour of midnight when the large Serai of Kan-e zad loomed up suddenly, dark and massive, before us. At the Serai we found K—, who had arrived several hours previous, and the Turkish guard of four dragoons under a lieutenant, provided us by the Pasha of Baghdad. As the road is not considered safe, travellers to Babylon are provided with guard from Baghdad; but I'm afraid few travellers find the officer commanding the escort the obliging being that we found ours. He was a good-looking young man, with fair hair and grey eyes, the inheritance, probably, of some dazzling Georgian beauty. Late as the hour was, he stood, sabre-girt, ready to receive us; and upon our dismounting he sate himself down upon the ground, and in the most humble way in the world set to work at pulling off our dusty, travel-stained boots. We perched

ourselves upon one of the little raised platforms within the great quadrangle of the building, which seemed full of travellers, very few of whom appeared to be asleep, far as the night was spent. I believe your true Oriental when on the move sleeps but little during the night. You suddenly awake after a sleep of apparently hours, and look towards your watch-fire; there you will see him; his fingers stretched out are red in the glow of the firelight, and his eye is gleaming out at you, bright like a beacon, through the darkness of night. The air was heavy with the smoke of various small fires kindled around in different parts of the large Serai. As we wandered away to smiling England, to home, to memories of those nearest and dearest, the adventuresome voice of some traveller near us broke from a dark recess of the building. The tale whether of love or woe 'twas hard to say; but whatever it was, it startled the hush of night in piercing tones of nasal melancholy.

The light of early dawn showed the corresponding terrace to ours on the other side of the quadrangle crowded with human beings. All were dressed alike, in a sort of white linen military dress. These, we learned, were Anatolian recruits for the Turkish army, some two hundred of them going to Hillah. The Turkish officer in command commenced the morning's work in the most orthodox way, which was in very strong contrast with what subsequently took place. He thoroughly put any lingering drowsiness of ours to rout by screaming out the roll-call of the recruits. He then dressed them in line. The terrace on which they were, with perpendicular sides, was raised some four feet, and at one angle three or four steps led down to the floor of the Serai. At this angle the officer placed himself. His giving the word of command to the recruits to descend was the commencement of a scene that defies any description. Before half-a-dozen of the recruits,

had filed by him the Turk had lashed himself into a perfect frenzy. Like a practised boxer, he hit out right and left at the unoffending Anatolians; he kicked at them; he cursed at them; he finished by spitting at them; he sent them by a dexterous push as they crowded towards the angle, a dozen at a time, sprawling down the steps, so that many of them lighted on their heads and hands on the dusty floor of the Serai below. But the recruits, for the most part broad-shouldered, stout-limbed men, moved not a finger in self-defence, and uttered not a word of complaint. The boldest of them screwed up courage and made a rush by the angle of the platform to avoid the blows of the tormentor. But the truculent Turk was too much for them; not one escaped without a cuff or a kick, or at least a curse, which annihilated him and his family for generations to come. The meanest official in Turkey, "clothed in brief authority," is a greater despot, a greater tyrant, than the Czar of all the Russias. Any one of those Anatolians would no more have thought of disputing the right of the Turk to kick him, than in olden times a serf would have thought of disputing the vexing rights of his feudal seigneur.

Our morning ride was across a country lamentably desert and sterile. The only habitation of man we passed was the Khan of Bierinoos. Often did we push our horses to the summit of some little hillock, to the top of some long wave of the plain, in the hopes of seeing some green tree, some green thing. In vain: nothing of the kind was visible on the vast rolling plain which glared, arid and parched, with a fearful sameness, all around in the hot sunlight. A feeling of bewilderment, of melancholy, took possession of us at the sight of these apparently boundless imperviable wastes—a feeling much akin to that which Cortez and his Spaniards must have felt; only they, from the tops of tall

trees, looked over a cheerless interminable waste of primeval forest. We were looking over the most ancient of this earth's kingdoms. But the destroying hand of time, the awful wear and tear of more than fifty centuries, had laid the land of Shinar, the land of the mighty hunter, of the idolatrous king, waste and desolate. Some of the weary hours we beguiled in converse with our lieutenant of dragoons. Any question as to the interior economy of his regiment puzzled him sadly. The Turkish troops quartered at Baghdad are frequently employed against the marauding Arab and Kurdish tribes in the vicinity. When we were on this subject, he gave us his ideas as to the proper means to be employed for utterly destroying off the face of the earth all the Arabs of the desert; but the views of the young "plunger," when treating of military matters, were of an amusing, vague character, much as those of a French writer of a romance of the present century when on the subject of religion. The heat of the day we passed in the large Serai of Iskandria. At five in the afternoon we took to the saddle again, and a ride of some four hours through a country similar to that we had traversed in the morning, brought us to the Serai of Mohawul. Here the Serai bore so little tempting an appearance that we lit our fire away out in the plain. When our dinner was finished, or rather our "tea," for tea was our great stand-by, we lay spokedwise towards the fire, with the screams of jackals ringing in our ears the live-long night. The next morning, before the cold light of dawn had left the eastern sky, we were jogging on our road. In the distance, high above the plain, loomed a great mound of earth. On both sides of us lay what looked like long lines of parallel ranges of hills. These lines are pronounced to be the remains of those canals that once conducted the waters of the Euphrates over the length and breadth

of the ancient Babylonia. What mighty canals must they have been, that still showed under the roll of centuries such substantial traces! now not so much as a drop of water, no, not even a drop of heaven's pearly dew, ever glistens, where once ships must have navigated. Those mighty banks that carried fertility to every corner of the ancient kingdom are now mere useless, sightless mounds. No morning mist, moistening the thirsty earth, ever hangs over them. No rain-clouds ever shadow them, tempering the rays of a fierce daily-returning sun. The end of her that "dwelt upon many waters" had been brought about only too surely. The awful prophecies had been fulfilled, and desolation, in all its nakedness, in all its dreariness, was around us. After riding some two hours, we arrived at the foot of the great mound that we had seen in the distance in the morning. We dismounted and scrambled to the top, for we had e'en arrived at the ruins of Babylon; and this great mound of earth that we were on was the grave of the golden city. I believe from the summit, raised some hundred feet above the plain, the walls of the ancient city may be traced. But a hot wind driving burning sand and the impalpable dust of ages into the pores of our skins, made every effort to open an eye so terribly painful, that we gave up the idea in despair of either tracing walls or, indeed, of looking about us much anywhere. I remember seeing, away to the west, lines of willows, and a silver thread winding away into distance; and, nearer, some unsightly bare mounds, looking as if volcanic fire had been at work underneath the smooth surface of the plain, and had thrown these mounds up in the spirit of pure mischief. That silver thread was our first glimpse of the waters of the Euphrates, and the mounds all that remained of the once beautiful hanging gardens of Babylon; at least so the conjecture of men of research has

accounted for them. But so completely have the prophecies been fulfilled—so completely has the "name and the remnant been cut off" of all pertaining to the once mighty city, that even the great hill on which we were standing is only by conjecture supposed to be the ruin of some great building or royal palace that stood within the walls. Possibly the Palace of Semiramis. There was this one fact that stood up before us, clear and indisputable as the unclouded sun above; we, Englishmen, were looking over the site of a once immense city, whose inhabitants were counted by millions—millions who had never heard of our miserable little island, or even of the seas that surround it. Laying this fact to heart, how possible it seemed that a time might yet be, within the womb of ages, when our own great city would be but a heap of ugly ruin. There is this hope and consolation for us. No terrible doom of utter desolation, no awful prophecies of sudden and entire destruction, hang over the modern Babylon. Provided Father Thames rolls his much abused tide in the accustomed channel, and we English are a nation, there is no reason why Pall-Mall and Piccadilly should not exist till the end of all things.

We descended from the great mound, and made for those lesser mounds which are supposed to be the site of the hanging gardens of Nitocris and Semiramis. In one spot—the only thing we saw in the shape of a building in a state of ruin—was a mass of vitrified brick-work, piercing the soil and debris of centuries, angle upwards. The bricks were square, of large size, and beautiful make; the angles of some clear and sharp, as if the brick had but left the kiln yesterday, instead of nearly twice two thousand years ago. Turning into a little hollow way between the mounds, we came suddenly upon the colossal stone lion. Time with his leaden hand had knocked away at all sharp angles of the statue.

The features of the lion are completely obliterated, as are also those of the prostrate form that lies so helpless, so utterly and wholly human, beneath the upraised paw of the king of beasts. The group presents itself to the eye, owing to this wear of old Time, much in the appearance of those vast blocks of Carrara marble which the bold chisel of Michael Angelo struck into, and then at the point that the shapeless marble had begun to assume the merest "abbozzo" of the great sculptor's idea, the block was suddenly abandoned, and left as a wonder and a puzzle to future ages; so does this group of the lion and the man now bear an unfinished, unwrought appearance, but you cannot look at it a moment, and not instantly avow the majesty and grandeur of the idea that once lay there so mightily embodied. This dark-coloured colossal statue, which may once have stood under the gorgeous roof of a temple, and before which the queenly Semiramis, proud and supremely beautiful, may once have bowed, stands now canopied by the grandest of all canopies certainly—high heaven, but never noticed but by the desert wind that sweeps moaning over it, and the jackals that yelp around, as they hold high revel over the bones of some camel who has been good enough to die in the vicinity.

Hillah is distant some seven miles from Babylon. The town, shrinking away from the howling desert, clings, after the manner of confiding childhood, to the river's banks. We passed through that part of the town which lies upon the left bank, and made across the Euphrates by a bridge of boats, whose uneven planks, rattling beneath our horses' feet, first tilted, then gaped, and obligingly gave us a good broad glimpse of the bright waters gleaming below. This sort of roadway would have proved trying to the nerves of most horses. I came to the conclusion that our horses had no nerves, and never could have had any. Poor beasts!

"Nerves" were not to be reckoned among their numerous ailments. The way they scrambled across that bridge, stumbling at every other step, as they struck their feet against the tilting planks, poking first a fore leg down a hole, then dropping a hind leg, then up again and boldly onwards, as if nothing in the world had happened, was a thing to be remembered. We took up our quarters finally in a large airy house, built close on the river bank. This house, belonging to the Hillah Pasha, had been placed at our disposal immediately he heard that strangers had arrived. Whether it was that the Pasha was really indisposed, or that our visit to Hillah happened to be at a time of a rigorous fast, a period of time when the Pasha was supposed to be very sharp set, and in no mood to receive strangers under his roof, I know not; but we did not, owing to one of the above reasons, pay the usual visit of ceremony. That is to say, for the space of what is usually one mortal hour, we were not bepipied, and besherbeted, and becoffed, under the august eye of a turbaned Turk "on hospitable thoughts intent." In the afternoon we went for a stroll through the town. There was a bustle and stir in the bazaars that the general appearance of the town did not warrant us to expect. As we walked, there was a stillness and closeness in the atmosphere that was oppressive. It was that kind of stillness of the atmosphere which you instinctively feel must be followed by a storm sooner or later. About an hour before sunset we were standing on the bridge of boats, looking down upon the Euphrates rolling its dark turbid tide below us. The heaven above was without a cloud; but suddenly, in the course of a few minutes, as it appeared, we became aware that the western sky was becoming strangely obscure, and as we looked in the direction of the sun, we saw his rays were waxing dim by reason of a vast lurid cloud that was surging up

rom the western horizon at a pace that was terrific to behold. There was a sudden rush of feet across the bridge, for the people, men, women, and children, were flying in all directions, hoping to find shelter from the deluge which they supposed would, in a very short time, be pouring down upon the town from out the midst of the ominous pillar of cloud that was building itself up so rapidly and with such magic speed in the west. Even an old Turk, who shot by us on his white donkey, wore a countenance perfectly alarmed and panic-stricken. I believe a Turk is the only man among men who looks wholly dignified and composed as he glides through the broad light of day perched on the back of a donkey. An Englishman on a donkey is not the "right man in the right place" by any means. He is either possessed with a fit of boisterous merriment, as his knees go poking at the backs of the crowd, or else with a nervous dread that sooner or later he must ride over and injure some man, woman, or helpless child. But your true Osmanlee, with the shuffling, humble quadruped beneath him, tilts at the crowd as if only intent as a ruthless Vandal upon destruction and injury, breathing scorn upon your infidel head should he happen to jostle you, and withal proud and defiant, as if he were astride a caparisoned elephant. But, Turk as he was, the Turk we saw that evening was not "equal to the occasion." He had no sooner passed us, his eye fixed on the darkening sky, and abject terror depicted in every line of his countenance, than he whirled his chibouque high aloft. The bowl flew heaven knows where, but the long cherry stick came down, like avenging fate, sure and swift upon the ribs of the poor donkey. A heavy gust of wind, the precursor of the storm, swept across the bridge, and burst irreverently upon the sacred beard of him that fled, and, as a squall

splits a light stun' sail, split it into a thousand shreds that went streaming out over his shoulders behind.

We ourselves hurried home, for we saw plainly that the storm would be upon us in a few minutes. The appearance of this driving cloud from our verandah was grand in the extreme. We now were convinced that a sandstorm, and that one of no ordinary kind, was about to burst upon us in all its fury; for the cloud, now that we came to look at it, and into it, evidently held no rain in its lurid depths. The dark shades of it were of the deepest purple, and the edges, as it came boiling up from the westward, were tinted a glorious gold. Every instant, as the light played over the surface, we beheld colours varying from a brilliant orange to the deep, dark, sombre tones of red and purple. Birds of all descriptions, screaming wildly, were endeavouring, some by rapid flight, some by soaring high into the yet clear vault of heaven, to avoid the sand-laden atmosphere that was surging towards us in a way wondrous to behold. In less than fifteen minutes from the time we first observed it, the fiery breath of the storm was upon us. First came the moan of a rushing mighty wind as it swept angrily by. There were a few date-trees in the garden below. Their large sturdy leaves were for an instant strangely agitated; the next they were torn away with a crash, and then hurried along to leeward as are the light leaves of a beech before an autumn breeze. The stout trees themselves swayed to and fro, then bent down, and bowed humbly before the wrath of the gale. A few seconds more and the town was plunged into an utter darkness as of midnight. Though two of us were standing within a yard of each other, out in the open verandah, it was impossible to trace even the outline of the figure, so impenetrable was the gloom. There was a feeling that some kind of fine sand was pervading every sense

of the body. There was a peculiar *taste* in the atmosphere, and the eyes suddenly became painful and sore. After the one furious gust of wind had passed on, there was a great stillness in the air, and immediately the darkness set in the buzz and the hum of the bazaars was completely hushed. Our servants thought the last day had come, and, as we heard afterwards, this was the general opinion throughout the town; for even the "oldest inhabitant" had never seen any dust-storm resembling this. In those moments of darkness more than one pious follower of the Prophet, as he felt himself choking with dust, thought that the hour in which he should find himself gliding to heaven and unbounded bliss had at length approached. Had he not prayed at all hours of the day and the night? Had he not fasted till he had become the mere ghost of his former self? Had he not rubbed his forehead on the black stone of the distant Mecca? Had he not fairly won the joys of the faithful in that his hand had once been red with the blood of the Christian dog? or, as the case might be, did he not daily regret that no opportunity had presented itself of cutting some infidel throat? In about five minutes the darkness began to clear. Immediately we could see, we found ourselves and everything belonging to us covered with a fine impalpable dust of a reddish colour. There is no sand of this colour in any of these deserts; so the opinion was that the dust-laden cloud was a traveller straight from the Egyptian desert. As the darkness fled, a dull-red, luminous glare, the most awe-inspiring part of the storm, I thought, succeeded, and steeped all surrounding objects. A hum from the bazaars suddenly arose, and soon swelled into a loud prolonged shout, in which it seemed that every breathing soul in the town that had a voice took rejoicing part. We saw no sun set that

evening: the sombre red glare that came streaming into the windows, and bathing everything around, was gradually lost in the darkness of night. By ten o'clock that night, as we smoked our evening pipe in the open verandah, we looked up at stars shining forth bright and brilliant, but in vain did we look for any trace of the evening's storm in the dark-blue vault of heaven.

For our visit to the Biers-Nimrood we hired some horses in the town. Our own poor beasts were in want of a day's rest, and this we proposed giving them before starting on our return-ride to Bagdad. On the morning after the storm, we were threading our way through narrow silent streets and covered-in bazaars, shortly after break of day. All was silent as the grave, and nothing moving but great wolfish-looking dogs, who glared at us, showed us a long white fang or two, and then suddenly disappeared. Early as it was, there was no greeting for us from the fresh pleasant air of morn. As we pushed along through the empty bazaars, a heavy close atmosphere stifled us with its various scents of all manners of spices and fruits and stores; all which, good things in their way, we knew were piled up behind the great badly-jointed boards that stretched across the counters of the stalls. Not till we issued out into the open plain, across which our road lay, did we drink in the pure morning air of the desert, and then it came to us like an invigorating draught. We coaxed the horses—which were small springy Arabs, not in the best condition certainly, but infinitely better in every respect than our Baghdad ones—into a cheering gallop. The Hillah Pasha had provided us with an escort of two men. These men, chosen from among his own retainers, were supposed to have some sort of mysterious information as to the movements of a plundering tribe of the Shammar Arabs, who had lately been seen in the vicinity of the ruin we were

about to visit. Whether it was the presence of these two formidable-looking horsemen with us or not, it was impossible to say; but no plundering Arabs molested us, nor did we see any, nor indeed any living thing during our ride, if I remember right, beyond some terribly mangy-looking jackals, that slunk away at our approach as they say ghosts do at the approach of dawn. One of our two men was a Kurd, the other an Arab. Any national characteristic they might have had in early days had been completely obliterated by the levelling hand of the Pasha's service. The Kurd had little to distinguish him from the Arab, though he did certainly look rather the greater villain of the two. Had the question of cutting our throats arisen, the Arab would, no doubt, have seconded, but the Kurd most assuredly would have put the motion. They were both armed to the teeth, and had all sorts of strange contrivances fastened about their persons. Powder-flasks of various shapes and sizes, cartouche-boxes, and an odd contrivance for striking fire at an instant's notice, were among the numerous things that dangled around their hips. In addition to a whole girdleful of side-arms, one carried a lance, the other a long matchlock, with slow match kindled, ready for immediate action. When our gallop was over, and we were ambling along at a more sober pace, some premonitory signs given by our escort made us aware that they now thought a fit opportunity had arrived of giving us some idea of their martial prowess. The Kurd blew up his match, and gave a tug at his long wiry mustaches, with the air of a man prepared for some doughty deed. The Arab shook his lance, gave a yell—not an ordinary yell, let me add, but a yell that, going up somewhere above our heads, burst in the serene still air of early day, and shivered it into rugged reverberating fragments—took his horse as tight by the head as he could hold him, and then sent

him bounding over the desert in large sweeping circles. The Kurd's tactics were different. He hung his reins dangling over the saddle-bow, seized his long matchlock with both hands, thumped lustily at the lean sides of his steel with the heavy iron stirrups, and in another moment horse and man were flying across the broad plain in a line of flight straight as that of a shooting star. They went through a variety of manœuvres. The Arab was the better mounted man of the two, and appeared to have his adversary completely under command as far as speed went, but from whichever side he approached, from the right or from the left, from the front or from the rear, the death-dealing tube of the Kurd, like the finger of destiny, was ever pointing straight upon him. I think it is a Russian proverb that says "no man can attain to honour in the state, who is cursed with a stiff backbone." If it is fair to apply the proverb "*au pied de la lettre*," that poor Kurdish retainer who accompanied us that day ought by right to be a Pasha at least before he dies. The way he bent himself—his horse at gallop all the while—backwards and sideways and forwards, proved that he was possessed of a backbone of more than ordinarily supple capacity.

To our right, the bare plain was dotted by a little patch of brake and jungle: our Kurd could speak a little Persian, and in answer to our inquiries he informed us that wild boar, as we had supposed, were sometimes the occupants of the little patch of covert. But the name of the unclean animal had no sooner passed the Kurd's lips, than such sonorous maledictions, such sweeping curses rolled from off his true believing tongue, that we at once saw the impropriety we had committed in mentioning an animal so distasteful, so utterly abhorrent to so orthodox a follower of the Prophet as our Kurd evidently professed himself to be. In our hearts, we knew this eloquent cur-

sing of the Kurd was simply a little bit of affection. Had some grisly old boar been lying dead on the plains, with his throat properly cut, and turned towards Mecca the Holy, our Kurd would have walked away—though perhaps not openly—with a piece of the forbidden flesh, as well as the veriest Christian amongst us. After a ride of about eight miles, we were at the foot of the Biers-Nimrood. Our horses' feet were trampling upon the remains of bricks which showed here and there through the accumulated dust and rubbish of ages. Before our eyes uprose a great mound of earth, barren and bare. This was the Biers-Nimrood, the ruins of the Tower of Babel, by which the first builders of the earth had vainly hoped to scale high heaven. Here also it was that Nebuchadnezzar built, for bricks bearing his name have been found in the ruins. At the top of the mound a great mass of brick-work pierces the accumulated soil. With your finger you touch the very bricks, large, square-shaped, and massive, that were "thoroughly" burned; the very mortar; the "slime," now hard as granite, handled more

than four thousand years ago by earth's impious people. From the summit of the mound, far away over the plain, we could see glistening, brilliant as a star, the gilded dome of a mosque, that caught and reflected the bright rays of the morning sun. This glittering speck was the tomb of the holy Aly, and to pray before this at some period of his life, to kiss the sacred dust of the earth around, there at some time or other to bend his body and count his beads, is the daily desire of every devout Mohammedan.

We were back from the Biers-Nimrood and under our Hillah roof again by ten o'clock. By four that evening we had turned our faces to the north, and were riding for Baghdad. The distance from Hillah to the gates of Baghdad is called sixty miles. We were actually in the saddle on our return-ride, never going beyond a walk's pace, 18½ hours, viz:—

Hillah to Mohawul	4	hours.
Mohawul to Iskandria	4½	"
Iskandria to Kanezad	5	"
Kanezad to Baghdad	5	"
	18½	"

CONSTITUTIONAL TENDENCIES.

As I am about to offer a few non-medical observations on certain matters connected with medicine, I beg leave to open the subject by stating the grounds on which I presume to express an opinion on this class of topics.

I studied medicine, and walked the hospitals; and though ill-health prevented my becoming a practitioner, I have ever retained, not only a high respect and a cordial affection for the medical profession, but such an amount of medical knowledge as to be able to render occasional service to invalids. When, indeed, my opinion is sought by parties who are *medically* ill, I merely tell them to "take advice." The responsibility of treating their complaints would in that case be too serious; and the best counsel I can offer is, "call in a doctor in whom you place confidence; tell him your whole case, be sure you conceal nothing; and, mind you, take his prescriptions." The man that is medically ill must be medically treated.

There are, however, many cases with which a medical man of good standing and extensive practice does not like to be troubled. Call in a practitioner of this class for a fever, for an attack of bronchitis, or for a fit of the gout, and he will do his best to set you right. But go to him looking about as well as usual, and without having any indication that you are really ill; and though you tell him a long story about your sensations and your symptoms, a man of your penetration will soon make the discovery that he takes no very profound interest in your case. The doctor, in fact, in order to cure, must have something that needs curing; there must be something on which he can lay his hand; then he is your man—not else. I refer, of course, to the practitioner who has a deserved position in his profession, and in whom integrity

is combined with skill. No doubt there are some who are glad to see a patient in every one that comes to them; if yours is no case, they will make it one; and if you sleep well, look well, and have the best of appetites, perhaps they will give you something that will very soon rid you of all such alarming symptoms.

And yet among those persons who have nothing to show in the way of real illness, there are many who are far from enjoying the full consciousness of health. According to their own impressions they are sufferers, grievous sufferers; sufferers, though medicine ignore their sufferings. On this class of persons I occasionally bestow the extra-medical benefit of my best advice, and in some instances I have done good. In that numerous class who, without being medically ill, never think themselves well, there are many who have taken up, perhaps excogitated for themselves, some idea which they deem hygienic, though it be wholly without foundation in medical science or in medical experience—to speak plainly, some crotchet; and by this crotchet, as a rule of health, they manage, or think to manage, themselves, their own constitution, their own digestion. These I find a most untractable class of patients. Some persons, again, "study the wholesomes;" and, wonderful, generally speaking, are their feats of knife and fork! Just as there are some persons who ruin themselves with buying bargains, so are there others who make themselves sick with eating wholesome things. To all such persons I think I could give good advice, without feeling their pulses or taking a fee. But let us pass on from these general remarks to the particular subject now to be considered—"Constitutional Tendencies."

There are, no doubt, such things as constitutional tendencies; con-

stitutional tendencies to specific forms of disease. One has a constitutional tendency to gout, another to consumption, &c. &c. &c. These are cases for medical treatment. The wise physician will not only do his utmost to set the patient right when the chest complaint, the gout, or whatever it may be, is actually upon him, but will forearm him with the precautions fittest to be observed, in order that the peculiar malady to which his system is liable may not develop itself at all. But now *your* constitutional tendency—what is it? Of many a person who suffers from time to time by the same malady, and charges it upon his “constitution,” it may be fearlessly asserted that his “tendency” to that malady is simply either (1) a tendency to neglect something which is calculated to keep it off, or (2) a tendency to do something which is calculated to bring it on. Let us come to particulars.

1. R. J —, Esq., solicitor, residing at Southampton, has, he will tell you, a “constitutional tendency” to *rheumatism*; and, as he is one of the best men I know, it truly grieved me when, on calling upon him the last time I passed that way, I found him laid up in his library, crutches by his side, knees in flannel, delighted to see me, but unable to move hand or foot.

“Well, but, J —, what brought it on?”

“Why, to tell you the truth, I was expecting Mrs. J. by steam from Jersey. So, at the hour when the packet was coming due, I hurried down to the river to meet her. When I got there, the wind struck uncommon cold. What do you think? I had forgotten to put on my greatcoat. No steamer in sight — wind N.W. — month of March. There I was kept knocking about a full two hours. Next day had an attack; so here I am, as you see.”

On another occasion, calling on him in town, I found him laid up at his hotel in Jermyn Street. This time the exponent was Mrs. J. —.

“You know how forgetful he is. He set off from the hotel to call on his town agent. Hadn’t gone far before it began to rain; *then* he remembered that he hadn’t got his umbrella. Wasn’t it provoking? Didn’t like to come back for it; in fact, hadn’t time. Didn’t like to call a cab for so short a distance — only just down there in Parliament Street. Got wet through. Sat nearly an hour with his agent transacting business in his wet things. Came back to his hotel — and was laid up.”

This is what my friend J — calls his constitutional tendency to rheumatism. Evidently the worst tendency in his case is a tendency to forget his umbrella, and to go out in cold weather minus his greatcoat.

These, however, are only two instances of my friend’s rheumatic attacks. To my certain knowledge he has had many more; and from personal inquiry or observation, I am in a position to state that each attack was brought on by something done or by something omitted on his own part — not one was spontaneous. If he sees these lines, as I hope he will, no doubt he will laugh heartily. But he knows that I have stated nothing but truth; and what I have here written is only what I have told him to his face again and again.

But here it may be remarked, “Then, after all, even according to your own showing, Mr. J — is constitutionally rheumatic. When people take cold, in one it flies to the chest, in another it flies to the head, in another it brings on sore throat. In Mr. J — it brings on the rheumatics. Surely, then, in that sense it may be said that he has a constitutional tendency to rheumatism.”

Be it so. We will not quarrel about terms. But I say this: If, when my much-valued friend goes out in cold weather, he will always remember to put on his greatcoat; if he will never forget his umbrella; if he will never sit down to write

in damp things; if he will take all other reasonable precautions of the same sort, and if after that his rheumatic attacks continue, then I will admit that he has a constitutional tendency to rheumatism. At present I must beg leave to suspend my judgment upon the case.

2. Mr. Commissary B —, who has retired from the army and lives upon his property, has a "constitutional tendency" to *dyspepsia*; and "you know," he says, "I am a moderate man."

Now, it is undeniable that there are individuals whose tendency to *dyspepsia* is really constitutional, and that some of these may style themselves moderate men with the strictest propriety. Both in eating and drinking they are moderate. Their *dyspepsia*, no doubt, is a case for the physician, and a case which will ever secure his best attention and his utmost skill.

But moderate men — Who are they that call themselves moderate men? I have very commonly observed that they are leisure men, and men well to do. And, mark this, the "moderate man" is often a man who takes his five meals a day. Five hearty meals he cannot take; it would be too much for any man. And when such persons see a man dining heartily, whose dinner is his one staple meal for the four-and-twenty hours, very likely they call him a "pig." And yet, at each of those five meals by which the moderate man contrives to sustain exhausted nature, he does pretty well. His breakfast is by no means confined to tea and bread-and-butter; his luncheon is — we will not malevolently say half a cold chicken, with tongue in proportion — but, at any rate, something much better than a dry biscuit; his dinner is not limited to one dish, or two, or three, and of each he partakes "in moderation," the aggregate being something considerable; even his tea has its accessories; and on his supper table there is always "something nice." Then his drinking. He never drinks to excess, oh no!

He is never seen otherwise than sober. And yet if you reckon up, if you count the two or three glasses at luncheon, the two or three at dinner, and the two or three after dinner, and the two or three at supper, they will make a pretty good allowance for the day, even though, being a model member of the Temperance Society, he never goes to bed with more than a couple of nightcaps. This poor man complains that he is constitutionally *dyspeptic*; and he is so moderate! The fact is, he lives to eat and to drink, his moderation is regulated self-indulgence, and his *dyspepsia* is the natural consequence. But enough. You do not like the sort of person, you do not like the subject, so let us pass on from this case to another.

3. "Constitutional tendency" to *consumption*.

CASE. — Miss Arabella Julia Wilhelmia Y — enjoyed good health to the age of eleven, was chiefly remarkable for her sauciness and good looks, and did not come of a consumptive family. Her grandmother — who when she *did* drink wine, preferred Madeira — died of a "constitutional tendency" to the gout. Her grandfather died of a "constitutional tendency" to *ri'e a-hunting and break his neck*. When eleven years old, being at that time an inmate of a select establishment for young ladies, not a hundred miles from Wimbledon, Miss Arabella obtained from a schoolfellow the clandestine loan of country newspaper, which, for lack of other matter, had "devoted" one of its columns to a smartly-written and cogent diatribe on the danger and folly of wearing stays. Miss Arabella became instantaneously enlightened; and, fully convinced that stay-wearing was both pernicious and absurd, determined on the spot that she would wear stays no longer. Next morning, like Punch, "dressed, all but his shirt," she came down without her stays. The day, unfortunately, proved a cold one; she was sent out with

the rest of the school for what proved to her a very frigid walk; towards evening she began first to shiver and then to flush; and next day she was confined to bed with decided symptoms of inflammation on the chest. The case got rapidly worse, a physician was called in, and the acute symptoms were subdued; but a bad cough remained, and Miss Arabella could not leave her bed. At this juncture her chest was examined by the stethoscope, and she was pronounced diseased in the left lung, and in the first stage of consumption! Her papa was then sent for, came post-haste, and instantly decided on taking her from school. It should be mentioned that, amongst the advantages of the Select Establishment, the prospectus announced "separate beds;" and the papa, on being shown upstairs, found his daughter in a second-floor room, in which he could barely stand upright, breathing hard on a separate bed, with six other separate beds in the same apartment, conscientiously placed there by the "head" of the establishment, in strict fulfilment of her prospectus, for the nightly accommodation of six other young ladies. You will not wonder if the papa thought it high time to try change of air. The parental home being in a not very eligible part of London, lodgings were obtained forthwith in Pentonville. Within a few hours from the time of her removal, Miss Arabella was decidedly better, and this time it was not consumption. She gradually recovered health and strength, of which her father was delighted to recognise the symptoms, not only in her improved looks, but in her returning sauciness.

Nevertheless, in consequence of this alarming attack—and, though a common, I consider it a horrid, a shocking thing—all her female acquaintance "booked" her for consumption. Nay, according to her own view of her own case, I believe I am not incorrect in adding that Miss Arabella herself deems her

constitutional tendencies decidedly consumptive, and rather clings to that idea than deprecates it. Then let us not lose sight of the object for which the case is here stated.

Miss Arabella has had several fresh attacks of chest disease—some slight, some serious. Her second bad attack was brought on thus:—She was going out with a party of friends for a ride, in that kind of vehicle which, in Kent, we used to call an "unmerciful"—a lumbering sort of carriage, seating several inside and some out, drawn by one horse. She had understood that she was to ride inside, and dressed accordingly. At the last moment it transpired that her allotted place was outside. On making this discovery, she did not like to run upstairs and fetch her cloak, because, as she said afterwards, "it would have looked so reproachful." So she rode outside in a very light dress, the day brilliant, the wind N.E. Her companions in the ride (some of those who had so kindly "booked" her), never thought of handing out a shawl, or so much as a tippet: she came home delighted with her ride, and thoroughly chilled; the result was another attack of the chest.

Miss Arabella must have a wonderful constitution. She has been attacked in the same way again and again, and hitherto she has uniformly recovered. But what I have already said of my friend Mr. J—, I am equally able to say of her, that in every instance where I have been able to ascertain the immediate antecedents of her attack, it has been due to herself. Her "constitutional tendency" is a tendency to *provoke* the attack, by something that she does, or by something that she neglects. And a most provoking creature she is; for one other thing she has in common with my friend J—, and, indeed, with many of my "constitutional" patients—namely, that when it is shown her to demonstration that her illnesses are all of her own bringing on, she laughs! If I were to ask her

whether she thinks that laughing under such circumstances looks badly, or is not "engaging," I don't know. If she were to laugh, she would look

very much as the lady of the "Coughing Contest" looked, at least some of the time. She would be in a very peculiar position, and her face would be very much discoloured. She would be in a very peculiar position, and her face would be very much discoloured. She would be in a very peculiar position, and her face would be very much discoloured.

Now that I am so nearly recovered, I do not say "Come up, you must!" I live in a position that she would be in a very peculiar position, and her face would be very much discoloured. She would be in a very peculiar position, and her face would be very much discoloured. She would be in a very peculiar position, and her face would be very much discoloured.

"Constitutional" cough. I admit there is such a thing, and it is a very real sufferer. There are, indeed, with all of us, times when we are forced to cough; some of these are irremediable. In such cases there is no help for it; cough you must. But I maintain, at the same time, that there is a great deal of coughing which is not only needless but highly injurious; and that, though it pass for constitutional, the cause of it lies wholly and solely in the disposition of the cougher. Children cough to excite sympathy. I believe the same thing to be true of some persons who are old enough to know better.

CASE.—My worthy neighbour, Mr. Gues G —, is a tenant-farmer; a stout, rosy, hearty-looking man, of some five-and-forty, but subject to tremendous fits of coughing. These fits are peculiar, having the character of a contest. The contest is commenced by Mr. G — himself, with the words "Come up, you must!" These words, desperately uttered, may be taken as a

declaration of war on commencing operations. He then, with extraordinary violence, begins to cough, incessantly and persistently coughing on, till from red he turns purple, from purple black in the face; so continuing to cough till, having coughed all the breath out of his body, he sits exhausted in his arm-chair with his legs wide apart, his two elbows resting on his two knees, and his two hands hanging down; while Mrs. G —, who throughout the coughing has been affectionately supporting his back "to help bring it up," now with equal affection, tenders a drop of "some-thing" in a glass. I won't say it isn't rum; and the minor branches, awestruck, stand before him with open mouths and eyes in a silent semicircle. When, after gasping awhile, the patient has recovered sufficient breath for utterance, his first utterance is always in the same words "Ah, I won't be beat!"

This is only the first. Presently, with the same confident announcement as before, "Come up, you must!" begins the second, which is just as violent as the former, attended with just the same circumstances, and terminated by just the same declaration "Ah, I won't be beat!"

This goes on, fit after fit, till at length, for the first time something is coughed up; and the finally successful and victorious combatant closes the contest by repeating, when he can speak, the now triumphant words, "Ah, I won't be beat!"

Were we discussing this and similar cases of much coughing anatomically and physiologically, there are several important points at which it might be proper to enlarge. It might be urged, in the first place, that, as already intimated, the habit of much coughing is not always due to anything constitutional, but is in the first instance acquired, and in the second kept up, wholly and solely by the patient himself. Next, it might be remarked, that violent and continued coughing is often not

purposeless and needless. When the irritation which induces coughing is felt in the throat, it often happens that, in the first instance, there is nothing to cough up; the feeling in your throat simply indicates some turgescence in the vessels of the lining membrane, but, at first, no actual secretion. So that if, instead of beginning to cough, as though for victory, the instant that irritation is felt, you would only be persuaded to wait awhile, till there is something for your coughing to lay hold of, you might then effect your object without trouble, and clear your throat by a single "hem." Thirdly, by excess in coughing you may produce a tendency to bronchial or laryngean irritation, which—but I am not delivering a lecture; so let us close this part of our subject by one practical remark.

The chest is delicate; the lungs are a tender organ; the throat, also, requires to be taken care of. Spare the feelings of your friends, and do not thoughtlessly acquire a habit of needless coughing. Why should you break a blood-vessel? But breaking a blood-vessel is not the only danger. I once was present on a public occasion, where an individual had attended for the purpose of making a statement on behalf of a person unavoidably absent, whom he knew to be wrongfully accused. There was also present an enemy of the accused party, who knew full well that, if the said statement obtained a hearing, the accusation would stand detected as a calumny, and would fall to the ground. To prevent this, the said hostile gentleman, as soon as the statement was commenced, began coughing; and he continued to cough incessantly for about half-an-hour, when the statement terminated, and his coughing too; but he had coughed more than was good for him;—not very long after, the poor man died of consumption.

5. "Constitutional tendency" to *nephritic disease*.

CASE.—Captain R—, a naval officer of high character, was com-

pelled, by painful indications of nephritic disease, to call one morning on an eminent physician. Sir Henry listened with deep concern to the Captain's symptoms, looked at his tongue and felt his pulse, but drew his conclusions chiefly from the Captain's rubicund nose.

"For the next two or three months," said Sir Henry, "I must beg you to abstain entirely from wine, and from all spirituous and fermented liquors."

"From beer and spirits if you like," said the Captain; "but after dinner I must have my glass of wine. I can't do without my glass of wine."

"You really must do without it," replied Sir Henry, "if you wish to get well."

"Get well, Sir Henry?" answered the Captain. "Why, I came to you, expecting you would give me something to make me well. I can't do without my glass of wine."

(N. B. The glass of wine, without which the Captain could not do, was a glass out of the second bottle.)

Sir Henry, finding remonstrance vain, gave a general turn to the conversation, and presently the Captain rose to take leave. Sir Henry, with extraordinary courtesy, attended him towards the front door. While they were passing through the hall, Sir Henry, as if struck by a sudden thought, paused opposite the door of his front parlour.

"By the by, Captain R—," said he, "this is my museum. Perhaps you would like to walk in and take a look. There are some curious things."

They entered. The museum consisted entirely of anatomical preparations, made by Sir Henry himself. The Captain looked first at one, then at another, with interest but also with awe, such as others have felt under similar circumstances.

"Now this," said Sir Henry, taking down a bottle which contained something preserved in spirits, and placing it in the Captain's hands, "is the kidney in its healthy state."

The Captain surveyed it with much gravity.

"This," said Sir Henry, taking down another bottle, "is a history do without," and thanks to Sir Henry's original mode of dealing with a refractory patient, recovered his health.

The Captain viewed it with comical concern.

"This," continued Sir Henry, taking down a third bottle, "is what your kidney will be a few months hence."

The Captain stood aghast.

"And this," added Sir Henry, taking down a fourth bottle, "is what your kidney will become in its last and fatal state."

The Captain bolted!

However, the Captain gave up

Nevertheless, the Captain used always to maintain that he had a "constitutional tendency" to nephritic malady; in support of which thesis he was accustomed to state that his father, the Admiral, had a tendency to the same form of disease.

I can just remember the Admiral, and of one thing I have a perfect recollection—the Admiral, like his son, had a very red nose.

W.

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA.

THE names and memories of great men are the dowry of a nation. Widowhood, overthrow, desertion, even slavery, cannot take away from her this sacred inheritance. It is natural to expect that, whenever national life begins to rise and quicken—when new crises of profound moment occur, and the great acts of the past begin to be emulated—that dead heroes should rise in the memories of men, and appear to the living to stand by in solemn spectatorship and approval. No country can be lost which feels herself overlooked by such glorious witnesses. They are the salt of the earth in death as well as in life. What they did once, their descendants have still and always a right to do after them; and their example lives in their country, a continual stimulant and encouragement for him who has the soul to adopt it. There is, however, a well-understood phase of human sentiment which leads men to build the sepulchres of the prophets without much thought of emulating their career. Italy, of all countries, has perhaps the greatest beadroll of

illustrious names, and she has not failed to do them honour with rites of hero-worship unknown to the reticence of the North. But it is not without a significance greater than that of a mere popular demonstration or lavish bestowal of flowers and garlands that we behold rising over that agitated realm, in lines growing more and more distinct under the touch of reverential students of her strange history, the grand mediæval figure of that Friar of St. Mark's, who once held in his hands the destinies of Florence, and who, going through all the most tragic vicissitudes of fate, gave up his sovereignty in the pulpit only to gain on the scaffold the profounder authority of a saint.

The life of Savonarola, many times before written and re-written, in love and hatred, by religious zeal and political partisanship, by men who thought him the glory of San Marco, and men who believed him a precursor of Luther, has just been given to the English reader by Mr. Leonard Horner, in a translation of the elaborate biography by Professor Villari* of the University

* 'Savonarola and his Times.' By Pasquale Villari. Translated from the Italian by Leonard Horner, F.R.S. Longmans: 1863.

of Pisa. It is a book unlikely ever to become popular, notwithstanding the interest and picturesque character of its subject. The style, except now and then for a moment, when the excitement of the story becomes too much for ordinary even English composure to withstand, and the author forgets himself, is of the heavy historical fashion in use before it began to dawn upon the writers of history that men were more interesting than dates, and that events could only be clearly described through human intervention. Professor Villari, in the quiet of that silent city, where no voice but the multitudinous voices of beggary awakes the echoes, has been for years labouring to collect every fact respecting the great Dominican which libraries or manuscripts, under the severest inspection, could render up to him; and the result is here collected and set forth in two serious but unattractive volumes, through which the great Italian Reformer of the fifteenth century may be dimly apprehended moving amid all the tumults and turmoils of the time. The work is done with evident care and conscientiousness, and the translation is apparently executed in a congenial spirit of heavy faithfulness, though the sonnets of Savonarola, which Mr. Horner has boldly rendered into verse, get but scant justice in the translation. Most people know something of the great man here delineated, but few ordinary readers are acquainted otherwise than vaguely with the real import of his life and labours. He stands here before us, not as an early martyr in the van of the Reformation, but as a Catholic saint—one of the most honoured monks of the order of Dominic. Accordingly, no suspicious excess of light is thrown upon the picture; the hero is not forced into further advancement or clearer views than it was possible he could have held. We do not recognise in him an Italian Huss or Wickliffe, but we see what is greater—a primitive Christian

toiling in a noble sorrow, which is often half-despair, to revive in the world the life of Christ, and to snatch from the devils and powers of darkness one consecrated city to be the stronghold of the Lord. Such seems to have been the splendid idea which hovered before the inspired vision of Fra Girolamo, and which connects him here and there all through the history of the world with a brilliant but scanty lineage of world-reformers, whom the world has in the end rejected with an unvarying consistency. Such men are seldom perfect, not always wise; they aim by times at a virtue which is impossible, and beyond the reach of man; but it is with a deepened sense of the grandeur of goodness that the observer turns from the sight of an enthusiasm so noble, and recognises that here and there, in one pair of human eyes at least, no ideal excellence has been impossible, and falsehood and wickedness have been the only inconceivable wonders under the sun.

Girolamo Savonarola was born on the 21st September 1452, in the city of Ferrara, of a family of gentle blood, but chiefly distinguished by the eminence of a physician, who, when this boy, his grandson, was born, was the head of the house. Girolamo was the third son, but seems speedily to have shown such signs of genius as justified his parents in building special hopes upon him as the heir of his grandfather's honours. He was brought up on the edge of the court, accustomed to see and take part in the festivities and royal entertainments, which give in the soberest story a theatrical glitter and pageantry to the small but wealthy courts of mediæval princes. The house of Este was virtuous, as Italian princes went in these days; but underneath the masks and revels lay a dark current of tragical human life and crime, which made itself miserably apparent to the eyes of the thoughtful boy, of whom his father would fain have

made a court physician. The world was in one of its culminating points of wickedness and disorder. The lights of Christian faith were extinguished everywhere except where they linger longest, in the peasant huts where people knew no better, or perhaps dimly in some remote cloister, where here and there an ignorant monk said his paternoster out of a faithful heart. The learned and wise and great professed a kind of elegant theoretical paganism, which did not object, as a matter of taste, to the gorgeous rites of the Church; and, as was natural under the reign of a sham belief falsely held, confusion and falsehood became predominant throughout the bewildered country. To be in favour at court, yet to keep an eye and ear open to the chances of conspiracy, was the creed of the rich; to see all the spectacles and hear all the spoliation, was the philosophy of the poor. Above, all glitter and cloth-of-gold, feasts of arms and smiles of ladies, and reception of wandering princes, popes, and emperors; beneath, all wrongs and hardships, prisons and plagues and famines, injustice and oppression. The lad Giralamo grew up, with deep eyes piercing, from beneath his heavy overhanging brow, through and through the gilded mask. He was close to it, almost behind the scenes; and, musing in the leisure of his youth, his indignant heart burned within him. When other lads began to touch their light lutes to love-measures, he set the sadness of his soul to his, and taught the tender chords to cry out and mourn over the ruin of the world. He, too, had his love-strain, a short and sad romance. Matters went ill with the stern-featured boy in that court, where smooth faces count for more than high hearts. Perhaps this youthful disappointment gave the last touch of personal

bitterness to the indignation and sorrow of his soul. Amid false princes, false priests, false love and learning, where was the young enthusiast to flee for that truth without which he found it impossible to live? Looking round upon the world with indignant youthful observation, he found that "*ogni virtute ed ogni bel costume*" had disappeared from the face of the earth — that men were not even ashamed of their vices — and that the popular ideal was realised in him,

"Che per fraude e per forza la più acquisto,
Chi sprezza il ciel con Cristo,
E sempre pensa altrui cacciare el fondo."*

Pondering such thoughts, he wandered about the churches, praying long before deserted altars, where few came to worship; and meditating in his melancholy mind an escape out of the dreary world into the cloister, where purity and truth might still be possible. Such an escape, however, involved the destruction of all the hopes of his family, of all the gentler affections of his youth; and the lad lingered over the irrevocable step with a burning heart.

At length, when his powers of self-control were almost exhausted, there occurred a *festa* in Ferrara — the festival of St. George. The Savonarole, like all their neighbours, were out in the gay Corso in the sweet April weather. Giralamo lingered in the deserted house when all the holiday people were gone. With a boyish instinct he laid among his books in the window an essay on 'Disregard of the World' — and then, escaping unobserved, took his mournful way to Bologna, where he went at once to the convent of the Dominicans and asked admission. He was received at once, without any apparent difficulty; and on the same day, as soon as he found himself alone, he wrote to his father to explain and beg for forgiveness. In

* Who most by fraud and violence gaining,
And heaven and Christ disdainning,
Dreams how to drive his neighbour to despair.

this letter, which seems written with tears, he begs that he may not be supposed to have acted from a puerile impulse, and appeals to his father, as a man of firm mind, to judge him justly. Here are the reasons of his flight :—

"The motives by which I have been led to enter into a religious life are these: the great misery of the world; the iniquities of men; the rages, adulteries, robberies; their pride, idolatry, and fearful blasphemies; so that things have come to such a pass that no one can be found acting righteously. Many times a-day have I repeated with tears the verse, *Hec! fuge crudelis terras, fuge littus ararum*. I could not endure the enormous wickedness of the blinded people of Italy; and the more so, because I saw everywhere virtue despised and vice honored. . . . Think not that it was not a severe pang to me to sever myself from you. Believe me that never since I was born did I suffer so great mental anguish, when I felt that I was about to leave my own flesh and blood, that I was going among people who were strangers to me, and so offering up a sacrifice of my body to Jesus Christ by placing myself in the hands of those who knew me not. But then, reflecting that it was God who called me, that He did not disdain to make me, a poor worm, one of His servants, I could not dare to do otherwise than obey so sweet, so holy a voice that said to me, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.' . . . I know that your grief was much more severe by my secret departure, that I seemed to fly from you; but be assured that so great was my own pain and misery in parting from you, that if I had laid open my breast to you, I verily believe that the very idea that I was going to leave you would have broken my heart, and that I must have abandoned my intention. You cannot, therefore, be surprised that I did not tell you. It is, however, true that I left a paper upon the books in the window, in which I gave you notice of what I was about to do. I beseech you, therefore, my dear father, to cease to grieve, and that you will not add to the sorrow and pain I am now enduring, not on account of what I have done, which most assuredly I have no wish to retrace, even were I certain that by so doing I should become greater than Cæsar. But

I am, like you, made of flesh and blood, and feelings so resist reason, that I have a severe battle to fight to prevent the devil from leaping on my shoulders, and especially when I think of you. The days when the wounds are fresh will soon pass away, and then I hope that both you and I will be more consoled in this world by the grace of God, in the next by glory. Nothing more remains for me to say, than to beseech you, as a man of strong mind, to comfort my mother; and I pray that you and she will give me your blessing. I shall ever pray fervently for the good of your souls. From Bologna, the 25th of April 1475.

"HIERONYMUS SAVONAROLA,
"Your son."

Upon this touching letter was found a memorandum by the elder Savonarola, which is, in its unimpassioned historical record of hopes buried, almost more touching than the letter itself. "I recall," said the wounded father, in the first pang of his disappointment, "how, on the 21st day of September 1452, my Lena presented me with a boy at the hour of 23½. It was a Thursday, the feast of the Apostle and Evangelist St. Matthew. He was baptised and held up at the font by Signor Francesco Libanori, the secretary of our illustrious Highness, and received the names of Girolamo Maria Francesco and Matteo—. He joined the Dominican Friars at Bologna on the 23d of April 1475, and assumed their dress."

This stern and mournful scrap of family history, concluding the register as if with the decisive bar of death, for that son of whom so much had been hoped, and who yet, though his father dreamed it not, was to make the name of Savonarola known to all time, gives us a clearer insight into the grief and disappointment of that distant household in Ferrara than pages of description. A sad anniversary to them must have been the April festa, with all its glories out of doors. The MS. "left on the books in the window," was also marked by the sad father with the date of his son's departure. "On St. George's Day, in the year 1475," he repeats, "Girolamo, my son, then a student of arts (being intended for the

medical profession), left our house, and went to Bologna, and entered the Dominican convent, intending to remain there and become a monk, leaving me, Nicolo Savonarola, his father, for my comfort nothing but these writings." The hopes of the family were thus extinguished for ever: their gifted son was lost—dead to them, as he himself repeats at a later period. The little Albert might, indeed, be trained to the hereditary profession, and fill his brother's place; but, so far as Girolamo was concerned, hope and pride were over for ever.

He spent seven years after in his cloister at Bologna, not a servant, as he had intended to be made, but an instructor of novices, developing his own mind under what were, perhaps, on the whole, the best influences he could have been surrounded with, but immediately waking, with as deep a sense of reality as that which had driven him out of the world, to the dangers and miseries which menaced the Church. Again the young man's trouble broke forth into verse, but now it was *De Ruina Ecclesie* that his mournful lute lamented. He saw a vision of the Church, wounded and impoverished, dwelling in a cave, where she "led her life in weeping." It was Rome, she said, "*una fallace, superba meretrice*," who had brought her so low; but when the young reformer started up with indignant devotion to "break the great wings" of the harlot, the Church hushed the impetuous youth. "Weep and be silent; this is best," said the sacred mother. Such was the half-despairing patience into which the young optimist, who had imagined the cloister a refuge from all ills, had to subdue himself, when his deep eyes had time to penetrate the veil of life within as well as without the holy enclosure. A sad, abstracted, emaciated monk, always with his cowl over his head, and a world of indignant sorrowful thoughts throbbing underneath, finding the world utterly corrupt, yet evermore giving the devil the

lie, and declaring that so it must not, shall not, continue to be; wearing the stones with his weary feet in impatient paces, with his knees in vehement prayers, and his own sensitive frame with fastings and discipline, if, perhaps, that might mend the matter; but not trouble-ome to his superiors, being far too deeply occupied with that passion of horror and grief and prophetic indignation in his heart. One wicked pope succeeded another as the young monk ripened into manhood and instructed the novices, doubtless sowing strange seed in the minds of his pupils. All around the Bolognese cloister Italy heaved and struggled in a chaos of disorder and vice and imbecility. In his own Ferrara a pretender sought, and lost the crown and his life; in Milan and Florence, murder took the aid of sacrilege, and slew its victims at the altar in the most sacred acts of worship. There was not a single spot in the desert upon which his burning eyes could rest for consolation, for he had not yet even found that voice and utterance with which he was hereafter to plead God's cause against the world.

At the end of these seven years he was sent back to Ferrara for a time, the only record of which lies in his repetition of the familiar saying, that a prophet has no honour in his own country. In the same year (1482), Ferrara having become a centre of war, the superior of the Dominicans dispersed the greater number of his monks, and sent Fra Girolamo to Florence. There he went to the Convent of San Marco, then one of the most dignified and learned communities of the order, as it still continues to be. A library of valuable manuscripts had given importance to the brotherhood, for which Cosmo di Medici had built a new convent, establishing thereby the first public library in Italy; and an equal and sweeter glory had been thrown around the house by the pictures of the Blessed Angelico, which are

still exhibited there with so much pride and love. The monks were not only more cultured than most of their brethren, but were under the influence of traditions of sanctity belonging to the beloved cloister, from which, not many years before, a saint had gone not only to paradise, but to canonisation, leaving behind him a fragrance of love and good works which had not yet had time to pass away. The heart of the monk of Ferrara rose when he reached this home of learning and art and devotion, and saw how the hills stand round about Florence as round Jerusalem, watching with a solemn devotion the beautiful human town rearing all her spires and towers under their silent shadow. The spell of that beauty melted the melancholy friar. He took a little hope and comfort in his forlorn soul out of the ineffaceable loveliness which no power of man could debase, and resumed his humble labours among the novices, gazing with anxious eyes upon the unfamiliar forms of life around him. The skies were bright over Florence, and mirth and music were in her streets, and the heart of Fra Giovanni was young. Perhaps here the "*alma gentile*," the soul of goodness, might even upon earth be found at last.

These were the days of the Magnificent Lorenzo, when Florence was the seat of all the Muses, when learning was all but universal, and when, so far from perceiving in the special costume of their own existence the picturesque features which have dazzled so many succeeding generations, the men of the time fell back upon remote antiquity, and made violent efforts after heathen elegance, and successful attempts to rival the vices of the old Grecian republics, in which there was so much analogy to their own. A curious, busy-idle, ostentatious, pedantic public, learned in manuscripts and gems, subtle in philosophy, fastidious in verse, preserved from utter unreality only by the stormy necessities of the

time, which made the existence of so many principalities and republics in Italy dependent upon the sharp wits and swords of their special governors, and left one healthful outlet of politics to keep life in the artificial society. Though the world in those days could find nothing better to do than painfully to produce an imitation of Athens or Corinth, posterity since has found an unfailing attraction in that age of diabolical wickedness and enervating culture, of universal disbelief and credulity, cynicism and superstition—those two sworn brethren who are never very far apart. How here and there a man of letters bewildered his intellect with verbal studies; how, more frequently, the lively current in the piazza laughed and jested, and made epigrams on everything human and divine; how the peasants in their white scattered villages, gleaming like distant sails at sea, through the excess of misty sunshine, down the vale of Arno, lived in a kind of honest misery, subject to outbreaks of ruin, yet with alleviations of festival and procession, and necklaces of pearl; how the mass of the burghers within the walls, who were too lowly to be elegant Latinists and Pagans, still imitated their lords heartily in amusements less refined, and ever and anon obeyed the sound of the great bell, and gathered in noisy *parliamenti*, to do, under a pretence of freedom, with true popular servility, the will of the Magnificent,—all this is familiar enough to most readers. Perhaps no more powerful or lifelike picture of the time is to be found than that which is at present being set forth before the English public in the story of 'Romola,' a picture somewhat marred by the over-elaboration of archaeological details, but vivid and living, as was to be looked for from the artist. On this joyous, elegant, vicious society, the new monk of St. Mark's gazed at first with wonder and hope. But he could not long deceive himself. The first illusion dropped from those eyes which were

possessed by an insight sharp and painful as the touch of Ithuriel's spear. Again he looked round, and knew, in the passionate disappointment of his soul, that the loveliest of earthly scenes makes little difference, and that still all men were liars. The renewed pang went to his heart. For the first time he seems to have been not only disappointed but discouraged—a discouragement enhanced by the fact that he had tried his own powers and failed. He preached, and but five-and-twenty languid hearers, occupied the Church of San Lorenzo when he made his first appearance. At the same time the great aisles of Santo Spirito, on the other side of Arno, were thronged with an overflowing multitude, who went there to listen to a popular preacher of a type more usual than Fra Girolamo. "Posterity has forgotten the very name of Gennezzano," says Professor Villari, "but his contemporaries landed him to the skies. He was very studied in his sentences, language, and action; he recited passages of Greek and Latin poetry gracefully, and constantly quoted Aristotle and Plato. Not unfrequently he told anecdotes which excited the risibility of the congregation; and he always availed himself of whatever was likely to add to the number of his hearers." This curious junction of the temporary characteristics of the age of Lorenzo with those universal features of popular preaching well known to ourselves in the age of Spurgeon, is edifying to hear of. But it is not wonderful that the Dominican monk should have lost heart for the moment, as so many have been tempted to do since, at sight of the meretricious popular oratory in presence of which his own solemn prophetic voice found no acceptance with the crowd.

Savonarola had now attained the age of ambition, the maturity of manhood, and could not fail to know what powers were smouldering unperceived, consuming his soul, in his own silent bosom. He stop-

ped short upon the threshold of his life, as so many great preachers and leaders of men have done since then. For some time he thought of giving up the hope of preaching, and of confining himself to those novices of St. Dominic whom he had already spent so many undistinguished years in training. Silent, without comfort or companion, he turned from the monks, who, like all their contemporaries, were more engrossed with the manuscripts in their library, the visits of the learned, and the endless disputes between Plato and Aristotle, than with righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come; and, in the solitude of his cell, sought refuge from the gossip and chatter of empty erudition, in perpetual prayers and musings over that doomed Italy and humanity which lay before him in corruption and dissolution, beyond the help of man. His mind was oppressed to the last bound of endurance by the consciousness of that misery of which the victims themselves were not conscious. In his solitude the fire burned. Audible communications from heaven seemed to breathe into the worn-out heart of the melancholy monk, confirming all his conclusions, and giving the authority of God to his enthusiasm. The profound necessities of nature and reason mingled with that strange flicker of apparent inspiration which in almost every country and age has thrown doubtful lights, much disputed, around every great revival of religion. The first convinced him that the guilt and wretchedness around, with its thin meretricious veil of amusement and grace, could not last; that God would not suffer His world to die out amid such foul dreams; and that sharp calamity and sorrow must come to restore the divine image in the Church and in the world. The other kindled ecstatic lights in those deep eyes, hollowed deeper in their sockets by incessant watching, and whispered strange communications in the silence to his strained ears.

He knew himself the only man who took passionately to heart the debasement of the race, and the conviction wrought in him a corresponding certainty that this was the voice of God, which breathed out of trance and vision, and commissioned him to the work of a prophet and apostle. Centuries after the time of Savonarola, these strange ecstatic voices and impulses have exercised sway over some of the most heroic souls of the modern world. In his day every kind of irregular communication with the unseen was still devoutly believed in. Knowing the perfect sincerity of his own heart, and seeing no reason why the God he addressed so fervently should not make audible response to him, the solitary monk took comfort in his own trance and ecstasy. "One day, as he was conversing with a brother monk, the heavens seemed to open all at once and place before his eyes the future calamities of the Church, and a voice commanded him to declare them in the face of the people. He, from that moment, felt convinced of his divine mission; he held it to be the highest duty of his life, and his only thought was how to fulfil that duty." From henceforward his course was decided. He was a preacher not by his own choice, nor by the will of a superior, but by the commission of God. But the revelation, though glorious, was terrible to flesh and blood. No earthly success or reward shone through the mist of prophecy to gladden the ecstatic in his dreams. A crown of martyrdom hovered visionary but steadfast over the stormy way: the scene might change, the path might unfold, but that fiery crown was never absent from the solemn future which rolled forth in clouds and darkness before him. Fra Girolamo rejoiced, and rose up in the strength of his manhood and genius to the great commission. He was no longer a nameless monk, but the prophet of the Lord; he had that to do which no other man in Italy had yet thought of doing. He was

glad, like a soldier who has won the post of danger and honour. Labour, sorrow, strife, and a martyr's death lay before, but first a world was to be won back again to purity and truth and the love of God.

After this all went, in a mournful and solemn fashion, well. He was not to deliver his authoritative message first to Florence. In the following Lent he was sent to San Gimignano among the hills, to preach to the smaller municipality there. He went among them like a second Baptist, conning no fine sentences, but proclaiming with the voice of a prophet his emphatic burden—Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. "The Church will be scourged, then regenerated, and this quickly." Among these hill-folk there were thoughtful observers, in whose minds a natural forbidding had risen at sight of all the wickedness going on around. The new preacher gave voice and solemn utterance to that unexpressed uneasiness. Their hearts seconded his vehement appeal; and for the first time a human assembly, moved to comprehension and agreement, confirmed to his own consciousness his prophetic commission. He returned to Florence, calmed and strengthened by the sense of having begun his work. When Lent returned he was again sent away to Lombardy, specially to Brescia, where he expounded the Apocalyptic plagues; "charged the people with their sins, arraigned the whole of Italy, and threatened all with the wrath of God;" leaving upon the awed community there so deep a sense of his high mission, that, years after his death, the Brescians in their troubles recalled the words of the Dominican preacher. He made a similar impression about the same time on a more difficult auditory—a chapter of his own order assembled at Reggio, among whom the hard-featured Frate sat silent, his cowl drawn over his head, his deep eyes, "intensely vivid," burning with an abstracted fire, his harsh but kind lips set, while his brethren debated theological ques-

tions, and made sparkling play of philosophy and logic such as their souls loved. But when they came to questions of discipline, the soul of the prophet woke. He rose and plunged with characteristic impetuosity into the subject which occupied so much of his thoughts. The corruption of the clergy was of all griefs perhaps the one that lay closest to his heart; but the grand burst of indignant denunciation which took the order by surprise does not seem to have exasperated his brethren. Most likely they knew but too well how true was his complaint, and felt as even culprits will, when they are in the position of governors and legislators, how hard it is for discipline to bring about reformation. Strangers, too, were present, to whom the monk so mightily in earnest was like a new revelation. Among others, the graceful and gay Prince Pico della Mirandola, the Admirable Crichton of the age. These chance hearers spread the fame of the new preacher all over Italy. He remained in Lombardy, with various changes from one place to another, till the year 1490, when, moved by his growing fame, his superiors, at the special instance of Lorenzo de Medici, recalled him to Florence. With some reluctance he obeyed, for Florence had still no associations but those of discouragement and indifference to its future prophet. He went back to St. Mark's to his novices, and resumed that careful education of the new generation of which he was himself to reap the fruit in a devoted and enthusiastic community. His brethren received him, says Padre Marchese, naturally jealous for the honour of the convent, as an angel from heaven. Then the roused curiosity of the public began to disturb him at his labours. Pico, with all the ardour of a man who has discovered a new genius, had vaunted the powers of his

friend; and Florence which knew nothing of Fra Girolamo, took Pico's word, as was natural, and thrust its pioneers into the garden of St. Mark's, where, "under the shadow of a damask rose-tree," the new prophet opened the Apocalypse and discoursed to his Florentine hearers, as to those of Brescia, of the troubles to come. The white-robed friar, with deep eyes gleaming from under his cowl, beneath that fairy canopy of roses, must have been a sight for a painter. The congregation increased and crowded the cloister; and at length, on the 1st August 1490, Savonarola ascended the pulpit in his convent church, and poured forth upon the astonished crowd, in all the fervour of his natural powers and increased confidence, the burden of prophecy with which for all these years his heart had burned. The effect was electrical. The great voice thrilled through Florence with reverberations like thunder; nothing else was spoken of in all the coteries of the city; and the work of his life was at last begun.

The astonishing power and influence of his preaching, rising from this time into higher and higher command of his audience, till at length he reigned supreme, a generous and self-forgetting despot in his pulpit, is unquestionably to be attributed in part to the fact that, in marked contrast to those popular orators who quoted Plato and Aristotle, he derived all his subjects and arguments from the Bible alone.

"Savonarola," says the learned Padre Marchese* of his own convent, by whose labours so much light has been thrown upon the life of the illustrious Dominican, "wrought the resurrection of pulpit eloquence in Italy, and raised it from its atject condition by the study of the sacred Scriptures and of the fathers. These studies furnished his mind so richly that, leaving the scholastic follies and indecorous nonsense of his predecessors, he addressed himself

* 'Sunto Storico del Convento di San Marco di Firenze: del Padre Vincenzo Marchese de' Predicatori.' Florence, 1855.

to the moral perfection of the people, thundering against vice with a severe voice which disdained to flatter, and which revealed, trembling, the wounds of humanity. His eloquence, which, up to this time, had been simple, affectionate, and unadorned, suddenly brightened with prophetic fire, and his style received new animation and colour from the grand imaginations of the inspired books. From Isaiah he took impetuosity and force; in the pathetic narrative of our calamities, and in lamentation over present and future evils, he borrowed the tenderness of Jeremiah. When he expounded the terrible visions with which he carried terror to his auditors, he rose to the elevation of Ezekiel and of Joel. In the very words of Hosea and Micah he fulminated against tyrants and the vices of the clergy; and more warmly, in the overflowing enthusiasm of poetry, intoned, with Amos, a canticle of war. Amos was his favourite prophet, and the one whose eloquence, most of all, his own resembled. Thus his preaching, hitherto harsh and violent, gained impetus, rapidity, clearness, an elegant and animated address, and that severe look in which glittered a light which was not of earth."

All through the blazing Italian summer, under the roses in the convent-garden, and then in the Church of San Marco, the inspired monk continued his labour, declaiming, with outbursts of stern magnificence, and a heart overpowered by the grandeur of his subject, what his clerical biographer calls his "three propositions"—that the Church of God should be reformed, that Italy should be scourged, and that both these events should happen within a short time. Such was the "generous cry which echoed through all the city" throughout the year 1490, collecting the eager Florentine public from all quarters of the town to that corner where the sun-scorched and shelterless Square of St. Mark breaks the lengthy magnificence of Via Larga. Next Lent the orator, whose message had been listened to with an inevitable excitement, and whose influence began to be actively felt throughout the city, was invited to occupy the pul-

pit of the cathedral. It was an eventful moment in his life. The burden of his teaching was such that nobody could listen with indifference, and eager enthusiasm and fierce animosity had risen among his hearers. "This first sermon," says Marchese—whose narrative we follow as at once briefer and more graphic than that of Villari—"was truly a signal of war; and Savonarola, seeing the great excitement in all minds, the sudden awakening and divisions of the citizens, and the threatening attitude of many among them, was so troubled by it that he had thoughts of changing the form, style, and argument of his future preaching. 'God is my witness,' he himself writes, 'that all the Saturday and throughout the night I kept awake till the morning of Sunday without being able to turn to any other subject, every path and every other doctrine except that being closed to me. And in the morning (being very weary with the long vigil) I heard this said to me:—'Fool, seest thou not that it is the will of God thou shouldst preach thus?' And so that morning I preached a very terrible sermon.' These terrible sermons continued through all the Lenten days to peel out of the religious gloom of the Duomo throughout the startled city, confirming the alarms of the wise, arousing the national heart, which had been lulled to sleep by the accomplished tyrant who was master of the commonwealth, and evoking, at the same time, not only an enthusiastic impulse of fright and repentance in the popular bosom, but the hatred and fear of the ruling party, which had daggers and bravos at command.

The excitement of popular feeling which thus rose around Fra Girolamo, worshipping and threatening—moved his Dominican brethren to an act of courage and loyalty for which they deserve all honour. By that time it is likely he had acquired the natural ascendancy of a great mind even amid the

familiar experience of the convent, and they were doubtless proud of the fame of "the Ferrarese," to whom, for long, everybody had done scanty justice. At this moment of commotion they rallied manfully round the stranger who had brought so much fame to their cloister; and, that "they might the better retain and protect him," elected him their prior. His position in the convent seems to have changed altogether during this interval. He was no longer a stranger without friends; he had found not only a faithful band of followers, but some dear and close companions in San Marco—chief of whom were the two monks who were to attend him to his death—Domenico Buonvicino of Pescia, and Silvestro Maruffi, a Florentine. Fra Domenico was such a loyal and undoubting henchman as is seldom wanting to a leader of the highest order—a man almost more heroic in his simplicity than his master himself. Fra Silvestro, on the other hand, was a born ecstatic—belonging to that class which has furnished clairvoyants, mediums, seers of sights and visions, to all ages; an uncertain and timorous spirit, who only learned to trust in himself when fortified by Savonarola's stern and strong conviction that his dreams were from God, yet who led his master, as it seems always the part of some inferior soul to do, into a wilder unreason than ever, even in ecstasy, could occur to a great mind. Such were the intimates and such the retainers of the friar, whose work thus began to grow and increase upon his hands.

It was the custom when any superior was elected in a convent of the city, that he should pay his homage to Lorenzo de' Medici, to recommend himself and his convent to the patronage of the Magnificent. This, however, the new prior of St. Mark's refused to do. Lorenzo, who seems to have been wise enough to recognise a great man, either friend or foe, when he saw

him, instead of taking offence at this, betrayed a certain anxiety, on the contrary, for Savonarola's friendship. He tried all kinds of princely wiles to win the powerful orator. He went to walk in the garden of San Marco, by way of affording an opportunity of personal intercourse to the stern Dominican. When this strange sight was seen, a crowd of eager Frati rushed to the new prior to make him aware of the Magnifico's near vicinity. "Did he call me?" asked Fra Girolamo. The mortified monks had to answer no. "Then leave him in peace and liberty," said the immovable prior. Finding this attempt fail, Lorenzo tried the efficacy of a large contribution in gold to the alms-box of the convent church, which, however, Savonarola, not to be outwitted, immediately transferred to the Buon'uomini di San Martino, a benevolent fraternity. The baffled potentate sent, as a last attempt, a deputation of notable Florentines, five men afterwards well known to Savonarola and the world, to remonstrate with the friar as if from themselves, to entreat him to alter his mode of preaching, and not to disturb the peace and amusements of the community. The dauntless priest met the patricians in the strength of a communion far higher than theirs. He told them to go back to Lorenzo and bid him repent of his sins, which God would speedily punish. When the startled ambassadors warned him to be silent, on pain of being banished, he answered with the voice of a prophet—"You may fear banishment, you who have wives and children—I fear it not; for however good it is to be here, your country is but as a grain of wheat in comparison with all the world. I am a stranger, and Lorenzo is a citizen and the first in the city; but it is I who shall stay, and he shall go away." Lorenzo made no further attempts to conciliate Savonarola. He engaged a rival priest and orator to attack him in the pulpit, but with worse than no effect, for the

enthusiasm of the people was increased by the unworthy effort. But the magnificent worldling had been moved somehow in his showy soul to believe in this man, who was neither to be threatened nor flattered. When he was dying, a year later, he sent on his deathbed for the monk of San Marco. It is a strange scene, and one which it is curious to find has escaped the attention of painters. Fra Girolamo came, upon a second summons, and stood by the bedside where lay the most accomplished man of his time, the philosopher, poet, prince, and tyrant, who had done so much wrong to Florence. For the first time the brilliant Lorenzo saw those deep prophetic eyes gleaming from under the cowl in stern pity upon his weakness. He confessed his sins to this one true man, in whom he could not but believe. How he had sacked Volterra; how he had seized the money in the Maiden's Bank, so that many a poor maid, dowerless, had fallen into sin; and how he had cruelly revenged himself on his enemies, shedding innocent blood with the guilty. These were the three burdens that weighed most heavily upon his conscience. The friar comforted the dying soul with assurance of God's mercy, had he but faith in the infinite merits of the Redeemer. And Lorenzo had faith; his paganism was over for ever—faith, and that *grandissima*. "Then," said the uncompromising confessor, "you must restore what you have taken away." The penitent this time paused to think, but at length consented. "And lastly," said the solemn monk, "you must restore to Florence that liberty, the most precious possession of a people, which for fifty years the acts of your grandfather, your father, and yourself have taken from her." The dying potentate made no answer. With an effort he turned upon his bed, turned his haughty face to the wall, and his back for ever and ever upon Fra Girolamo. The preacher's prophecy was fulfilled. It was Lorenzo

who went away—away from Florence and the world and all his joys. It was the friar, a man of strife and sorrow, a stranger debarred of all earthly gladness, whose lot it was to stay.

The next great event which happened in Florence was the arrival of Charles VIII. of France at the head of the army, with which, incited by the wiles of contending princes, he had invaded Italy. The feelings with which a proud people would naturally have looked upon a foreign invader, were strangely complicated in this case by the general impression that the King of France was the scourge of God prophesied by Savonarola, and that his mission, selfish, useless, and cruel though it seemed, was a mission from God for the punishment and consequent renovation of Italy and the Church. Amid the many losses, however, entailed upon the community by this strange visit was one gain; it freed the Florentines from the weak and wicked tyranny of Piero di' Medici, who roused the general indignation to such a pitch by some miserable buckstering with the French King to save himself at the expense of the commonwealth, that the excited city took heart, flung off his feeble yoke, and banished himself and his brothers. Chaos, strange, noisy, and picturesque, followed this proceeding. The citizens, intoxicated with the first draught of freedom, paused confused at the next step, and, bewildered with a multiplicity of counsels, could not make up their minds what forms to adopt for needful government. A more vivid picture of republican anarchy could not be than the aspect of Florence in those early days of recovered liberty, when nobody knew whether there was any government at all, or what the government was to be, when the great bell rang from the ancient tower which still overlooks the fair city, to call together, one after another, confused and ignorant *parlamenti* to decide upon they knew not what, and elect offi-

cers who, when they were elected, were equally at a loss to know their duties. Through all this trouble and din and tumult the figure of Savonarola is almost the only one that rises clear out of the crowd. From that pulpit in the Duomo, under the solemn shadow of Brunelleschi's dome, the great Dominican rose grandly over the multitude, swaying them with an anxious glorious absolutism, the sway of the one utterly true and steadfast man in the troubled community. In the first agitation of the revolt against the Medici, when the people had run wild with rage and terror, when the streets were thronged as only an Italian wild crowd of *men* can throng them, and weapons half a century old in fashion, weapons of the old freemen who lived before the Medici, began to reappear in unfamiliar hands, and a word, a breath, would have driven the populace into the wildest excesses of mediæval revolution, the Prior of St. Mark's alone stemmed and turned back the tide. "The people," says Villari, "ran through the streets in a wild state like a furious torrent; they looked up with angry threats at the houses of those citizens who had accumulated wealth by their oppression; and the only steady purpose they adopted was to go to the Duomo. Such a mass of people had never been seen in it; they were so closely packed that no one could stir; and when at length the Friar mounted the pulpit, he looked down upon a fixed immovable mass of heads, with all eyes turned to him." Stern were those faces, gleaming with an excitement which at any chance spark might burst into passionate destructive flames. Here and there the glitter of steel appeared under the robes of peace. It was a terrible moment to the spectators who had life and death, wealth and ruin hanging on the issue; and doubtless to the preacher, who had to encounter such a dread emergency single-handed. Savonarola preached; he stretched out his arms in an enthusiasm of sor-

row and love to the stern audience. "The sword has descended, the scourges have commenced, the prophecies are being fulfilled!" cried the great orator, abandoning himself, like an Italian and a poet, to the passionate anxiety and earnestness which *would* not fail. "Oh, Florence, the time for music and dancing is at an end! now is the time to shed rivers of tears over thy sins. Thy crimes, oh Florence! oh Rome! oh Italy! are the cause of these chastisements. Repent, then; give alms, offer up prayers, be a united people." Then the passionate preacher appealed to God himself, to Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace, whom the Florentines chose for their king; for peace, for union, for brotherly kindness, he pleaded as if his life hung upon the prayer. He was ill for days after, exhausted by these vehement entreaties; but the storm was changed into a calm, and the peace of the city was saved.

A similar scene occurred in the midst of the confusion, when, a little later, it became necessary at all hazards to organise some order of government. There were worthy men and brave men in Florence, such illustrious names as Capponi and Val-ri, and others not unknown to fame; but no decisive and emphatic leader, at whose bidding men could be content to do or die, was found among these too reasonable, too impartial citizens. When it was clear that nothing practical was to come of it—when the old rule that nobody was to contradict the Signoria, the nominal magistrates, prevented some from suggesting in public what they desired in private—and when others, with a characteristic national instinct, betook themselves to their chambers to study political science and the most perfect scheme of government, the monk of San Marco again came forward as only such a man could do. He could no longer keep silent when work so indispensable had to be done, and so hand capable of doing it had yet touched the unguided helm of

state. The necessities of the commonwealth were urgent, and all needful measures for the general pacification and settlement of affairs were standing still. In these circumstances, he requested the Signoria to call in the Cathedral a "ragionamento" of the people, excluding women and children. He ascended the pulpit when this assembly met, "visibly moved and agitated." These, he said, were the times of which he had prophesied. God had sent His terrible scourge, but had tempered it with such infinite pity that the invading army had been removed, the oppressor had fled, the enemies of the Republic had been restrained, and all without the shedding of a drop of blood. Now, it was the part of the people to use their liberty nobly—to forgive, to banish hatred and "the infernal thirst of vengeance." "Leave it to the Medici to confiscate, banish, and kill; let the Florentines show that it is their part to forget the evils wrought for nearly seventy years by that ambitious family, and to prove that religion and piety reveal themselves not in vain and proud pomp, but in pardoning, loving, and doing good to their enemies." "Here begins," added the preacher, "a new era for your city, which demands piety towards God, charity to the brethren, simplicity of customs, frugality of life, temperance of will, domestic purity, respect to superiors, reverence to the country, the laws, and the civic ordinances. In your own hands lies your fate—it shall be as you will it; great, noble, strong, revered, and envied, or weak, wounded, abject, unhappy, and, in short, under the oppression of the worst servitude." With this solemn exordium Savonarola proceeded to set before them the scheme of government approved by their best citizens, but which nobody had as yet propounded with due authority. It is unnecessary for our purpose to enter into a description of this constitution, which was in some degree modelled upon that of Venice. The

discourse moved his audience profoundly, and "triumphed," says Padre Marchese, "over all prejudices and factions." The mass of the people, up to this time, driven about by every wind of opinion, were now unanimous; they would have nothing but the *Grand Council after the manner of the Venetians*, and shouted that throughout the city." At the councils of the Signoria and leading citizens in the Palazzo the proposed laws were discussed, says Villari, "in the very language of the friar, the debaters bringing forth his arguments in his own words, almost tempting us to believe that their speeches had been copied from his sermons, and that the laws they were discussing were only some new epistle of his writing." And, acting under this impetus of a strong and pure individual will, the constitution worked itself at last into being, and the vessel of state once more got under weigh.

It is impossible within the limits of this paper to give any clear idea to the general reader of this constitution. It seems to have been elaborate and complicated to the last degree, being an amalgamation of the ancient customs of the Florentine republic with this *Grand Council after the manner of the Venetians*. There were first the Signoria, or Magnificent Eight, headed by a Gonfaloniere, who were elected every two months; then a *Dieci di Guerra*—Ten of war, or rather, in Savonarola's time, of peace and liberty, the ancient title being changed—elected every six months. Then another Eight, the *Otto di guardia e balia*, who were the criminal magistrates and judges, and were elected every four months. Under such a perpetually changing administration government could not well be very steady, or be animated by any special unity of purpose. But at least it was a government, and so far free, according to Florentine and mediæval ideas. While thus compelled by that inalienable necessity and spur of greatness, there being

no one else capable of the office, to interpose in the affairs of the state. Savonarola was working the ceaseless work of a social and religious reformer. His prophetic visions, though never laid aside, and forming still the emphatic burden of his preaching, were now used as inducements and arguments to immediate and practical reform. He besought his hearers to give up their pomps and vanities, to sell their superfluities, to devote themselves to the care of the poor, who had evidently suffered most, as was natural, from the changes of the time — "Above everything, come to some determination by which the shops may be opened and employment found for the idle people in the streets;" he entreats his "good citizens," letting in a gleam of sudden graphic light upon the interrupted traffic and homely want about them, and adjures them to devote all they can spare—even the offerings they would have made to the Church—for this all-important object. These patriotic counsels bore such fruit as perhaps only can accompany the strange events of one of those wonderful eras known as a great "revival." The revival in Florence is picturesque to look upon through all this long vista of centuries; but doubtless it exercised the wits of the time, as wits have exercised themselves since on many a popular outburst of penitence and devotion. The roused Florentines stripped themselves of their vanities, as the friar bade; out of the pagan gaiety of the times of Lorenz, they relapsed into black robes, weeds of mourning; they became Piagnoni, "Weepers," mourners over sin; the city resolved itself into a general brotherhood and sisterhood of mercy. When the gay days of Carnival returned, the prophetic autocrat won over the very children to the cause of Reformation. Instead of the unruly sports and many-coloured costumes and vile Carnival songs with which they were familiar, the wonderful sovereignty of San Marco beguiled the little Florentines into white robes and hymns. They went about the streets, singing of the child Jesus, as it is always sweet to hear children sing. They set up altars in every narrow lofty street of Florence, and by the lighted tapers of their little shrines besought the passer-by for alms for the poor, like bands of charitable angels. "Viva Cristo!" they cried all day long, with perhaps a Tuscan jar in voices that were of the land and at the age of music; and with an innocent sternness which went to the vain heart of many a trembling sinner, went dauntless in their white robes from door to door to collect "vanities" for the great bonfire in the Piazza. Twice over this Pyramid of Vanities blazed in the great square while Fra Girolamo was vicar of Christ in Florence. Cards, dice, wicked books—perhaps, as such an accident might befall, here and there a Decameron, or even an odd copy of Petrarca, the young collectors of vanities being most likely unscrupulous in this point, and brave Fra Domenico who had the management, having a world of matters more important to think of than a stray volume of sonnets even the most divine—blazed up into the sky in company with the false locks of Monna Brigida, who was there in the Piazza by evil chance at the time, as the readers of 'Romola' are aware. It was a grotesque freak of the age, the extravagance of a medieval "revival," uncongenial enough to our nineteenth-century notions. But it was the fifteenth century in these days, and even the Piagnoni all their lives long before had been used to far ruder and more destructive follies in the Carnival. A fairer sight was to see the white-robed Florentine children delivering the alms they had collected to the Good Men of San Martin, the benevolent brotherhood of the city, who watched over the "shamefaced poor;" or trooping by hundreds into the Duomo, lighting up its dark splendour with angelic robes and fresh faces, a blooming blameless company. They fought well for the Republic in after

days, says Father Marchese, as he tells the tale; and to the prior of San Marco they were the children of his soul.

It is impossible to enter into all the details of the wonderful picture. The great Reformer, whose heart bled for the poor, instituted or rather revived and brought into active operation the Monte di Pietà, to the confusion of all Jews and usurers; and he effected a separation between the body of Dominicans in Tuscany and those on the other side of the Apennines, by way of securing better the purification of his own convent. Two hundred and fifty monks speedily gathered under his rule at San Marco, for whose occupation, and that they might not be dependent on charity, he encouraged the study of art, speedily establishing a school of painters, sculptors, and the lesser arts, which was, we presume, the earliest germ of that *Accademia delle bell' arti* which still retains a hereditary connection with the convent. But now clouds begin to darken over this magnificent and lavish light; with a higher and higher tide his power and the influence of his genius and devotion had risen in Florence, inspiring that commonwealth with a grand temporary afflatus of heroism and virtue. Now the inevitable hour had come when storms and shadows were to rise about the sun at noon, working out the lofty tragic grandeur of an end which became such a life better than any peaceful twilight of natural decay.

The Eight, and the Ten, and the other Eight—a curious machinery that seems invented for collision—began to jar ere long. The magnanimity of the popular party, under the influence of Fra Girolamo, had issued a general amnesty to the followers of the Medici, and they remained in Florence, not enough to interrupt the progress of events, but enough to irritate, to intrigue, and to take up all the arts of opposition for the confusion and overturn of a government which changed its leaders

every two months. Naturally, too, there were many men in Florence who would neither weep, nor fast, nor sacrifice their vanities, nor forget themselves for the good of the commonwealth, as the friar bade. These, as the first fervour of the great revival lessened, increased in numbers and were known as the *Arrabbiati*, the mad or furious, being possessed by that rancour of dislike and contempt which so often embitters opposition to a religious movement. There was also the evil band of the *Compagnacci*, a set of dissolute cavaliers and Medicians ready for all or any mischief, and perpetually plotting the return of the banished Magnifico. Through the exertions of these contending parties all the natural ills of the complicated machinery of government came into exaggerated action. Henceforward the vicissitudes of the story are like those of a great battle, where there is now a desperate rally round the standard, and now a wavering and panic, and now a rush to the rescue. As the Signoria changed, the horizon lightened or darkened over the heroic Dominican. He had now become sufficiently distinguished to gain the eye of the Pope—that Pope Alexander who was Borgia, and the culminating monster of all the wickedness of Rome. Small chance was there that Fra Girolamo, who had thundered for years against the sins of the clergy, should find favour in the eyes of the vilest of priests. A tedious succession of harassments began while the friar was in the very height of his labours; first a conciliatory brief inviting him to Rome; then a prohibition to preach, which was followed, after a considerable interval, by renewed conciliation and the offer of a cardinal's hat. This war of briefs continued for several years, subdued by times, and turning in the friar's favour or against him, according as the Signoria through its ambassadors maintained or opposed him. Even the enmity of the Signoria was

sometimes neutralised by the representations of the Ten, who also seem to have had power over the ambassador, and who were faithful to the monk with wonderful consistency. While the clouds thus rose upon the distant horizon, his enemies at home were not idle. Sometimes in the stormy fluctuations of his career, when an interdict was temporarily removed, and a new licence of preaching permitted, the great Dominican, whom still the people loved, had to be guarded to the very steps of the pulpit, and surrounded there by a trusty and faithful guard, lest some prowling band of *Arrabbiati* should murder him in the midst of his audience. This happened again and again during the course of the ecclesiastical warfare. At length the Pope fulminated excommunication against the grand ascetic, whose life was a standing censure upon the Church for which he struggled in vain. No charge, even of heresy, was made in this sentence. It was not for sin or schism, but because the prior of San Marco had separated his convent from the Tusco-Roman congregation, and had disobeyed the Papal invitations to deliver himself up to the slaughter by going to Rome. The Papal judgment was published by the monks of the other orders with a strange vivacity of hatred which seems universal among the different fraternities in the same Duomo where the Dominican had been supreme so long. Even this, however, did not settle the matter. The *Signoria* were friendly, as it happened, at the moment, and they moved heaven and earth for the removal of the sentence. Once or twice, bargeing for the work without which he could scarcely make shift to live, the Prior left his exclusive, watch-rigilant guard of his devoted hearers, and preached with all the zeal and burning vehemence of a soul which was slowly being worn and fretted out of life and hope: but to the most part he was obedient to the cruel and unjust judgment,

although he protested against it as illegal, and not binding upon his conscience or the Church. In this time of enforced silence he took the only means that remained to him to reach the ear of his people; he wrote his most important work, 'The Triumph of the Cross'—a book so unblamably orthodox as to have been since adopted by the Roman Catholic Church as a handbook of theology. His was not a doctrinal soul. The Reformation he dreamed of was that Reformation which makes a worldly man a Christian, a depraved community pure, and restores a debased church to apostolic fervour and godliness. The dogmas of the Church stood in no need of alteration to the vehement soul which found room enough within their enclosure to find its Lord, and was too deeply possessed with a magnificent intolerance of wickedness, hate of hate, and scorn of scorn, to have any leisure for theological speculation. But the soul within him was sick and sad with this personal conflict. He could have fought for Florence against men and popes and devils; but to fight for his own daily freedom, for the use of his office, the freedom of his pulpit, his good name and existence, wrought the heroic heart to death. His thoughts penetrated the future to that vision of martyrdom which all along had hovered over his path. When the time came it would be sweet to die for his Lord, with grateful thanksgiving and everlasting memorial that for him his Lord too had died: but, in the mean time, in that compelled silence, in forced confinement to his convent walk, in despite and extinction of men, it was hard for the saviour of Florence to content himself to live.

This conflict continued until the end of the year 1517. Then the preacher and the *Signoria* alike lost patience. He could endure himself no longer, and felt the imperious necessity of utterance that he must preach or die: and they were wearied out, as they well might.

with the tricks and procrastinations of Rome. That last Lent Savonarola broke the unjust bondage. At the urgent requisition of the Signoria he returned to the pulpit in the cathedral and preached there, not without a certain tone of resistance and violence—strained notes of a voice which began to break in the hopeless reiteration of its complaint against the world. In this mood he intimated to his hearers that on the last day of the Carnival he would celebrate mass and pronounce a solemn benediction in the piazza before the convent. "When I shall come forth," he said, "with the sacrament in my hand, it is my desire that some of you may offer up fervent prayers to the Lord, if this work comes not from Him, that He may send a fire that will drag me to hell." When the day came, he himself paused with the host in his hand, and, blessing the kneeling and weeping assembly in the broad Square of San Marco, reminded them of his request, and himself repeated the prayer he had dictated to them. Perhaps a forlorn hope of some miraculous sign of divine approval inspired his weary heart; but no miracle followed. That Carnival, by a reaction of the fickle popular will, the troubled city once more rang with holy hymns, and burned its "vanities" before the Lord,—the last triumph which the Piagnoni were to have in Florence.

But his Lenten sermons in the Duomo were again interrupted by another blast from Rome, by which the canons of the cathedral were forbidden to admit the excommunicated friar, and the magistrates enjoined to send him a prisoner to the Papal court. He then retired to his own church of St. Mark's, which could not contain his hearers, so that men only had to be admitted, except on one day of the week. Then the ever-fluctuating Signoria changed, and at the most dangerous moment Savonarola's foes came into power. Even they did not dare to obey the injunction of the

Pope; but they prohibited him finally from preaching. One last sermon he preached in San Marco amid the tears of the people. In this the silenced preacher explained himself with a pathetic and solemn simplicity:—

"Sometimes, on coming down from the pulpit, I have said to myself I will no longer speak of these things, but be silent and leave the rest to God; but when I again stood up in the pulpit I could not contain myself. To speak of the Lord has become to me like a consuming fire shut up in my bones and in my heart; and I found it impossible to restrain myself, or to cease from speaking out. . . . Oh Lord, oh Holy Spirit! Thou raisest up persecutions and tribulations against Thee. Thou stirrest up the waves of the sea like the wind. Thou rous'st the tempests! Then I say cease; but He replies, I can do no otherwise. Let us then submit to the Lord's will. He is the master to apply the instrument to its proper purpose; and when He has no longer any use for it He will cast it away, as was done to Jeremiah when he was stoned. And so it will be with us when we have done our work. We are satisfied that it is the Lord's will, that the greater the evil here on earth, a greater crown will be found in Heaven."

Thus he ended his public labours in Florence—sad, aching at the heart, with that terrible burden of wronged and injured love which is the heaviest affliction of man, but subdued to a sorrowful patience, and ready to be "cast away" as a weapon done with, if such was God's pleasure. There, or anywhere, Fra Girolamo of Ferrara never, in word or doctrine, preached more. He had yet one appearance, more touching and noble than any sermon, to make before that awed and wondering city. And that last scene approached closely; though one extraordinary chapter, which comes in with the strangest effect into this solemn tragedy, and would be grotesque if it, too, were not tragic beyond weeping, remained to be transacted still.

When matters were at this point, a Franciscan preaching in the neighbouring church of Santa Croce—a certain Francesco of Puglia, pre-

The brave and simple Domenico Poccia took up with eager acceptance the diabolical challenge. Domenico Buonvicino — Good Neighbor — came of a stock, doubtless, that had been trusty from its cradle; he carried the name — an honest, straightforward and valorous soul, in whose veins there were no complications of over-sensitiveness, or doubts as to the value of such a proof. He took it up with a joyful eagerness, confidence in the victory of his Master's cause. The idea flared the medieval knight. Not only Domenico — not even the two hundred and thirty brethren of San Marco — but almost all the Diagonian men, women, and children, not excluding the Dominican sisterhood of San Lucia, offered themselves," says Father Marchese, "for the terrible ordeal." The rash Pharozen, who had brought this strange upon his head, believed and was right, but without realizing the danger which was a power of the Nation, swore for all the time to stand by the side of his countrymen as they took the tactics of San Marco as guides, being of course, like the first few of the crusades, ignorant of the nature of what they were doing, and so their actions, though well meant, were unwise.

the office under a secret warranty that he was not to be called upon to fulfil it. The question to be decided by this barbarous experiment was, whether or not "the church of God required reformation," and whether or not "the excommunication of Savonarola, being manifestly unjust, was of no value," which propositions were maintained by the friar Domenico against all Franciscans and fires. Savonarola himself seems to have been almost passive in the matter. He did all he could to prevent it; sent Villari; but an appeal to a mirror was no way contrary to his principles; and doubtless the true heart of the reformer was comforted by the devotion of his loving brother. The wiser citizens of Florence protested with indignation and tears; but the wild mob, crazy for such a spectacle, and of the friar's enemies—who was in it, however it might turn out, a way of finally disposing of him—carried the day.

Accordingly, on the 7th of August a great pile was erected in the Square of the Signoria, between the Palazzo Vecchio and the building, present in modern Florence used as the post-office: a platform eight feet across, piled with all kinds of combustibles, including gunpowder through the midst of which it took the entire length of the summer were left for the flames. The scene must have been one of the most extraordinary ever witnessed. The noble Loggia di Lorenzo, which is sometimes called, the Loggia di Orsagna—a magnificent structure familiar to all who know Florence underneath which the wretched Perseus now stands—was piled in the high flames—was delved into by the flames which were added to the masses of sticks—the flames, during the end next the flames of the April massacre, the massacre of the innocents, the massacre of the children, the massacre of the women and the massacre of the men, the massacre of the women and the massacre of the men.

lunteered, if need were, to follow him into the fire. Savonarola followed, carrying the sacrament; and behind the prior came two hundred of the conventual brethren in the white robes of St Dominic, chanting with deep voices the psalm, "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered." They had left behind them, in the Church of San Marco, an anxious company of women, who filled that monkish sanctuary with an agony of female prayers, waiting in excitement and uncertainty the return of the brethren. A throng of eager Florentines crowded the Piazza, which was held in force by some thirteen hundred armed men, about three hundred of whom were defenders of St. Mark. As the Dominicans advanced chanting their psalm, the crowd joined in with a murmur as of an earthquake. Everything was ready for the final trial. The brave Domenico rose from his knees with smiles of hope and eagerness. The pile began to burn, shooting up fire and smoke into the April glory of those skies which smile over Florence. The crowd trembled with the horrible excitement that everywhere seems to move a crowd which has the chance of beholding martyrdom. The lists and the champion were ready, and expectation had risen to the highest pitch; but the Franciscan friars clustered, gloomy and silent, under the Loggia, and the courage of the challenger had failed. After a series of irritating delays and shifts to gain time—after compelling Domenico to disrobe himself and change his dress entirely, on the plea that it might have been charmed—the Signoria, unable to bring their champion to the point, issued an order forbidding the ordeal; this was seconded by a sudden shower of rain, which swept hissing over the half-extinguished fire. A universal impulse of disappointment seized the crowd; all eyes were turned upon Savonarola, who did not volunteer, as they seem to have expected, to tread that fiery path, and afford them

the spectacle they craved; the very Piagnoni turned upon their leader in a wild popular impulse of disgust and mortification at the loss of the hoped-for triumph. If the duel was not to be, why, at least, did not the prophet prove his mission by a miracle? They looked to see him step sublimely out of the crowd and mount the flaming pile, and carry his white robe and his sacramentary untouched through the flames; and his followers could not forgive him the disappointment and humbling of their hopes. Sadly, amid the tumult of the no longer unanimous crowd, amid the insulting cries of the factious, who made use of the abortive ordeal as if it had been the Dominican who had failed, the white brotherhood made their way with difficulty back to San Marco, to the church where the women were still praying and weeping, waiting to hear of their prophet's victory. It was a melancholy return. The cries of the fierce crowd in the square sounded into the church while Savonarola mounted the pulpit and gave a brief description of what had taken place. Then he shut himself up in his cell, struck to the heart. It was the devoted San Marco, which had shown itself ready and eager to endure any martyrdom, which had suffered defeat. The cowardly Franciscan, who was nobody, and from whom nothing had been expected, was the victor. The shock of popular injustice, the undeserved dishonour, perhaps even a doubt in his own visionary soul whether, perhaps, he should not have braved the flames in his own person, and claimed at God's hand the help of miracle, overwhelmed the soul of the monk who, a few years before, had been hailed everywhere as the liberator of Florence. The hour of his passion and agony was at hand.

All that day, while the community of San Marco, shut up within their cloister, surrounded in many an excited circle the almost martyr, and with forebodings of trouble and a vague trust in every-

thing miraculous, looked trembling to the morrow, a tempest raged without in the excited city. The Piagnoni hid their heads, broken down in heart and hope, struck with a disappointment as unreasonable as their expectations. The other factions stormed through the streets in triumphant riot. They, too, had been wound up to a pitch of awed and wondering expectation around that gigantic pile; and in the revulsion of feeling which followed they gave full scope to all the scorn and hatred with which they regarded the prophet, whose instructions had been too hard for them. If he had been a prophet, would he not have proved it by fire and miracle? they cried in triumph; and the troubled Piagnoni could give no answer. Next morning, which was Palm Sunday, rose in quiet over the agitated town. Once more Fra Girolamo stood mournful in the pulpit of St. Mark's; he felt that his hour, the hour to which he had so long looked forward, was almost come, and for the last time gave his benediction to the alarmed people. That very evening his enemies took advantage of a disturbance at the Duomo to carry out their intentions. As soon as the spirit of riot was up, the crowd rushed to San Marco: there, after a gallant but fruitless resistance made by some of the citizens who were in the church at the time, and by some few sturdy monks who could not forget that they were men, nor refrain from striking a blow for their leader, the besieged convent was taken, and Savonarola, Domenico, and Fra Silvestro, were carried forth prisoners, through the insults of the crowd. The three friars were cast into the dungeons of the Palazzo Vecchio, each by himself. They were put to the torture through lingering days of misery. It was the Valley of the Shadow of Death into which they thus entered; and the saddest chapter of the tragedy was to be enacted there.

Savonarola was worn with the

agonies of life, with fastings, watchings, conflicts, and that care of all the affairs of Florence which had lain heavy on his hands for many a day. The ordeal to which he was now subjected was one for which he was specially disqualified. His frame was sensitive, his imagination ardent. In the horrors of "the question" his strong spirit yielded. He became delirious in his agony, and assented wildly to the suggestions of his persecutors. What he really confessed no one can now discover, for the record of the examination was confessedly falsified; but though his persecutors could not wring from the fainting, raving, exhausted monk any acknowledgment of evil motive, they drew from him in his delirium some wild confession that he had deceived himself, and that it was not God who had spoken, but his own fancy. His enemies made all they could of the cries of his misery—they corrupted the record, and published it to show the people how they had been deceived. His companions went through the same terrible process. Brave Domenico, strong of frame and unappalled of heart, bore, like the heroic soul he was, a still harder torture than that ordeal of fire which had been denied him, and, constant to the last, uttered his testimony for his master with a noble simplicity, unshaken in his faith even by learning that his master himself had lost heart. The ecstatic Silvestro failed still more sadly than Savonarola, and, with the instinct of a weak mind, tied to exculpate himself by casting blame upon his superior. It is the most melancholy episode in all the story. Little was gained by all this, however, for the ends of the Signoria. They had nothing to report to the Pope of guilt confessed; but they had the satisfaction of grieving the disciples of Savonarola in Florence by the thought that their leader had denied his own divine commission; and perhaps of planting some last thorns, bitterest of all that had wounded

him in his way, in the short but painful path that now remained.

But when the friar was left in peace in his melancholy cell to await the merciful death which should free his worn and wounded frame from all the tortures of earth, his heart and courage returned to him. Perhaps he was himself unconscious of all that had been said in his name; at least no shame, no excitement of self-defence seem to have confused his last thoughts. Alone and solitary, deserted by his friends, cast off by the frightened friars of San Marco, who by this time had changed with the tide, and were making a cowardly peace with the Pope, Fra Girolamo took his pen once more into the trembling fingers, which had been rendered all but useless by the cruel torture of the rope, and wrote his last message to the world—not a message of self-vindication. Such thoughts had fled from the mind of the martyr in his last hours. "In thee, Lord, do I put my trust," pondered the monk in his prison; and with a hand, wrung by torture, and a heart out of which all the pangs of earth were banished by the shadow of death, interwove his solemn meditations with the pathetic strain of the *Miserere*, the psalm of sinners. "Sorrow has pitched his camp around me; he has taken possession of my heart, and never ceases, day nor night, to attack me with the clang of arms. My friends fight under his standard and are become my enemies," is the cry out of his afflicted soul, "but I will turn me to heavenly things and Hope will come to my rescue." Thus the forlorn heart pursues its pathetic argument, pondering in faith and sorrow the mysteries of salvation. It would be a profanation of this last solemn death-song of the great Italian to enter into any discussion whether or not the doctrines of the Reformation and of justification by faith are to be found in it, as Luther asserts. Professor Villari says no, without apparently any very clear knowledge what the principles of

the Reformation were. But the last meditation of Fra Girolamo contains no thought of any mere doctrine. He was going to die as he had lived, in the faith of Jesus Christ who died for him, as many a saint has lived and died in Catholic cloister and Protestant church, without dream of controversy. Little doubt that the worn and faithful soldier held fast, with whatever mingling of human fancy his faith was capable, by the Lord, in whose name he had fought all his battles. To explore the last utterance of his broken heart in search of Protestant doctrines is no office for the spectator who stands by with awe and reverence to behold that final triumph. As he murmured then he had preached all his life. It was no new sound which the Christian preacher rang with his dying breath upon that silver trumpet which he was to sound no more on earth;—a primitive Catholic wail out of the battle-ground of earth, in the conflict where Hope and Grief contended to the death—a forlorn but dauntless cry of that Name above all names which is to all Christians the sole charm and hope of victory. Such was the last utterance of Girolamo the monk. He stood in a region beyond controversy—a region in which, between Catholic saint and Protestant martyr, separation or difference can exist no more.

Only one other scene remained. On the 22d of May, in the evening, the three prisoners were informed that their fate was decided, and that next morning they were to die. Savonarola received the news with unmoved calm. The brave Domenico, for his part, heard it gladly, and hastened to write, with his racked and almost nerveless hands, a joyful, affectionate letter to his brothers. "Say for us the usual masses," said this dauntless and simple soul, "and where I am going I will do as much for you." Presently a dark figure, covered with such a hood as the traveller to day still meets in the streets of Florence concealing

the faces of the brethren of the *Misericordia*, entered the cell of Fra Girolamo—a benevolent visitor, whose office was to comfort the dying. By means of this pitying spectator the prior of San Marco was permitted a last interview with his companions. The three met solemnly, with full hearts. The Frati, both of them, had heard that their leader had been false to his own pretensions, but no doubt of him seems to have been possible in his presence. They threw themselves into his arms, at his feet, and begged for his blessing. In that hour the weak Silvestro had regained his faith; in presence of his master even the feeble soul found courage. That night Savonarola laid his weary head on the knees of his veiled visitor, whose name was Nicolini, and slept, dreaming, and smiling in his dream like a child. When he woke he opened his heart to the awed and wondering stranger. He told him of woes that were yet to come on Florence, and how a pope whose name should be Clement would bring misery on the city. This was the last prophecy; and the anxious popular imagination laid it up, and doubtless added to it, after the fact, many a faithful particular of accomplished misery. Woe and lamentation had been the burden of the friar's ministry all his life; and there could be no surer proof than his approaching execution that the scourge had not yet done its full work in the city for which he had laboured so faithfully and well.

Early next morning the three friars again met in the chapel of the Palazzo, and Savonarola was permitted to administer to them their last communion. Then out of the cold twilight of their prison, for the first time since that April night when they were dragged from their convent, the solemn three went forth into the dawning sunshine of an Italian May, into air so sweet that it is joy to breathe that purest lymph of nature. They were men in the prime and strength of life,

untouched by time, at the age when it is hardest to die. This great act, however, was now all that remained to them. Not long was the last journey. Before them in the brilliant piazza; flooded with early sunshine, was the scaffold with its three gibbets, lowering black over a troubled sea of dark faces—a crowd awed out of all sound. A few steps from the door of the Palazzo they stood before the bishop, once a friend of San Marco, who had the hard office of unfrocking and degrading the great Dominican. Here their robes, the dress of their order, to which so many sacred associations attached, were taken from the monks. The troubled bishop took Savonarola by the arm, and, too much disturbed to know what he was saying, pronounced, faltering, his terrible sentence; “I separate thee from the Church militant—and triumphant,” said the agitated priest. Then the calm voice of Fra Girolamo started the breathless crowd: “Not triumphant; that is not in your power,” said he who stood upon the threshold of the world unseen. Then unfrocked, in their short tunics, with bare feet and pinioned arms, they proceeded to their end, the brave Domenico chanting in a whisper as he went the noble thanksgivings of the *Te Deum*. “In what state of mind do you endure this martyrdom?” asked a priest, curious, as human creatures ever will be, to ascertain the mind of the dying. “The Lord has suffered as much for me,” said Savonarola. They were his last words. Thereafter he looked on in silence while his two brothers, faithful in death, died like men before his eyes. Then he mounted the fatal ladder, and, pausing there abstracted, looked round upon the breathless vast multitude—an unspeakable gaze of human wonder and anguish over the ingratitude and blindness of man. Then he too died for his Lord, who had died for him. A shudder and pang of horror ran through the multitude when they

saw that again there was to be no miracle, and that their wretched hands had done what no power of man could undo. So ended the great and lofty tragedy; cruel fire, kindled underneath the scaffold, consumed the worn frame which an hour before had enshrined the highest heart in Italy; no false prophet, no demagogue, no meddling friar now;—already a holy martyr, whose relics were precious, whose name was sacred. They threw his ashes into Arno, to make an end of Savonarola: but already worshipping women, mournful men, had gathered the scraps of his tunic, the drops of his blood, to keep for ever and ever; and the name and fame of the Prophet of Italy had taken the place which it has held for centuries, long after the miserable brawls and brawlers to whom he owed his death had died into native darkness out of the memory of man.

Such was the life and death of Girolamo Savonarola, the saviour and martyr of Florence—a man before his age only in so far as the pure, the generous, the heroic, the men who aim at an ideal Christian commonwealth in this burdened and guilty earth, always are—for the rest a real mediæval figure, too vehement, too picturesque, too daring, for any other scene than that he lived in. He died with hands pure of any selfish stain, having sought nothing but to establish Christ as King of Florence, and to drive out from the temple, as his Master drove them, the merchandise and the impurity. He died, and the next generation worshipped his name, wrote his life, annotated his books, lived

upon commentaries and treatises concerning Fra Girolamo, as Italian enthusiasts will. But though there were many to burn tapers before the picture of those stern, kind, homely features, and bow in semi-worship to the cowed head, with its deep eyes of prophetic insight, there was nobody to keep alive the great work of Reformation which he had begun. But Martin Luther had been born by that time, and Germany had its day of glory just beginning to dawn out of the stormy skies. Now, once more, another generation of Italians, much unconscious, as Villari quaintly reveals, of Martin Luther, have again begun to collect the relics and comment on the life of the illustrious monk. San Marco itself once more takes up the memory and glory of its greatest friar, and metaphorical violets perfume the air in the wide piazze, where many a stirring scene has been since then, offered to the memory of Savonarola. But whether this great progenitor of Reform may yet have any successor in the Italian Church, it would be rash to say. Much dropped work from past centuries lies upon Italian hands to finish; in that same Florence, for example, the façade of the cathedral which Brunelleschi built and Dante loved, and Fra Girolamo reigned and preached in. It will be harder to follow the friar of St. Mark's in the nineteenth century through that thorny way to perfection which he marked out over rock and brake with bleeding feet in the fifteenth, than to replace with dainty marble and exquisite design the rude mask which now diminishes the beauty of Santa Maria of the Flowers.

A LETTER FROM POLAND.

CRACOW, April 1863.

ALTHOUGH this letter is dated Cracow, it must not be supposed that I am still there, but merely that the notes which I have here put into a connected shape were collected last month in that city and the neighbourhood, to which I had been attracted by the interesting events of which Poland was then the theatre. Those events possessed the merit, not uncommon to revolutionary movements, of being altogether sudden and unforeseen, with the incidental advantage of being very little appreciated or understood in this country. The insurrection has, indeed, taken not merely England but all Europe by surprise. We all know that the Continent contained a good many powder-magazines, and that trains were laid in all sorts of directions, but nobody expected the first explosion to take place in the Russian Empire. So sudden was the shock, and so unexpected in its immediate effects, that politicians of every class were disconcerted, and emperors, statesmen, and revolutionists are still anxiously waiting for the smoke to clear away. Whether we are to have a whole series of still greater explosions, or whether the horizon will slowly reveal itself, and leave only a heap of blackened *debris* called Poland, is still a problem. The wisest heads did not foresee the Polish outbreak, and they can scarcely venture to predict its consequences. In England where the ignorance of European politics is most profound, we had long ceased to think of Poland as an oppressed nationality, and disbelieved in the vitality of the patriotic sentiment among the inhabitants. In France, where we have only to do with the opinions of one man, that illustrious individual had studiously ignored the existence of the Polish nationality. It did not appear in his '*Nouvelles Cartes*

d'Europe,' was not discussed in his fettered press, and was altogether too inconvenient an illustration of the leading Napoleonic idea to be alluded to. The Franco-Russian alliance was working out his Eastern policy to the satisfaction of the Emperor; and when the crash came in Poland and blew it out of sight, His Majesty was probably a good deal more astonished and very little less disgusted than the Autocrat of All the Russias himself. Up to the present moment, it must be admitted that the Polish insurrection has been a source of satisfaction to no one. However much the British public may sympathise with oppressed nationalities, a revolution which is likely to lead to a European war can only be considered in England in the light of a nuisance, particularly at a moment when our relations with America are in the last degree critical. Our allies can regard it with no greater favour; the Emperor's combinations have been thwarted, and he did not desire a Polish question to be added to those at present at issue in Mexico and Italy. Austria, just inaugurating reforms and setting her house in order, is interrupted in the middle of her laudable efforts, and, afraid to advance or retreat, is "marking time" in her usual timid and uncertain fashion. An infatuated king and obstinate minister in Prussia have seized upon the occasion to rush in where angels would have feared to tread, and their Polish policy has sunk them in the sight of Europe to the level they already occupied in the eyes of their own people. In the kingdom itself the insurrection has been considered a misfortune. The nobles wished to postpone it for at least two years; the party of action had fixed it for this summer. No one could have anticipated a revolution in mid-winter; and even those who desired to precipitate the

crisis they knew was impending, by the Consecration Act, never dreamt what that unfortunate measure would lead to. But the mischief is done, and we all, in our different ways and according to our different interests, are setting our wits to work to see how we may make the best of it. The party of action, true to their name, did not long hesitate. Seeing that the die was cast, they have not shrunk from the hazard of the game. The nobles wavered a couple of months, and then, as we shall see presently, accepted the situation. The Russian Government believes that the prestige, if not the very existence of the Empire depends on the suppression of the rebellion, and strains every nerve for self-preservation. Prussia does not doubt that its interest is to outrage Europe and side with Russia. The remaining Powers of Europe are looking on, all more or less interested spectators of the struggle, each governed by considerations of state policy which are too complicated as yet for us accurately to determine, but each profoundly convinced that, if the insurrection lasts, a more decided attitude will become necessary. In the mean time they seem desirous of postponing the evil hour, and we may take advantage of what may turn out the last moment of calm to examine into the actual condition of Poland, as derived from a few weeks of personal experience in that country.

As, however, in spite of the charge which our foreign neighbours bring against us of egotism and selfishness in our views of foreign policy, the English instinct is pre-eminently to sympathise either with one side or other wherever a contest is going on, probably from their early associations with "*le box*," it may be necessary to premise that my visit to Poland was not prompted by sentiment, but purely by the wish to examine as impartially as possible into the nature of the insurrection, its chances of success, and the pro-

bable consequences to which it will lead. To persons not blinded by prejudice there is nothing discreditable in the struggle to either side, though much fault may be found with the mode in which, on the part of Russia, it is conducted. That the Poles should wish to emancipate themselves from the Russian yoke is most natural, and there is no form of government which the Czar could devise, nor is there any concession he could make, which would ultimately satisfy them. The national aspiration includes not merely the kingdom but the provinces of Poland, and its fulfilment would almost involve the dismemberment of the Russian Empire. If the form of government we devised for the Ionian Islands failed to pacify them, we can hardly suppose that the Poles would be contented with one equally liberal; the Emperor of Russia, therefore, finding that every concession will only be taken advantage of to work out the national idea, has retreated from his liberal programme. In a word the Poles are determined to be independent—the Russians are equally decided on remaining a first-class Power. It is a struggle for a great stake on both sides, and we can hardly blame either, though the weaker naturally claims our sympathies. On this ground we gladly accord it to the Poles, and watch with interest the progress of the contest; but when we are told that civilisation on the Continent as represented by France is at stake, we confess that the idea does not move us, as we can perceive no very great difference between French polish and Russian bear's grease. If we were disposed to take a hard, practical, matter-of-fact view of the case, we could show that, as Europe is at present circumstanced, the reconstruction of any new kingdom by foreign intervention is opposed to our interests, while we should always welcome into the family of nations any new people who could, unaided, constitute themselves. We have therefore no desire to see Poland a pen-

dant to Italy in the shape of another French province, with the Rhine Provinces as a complement to Savoy and Nice; and we decline to be gulled by vague phrases about the progress of civilisation being for the interest of England. We have no fancy for Continental civilisation in any form; we do not observe that it elevates the moral standard of our neighbours, that it fits them for free institutions, for commerce, for art, or that it consists in anything more than an attractive but somewhat transparent disguise. We must be permitted to know what our own interests are. It is hard to be accused on the one hand of thinking of nothing else, and on the other of being so blind to them that we require instruction on the subject from oppressed nationalities. We have the deepest sympathy for the latter, but we are not going to become the victims of illusions in their behalf; and if there had been in times gone by a little more of that spirit which they call egotism, but which with us passes under the name of patriotism, they would not now be crying out in so many directions for help. If the individual units which make up the commonwealth had been animated by this pure and ennobling sentiment, and if princes and statesmen had thought not of their own rivalries and jealousies so much as of the welfare of their country, we should not have had so many futile revolutions, so many changes of dynasty, changes of frontier, and unjust partitions. In our view, egotism consists in the sacrifice of the interests of a country to the personal ambition of its ruler; and we do not require to go far to find a case in point. We suspect wars which are made for the cause of civilisation just as much as we respect those which are undertaken to protect the honour or the material prosperity of the country; and we believe that the good old doctrine which substitutes the pruning-hook for the sword is the right one when we wish to propagate those ideas which have ren-

dered our land great and prosperous. Whether, in the event of a European war arising out of the inflammable materials which the Continent contains, it may not be for our interest to take a lead in any combination of liberal powers in favour of oppressed nationalities, is another question. Should we do so, we shall not borrow the cant which is fashionable abroad, and talk of the interests of humanity and progress, when our real object is to have some control over our neighbours in any new arrangements of frontiers. There is always this difference between a policy which is national and one which is dynastic, that the former can afford to be honest; and we are too widely separated in sympathy and feeling from foreigners to hope, even if we attempt to humbug them, that we should ever succeed, or that we should ever be appreciated or understood.

But while, on political or interested grounds, we estimate the struggle now going on in Poland at its proper value, it is impossible to visit the country and not feel touched by the heroism of the people. We cannot deny to them intense unanimity of sentiment, and an invincible determination sooner or later to carry the darling object of every Pole's ambition; while their courage claims our admiration, and the motives which animate it command our respect. Still, we can the more easily judge how far the moral qualities and material resources which they possess are likely to serve them, if we are not biased by preconceived opinions, or misled by the romantic view of the question. There is so much that appeals to the imagination in the conditions under which the Polish insurrection is being carried on, and the generosity and hospitality of the people to a stranger are so conspicuous, that it is difficult always to resist the combined influences of the enthusiasm and gratitude which they create. I shall endeavour, as far as possible, to represent the movement

as I actually saw it, believing that the truth will better serve that cause of civilisation and humanity which has so often suffered from an advocacy prompted by hypocrisy and interest.

The proximity of the camp of Langiewicz to the Galician frontier had induced me to hurry through Vienna in the hope of reaching Cracow in time to see the largest insurgent army which had as yet taken the field. That city had for some time past been the centre from which military operations were more especially directed, just as Warsaw has been, since the commencement of the movement, the seat of political and administrative action. It was, consequently, a point of attraction for unquiet spirits from all parts of Europe. Polish refugees, military and political adventurers, enthusiastic sympathisers, or reckless *condottieri*, were constantly passing along the line from Vienna to Cracow; and although my fellow-passengers were not numerous, I regarded them with a feeling of curiosity and interest which railway passengers in these prosaic days seldom think of according to each other. As, after a long cold night journey, the train moved slowly into the Cracow station, the groups collected on the platform seemed to share these sentiments with reference to myself as well as to my fellow-travellers. They peered curiously into every carriage, and had plenty of time to form their conjectures, as no one was allowed to leave the train until his passport had been examined; but it is only the innocent and unoffending traveller with a genuine passport who ever has it out of order, — a false passport is always a faultless document, and can be made to do duty in a variety of ways not necessary here to particularise. Far be it from me to insinuate that any of my respectable companions were thus provided, or betrayed to the inquiring gaze of a good many officials the slightest consciousness of having their heads

in the lion's mouth. It is only when you show signs of alarm that the animal is likely to close his jaws; but there is a certain air of innocent effrontery, which may be acquired by a little practice, which disarms suspicion. I thought the people who came to see the train arrive seemed rather disappointed when we all passed safely through the ordeal, and drove contentedly away in the vain hope of finding a lodging. The hotels of Cracow are not of any remarkable excellence, even when they are half full; but when they are crowded to overflowing they are insupportable. Such was the condition in which I found them; and I was only rescued at last from a damp cellar, which I considered myself fortunate in obtaining, through the hospitality of a friend.

The first news I heard was not encouraging to the sightseer. The army of Langiewicz had been destroyed the day before, and the Dictator himself had fallen into the hands of the Austrians. I thought, as I walked along the streets, that I saw the painful news written in the face of every soul I met. The sombre aspect of the population, clad in the deepest mourning, the haggard, careworn countenances of the men, the despondent look of the women, with eyes too often swollen from weeping, could not fail to produce a profound impression upon the most careless observer. At the first moment the shock was terrible. What will the Powers think? was the first question put to the foreigner, for every one felt that the disaster was in no way serious to the national cause, except in so far as it affected public opinion abroad; but inasmuch as foreign intervention was looked upon as essential to the ultimate success of the insurrection, men's eyes were ever more turned upon the state of feeling without, than upon the incidents which marked the struggle within, and they feared, with reason, that the impression might gain ground which it would

be difficult afterwards to destroy—that the capture of Langiewicz would be a deathblow to the movement. Such, indeed, was the tone of the public press abroad when the catastrophe became known. In order that we may understand why the downfall of the Dictator was utterly without significance at home, it will be necessary to trace shortly the history of the movement, and the circumstances from which it principally derived its force.

It would be an interesting subject of philosophical inquiry to consider how long the sentiment of nationality is capable of existing with sufficient vitality to sustain a population in revolt; and the problem which Continental statesmen desire most ardently to see solved is, How is this sentiment most quickly and surely to be extinguished? In Poland it has attained a good old age, judging by the term of years usually allotted to man, and in this country we had quite made up our minds that ninety years of futile insurrections and vain longings had sufficed to quench for ever that fervour of patriotic fire which has again blazed forth. Three different nations have tried their various systems of extinction upon the Polish nationality with more or less success, and it is curious to mark the results.

Of these the lightest share of the labour certainly fell to the lot of Prussia; it had the smallest province to deal with, and it concentrated upon its limited population all the forces which a superior intelligence and civilisation enabled it to wield. It exhibited, under modified conditions, the process familiar to us in America, the result of which is the disappearance of the red man before the white. By the application of financial measures ruinous to the Polish proprietary, by the purchase of their lands, and the colonisation, so to speak, of their province by Germans, they sought either to absorb or to extinguish the original holders of the land, and have doubtless succeeded

to a greater extent than either Russia or Austria in denationalising the provinces which fell to their share after the partition. It should be clearly understood, however, that this has been the result of a system of absorption and substitution rather than of any change accomplished in the sentiments of that section of the population which has remained Polish. The effect of contact with a higher degree of civilisation and intelligence has been to increase the patriotic instinct of the people; for it is due to the Prussian Government to admit that they have endeavoured to elevate their moral condition by extending among them the benefits of education, doubtless inspired by the hope that the German element might thus be effectually introduced. The result has, however, proved that this calculation was utterly erroneous; the more they educated the Poles, the more intensely Polish did they become; for they were now intelligent enough to perceive that the relentless policy of Prussia would soon render her acquired provinces Polish only by tradition. The animosity, therefore, of the Prussian Poles is the more inveterate, because they are powerless to resist the process which is slowly but surely kneading them into the great German federation, and they flutter helplessly in the meshes of the web by which they are entangled, unable to imitate the frantic struggles of their Russian brethren, and fearing that, should a day of deliverance come for their compatriots in Austria or Russia, they may be ignored or forgotten.

The treatment of Galicia by Austria presents a remarkable contrast to that adopted by Prussia, and has led to a very different result. In Prussian Poland there is greater unanimity of sentiment, with far less power to give it expression. The policy of Austria, so far from elevating the masses, by developing the moral and material resources of the country, has been, more espe-

cially prior to 1846, to deprive the peasantry of that education which in Prussia has made them patriots, and to foster an antagonism between the nobles and the rural population. The grievances of which the latter complained were purposely left unsatisfied, and the interests of the proprietor and the peasant kept as widely apart as possible. By these means Austria reserved to herself weapons which she wielded with fatal effect on the occasion of a movement originated by the Galician aristocracy in 1846, and which resulted in the massacre of nearly two thousand persons of the upper classes by the peasantry. Although the principal questions at issue between these two classes were afterwards set at rest, the memory of the event remains to embitter their relations, and seventeen years have not proved enough to efface the stains of a tragedy which, while it accomplished its purpose, must always be considered one of the most discreditable expedients ever resorted to by a Government. Unfortunately, we have recent evidence of a determination on the part of Austria not to relinquish altogether the co-operation of the peasants in the government of the country during the present crisis. The following order, lately issued by Count Mensdorff, at present Governor of Galicia, illustrates the nature of the services which the peasants are expected to render. It is to be feared, however, that, so far from being likely to accomplish the desired purpose, it may be the means of causing disturbances in Galicia itself.

"IMPERIAL LIEUTENANCY,
"LEMBERG. —No. 662.

"As the passage of men and transport of arms into the kingdom of Poland, with the view of aiding the insurrection, still continues, I cannot recommend you strongly enough to use all means in your power to put an end to this troublesome agitation. For this purpose local guards must be established everywhere; and orders are to be given to the authorities of every village to inform the chiefs of districts, without delay, of every passage

or assemblage of strangers wherever it may take place. The chiefs of districts will then, without delay, arrest all such persons, either on their passage or at their place of meeting.

"In places where the authorities have no other aid at their service, the peasants, under intelligent direction, may be employed. The authorities must proceed to execute the present order with energy and zeal, and all attempts to assist the insurrection will prove ineffectual.

"MENSENDORFF.

"LEMBERG, 6th April."

There is probably no country in the world where a peasantry would refuse their aid to the Government as spies or police agents against the upper or middle classes if they were sufficiently remunerated; and the only deduction with reference to the state of political feeling that exists among them, which we can draw from the fact of their eagerness to assist the Government is, that they are too degraded and ignorant to be animated by any higher sentiment than the hope of plunder or reward, and the satisfaction of tyrannising over their own masters. Even in Ireland, where the national idea is supposed to exist strongly among the labouring classes, there can be no doubt that the proposal by the Government to divide among them the lands of the nobles and gentry of the country, would render them instantly loyal for the time, with the view to receiving some such substantial reward; and under the influence of pay in the mean time there is probably no service they would not render if called upon. Such is, in fact, the position of affairs in Galicia. The result of the Revolution of 1846 was a large accession of territory to the peasantry. They now claim a share in the woods and commons. The question is one which the nobles would gladly see settled, as this grievance keeps up a feeling of animosity towards them in the minds of the peasantry, of which the Government may avail itself at a critical moment. At a time when Austrian statesmen seemed inclined to pursue a more

liberal and enlightened policy, this indication of a tendency to revert to measures which certainly no revolution outside her frontier can justify, is much to be regretted. That Austria should be true to her treaty obligations with Russia, and guard, by all legitimate means, her frontier, is only to be expected; that she should even arrest those who are conspiring revolution in a neighbouring country, imprison fugitive Poles, confiscate munitions of war, and impede in every lawful way the co-operation of her Galician subjects with the movement in the kingdom, is not to be wondered at; but that, in the absence of any internal disturbance, she should resort to measures similar in principle to those in vogue on the other side of the Atlantic, is much to be deplored. There is very little difference between placing arms in the hands of the slaves, and plenary police powers in the hands of the peasants. It remains to be seen whether the condition of Galicia has not so much changed since 1846 that a similar catastrophe would be impossible. In the first place, the lands having been already divided among the peasants on that occasion, they cannot look forward to such rich results. The same temptation therefore does not exist. In the second place, seventeen years have produced a marked change in the condition of the middle classes in Galicia. Intelligence has increased among the urban population, and spread downwards almost to the peasantry: in more than one instance the representatives elected by the peasants to the Galician diet are members of the aristocracy, thus indicating a rapprochement between the classes: while many sons of peasants who were most active in murdering the nobles involved in the struggle of 1846, are now to be found in the mercantile hands. Here, as in Prussia, education exercises an immediate influence in favour of the national idea. No sooner is the son a peasant brought into contact with educated

persons, and employed either in the towns or in domestic service, than he becomes an ardent patriot; and there can be no doubt that the sympathies of a much larger proportion of the population are enlisted in favour of this movement than there were in 1846.

Again, the concessions recently accorded by the Austrian Government to the Empire at large, in a constitutional sense, have already begun to produce their usual fruits; and although it is probable that, had no revolution broken out in Russian Poland, the privileges of local self-government which have been granted to Galicia would have served to amuse and distract the people for some time longer, the effect at last would have been to stimulate them to the assertion of their national independence; for it would seem a melancholy but indisputable fact, that just in proportion as you give a conquered province free institutions do you increase the risks of revolt. Wherever the sentiment of nationality exists, it will feed upon the crumbs of freedom thrown out to satisfy it, and faster than them, until at last the withered frame is clothed with muscle, and snaps the whipcord by which it has been bound.

A nationality, in order to be useful and obedient, if not actually oppressed, must be kept ignorant of the traditions of its former grandeur, and incapable of rightly estimating the glory of independence. When the zeal and philanthropy of an enlightened government has instructed every native in Polish in the past history of his country and imbued him with the principles of self-government, we must be prepared to take the consequences of our high morality and education as a dependency. If we see this as an inevitable result, looking in the distant future, let us not shrink from our duty in this moment. Our business is to educate the native at any cost. If we can make him an intelligent merchant as well as a good Christian, he will be as

equally useful member of society, whether he calls himself a British subject or not. Had we not given the Ionian Islands a constitution so free that it amounted to anarchy, we should no more have heard of that oppressed nationality than we do of Corsica, which, in spite of having furnished France with a dynasty, and having no traditions of independent national existence, requires a totally different system of government from that of France. Just in proportion as all the conditions which compose the idea of nationality are fulfilled in the case of any province in an empire, do the difficulties of governing that province increase, until at last we have a combination which is irresistible. A difference in race, language, and religion of a section of the inhabitants does not constitute them into a nationality impossible to govern, unless the traditions of former greatness and independence of comparatively recent date exist as well and pervade the masses. This does, in fact, prove the fallacy of the "nationality theory" as a principle which may be applied in politics, or which is to be reduced to a definite expression. We are very apt, in riding this fashionable hobby, to get out of political realities and lose ourselves in ethnological speculations. The Welsh are a very distinct nationality, so far as language and race are concerned, from the English; but it is not likely, in the event of the conquest of England by a foreign power, that they would refuse to join the Saxon race in an attempt to drive out the invaders. So the Ruthenians are not Poles; but if they choose to consider themselves sufficiently identified by their past history with the fortunes of Poland, there is no reason why they should not have the same national aspirations. In these cases we must take the result as evidence of the fact. If all the races which combined to make up Poland before the first partition insist upon calling themselves one oppressed nationality, they may be

utterly wrong ethnologically, but the Russian troops find practically that the difficulty of suppressing the revolt is not lessened by this circumstance. And whenever the country acquired is sufficiently large to resist the process of incorporation so successfully applied in Prussia, and the sentiment in favour of a distinct national existence, whether theoretically correct or not, is deeply rooted and unanimous, the problem of civil administration by an alien government is insoluble. Concessions are only accepted with the view of being turned as weapons of offence upon those who have granted them, while oppression precipitates the crisis from another direction. Meantime Galicia remains tranquil, not because it is indifferent to the national movement, or because it is satisfied with the reforms which have been granted by Austria, but because the neutrality of that Power is essential to the success of the struggle in the kingdom, and Galicia affords in the meantime the only effective base of operations.

Having thus contrasted in general terms the policy pursued by Prussia in its government of its Polish population with that adopted by Austria, and shown the effect of each system upon the national sentiment, it remains to examine the conditions with which Russia has had to deal, the course she has pursued, and the results which that course has produced. There can be no doubt that if, as the final result of all the partitions, Russia obtained the lion's share, she found a task imposed upon her which required all a lion's strength.

Every one of the elements to which we have alluded as conspiring to render a nationality formidable, was found arrayed against her, while one most important and unusual feature added to her difficulties. The province to be ruled was far more advanced in civilisation than the country which had annexed it. Prussian Poland was a comparatively small province, which might

be incorporated with a state more civilised than itself. In Austrian Poland, though the province was large, it was not more advanced than the Empire to which it was annexed, and a similarity of religion was a powerful engine for government. In Russian Poland the kingdom and provinces together were vast enough to make an empire in themselves: there was an absolute antagonism in religion in a large proportion of the population: the race and language, though having some affinity, were sufficiently distinct for all "nationality purposes." There was a capital to give reality to the traditions and associations of recent greatness, and the instincts of progress and civilisation were much less developed among the rulers than the ruled. Suddenly called upon to govern a hostile population, Russia proceeded to govern them according to her rude semi-barbarous ideas; had she treated them according to the more refined principles of modern civilisation, it may be doubted whether she would have held them so long. She was enlightened upon this point by the revolution which grew out of the constitution granted by the Emperor Alexander. Possessed of immense brute force, she brought it to bear after 1831 with crushing effect upon the vast extent of territory she had acquired, and by mere superincumbent weight held it down as in a vice. The result of the process was not favourable to the moral, material, or intellectual condition of the subject race. It tended necessarily to degrade it. Those sentiments which, under an enlightened rule, elevate or ennoble a people, where they existed at all gradually died out; but one instinct was inextinguishable. No Pole, however degraded he might become, ever forgot that Poland had once been a great and powerful empire; and the remembrance smouldered within him like a hidden fire which nothing could quench; thus each time within the last ninety years that it has kin-

dled and blazed in a futile struggle it has sunk, but not expired. In spite of these repeated failures, the lapse of time did not consolidate the power of Russia either at home or in her annexed provinces. The march of civilisation in the West has sickened her, as it has Turkey. Her institutions were unfitted for enlightened Europe, and her system has become strained by frantic efforts to keep pace with the times. Unable to appear before the world in her true colours, she has expended herself in efforts—not to be civilised, for that required too much time—but to appear so. The process has been in the last degree demoralising. It sapped the morals of the community. The social, administrative, and military systems all became unsound. The deception attempted to be practised upon Europe reacted fatally upon Russia. The Emperor Nicholas never knew how great was the rottenness till the Crimean war came and tore off the mask; for he had so well and bravely propped up the showy edifice himself that he believed in it, till it fell and crushed him. When Nicholas died Poland breathed; for she too had mistaken the force of one man's will for the strength of an empire, and had remained timid and passive in the iron grasp of the Czar. So Nicholas left to his successor the cure of a very sick man indeed; and Alexander, influenced to a certain extent by the prevalent ideas of the period, endeavoured to remedy matters by inaugurating a series of reforms which should place the Empire upon a level with other European nations, and infuse a more healthy vigour into her paralysed frame. In this spirit he paid his first visit to Warsaw, and found the Poles ready to meet him more than half way; but though prepared to do much, he found public expectation excited beyond the limits he had prescribed to his intended concessions, and shrank back at the last moment from carrying out the national programme to the desired

extent. His answer to their address rankled in the breast of the nation, and the incidents which marked his second visit were not calculated to appease the irritation which had been created by his first. It was at this period that the most powerful and influential class in the country sought to carry out the views of the nation by a moral crusade directed against the Government, the leader of which was Count Andrew Zimowski, and the engine used, the celebrated Agricultural Society. The ostensible scope of this organisation was to develop the national resources of the country; but the questions which came under consideration naturally involved the discussion of social and administrative problems, the solution of which directly affected the civil action of the Government of St. Petersburg. With branch societies in every province, its power and influence soon became widely felt, and the moderate party, as they called themselves, formed the most sanguine anticipations of the effect which a pressure thus legally exercised might have upon the Central Government.

Their hopes were dashed to the ground by the appearance of a new and important element, which threatened seriously to disturb the political and social aspect of affairs. Thirty years had now elapsed since the last Polish revolution, and the interval had worked a great change upon the face of Europe. To the superficial observer that change is purely mechanical; to those who connect cause with effect it is a great moral revolution. As the art of printing changed the current of men's ideas, and gave a stimulus to thought which produced the greatest theological convulsion of the age; so railways and telegraphs are working out the political problems of the day, and will mark an epoch in the moral history of mankind. It is impossible to estimate the influence which facility of transport must exercise upon those who, all their lives buried in the recesses of a remote province in some half-civilised country, are thus enabled in a few days to come into contact with the most advanced phase of existing civilisation. It is difficult to conceive the effect of the instantaneous interchange of enlightened and barbarous ideas, and to follow the varied channels which are thus opened to the spread of civilisation, forcing itself like a rising flood, slowly but surely along the wires and rails. As men's minds are differently constituted, it is a necessary incident to the progress of thought that it should often receive an undue impulse in an opposite sense from that in which it has been cribbed, cabined, and confined, and, passing the bounds of moderation, find an exaggerated expression in ill-regulated and enthusiastic natures. It is also natural that designing men should take advantage of this tendency to convert it to their own purposes, and that they should endeavour, by dint of method and organisation, to consolidate it into a power available for carrying out either their own selfish ends, or giving effect to their political theories. Hence there has been called into existence in almost every country in Europe a large class of society, whose representative men compose what is called "the party of action," and who have gradually acquired such power and influence upon the Continent, that the most successful Monarch of the time perceived from the outset of his career the necessity of conciliating them by a certain qualified profession of their political opinions, and by a very large connivance in their secret schemes. As the party of action are necessarily devoid of all experimental knowledge of the practice of government, they are extremely theoretical, and differ widely in opinion upon all points of detail; so that whether Republican, Socialist, or Constitutional, they are only united upon one or two general principles. Of these the nationality theory is the most effective,

because it involves no particular political dogma, but simply implies the subversion of various existing governments. The class of society which furnishes the "party of action" is the middle class, or, as in Poland, where the middle class properly so called does not exist, that grade of society which corresponds to it in other countries — those persons, in fact, whether untitled nobility or not, who have no large vested interests in the country, but who are possessed of intelligence and education.

The growth of the urban population, and the diffusion of knowledge with the increased facilities of its transmission by railway and telegraph, have widely extended this class in Poland of late years; and the party of action saw that a new field was open to its enterprise, and commenced some time since its political cultivation. They had considerably improved their organisation since their first effort in 1848 to carry out their European policy, and have since then incessantly and indefatigably laboured to prepare the nations for a more successful and unanimous attempt. It would be difficult for one not initiated to say in what countries their committees do not exist, or into what circles their agents have not penetrated. They are the *bêtes noires* of the upper classes abroad, just as Jesuitism is the bugbear of Protestantism in England, and with far greater reason. As may readily be imagined, the more ardent spirits in Warsaw were speedily initiated into the mysteries of the sect. Committees were formed, a propaganda was set on foot, and the mine prepared here on the same scientific principles as had been followed in the case of Turkey, Hungary and Italy. In February 1861 the first decided demonstration was made by this party in Warsaw. Then it was that the aristocracy, or party of order, as represented by the Agricultural Society, became really conscious of

the existence of a powerful and dangerous rival, and a struggle took place for the pre-eminence. The disturbances which ensued led to the dissolution of the Agricultural Society; but the members, unwilling to abandon the policy they had marked out for themselves, formed a secret committee out of their number, with the object of counteracting the efforts which the opposition party might make to precipitate the revolutionary crisis. They believed that patience was all that was needed to insure the ultimate independence of Poland, and trusted to the progress of civilisation, and to gradual measures of reform which they hoped by legitimate pressure to extort from the Russian Government, so to elevate the masses that the nation might be enabled to triumph at last by a moral victory. The younger and more ardent spirits who rallied round the other party were not prepared to take this philosophic view of the situation; some of them even formed a third committee, and adopted Mieroslawski as their leader. The party of action, unable to control the forces they had set in motion, saw the necessity of preparing for the great struggle which was inevitable, and the summer of 1863 was the time fixed for the outbreak. The danger which threatened the Russian power in Poland was imminent. To avert it the Government resorted to the expedient of the Conscription Act, which contained lists of the suspected and dangerous youth of the country who were thus to be drafted off to the army serving in the Eastern provinces of Russia. By enforcing this measure in the depth of winter it was hoped that any outbreak would be rendered impossible; but Providence had willed it otherwise, and Poland escaped last year almost without a winter at all. The connection which subsisted between most of the employes and the committee, rendered the secrecy which the

Government intended to maintain with reference to the names of the conscripts impossible. Thus forewarned, those youths who found themselves doomed, determined rather to risk the chances of existence in the woods than incur a certain exile in the deserts of Orenburg. In opposition to the earnest recommendations of their own committee, and without any kind of preparation for campaigning, a thousand young men suddenly betook themselves in January to the forests and morasses with which the country abounds; and, arming themselves as best they could, precipitated a struggle which, commenced at such a season of the year and under such auspices, seemed even to the party of action almost hopeless. But the mildness of the season favoured them; some unexpected successes kindled hope when it had ceased to exist. The committee of the party of action determined to make the best of it, and strained every nerve to procure arms and ammunition, and to increase the number of the bands. Soon one or two leaders became known to fame by the successes they achieved, and of these Langiewicz was the most prominent. Meantime the party of order stood aloof, awaiting the triumph to their policy which they considered certain to result from the failure of the premature outbreak. So far from these expectations being realised, the movement acquired greater proportions from day to day, until it became evident that the patriotic sentiment of the nation at large was roused, and that it would not do for the most powerful and influential class to remain longer passive spectators. Negotiations took place between the committees, which resulted in the nomination of Langiewicz as Dictator, a good deal to the surprise of that leader, and under circumstances which are not yet fully cleared up, and which seem to have partaken more of accident than design. The effect in Europe was in many respects fa-

vourable to the movement. It invested it with a character of permanence and stability abroad which riveted European interest far more decidedly than when it was under the direction of an unknown committee at Warsaw. At home, it enlisted in the cause the moderate party, who had resisted the direction of the opposition committee, and who accepted as a compromise the Dictatorship of a single individual. On the other hand, the measure was not without its dangers. By concentrating public attention too closely upon the fortunes of one individual, the success of the movement was apt to be too much identified with his fate, and any serious disaster to him or his army might compromise the success of the cause. For Poland, a still greater inconvenience attended the step. The very fact that the nomination of Langiewicz had satisfied the moderate party, and enlisted their sympathies in behalf of the movement, operated against him in the minds of those who had been the most violent opponents of that party, and who distrusted any leader who possessed their confidence, more especially when he was invested not merely with the military direction of the insurrection, but was possessed of civil powers as well. At the head of this faction, Mieroslawski, who already, as we have seen, had many adherents in the country, hastened to place himself. It is unnecessary here to allude to the past history of this man, or to the disasters by which all his enterprises have been invariably characterised. He has only once taken part in active operations during the present struggle, and his countrymen accused him of having exhibited cowardice upon that occasion, and thus lost the fortunes of the day; at all events, he left the band of which for a few days he had been the leader, and repaired to Cracow, in the neighbourhood of which city his rival Langiewicz was endeavouring to organise

an army. In spite of the efforts of the Austrian police authorities, he managed to conceal himself successfully here, and to carry out those intrigues in the camp of the Dictator which at last conduced largely to his downfall. The prominence which had been given to Langiewicz, while it rallied to his standard volunteers from all parts of the country, was by no means an assistance to his military operations. His nomination was, in fact, premature, and his position an impossible one, even for a man of genius. For one of ordinary capacity, a fiasco was inevitable; it only needed a traitor in the camp to hasten the catastrophe. The first elements of authority were wanting. He possessed neither an army to carry out his military designs, nor an administrative machinery to give effect to his political views. Hunted from one wood to another, deprived of all regular means of communication, how was he to assume the functions of the Warsaw committee, and control or direct the movement throughout the whole country? In the absence of any regular base of operations, without artillery, commissariat, means of transport, or any of the appliances of a regular army, how was he to undertake a campaign against Russian troops? During the few days of breathing time allowed him by the Russians, after a most trying campaign, or rather series of forced marches, the youths of Galicia flocked by hundreds to his standard. Without even a nucleus of trained soldiers upon which to form them, without arms to put into the hands of these undisciplined men, without time to instruct them in the use of the few they had, Langiewicz found himself compelled once more to take the field at the head of a mob of about 3000 persons, most of whom had never seen a shot fired in anger, while some harboured designs fatal to his authority. The Russian tactics meantime seemed to have been to allow a sufficient crowd to collect, and then to concentrate upon

it an overwhelming force. On the 17th of March Langiewicz found himself surrounded by the Russians, and, after a short conflict, succeeded in keeping the enemy at bay, and passing the night on the field of battle. On the following day he was again compelled to accept battle, and again his army made up by heroic valour for their want of organisation. They had now been two days without food, their ammunition was expended, and the enemy, though beaten back with loss, was still receiving reinforcements, and closing round them. The moment was opportune for those who wished to work upon the feelings of men wearied and disheartened by hardship. The murmurs which had been heard in the camp swelled ominously. The Dictator found his authority questioned by his own men, while he had no means of closing their mouths with food, or of supplying them with ammunition to repulse another attack of the enemy. The position was one which would have demoralised a greater spirit than that which the partisan leader possessed. He determined to leave the orders which he considered best calculated to insure the safety of the army, and to start himself in the middle of the night for another part of the country, with the view of appearing as Dictator in a new sphere of action. The following was the proclamation which he left to be issued after his departure:—

“Brave and faithful Companions,—My office as Dictator requires my attention to various civil and military matters, and to the strengthening of our numerous bands fighting the Muscovite in other portions of the country, all of which require a better organisation.

“This necessity forces me to leave your ranks for a short time—those ranks in which I have been since the first night of the insurrection. I had hoped not to have been forced to leave you without sharing in a first victory; for this reason I sought a battle near Mieschów; I topped at Chrobierz, and fought the bloody encounter of Grochowiaka.

“I do not take leave of you. The

objects of my journey requiring secrecy, I cannot tell you whither I am directing my course. I take with me several officers to supply other detachments with commanders. Thirty laucers will accompany me as an escort, and will afterwards return to camp. I have divided my corps in two parts with distinct commanders, and I have given instructions to these.

"We have all sworn to fight. I shall keep my promise, companions, and expect obedience on your part, and a faithful service to the cause of our country.

"We will continue to fight Russia in the name of the Almighty until we obtain the liberty and independence of our country.

(Signed) M. LANGIEWICZ."

The intrigues which existed in the camp rendered it impossible for Langiewicz to stay and see these orders carried out. He took most of his own staff with him across the Galician frontier, hoping to pass unobserved into the Palatinate of Lublin, and avoid the Russian troops by taking a short cut through the Austrian province. When day broke upon the hungry harassed men he had left behind, their indignation at finding themselves deserted by their leader knew no bounds. Only one detachment, commanded by Czachowski, which had left the day before, succeeded in getting through the Russian army and reaching the mountains of St. Croix. A general panic seized those who woke on the morning of the 20th, which resulted in a scramble for Galicia. The plans for a division of the army were disregarded; the leaders who remained found themselves without authority; the *coup* was so unexpected; the desertion, to the great mass of persons who did not understand the intrigues which had forced it upon Langiewicz, seemed so base, that the whole army was demoralised, and retreated precipitately towards Cracow.

Many of them escaped capture by the Austrian patrols on the frontier, and reached that town wearied and disheartened, to spread the sad details among the anxious and gloomy

population; but by far the greater number were brought in as prisoners by the Austrians, and lodged in the riding-school, and other public buildings in the town. On the day of my arrival Langiewicz was brought in a prisoner, and placed in the castle; but all access to him was forbidden, so I contented myself with going to the riding-school to see the *debris* of his late army. A company of Austrian soldiers grouped round the entrance kept off the crowd which had collected under the trees opposite the building, and which was composed of a large proportion of women. All were anxious, under various pretexts, to obtain admittance, but only a certain number were let in at a time, and these ostensibly only upon the ground of relations or friends being among the prisoners; but really no indisposition on the part of the Austrians was shown to relaxing as much as possible the strictness of their guard. The soldiers and the people seemed to understand each other perfectly, and a little patience and civility was all that was needed to gain admittance. The interior of the building presented a curious sight: about 150 ragged, half-starved, footsore young men were here collected together — some lying asleep on the straw, with which the floor was abundantly littered — others gazing listlessly at the motley groups which filled the body of the large room, or patching their torn garments or their blistered feet. Moving restlessly about were women in black, with anxious sympathising countenances, and with crinolines and shawls distended by articles of wearing apparel or creature comforts, which they had surreptitiously brought in for the famished and ragged insurgents. Here you saw an elderly female with her petticoats over her head, and two or three sturdy youths extracting articles from her under garments; there a gentleman was putting a half-clad figure into his own paletot, and watching the opportunity when

they might slip out arm-in-arm past the good-natured sentries. Here was a knot of hungry men emptying a hamper and eagerly discussing its contents; in one corner, with very little ceremony, two lads were changing their trousers, and trying on boots. No sooner was a prisoner sufficiently transmogrified to pass for a respectable member of society, than he gave his arm to a lady and walked out under her escort with an assumed air of dignity and nonchalance, flattering himself, perhaps, that the Austrian guard did not know that he was escaping. The fact was that the Austrians had more upon their shoulders than they could comfortably manage. In one way or other nearly 2000 men had fallen into, or rather passed through, their hands; for a prisoner must have wanted ingenuity indeed who remained a prisoner long. Still, so far as appearances went, Langiewicz's army, like himself, was in captivity. The fact that an Austrian soldier had been killed the same morning by the Russians, who had violated the frontier in pursuit of the insurgents, was a circumstance which did not tend to render the Austrian soldiers unnecessarily severe with the latter. Indeed, a very strong feeling of exasperation had sprung up between the Austrian and Russian troops; while, as most of the Austrian regiments employed in Galicia had been recruited in that province, there was every inclination to be as lenient as possible in their dealings with the insurgents. As all those of the more respectable classes who had been with Langiewicz had succeeded in escaping from duance during the first twenty-four hours, the men I saw were of an inferior condition. I conversed with many who were either domestic servants or artisans, and was surprised to find into how low a grade in society the patriotic feeling had spread. Most of them were from the Kingdom, and as they had no friends in Cracow some of them manifested no particular

anxiety to escape, as without clothes or money their predicament would not be much improved. However, a subscription was speedily got up in the town, charitable ladies bought food and raiment, and ultimately the greater number were provided for somehow or other. One man I observed whose Tartar phylognomy plainly showed a different origin from that of his companions; he turned out to be a deserter from the Russian army, belonging to one of the eastern provinces of the Empire. He was quite unable to make himself understood, but seemed perfectly contented with his lot. Soon the presence of so many refugee insurgents became apparent in the streets of Cracow. It was not difficult to tell those who had been in the wars—a very few weeks of hardship and exposure leave their traces on the face; and even though nothing in the dress indicated the recent occupation of the wearer, it was not easily to be concealed; but many were either without means of disguising themselves, or did not care to take the trouble. The day of mystery had gone by; the whole town was in a ferment; committees were sitting; insurgents expatiating on the past or future; gossips retailing news; women engaged in acts of benevolence and charity. Everybody was in black, every countenance was gloomy and anxious, and a feeling of despondent restlessness pervaded the community. There is a quaint old square in Cracow, with a cathedral on one side, some public buildings on the other, and a large covered market-place down the centre. Here peasant women crowd on market days in picturesque dresses, and sell vegetables; at other times they leave it to excited groups of patriots. There is always a sort of movement going on here, and if you get tired of the solitude of your chamber you can go out and find in a moment some melancholy friend with whom to discourse on passing events, or from whom the last piece of exciting

intelligence may be gleaned ; but the question, as I have already said, which chiefly agitated the public mind at this moment, was the effect likely to be produced abroad by the events which were now transpiring.

I have endeavoured, in as condensed a form as possible, to give the history of the movement up to this point, to convey some idea of the condition of feeling in Prussian, Austrian, and Russian Poland, as influenced by the different systems adopted by the several Governments, and to narrate the circumstances which produced the actual situation of affairs as they existed on my arrival at Cracow. It will easily be perceived now, why on calm consideration the cause itself did not seem in the eyes of those who were most interested in the movement, and most capable of judging, to have suffered by the capture of the Dictator. In the first place, the fusion of parties, so essential to its ultimate success, was in a great measure achieved by the nomination of Langiewicz. During his brief reign the aristocracy had all more or less become compromised in the insurrection, and could not, even if they had desired, now abandon it. In the second, with the fall of Langiewicz, his dangerous rival, Mieroslawski, disappeared, at all events for the present, from the scene. The party whose bond of union was antagonism to the Dictator, ceased to exist when he resigned his functions in that capacity, and with it fell their leader. Discredited by his previous achievements, he was now execrated as the prime cause of the late disaster, and not even the most advanced members of the party of action would venture to acknowledge him as a colleague. A general sentiment of cohesion was produced by the very exigencies of the situation. The crisis was too grave to indulge in petty animosities, or allow petty ambition to triumph. For the moment there was a universal rush to the rescue, an earnest desire to see where the

mistake had been, how it was to be remedied, and to think what it was best to do next ; but, as usual when there is no leader of decided eminence, there were a great many different opinions upon the subject. Before people had had time to reflect, there was an impulse to appoint another Dictator ; and in spite of the failure of the last, there were those who thought themselves capable of filling the office. Persons like myself, who were necessarily not thoroughly informed as to the nature of the various projects discussed by the committees which sat at Cracow, could only follow vaguely the course of events, or obtain a confused notion of the difficulties which at such a crisis must always to a greater or less extent impede the current of affairs. It was impossible for the two great political sections which had hitherto always found themselves in antagonism, to forget completely their old prejudices ; and though they were animated by the best intentions, and were most anxious to conceal from strangers any want of harmony in their councils, it would be contrary to human nature to suppose that they both took the same view as to the most expedient measures to be adopted. It is useless now to recur to the points of difference which arose, as they were all settled more or less satisfactorily at last, and both sides were driven by the nature of the emergency into making concessions for the common cause. Whether or not the truce is a hollow one, time alone can show ; but it was precipitated in an unexpected way by the appearance of the following proclamation issued by the Warsaw Central Committee, resuming the functions which they had abdicated on the nomination of Langiewicz :—

“WARSAW, 27th March.

“PROCLAMATION.

“The Central Committee, as National Government, informs the nation that, in consequence of the arrest of the Dictator, Langiewicz, by the Austrian Government, the supreme national authority

has been resumed by them. With a view to guarantee the country from the confusion that might arise from attempts to seize the supreme power by any single individual, the assumption of dictatorial authority, or of any other form of government, whether at home or abroad, is declared treasonable."

There were doubtless those at Cracow who were disconcerted at the suddenness of the measure, which was in fact the act of a single individual, since killed in a duel, but which produced a good effect in one respect, that it recalled to the minds of the Cracow people the existence of a very influential body at Warsaw, for it was not unnatural that, Cracow being for the time the centre of the movement, the persons interested in it there should have assumed to themselves the initiative. Anything, however, was better than chaos; and for the first three or four days after the resignation of Langiewicz, there was a period when everybody wanted to do what was best, but no one knew how to do it, and there was no one to tell them. Now, at least, there was a *point d'appui*. No doubt there were prejudices to be got over on the part of those who had all along objected to the direction of affairs being undertaken by any secret society; on the other hand, their alternative had been tried and had failed. The only thing remaining was a compromise between the two rival committees, and discussions to bring this about occupied the leaders of the parties during that moment of lull which succeeded the downfall of Langiewicz. The pressure of public opinion without, no less than the magnitude of the crisis within, tended to facilitate this fusion. Both parties felt that the eyes of Europe were upon them; that nothing would be more fatal to the good opinion they desired to obtain than the idea of any split in the camp. The aristocracy were extremely anxious to dissipate any impression which might exist abroad that the movement was revolutionary

in the democratic sense of the term. They were fairly committed to it, and could best prove its true character by going thoroughly along with it, and using their influence as best they might with those they had formerly opposed. Their antagonists were too glad to obtain such valuable co-operation to make any unnecessary difficulties. They too decided on substituting for political theories practical execution; and both sides at once recognised the strength which such a union would give them, and the beneficial effect it would produce upon foreign cabinets. Henceforward there was to be no party of action, no moderate party; each and all were to combine to make Poland independent of Russia, and to allow no sectional jealousy to interfere with the one great national aim.

There was one other respect in which the experience gained during the Dictatorship was most useful. The inexpediency of massing together large bodies of undisciplined men had been made apparent by the disaster which befell Langiewicz's army. Hitherto the Poles had regarded with feelings akin to discontent the scattered bands which might harass the enemy, but could not signalise the insurrection by any grand military operation. Unused to guerilla tactics, and imbued with the traditions and associations of regular warfare, their ambition was to form an army which might meet the Russians in the field, and settle, by a few decisive actions the fate of their country. Any such hope was now clearly delusive: circumstances rendered the formation of an army impossible, and victory must be considered to consist, not in meeting and defeating the enemy, but in co-existing with him, and keeping the country in a state of chronic disorganisation. Cracow was the natural and most available centre for concerting the measures necessary to this system of partisan warfare, and it was still therefore an

interesting post of observation. I shall hope in my next letter to be able to detail more fully the nature of the operations which were undertaken in this sense, as well as to describe the movement as seen from within the Kingdom; for Galicia, though thoroughly Polish in sentiment, is after all only a base of operations. To witness the mode in which they are carried out

it will be necessary to cross the frontier, and though the conditions there are not particularly favourable to the prosecution of calm investigation and inquiry, still, without visiting Warsaw itself, it will be impossible to arrive at any just estimate of the force and vitality of the movement, or to venture upon an opinion as to its ultimate prospects of success.

CHARLES JAMES BLOMFIELD.

THIS is a very natural mark of respect from a son to the memory of his father. As a biography the book is well written, and not too long. Whether it is quite the thing for a child to write about a parent, is a question which may be answered in more ways than one. But here is the son's writing, and we must deal with it as we find it. We shall endeavour, at least, to do full justice to the subject.

Charles James Blomfield, late Bishop of London, was the eldest son of Charles Blomfield, a school-master in Bury St. Edmunds. He was born on the 29th of May 1786, and after receiving the rudiments of his education under his father, was sent, when eight years old, to the grammar-school of his native town. In constitution he appears to have been delicate from his birth, being subject to affections of the chest; and his stature was for a while so diminutive, that his companions gave him the nickname of Tit Blomfield. Neither the delicacy of his constitution, however, nor the feebleness of his frame, prevented his attaining to early distinction. He was a remarkably forward boy, very quick, and very diligent. Not content to outstrip his contemporaries in classics, he studied of his own accord modern languages, chemistry, and botany,

in order to effect which, he often rose at five o'clock in the morning; and his recreations were found chiefly in scribbling verses, making an electric machine for his own use, and in music. Thus the delicate little fellow grew up, surmounting, as he advanced in years the feebleness to which he seems never to have yielded, and holding always to one judgment in regard to his own career in after life—"he meant to be a Bishop."

It seems that his father thought at one time of transferring Charles James to Eton, to which, indeed, after being examined in 1799, he was admitted on the foundation. But something in the air of the place displeased the pedagogue, so young Blomfield was carried back to Bury. There he remained till 1804, when he was entered as a pensioner at Trinity College, and in the following year he gained a scholarship. It was the commencement of a career as brilliant and successful as, in modern times at least, has been run in Cambridge. Blomfield soon discovered, that if he meant to take a foremost place in the University, he must give himself up, even more than he had heretofore done, to severe study. The boys from Bury, though well taught, proved inferior in some important parts of scholarship to those of

'The Life of Charles James Blomfield, late Bishop of London.' By his Son, the Rev. Alfred Blomfield. John Murray, London.

Eton and the Charterhouse, and young Blomfield was determined to make good this deficiency, let the struggle cost what it might. He got into the habit of spending sixteen, often eighteen, hours out of the twenty-four over his books, and every day he wrote a piece, either of Greek or Latin, as an exercise. This latter practice he rendered less irksome, by indulging occasionally in the composition of an original essay. In general, however, he contented himself with first translating a passage out of some classic author into English, and by-and-by, after the interval of a day or two, re-translating it, that he might compare his own with the original version. The consequence was, that during the first four months of his residence, he not only read through Aristophanes, all the Greek tragedians, Herodotus, Thucydides, and a great part of Cicero, but made himself an accurate grammarian and etymologist, capable of holding his own against the best scholar whom either Eton or the Charterhouse had sent up. But this was not achieved without a severe strain upon his energies, and could not have been accomplished at all, had he not been as methodical in the distribution of his time, as he was careful never to throw away the smallest portion of it.

"His day," says his son and biographer, "was generally thus divided. Rising in time for the early chapel service, which he never missed during his undergraduate life except when prevented by illness, he began reading at nine; at twelve allowed himself two hours' recreation, walking or rowing, or occasionally a game at tables; dined at two, the college dinner hour; and, returning to his books at three, read without interruption till twelve at night, and occasionally till three in the morning. Sometimes he alternated his work, one week sitting up till three, and the next rising at four. The remonstrances of friends or physicians who warned him that he read too late were in vain. The objects which he had set before him must be gained at whatever cost of time and health. Of his industry at that period some proofs still remain in the shape of

very elaborate note-books, written with that calligraphy which scholars had not yet learned to deride. A Bury friend meeting him in the streets of Cambridge, in a long vacation, exclaimed, 'Why, Charles Blomfield, I believe if you dropped from the sky you would be found with a book in your hand.'

Industry such as this, combined with talents of no common order, produced its inevitable results. Blomfield carried off every prize for which he competed, and sowed the seeds of a nervous irritability, under which he more or less laboured throughout the remainder of his days. He acquired, at the same time, the respect of his tutors, and gathered round him a circle of friends, all destined to become in after life more or less distinguished. Among these may be specified James Henry Monk, first professor of Greek, and subsequently Baccop of Gloucester; the late Baron Alderson; Sharpe; Hustler of Trinity, a name well known; Frederick Pollock, now Chief Baron; and in the latter part of his course, in his own younger brother, Edward Valentine Blomfield, and Thomas Rennell. The society of these young men, most of them his equals, some his superiors in natural ability, proved of the greatest use to Blomfield. It checked the appreciation which clever boys easily acquire, and hindered it from degenerating into conceit. It kept likewise cut off from his numbers the rest which youths brought up in a country town seldom entirely escape, and of which some faint traces might to the last be discerned in the shyness with which he was occasionally affected. And it was attended with no counterbalancing disadvantages. Blomfield's was not a fast set, in the modern acceptance of that term. It was a lively set, and a witty — one in which there was in every shape, except want of judgment and common sense, wit and drill in answer. "The persons," writes Chief Justice Pollock, "were equal to him (Blomfield) in the point and keenness of

his talk — yet I never heard him originate or repeat an expression which, as a bishop, he could wish unsaid; and though he largely contributed to the vivacity of every party where he was present, and was the author of many witty and smart sayings, which were handed about, he never forgot the decorum that belonged to the path of life he had already chosen."

Bloomfield's passion was for classics; but as the highest honours in Cambridge were bestowed then, as they are now, on mathematical excellence, he found it necessary, towards the close of 1806, to give up almost the whole of his time to that study. He had already won the Craven scholarship, for which he was examined by Porson, on which occasion, by-the-by, the following incident occurred. Among other passages given to Blomfield to translate, was a difficult and corrupt chorus in *Æschylus*, to which Porson had applied emendations. Having carefully read these emendations at home, and retaining them well in his memory, Blomfield brought them out with excellent effect at the proper moment, and secured forthwith what he never afterwards forfeited, the admiration and respect of the examiner. He was equally successful the same year in gaining Browne's prize, for a Greek ode on the death of Nelson. But mathematics proved a sore trial to him, and the more so, that all his friends, including his tutor, discouraged his attempt to master them. Blomfield's resolution was, however, unalterable, and, as usual, it carried him through. He appears in the interval between 1806 and 1808 to have worked in couples, so to speak, with his friend Frederick Pollock. The one excelled in classics, the other in mathematics; and they so managed matters as to give and receive no inconsiderable share of mutual assistance. With all his exertions, however, Blomfield missed by two the highest place in the tripos. He came out third wrangler — Bickersteth of

Cains, afterwards Lord Langdale, being first, and Bland of St. John's second. But, to compensate for this, Blomfield carried away the Chancellor's classical medal; and in the following year gained the member's prize for a Latin dissertation.

A youth capable of such an academical career seldom fails, unless there be some moral obliquity about him, of attaining to eminence in after-life. Blomfield may be said never to have stood still. He was elected Fellow of Trinity in 1809, and immediately set about the work on which his fame as a scholar mainly rests—his edition of the Plays of *Æschylus*. Not that this was by any means his first effort in the character of a classical critic. He had already contributed to the '*Edinburgh Review*' several articles, particularly two, upon Butler of Shrewsbury's edition of '*Æschylus*,' which attracted a great deal of attention. But articles contributed to reviews and magazines seldom much outlive the month or the quarter of their incubation. Blomfield's *Æschylus* still keeps its place on the bookshelves of English scholars of the age that is passing. It may not hold the rank which it once did either there or elsewhere, because the scholarship of 1863 has left the scholarship of 1809-24 far behind. But there it stands. Blomfield's articles, on the contrary, with the controversies to which they gave rise, are clean forgotten. Let us pause, therefore, for a moment, in our history of the good Bishop, in order to tell the younger among our readers who the men of the day were, and what the subjects that mainly occupied their scholarly attention fifty or sixty years ago.

In the latter part of the last and beginning of the present century, the Continent of Europe was closed against Englishmen, and England against foreigners — not only against merchants, traders, and politicians, but against scholars likewise. By fits and starts, indeed, the Græcists.

of Germany, advancing already to the eminence which they have since attained, made both their names and their works known on this side of the water. But such knowledge, as it was never followed up by personal, and seldom by literary intercourse, had little effect in conciliating differences, or breaking down national prejudices. Indeed, effects the very opposite seemed to be produced, particularly in this country. When Porson, for example, got into his controversy with Hermann, almost all England took Porson's part — and German scholarship, very little examined for its own sake, became a sort of byword of derision both in Oxford and Cambridge. This is an event in bygone times, perhaps less to be wondered at than lamented; for Porson, while he lived, was as much at the head of the English School of Greek literature as Pope in his day had been at the head of English poetry. His word was law — so much so, that to have called in question the most extravagant of his dicta, would have been fatal to the reputation of the doubter as a scholar.

Porson died in 1808, and then it began to be discovered, that great as he was in correcting the texts of his authors, he was neither so sedulous nor so successful as he might have been in ascertaining the exact sense of what they wrote. He had been a critic rather of words than of things, an emendator, not a commentator, in the proper sense of that term. English Græcists accordingly did what Alexander's generals had done at his decease; they fell asunder, and divided among them the empire over which Porson had long reigned supreme. The leaders of the school which went furthest apart from Porson's principles, were Samuel Parr, Charles Burney, and Butler of Shrewsbury. They were all men of mark; each, however, having his own particular idiosyncrasy. Of Parr, it has been justly said, that his scholarship, though prodigious, was never so used as to be of the smallest benefit, to the

world. Burney, with much taste and extensive knowledge, lacked critical acumen. Butler, possessing some skill, and more industry, overlaid his text with quotations from other commentators, and not unfrequently lost himself, and confused his readers, amid the dust which he had heedlessly excited. A second school, which professed to be but the disciples of Porson, while it laboured, like him, to arrive at absolute correctness of text, endeavoured, in language of its own, to clear up whatever seemed to be obscure in the author's meaning. The leaders of this school were Blomfield himself, his brother Edward, Monk, who succeeded to Porson's chair, Kaye, Dobree, Emsley, and Maltby. If Gaisford had any leaning at all, it was towards this party; but Gaisford, as all the world knows, had crotchets of his own — he loved to stand alone. There was, however, a third, though a less distinguished set, more industrious than well instructed, yet not on that account to be entirely ignored, who, with Valpy at their head, kept the 'Classical Journal' going, and fought the battle of the digamma. The starting of a rival journal, the 'Museum Criticum,' of which Blomfield was the real parent, and to which he contributed many articles, gave mortal offence to Valpy and his friends. The strife between the journals was, however, a war of a later date, — for the present we have to speak of the two leading schools of Greek literature and of their doings.

We have alluded to Blomfield's early dedication of his energies to the bringing out of a correct edition of the plays of Æschylus. It was a great desideratum among scholars at the time; for the Glasgow edition, though it carried Porson's name on the title-page, had received, in fact, very little of his supervision, and abounded in errors. Alive to the want, and anxious to supply it, the University of Cambridge had requested Porson to edit the great tragedian, undertaking to defray

the expense of the publication, and to compensate the editor for his trouble. But the University laid Porson under restrictions to which he could not bring himself to submit; and Butler of Shrewsbury being invited to take his place, entered upon the task. The edition came out in due time, not only based upon the particular text which Porson had declined to adopt, but overloaded, as all Butler's editions are, with obsolete scholia. Not one of Porson's disciples could speak a word in its favour: and Blomfield, perhaps the most enthusiastic of the whole band, assailed it in the 'Edinburgh Review.' We are not sure that his criticisms are in every point quite fair; they are at all events most merciless, not alone in the exposure which they make of the ignorance of Müller, one of Butler's great authorities, but in the dissection of Butler's motives, indicated, as these seemed to be, by the care with which he turned aside from availing himself of many emendations which Porson had proposed. The articles devoted to this species of criticism gave great offence to Butler, who published a reply, at least as remarkable for its lack of temper as for its ability. It came out in the shape of a pamphlet, addressed to the Rev. C. J. Blomfield, one of the Junior Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, and was strong upon the arrogance of the Porsonian party in general, and upon the youth and flippancy of the 'Edinburgh Review' in particular. The wrath of Butler communicated itself to Dr. Parr, who highly resented this daring attempt to divide with himself and his allies the throne of Greek literature. "What!" he exclaimed, "a young man presume to write against Sam Butler; I'll crush him." But Dr. Parr often threatened, without perhaps intending, even for the moment, to fulfil his threats. In the present instance, he not only left the young man uncrushed, but entered with him soon after into an amicable correspondence, which continued till his own death.

Young Blomfield was urged by many of his friends to go to the bar. We are inclined to believe that he judged wisely in refusing to be guided by their advice. Able as he undeniably was, there are many little incidents in his career which lead to the persuasion that his was not a judicial mind. At all events, for the present, his inclinations led him to a life of severe scholarship, such as, in the cases of Bentley and Porson, had shed so much lustre over Cambridge in general, and Trinity College in particular. It seems to have been with a view to indulge this inclination that he applied for a fellowship, which, when acquired, led to the necessity of taking holy orders. But circumstances interfered to change the current of his existence. He was not destined to live and die a mere scholar. Early in 1810 he fell in love; and being presented in October of the same year, by his father's old friend Lord Bristol, to the living of Quarrington, in Lancashire, he took to wife, in December, Anna Maria, the daughter of W. Heath, Esq. of Hemblington, in Norfolk. We know little more of this lady than that she was very amiable and very delicate. She brought him in the course of seven years six children, of whom only one attained to maturity; and she herself died early in 1818.

On first taking orders Mr. Blomfield had accepted the curacy of Chesterford in Essex. He was soon afterwards presented by his father's friend, the Marquess of Bristol, to the Rectory of Quarrington in Lincolnshire, on which, however, as there was no parsonage house, he appears never to have resided. It was a poor benefice, bringing in to the incumbent less than £200 a-year. The future Bishop was thus, with a wife and growing family, forced to depend upon his own abilities, and they never failed him. He took private pupils, and could soon command, not only his own terms, but the élite of England's young aristo-

which the finale cannot be more concisely or gracefully given than in the words of the Bishop's biographer. "Many years afterwards," says Mr. Alfred Blomfield, "when Bishop of London, he accidentally met his former literary opponent, and spoke so kindly that Burges wrote to him and told him of his necessities. The Bishop set on foot a subscription for him, and afterwards procured for him from Lord Melbourne a pension of £100 a-year."

The second literary duel in which Mr. Blomfield engaged was with Mr. E. H. Barker, who was accused, rightly or wrongly, of first criticising his own essays, and then replying to such criticisms and triumphantly refuting them. Mr. Barker was a contributor to 'Valpy's Journal,' and came, like his colleagues, under the lash of the 'Museum Criticum.' The immediate cause of his quarrel with Mr. Blomfield was, however, an elaborate and witty critique in the 'Quarterly Review' on a new edition of Stephens's 'Thesaurus,' which Mr. Barker and Dr. Valpy superintended together. This great work had been announced as forthcoming in the 'Classical Journal' for years, and subscribers were obtained to the extraordinary amount of 1100. The original prospectus set forth nothing more than a proposal to republish the 'Thesaurus' as Stephens had arranged it; a proposal which, because of the scarcity and therefore high price of the work, could not fail to be well received. But when the first number made its appearance, the learned world was astonished to find that it contained scarcely a single word of all that the Frenchman had originally written. Mr. Barker and Dr. Valpy, taking a leaf out of Dr. Butler's book, and carrying his principle of action to a ridiculous extent, had overlaid their author with a farrago of treatises, most of them worthless, many of them positively inaccurate. These they gathered in from all sources, and so scattered

them through their columns, that it was impossible for the student to guess from whom he was deriving his information, such as it was; whether from Stephens, or Scheffer, or Kuster, or Dr. Valpy, or Mr. Barker. Moreover, as the publication proceeded, it became more and more apparent that the individual connected with it, whom the editors had made up their minds to treat with the smallest measure of respect, was Henri Etienne, or Stephens himself. This was too much for a scholar of Mr. Blomfield's temperament. He handled his pen, dipped it in a mixture of gall and sal volatile, and utterly dissipated the extravagant scheme, holding up both it and its originators to public ridicule. After pointing out that the work when completed must fill at least fifty volumes, that its cost to each subscriber would amount to either £400 or £200, according as he took in a large or small paper copy, and that seventy years at least would be required to bring it to a conclusion, Mr. Blomfield went on to say, "We must not omit to remark that the editors manifest a commendable impartiality in their quotations from contemporary scholars, although they are disposed to speak in somewhat exalted terms of their own degrees. Mr. Hugh Barker is generally understood to be the chief, if not the sole conductor of the present work, and we could therefore have dispensed with such expressions as 'Vide omnino nos,' in *Classical Recreations*, 'Recte E. H. Barker, in *Epistola Critica*, ad Thomam Gaisford,' 'Errasse virum doctissimum, ostendit E. H. Barker.' 'Personni errorem notavit E. H. Barker.'"

What commentator could forgive such an exposure as this? followed up as it was by the collapse of the huge bladder which he was labouring to inflate. The subscribers withdrew their names. Lord Stowell, who was one of them, told Mr. Blomfield that he had well earned from the body a piece of plate. Mr. Murray sent him a cheque for £100 as the

honorarium for his article, and Mr. Barker assailed him in a scurrilous pamphlet. Perhaps the readers of "Maga" will forgive us if we remind them that not now for the first time are these wars of words noticed in our pages. While yet in our youth we entered, not without effect, into the arena; and as we had no doubt at the time, so our convictions remain till the present day unaltered, that in speaking of Messrs. Burges and Barker as quacks of a high order, we assigned to them their proper place in the republic of letters.

One more anecdote in connection with this stage in Mr. Blomfield's career deserves to be given. He and his associates had won the victory. They were generally accepted as the foremost Græcists in England, and they seized an early opportunity, after the Continent was reopened, of evincing their desire to be on good terms with the scholars of Germany. To Mr. Elmsley belongs the merit of having proposed to make a collection of all that English classics had recently done, the essays which they had written, and the works which they had edited, and to send them, in his own name and the names of Monk, Burney, and Blomfield, to Godfrey Hermann. The proposal was gladly acceded to, and a correspondence ensued which reminds us of the times when Latin was the common language of scholars throughout Europe. In this correspondence Blomfield took his share, with what grace, the specimens of his Latinity printed by his son suffice to show.

We are afraid that Mr. Alfred Blomfield will scarcely thank us for what we are going to say, but say it we must. It is a pity that his father ever permitted himself to be drawn out of the sphere for which nature had eminently fitted him. His tastes, his habits, his line of thought were essentially those of a classic and a teacher of classics. Had he achieved what was at one time the great object of his ambition, the Mastership of

Trinity, there is no knowing to what eminence he might have arrived. Had he even lived and died the rector of a country parish, with a house full of pupils, paying as his pupils did, England would have doubtless been indebted to him, not only for amended editions of all the known and unknown writers of Greece and Rome, but for a succession of scholars capable of appreciating and using these editions as they appeared. Such was not, however, to be his fate. He flourished in an age when accurate classical scholarship was regarded as establishing a just claim for advancement in the Church; and as Blomfield's scholarship was admitted to be of a high order, so it drew towards him the attention of those in whom the patronage of the Church was vested.

Mr. Blomfield's next preferment he owed, as he had done his first, to his father's friend, the Marquess of Bristol. In 1817 that nobleman presented him to the valuable benefices of Great and Little Chesterford, in Essex, and of Tuddenham, in Suffolk. At Chesterford he fixed his residence, and made himself useful there in this as in other respects, that in order to get rid of a great scandal, he paved the way for a change in the management of the spring meetings at Newmarket. The village of Chesterford lies upon the great road between London and Newmarket. It was a place where, in 1817, all the carriages and stage-coaches stopped to change horses, and the inn at which that operation went on stood exactly opposite to the parish church. But as the spring meeting began on Easter Monday, Easter Sunday became the day to which persons, desirous of being present at the opening of the races, considered it necessary to travel. The village thus became, on the greatest of our church festivals, a scene of wild disorder. Not only were grooms and post-boys called upon to work double tides, but from all the country round crowds flocked in to get a peep at the

fashionables, and crack jokes with their servants. It does not appear that till Mr. Blomfield succeeded to the benefice any rector had so much as remonstrated against the indecency; and Blomfield himself, when he began to stir, met with very little encouragement. Some sneered, others laughed, while the late Duke of York, a regular frequenter of Newmarket, made this curious reply: "I can't help it. I must be at my post; but I never travel on Sunday without carrying a Bible and Prayer-book in the carriage." Mr. Blomfield's exertions were not, however, thrown away. The bad practice continued till after he had left the place, but it continued under protest; and ultimately, the Jockey Club being prevailed upon to put off the meeting until Easter Tuesday, the scandal of Easter Sunday travelling was got rid of.

Two domestic calamities befell Mr. Blomfield about this time. In 1816 his brother Edward died, and early in 1818 he lost his wife. To his brother he had been greatly attached from childhood, and he felt the loss severely. Mrs. Blomfield's death likewise affected him much, though her exceeding delicacy for many previous years must have prepared him for the issue. He was not, however, the sort of man whom sorrow of any kind could entirely cast down. He had duties to perform, and in the discharge of these he sought and found the best solace for his griefs. His 'Æchylus' was still upon the stocks, his pupils demanded his care, periodical authorship was pressed upon him, and his parish could not be neglected. He went up to Cambridge also to take, at the commencement of 1818, his degree of B.D., and seems to have kept the schools in a roar by the comical manner in which he defended his thesis against the Esquire Beadle. Late in the same year he preached a visitation sermon at Saffron Walden, which he afterwards published, and which is remarkable chiefly for this, that both in the body of the discourse

and in the notes it reflects in a very noticeable manner the leading traits in the preacher's character. It is a lecture rather than a sermon—a charge or body of rules peremptorily laid down to enforce "the duty of canonical adherence to the ritual of the Church." In it the schoolmaster speaks quite as distinctly, quite as dogmatically, as the divine. He is particularly severe upon such of the clergy as hold "those anomalous assemblies called prayer-meetings," and denounces, in no measured terms, the maintainers of Calvinistic opinions, and the mutilators (of whom there were then some in the Church) of the baptismal service. "I mention the subject here," he says, "chiefly as affording a satisfactory proof that some who impugn the doctrine of baptismal regeneration find the language of our Church in this solemn service too plain to be misunderstood, too strong to be eluded—their only resource, therefore, is to blot out so much of it as they cannot digest, though it is difficult to say what is too hard for their digestion who can wilfully alter and deprave the prescribed form of administering the sacrament, to which they have declared their unfeigned consent and assent." We have not one word to say against the logic of these denunciations; the tone in which they are delivered alone offends us. His son and biographer takes, as is perhaps natural, a different view of the subject. "The reader," he says, "will not fail to observe that there is in these remarks something of that predominant desire to marshal and put in order, which could find its appropriate sphere of action only in the third and highest order of the ministry."

Dr. Howley, the late amiable Primate of all England, was at this time Bishop of London. He evinced his sense of Mr. Blomfield's merits by appointing him to be one of his domestic chaplains. This was followed in 1820 by a more substantial mark of goodwill, in the pre-

resentation of the rector of Chesterford to the valuable and important living of Bishopsgate. Not that Mr. Blomfield was wholly indebted to Bishop Howley for this. His indefatigable friend Lord Bristol, had taken occasion before he went abroad in 1819 to recommend Mr. Blomfield to the notice of Lord Liverpool, his Lordship's brother-in-law; and in the following year, when Dr. Mant was promoted to an Irish bishopric, Lord Liverpool communicated to Bishop Howley his intention of bestowing the vacant benefice on Mr. Blomfield. The will was excellent, but the power was wanting. No English preferment vacated by promotion to an Irish bishopric falls to the Crown, and Dr. Howley claimed and obtained his right to present to Bishopsgate. He did not, however, defeat the wishes of the Prime Minister; on the contrary, he expressed his satisfaction at Lord Liverpool's choice, and confirmed it by himself collating Mr. Blomfield to the benefice. Indeed, he did more; he allowed Mr. Blomfield to retain with Bishopsgate his country rectory of Chesterford, and, on the first opportunity, gave him another lift on the ladder, by appointing him Archdeacon of Colchester.

The Rectory of Bishopsgate brought to the incumbent in those days rather more than £2000 a-year. The living of Chesterford is rated in the Clergy List at £427. What the value of the Archdeaconry of Colchester may have been, or whether it had any money value at all, we do not know; but here is a pretty considerable accumulation of preferment on one pair of shoulders, which is the more to be admired that the individual who carried the burden became, as soon as circumstances enabled him to lay it down, zealous above his fellows against the enormity of pluralities. Nor is our admiration diminished when we recollect that the circumstances favourable to this exercise of self-denial were still to seek after the

pluralist had become a bishop. No doubt the See of Chester was, in 1824, miserably poor. Without a private fortune or some other preferment held in *commendam*, no man could have accepted it; but we question the abstract fitness of appending to what was then the largest and most laborious bishopric in England, the pastoral care of one of the largest and most laborious parishes in the metropolis. Such, however, was the manner of proceeding in the Church forty years ago, and Mr. Alfred Blomfield, we perceive, does not stand up for it. On the contrary, he has devoted an entire chapter to the exposure of Episcopal and Rectorial delinquencies in times past, with the view, as it seems to us, of bringing into prominent contrast therewith his honoured father's labours as a church reformer. This is very natural, and let us add, highly commendable in a son; yet there is no getting over the fact that the great church reformer preached what he did not always practise, and was especially severe upon that offence against good manners and good morals in which, up to the latest convenient moment, he had himself indulged.

The inhabitants of Bishopsgate were much struck with their new rector's energetic mode of proceeding. He infused fresh life into the transaction of parochial business. Relieved from the necessity of continuing to take pupils, he gave all his spare time to parish work. Like Chalmers, he made a point of visiting all his parishioners at their own homes, poor as well as rich; and like Chalmers he was continually imposed upon. One of his curates, the present rector of Hornsey, tells us that, during the severe winter of 1822-3, "the people were relieved partly according to the number of their families. The Bishop thought he detected the same children in different rooms, and at last discovered that, as he went up and down stairs, the people let down children by the

windows from one storey to another." We can imagine the comical expression of the humorous Rector's face when this truth became apparent to him, as well as the glee with which on another occasion he overcame a Quaker's scruples about uncovering in the vestry, by moving a resolution, "that the beadle be directed to take off Mr. —'s hat." For nothing stopped him. On he went with his short quick step, ordering this and recommending that, with a vehemence before which, mixed up as it was with good-humour and even drollery, all opposition went down. It is not, however, to be supposed that the duties of his calling, whether as Rector of Chesterford or Rector of Bishopegate, or Archdeacon of Colchester, engrossed the whole of his time. He had become, at the desire of his new parishioners, a D.D. He undertook, at Bishop Howley's request, to bring out, in conjunction with Dr. Lloyd, a new edition of the Bible, which, however, he was prevented from doing, and which ultimately merged in the well-known but not very erudite compilation of Drs. Doyley and Maut. This was in 1821. In 1823 he put forth an anonymous pamphlet, in which, while exposing the attacks made upon the Church of England, he spoke of the sophistry and misrepresentations of the 'Edinburgh Review,' the shameless and wilful falsehoods of the 'Morning Chronicle,' and the ribaldry of Benbow and Carlyle. Curious phrases these to be placed upon record by one who but a few years previously had contributed to this same Review, and who every morning used to devour with his muffin and fresh egg whatever the 'Morning Chronicle' judged it expedient to put forth. But times were changed, and so was Dr. Blomfield. His Liberalism was fast oozing out; he no longer wrote, he did not even speak, about the injustice of Roman Catholic disabilities; he had become, on the contrary, an active member of every

association which sought to maintain the established constitution in Church and State; and his pen was as able and prolific in defence of these as it had ever been in exposing the charlatanism of a Barker or a Burges. "I have had on my hands," he writes to Dr. Monk on the 22d of March 1823, "a course of Lent lectures; an anti-Catholic petition; the management of the Tithes question against the citizens of London; a weekly committee at Bartlett's Buildings, in consequence of Dr. Gaskin's resignation; two articles in the 'British Critic,' &c. &c., all of which I have got through in the last four or five weeks, and am now ready for the 'Museum Criticum,' notwithstanding that I have still to write a Spital sermon, a sermon for the Magdalen, three more charity sermons, and my visitation charge, all within the next month."

In this single sentence, as it appears to us, we have an illustration of Bishop Blomfield's inner life as perfect as could be given. Nothing was so distasteful to him as repose. His mind was so constituted that had it been compelled to withdraw, for any length of time, from the contemplation of things without itself, it must have lost its balance. His writings, also, not excepting those among them which seem most to deal with abstract truth, tell the same tale. He is never an inquirer, he is always an instructor. Even his 'Manual of Devotion' savours more of the intellect than of the heart. We thus express ourselves without desiring to be understood as denying to Bishop Blomfield the possession of many admirable qualities. He was the most generous of men. If he took from the Church as much as the law would allow her to give him, he never wasted it, or spent it on himself. His hand was open as day to melting charity. He was placable, forgiving, fit to be reasoned with, when not hurried away by temper; and if impetuous, the reverse of obstinate. We had almost said too

little so, considering his high position in the Church. Such, however, was his natural temperament, that had he not found enough to do in a right direction, there is some probability that, rather than endure the tedium of idleness, he would have busied himself in doing wrong.

It is a curious fact that Bishop Blomfield, though an excellent speaker both in the House of Lords and on the platform, could never bring himself to preach, except elaborately-written sermons. Once, and only once, he broke through this rule, and the effect, as he used to describe it, was comical enough. He found himself one Sunday in his church at Little Chesterford without a sermon, so he put a bold face on the matter and preached extempore from these words: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Being curious to know whether the experiment had succeeded, he asked a rather intelligent labourer after the service how he liked the discourse. "Well, Mr. Blomfield," answered his parishioner, "I liked the sermon well enough; but I can't agree with you—I think there *be* a God."

Dr. Blomfield held the See of Chester, and with it the Rectory of Bishopsgate, for rather more than three years. He was a most active and energetic bishop. He found the diocese in a state of great neglect, and did his best to bring order out of confusion; but there were difficulties in the way which he could not surmount. Hence, though he undeniably effected much good, he left not a little to be aimed at by his successor. With all this he could afford to indulge his natural turn for humour; not always, as it appears to us, quite becomingly. We say nothing of his jocular message to the King on the subject of the episcopal wig. The wig must have been an intolerable nuisance in the dog-days, and the Bishop did excellent service to himself and to his brethren in getting it dispensed with, though the manner in which he accomplished that purpose might

be a little indecorous. We are sorry that we cannot give even this amount of qualified approval to the joke in which he wrapped up his purposes, and his efforts to attain them, in a letter to Mr. Joshua Watson. "I am wading through business with my seven-leagued boots," he wrote from Chester on the 22d of October 1824; "but there is a long dreary tract of country before me. Discipline is sadly relaxed here. The things which want rectifying are almost numberless; and it may be very well said with reference to the average period of a Bishop's continuance at Chester, *Ars longa, vita brevis*. However, I hope to be able to effect something. I have already set the elements in agitation, and from a well-conducted process of fermentation, I hope to extract some *highly rectified spirit of orthodoxy*. An explosion or two in the course of the process must be looked for. Accidents will befall the most cautious operators."

Dr. Blomfield had never been a sportsman or an agriculturist. He was free, therefore, to denounce, which he did with all his energies, shooting, fox-hunting, and farming. This created for him many enemies among the sporting clergy of Cheshire, whom he treated as he might have done his pupils, with a roughness of manner which often belied the feelings of his heart. He was still more severe, and deservedly so, on men of intemperate habits. "My Lord, I never was drunk on duty," said one whom he was reproving. "On duty!" exclaimed the Bishop, "when is a clergyman not on duty?" In like manner he took severely to task those who were indulging in a habit to which he had himself adhered throughout the first twenty years of his ministry. His portrait, painted soon after he became a Bishop, represents him with a decided frown. A friend remarked upon this one day, when he replied: "Yes, that portrait ought to have been dedicated, without permission, to the

non-resident clergy of the diocese of Chester."

With all his foibles — for they were rather foibles than faults — the Bishop of Chester was a kind-hearted and true man. He kept his living of Bishopegate no doubt, but never treated it as a sinecure. He worked in the city as untiringly as in the diocese, and preached not less frequently in his lawn sleeves, than he had ever done in his surplice or black gown. He took the greatest interest in his parishioners, whether in health or sickness, and corresponded with several of them when occasion seemed to require. Two letters of his to Mr. Mawman, the publisher, which Mr. Alfred Blomfield has printed, do him great credit. They show that his anxiety for the best interests of his correspondent was no pretence, and that he could express his sentiments with equal feeling and earnestness. But he had other demands upon his time and abilities than these. He was called upon to take part in the deliberations of the House of Lords, and soon showed himself capable of holding his own in that assembly against all comers.

From 1825 up to 1829, the attention of the bench of Bishops was mainly occupied with considering what was called the Catholic question. On that subject Bishop Blomfield, now a confirmed convert to the wisdom of resistance, spoke often, and always spoke well. He entered the lists also as a controversialist against Mr. Charles Butler, who, in replying to Southey's 'Book of the Church,' had rashly accused the English clergy of disbelieving, as a body, the great doctrines of the trinity, the incarnation, the divinity of Christ, and the atonement. In Parliament he had frequent skirmishes with the late Lord Holland and King. The former, a generous man in spite of his ultra-Whiggism, was so much struck with the first speech directed against himself by the Bishop, that he crossed the house, shook hands with the speaker, and predicted his

future success as a debater. The latter, more cantankerous, took every opportunity of saying ill-natured things both of the Bishop and of the clergy as a body. "It can hardly fail to go well with us on both sides of the channel," remarked Bishop Jebb, in 1827, "so long as we have Lord King for an opponent and the Bishop of Chester as a defender."

Time passed, and the death of Archbishop Mannors Sutton, in July 1828, caused a vacancy in the See of London, by the removal of Bishop Howley to Lambeth. The Duke of Wellington, it will be recollected, was then at the head of the Government, and he at once made choice of the Bishop of Chester to be Dr. Howley's successor. This was very agreeable to Archbishop Howley, to Bishop Copplestone, and to others of Bishop Blomfield's personal friends. How far the arrangement gave unmixed satisfaction to the bulk of the London clergy may be doubted. They all knew him to be an admirable man of business; they entertained a high opinion of his talents as a speaker; but his brusque manner offended most of them at the outset, and continued to offend not a few to the last. Looking, however, to what was the great want in the London diocese when he undertook its superintendence, no appointment could have been better. Bishop Blomfield had long been an active member of all the Church societies, and took particular interest in that which had for its object the building and enlarging of places of worship, wherever they were needed, throughout England. He was not slow in discovering that in no portion of the empire was the want of church accommodation more urgent than in the capital itself. The times were, however, as yet, so unsettled that he could only look upon the evil from afar, and turn over in his own mind how means might be devised for surmounting it. For other and more pressing troubles were at hand, amid the surging of

which it is not to be wondered at if a man of his peculiarly irritable temperament sometimes lost his head.

This is not the occasion on which to speak of the measure which broke in upon the constitution as it was settled in 1688, and paved the way for the revolution of 1831-32. Bishop Blomfield was one of those whom the Duke consulted on the details of his plan for Catholic emancipation, and Bishop Blomfield, like other bishops, protested against the idea of establishing an influence over the Romish priests by paying them. Whether the bishops judged wisely in this respect let others determine. One thing, however, is certain, that in consequence of their rejection of the Duke's securities, the Emancipation Bill passed without any securities at all, except such as are implied in a declaration habitually disregarded in fact, and liable at any moment to be got rid of in letter. The progress of the bill was actively opposed at every stage, both by Archbishop Howley and Bishop Blomfield, and the latter prelate, we believe, never succeeded in regaining the Duke's confidence. This was the more to be regretted that they had worked cordially together in founding King's College, as a sort of counterpoise to the London University, of which Mr. Brougham, Lord Lansdowne, and other advocates of education without religion, were the originators. And worse followed. When the pressure of the Reform Bill was at its height, Bishop Blomfield's courage failed him, and he gave in his adhesion to Lord Wharcliff's policy, of which the less that is now said the better. The same moral terror which had overcome him in affairs of State, impelled him to assume, at a moment peculiarly inopportune, the character of a Church reformer. He urged the Archbishop to anticipate the evils with which he believed the Church to be threatened, by approaching the throne with recommendations emanating from the

bench itself; and being baffled in this, he consented to become a member of Earl Grey's Commission in 1831. Let us hurry over the retrospect of those times of blundering and recklessness and moral cowardice. There is no satisfaction in telling how good men unwittingly wrought harm by yielding when it would have been as safe and more dignified to resist; and how bad men rose to eminence through their recklessness, doing, not unfrequently, that which they would have been glad of any reasonable excuse for leaving undone. The history of parties, both in Church and State, from 1829 to 1833, is a continuous narration of mistakes, of which no man committed more with the best possible intentions, we are ready to believe, than Charles James, by divine permission Lord Bishop of London.

While the political horizon was thus dark with clouds, Bishop Blomfield exerted himself to awaken the attention of all classes in London to matters on which he felt strongly. He was a consistent advocate of a rigid observance of the Sabbath-day, and wrote upon that subject in a style which drew down upon him the censure of the daily and weekly newspapers. These accused him of grudging to the poor such recreations as the new pleasure-grounds in St. James's Park, and short pleasure-trips into the country, could afford, while he was silent upon cabinet dinners, and the practice, not then infrequent, of Sunday entertainments among the rich. In this they did him great wrong. His views might be, perhaps they were, more puritanical than consists with the freedom of the Christian Sabbath; but, at all events, they were consistent with themselves. He refused to dine with William IV. on a Sunday, and lost nothing in that good-natured monarch's estimation by so doing. On the other hand, he steadily — and perhaps considering the state of the public mind at the moment, wisely — resisted all proposals to

revise the Prayer-book and retranslate the Bible. Whether the fitting time and the legitimate means of effecting these purposes will ever come at all, is more than we can say; but we entertain no doubt that the Bishop's opposition to the movement was at the period judicious. It would have been well perhaps had he either declined altogether to touch the Poor Laws and the question of Church Reform, or had taken juster views on both subjects, in regard to what the country and the Church really required. The Poor Laws have indeed, since his day, been delivered from some of the worst blots which disfigured them; but the Ecclesiastical Commission is still an incubus upon the nation, absorbing, in the costs of management, no small share of what ought to be differently employed, and giving to the whole scheme something more than the appearance of injustice, by abstracting from one diocese to enrich another, before the wants of the locality furnishing the revenues had been adequately supplied. We think that the Bishop, had he seen his way more clearly and followed a different course, might have done the Church better service, and that, upon the whole, the witty Canon of St. Paul's came well out of the argument upon which he entered with his diocesan. In like manner we must express our regret at the readiness with which Bishop Blomfield consented to the suppression of ten bishoprics and a partial spoliation of the Church in Ireland. But if he failed as a statesman, he was eminently successful as a church builder. We look with astonishment at the efforts which he made, and the degree of success which attended them. We seem to be carried back into times long gone by, while placing the statement upon record, that during his episcopate he consecrated not fewer than two hundred churches in the diocese of London alone.

It was Bishop Blomfield's fate to fall upon times of trouble both in

Church and State, through which, if he did not pass wholly blameless, who can wonder? Blameless, we mean, not in his personal character, for on that no stain rests, but in the exercise of a judgment which was prone to come to conclusions somewhat hastily, and to see reason, after the opportunity was missed, for regretting that it had not been turned to better account. The part which he played in the great controversy on the subject of National Education was, on the whole, creditable to him; yet, even in that, he drifted continually from his original position. Was this surprising? Quite otherwise. His original position had really never been a tenable one. He began by insisting that it was a right inherent in the Established Church to educate the whole people, and that the system of education upon which the National Society acted, could not be improved upon. From this the force of argument and experience drove him, and in the end he was compelled to admit, not only that the sort of education heretofore dispensed by the National Society was too narrow for the people's wants, but that the State, equally with the Church, was interested in seeing that the masses were educated, and had a right to participate in the management of their education.

* Though yielding the point so far as Government inspection was touched by it, Bishop Blomfield continued to oppose the project of a training-school under Government management, and set up a Diocesan Society of his own, which languished for a brief space, and gradually died out. He next turned his attention to the condition of the Colonial Church, and encouraged by every means in his power the efforts which soon began to be made for placing it on a better footing. In this he effected most important results, not single-handed certainly, for he was but one out of many laborers; but his worst enemies, if he had any, would

scarcely deny that no Bishop upon the English bench gave up more time or steadier attention to the work than he. The consequence is, that in all our larger and most of our smaller colonies, the Church of England is now well represented, and that she is gradually establishing herself so as to preclude reasonable fears of collapse in years to come, unless she prove, which is not probable, untrue to herself.

We have devoted so many pages to the history of Bishop Blomfield's rise, that little space is left for speaking, except briefly, of his proceedings as head of the great metropolitan diocese. In his day, as our readers cannot have forgotten, began that movement, which, rational at the outset, and indeed necessary to a certain extent, landed most of those who took an active part in it—some in formalism, others in Popery. The originators of 'The Tracts for the Times' probably had no intention, some of them certainly had none, of proceeding to the lengths to which they were ultimately carried. A few earnest men, devotedly attached to the Church of their fathers, heard with astonishment the echo of Lord Grey's memorable warning, and believed that a crisis was at hand. When the head of the King's Government, at a season of violent popular excitement, told the Bishops in the House of Lords that it was time "to put their house in order," only one meaning could be attached to the expression. Men accepted it as an assurance that the Church of England would soon cease to be connected with the State; and the friends of the Church at once conceived that they would best subserve her interests, if they could teach the people why her communion was to be preferred for its own sake to that of all other religious bodies. But it is easier to begin than to regulate such movements as this. Step by step the Tractarians were carried on, till the line which divided them from the Church of Rome seemed to be ef-

faced, and then a great rebound ensued. In the miserable disputes about forms and ceremonies—the putting up of crosses in churches, the ornamentation of altars with flowers, and the preaching in surplices instead of black gowns—the Bishop got inextricably involved; and he further managed, by his attempt to conciliate all parties, to satisfy none. His famous charge, in which he recommended that candles should be placed upon the altar but never lighted, and that preachers should wear the surplice in the morning and the black gown in the evening, excited universal derision, and led to scenes between him and large bodies of his clergy, of which it is not worth while to revive the recollection. We happen to know that these wretched disputes, with the consequences to which they led, caused him extreme annoyance, and that the annoyance arising out of them seriously affected his health.

Besides the battle of the "Tracts," Bishop Blomfield took a decided part in the strifes which were occasioned, first by the nomination of Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford and next by the decision of the Privy Council in the Gorham case. To the elevation of Dr. Hampden he offered such decided opposition, that he is understood to have fallen in consequence into disfavour in high quarters; while with the committee's decision he was so dissatisfied as to suggest, in a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the propriety of transferring from the Privy Council to the Upper House of Convocation the powers of a Court of Appeal for the Church in matters of doctrine. His proposal met with no favour from the Government of the day, and fell to the ground. The speech which he subsequently delivered on the subject in the House of Lords is, however, an admirable one, clear, logical, and decisive. Yet it made little impression on an assembly by no means disposed to sanction the

revival of Synodical action in a Church which, for nearly a century and a half, had got on wonderfully well without such action.

Having dwelt with all the pride of so near a relative on the details of his father's public life, Mr. Alfred Blomfield proceeds to tell us how the Bishop bore himself in the circle of his own family and among his familiar friends. We would not, on any account, appear to accept with reserve a son's testimony to the amiable qualities of a parent. We quite believe that "there was a charm about Bishop Blomfield's intercourse with his family and friends which it is not easy to describe, and still less easy to illustrate." We know that his generosity in giving, whether for Church purposes or in private charity, knew no bounds. Indeed, the value which he put upon money for its own sake was so little that his secretary used to say, "Bishop Blomfield, rather than hoard up a £5 note, would thrust it into the fire." Neither can we doubt that "to his familiar friends his memory is endeared by many private virtues, with a reverence far deeper and more sacred than can be stirred by the recollection of his abilities, his labours, or his zeal." It is seldom that the recollection of the abilities, the labours, and the zeal of a departed friend keep his image green in the memory of such as survive him. It is fair, likewise, to add, that to those who met him only in the intercourse of casual acquaintance, Bishop Blomfield did not always appear in the amiable light which his son sheds round him. He was apt to be dogmatic—perhaps a little more than dogmatic—at times in expressing an opinion. He loved power, and sometimes exercised it with less gentleness than a man in his peculiar position might be expected to do. That he should have changed his views in politics, after mingling a while in the great world, is scarcely to be wondered at. Radicalism in a clergyman, like Radicalism in a peer, seems to be a

contradiction in terms; the unnatural alliance can scarcely subsist, except in some out-of-the-way country-house or parsonage, removed by at least twenty miles from a railway station. Even Sidney Smith became a Conservative when they made him Canon of St. Paul's: had he been advanced to the Episcopal bench, his Toryism would probably have become more clearly defined than that of Bishop Philpots himself. So also Dr. Blomfield was too sharp-sighted not to perceive, as soon as the light of practical experience broke in upon him, that if the Established Church is an institution worth preserving at all, the best way to preserve it is certainly not to pay court to levelers.

Having taken his new line, however, it might have been better if the new Bishop had adhered to it more consistently. Not that in principle he ever wavered—there he was always right; but he often lacked moral courage to hold out, when his sober judgment told him that to yield was quite as perilous as to resist. For Bishop Blomfield was, in reality, not a brave man. Under the brusqueness of manner which characterised him there lay so much of what his son describes as modesty—what we should rather call natural timidity—as rendered him often unequal to the contest which his own rashness had provoked. In the House of Lords he hit hard enough, as Lords Holland and King could testify; but in his private room many a poor clergyman, whom he began by treating as an angry schoolmaster, treats a truant, brought him to reason and something more by turning sharply upon him. We say this, not with a view to detract in the smallest degree from the Bishop's good name, or even to impugn the general justice of the estimate which his son has formed of him, but simply as illustrating a character which, with much that is admirable in it, was certainly not free from such inconsistencies as, more

or less, belong to human nature at large.

It was stated at the opening of this paper that Bishop Blomfield's constitution was a delicate one. How it stood the wear and tear of seventy very busy years, is, and always will be, a marvel. He appears, however, to have gone on without any serious illness till 1847, when an accident at Osborne—a heavy fall upon a highly polished floor—either produced, or, as was more generally believed, indicated an attack of paralysis. From this he never entirely recovered. His face, which had been partially distorted, regained indeed its natural shape; but there was a twitching about the muscles of one cheek, and a thickness of articulation, of which he could not get rid. So it was with his eyesight, which the first seizure materially damaged, and which received still greater injury from exposure to the biting November wind which whistled over London during the Duke of Wellington's funeral. He held on, however, damaged indeed, but still resolute, till 1855, when, on the night of Sunday the 21st of October, after having preached in Fulham Church, he was again seized with paralysis. Everything was tried which medical skill could suggest—perfect change of air, the tenderest treatment; but all availed not. With mental faculties scarcely impaired, he became physically helpless. In all his active life he never did a deed more worthy to be placed on record than that which signalled his departing strength. He could no longer attend to the business of the diocese, and he determined to resign. But it is almost as difficult in England to get rid of a bishop as to obtain one, and he was obliged to apply for an Act of Parliament to enable him to carry his purpose into execution. Let nobody blame him for seeking, at the same time, to secure a decent maintenance for himself and his family in their retirement. With an income averaging £16,000 a-year,

he had never laid by one shilling.

The small provision which he considered it necessary to make for his widow and children he provided by insuring his life, paying annually for that purpose about £1000—not more—to different offices. His was not, therefore, an unreasonable request when he applied for leave to retain during life the balance over what would have gone, had he died, to his successor in the See. The application, though resisted, we regret to say, by more than one of his brethren on the bench, was acceded to, and Parliament further sanctioned his continuing to reside in the palace at Fulham, to which he was known to be much attached. Thus sheltered from the evils of poverty, and enabled to keep his policies paid up, the bedridden Bishop lingered on, till, on the evening of the 5th of August 1857, a slight convulsion shook his frame, and he expired.

"No sooner was the death-struggle over than his features seemed to regain the early beauty of which age and sickness had deprived them. His fine forehead, so often lately contracted with pain, lay smooth and unwrinkled as an infant's. All appearance of paralysis had passed away, and the lifeless face in its placid composure seemed in a moment to have lost twenty years of its age."

We have expressed ourselves so frankly in the course of this paper, that it would be a work of supererogation were we to draw at its close an elaborate portraiture of Bishop Blomfield's character. If extreme activity constitutes a good bishop, Blomfield was one of the best bishops who ever presided over an English diocese. He did more business in his day than perhaps any man in London, for he was just as eager, and just as useful in the management of secular things as in the performance of his episcopal duties properly so called. He was the most punctual of correspondents, answering everybody who wrote to him, and always in his own hand. On certain days of the week he received his clergy at London House,

seeing them one by one in his study, and keeping them rigidly to the point under discussion. Other days were set apart, each to its own business; in not a little of which the Bishop might, without the smallest impropriety, have declined to take a leading part. His great work of all however—that, indeed, for which his name will go down with honour to posterity—was church building. He did more to supply the spiritual wants of London than the whole of his predecessors put together from the date of the Reformation downwards. Yet having run his race, he left London still so comparatively destitute both of churches and of ministers, as to break the hearts of all except the great landed proprietors and employers of labour, whose duty it is to cope with and overcome the evil. With respect to the administration of his patronage, it may be truly said, that if he did not always provide for the most deserving of his clergy, he was singularly free from the sin of nepotism. Neither sons nor sons-in-law owed to him more than he was fully justified in bestowing upon them; for he required them all to serve a fair apprenticeship as curates before succeeding to benefices even of trifling value. We cannot find, indeed, in the list of the clergymen whom he promoted, any who deserve to be spoken of as eminent scholars or

divines or men of genius. Mr. Sinclair is indeed an able and a good man; he made himself extremely useful as secretary to the National Society. But having said this, we have said all that the subject requires of us, because nobody, we presume, will speak of the Bishop's nominees in the important parishes of London West as more than highly respectable mediocrities, as well in the pulpit as elsewhere.

Bishop Blomfield has left nothing behind him in the way of contributions to the literature of his age, as a writer either of theology or on any other subject. His scholarship, eminent enough in its day, has been eclipsed by what younger men have since done, and his sermons and charges are already forgotten. Yet this may fairly be said of him, that whatever his hand undertook to do, he did it with all his might; and that, though neither a Taylor, nor a Bull, nor a Barrow, nor a Wilson, he was an efficient bishop and a generous, frank-spoken, hot-tempered, and kind-hearted man.

Bishop Blomfield was twice married. His first wife died, as we have told, in January 1818. In December 1819 he comforted himself by taking a successor, an amiable widow lady, who still survives him, and who made him the father of eleven children.

EPIGRAMS.

We live, it is said, in a prosaic and realistic age. With all our modern science and modern refinements, our life is not so imaginative, so gay, so *insouciant*, as that of our grandmothers and grandfathers. Even conversation, we are told, has lost its brilliancy. Women, who used to talk so charmingly, vibrate now between slang and science. Men are either too busy or too languid to exert themselves to talk at all, unless to constituencies or mechanics' institutes. The few who could talk well are suspected of keeping their talk to put into books. We all write and read instead of conversing. And even reading and writing have become occupations rather than amusements. The warmest and most imaginative lover never now pens a sonnet to Delia's eyebrow, or an impromptu upon Sacharissa's girdle. The modern representatives of those charmers would only vote him a "muff" for his pains. *Vers de société* are gone out of fashion altogether. Such poetry as we want (and we do not want a great deal) is done for us by regular practitioners—laureates, and so forth; we no more think of making our own verses than our own pills. Any man or woman who was to produce and offer to read in polite company a poetical effusion of their own or a friend's, such as would have charmed a whole circle in the days of Pope or of Fanny Burney, would be stared at upon reasonable suspicion of having escaped from a private lunatic asylum. Even if the offered verses should be warranted to contain the severest remarks upon a mutual friend, we of a modern audience should have strength of mind enough to resist the temptation. Perhaps society has grown more charitable and less scandalous; perhaps it is only less easily amused.

It could hardly have been comfortable, after all, to live in the age of epigrams and impromptos. It was all very well for the Delias and Sacharissas aforesaid to have their charms celebrated by the wits and poets of the day; and though it is notoriously true that their admirers did not err on the side of reticence, female delicacy in those days was hardly startled by the warmth of the homage. A lady had no more objection to be compared to Venus than to the Graces. Few indeed, were they who needed the warning which Walker—most elegant of love's epigrammatists—puts into the mouth of his messenger, the Rose—

"Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spyd,
That had she sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
She must have uncommended died.
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired."

The days when such verses passed from hand to hand, and were read instead of 'Punch' and Mr. Darwin, were indeed "a good time," as the American ladies call it, for the fair enchantresses who, strong in the charms of youth, had only to "come forth" to insure admiration; but it was quite a different case with poor Chloe, who was repairing the damages of years with a little innocent paint, or with Celia, who had just mounted a new wig of her very own hair, honestly bought and paid for. Human nature, we suppose, was human nature then; and it could never have been pleasant to have one's little personal peculiarities, or some untoward accident, or slight social sin, done into verse forthwith by a clever friend, and bandied round the breakfast or tea-tables of your own particular circle for the amusement and gratification of other dear friends, clever or otherwise. It

was a heavy penalty to pay for living in an Augustan age. In this present generation, if you find yourself the victim of a severe article in a popular review, you have yourself half-solicited the exposure by being guilty of print in the first place; even if, in the honest discharge of your ordinary duties, you awake some morning to a temporary notoriety in a column of the 'Times,' you can satisfy your feelings by stopping the paper; and in either case, you have the consolation of knowing that probably a majority of your personal friends will never read the abuse, and that most certainly nine-tenths of those who do read it will have forgotten it in a week. But the terse social epigram, of some four or eight lines, communicated first from friend to friend in a confidential whisper, and then handed about in manuscript long before it escaped into print, was remembered by the dullest dolt amongst a man's intimates, stuck to him all his life, and, in many instances, became his only memorial to posterity. Like *Sintram's* co-travellers, there was no escape from its dreadful companionship; if bad, it was the more readily remembered; if neat and well-pointed, it was more generally admired and more widely circulated. True, the author of the satire did not always put in the actual name; the victim of his verse figured commonly under some classical *alias*; but everybody knew — and none better than the unfortunate object — that *Grumio* meant *Sir Harry*, that *Chremes* stood for old *Brown*, and that *Lady Bab* was intended by *Phryne*. Even if there was nothing more personal than a row of asterisks in the original, there were always plenty of copies in circulation with the hiatus carefully filled in. Let no one suppose for a moment that the polish and the humour of such productions made the attack more endurable. Few men, and perhaps fewer women, are of *Falstaff's* happy temperament, content to be the subject of wit in others. There is more sound than

truth in the epigram which says —

"As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is
seen—

Both pain us least when exquisitely keen."

And both cut deepest too, and leave scars that are longest in healing. Johnson was quite right when he pronounced, on the other hand, that "the vehicle of wit and delicacy" only made the satire more stinging; compared with ordinary abuse, he said, "the difference was between being bruised with a club, or wounded with a poisoned arrow."

One is surprised, however, on the whole, in looking over any collection of epigrams which were considered extremely good things in their day, to find how poor the majority of them are. They would read better, no doubt, to those who knew the parties. The spice of neighbourly ill-nature, which gave them their chief zest originally, and made up for the poverty of the wit, is lost — happily — to the cool judgment of the modern reader. They are like the glass of champagne kept till it has lost its sparkle.

A nicely printed little book, recently published, containing a selection (for a collection it certainly is not, though so called in the dedication), will impress this fact upon most of its readers. Of course, such *jeux d'esprit* do not show to advantage when gathered together at random, as these seem to have been. They find their best place as illustrations of biography or political history; often, an epigram of four lines would require a page of preface to make its point fully intelligible to an ordinary reader. But certainly, as one turns page after page of this "literature of Society," one gets confirmed in the impression that society was very ill-natured in those days. The science of making one's self "beautiful forever," by the aid of paint and other accessories, is still studied by some ladies, if we may trust law-reports and advertisements, and, no doubt, sharp-sighted friends detect this false coinage of beauty; but they

do not mercilessly nail it down on the social counter, as in the case of poor Dorinda (whose real name was doubtless perfectly well known to her contemporaries):—

"Say, which enjoys the greater blisses—
John, who Dorinda's picture kisses,
Or Tom his friend, the favoured elf
Who kisses fair Dorinda's self?—
'Faith, 'tis not easy to divine,
While both are thus with raptures
fainting,
To which the balance shall incline,
Since Tom and John both kiss a paint-
ing."

There is a sequel, too, even less gallant, which calls itself "The Point Decided":—

'Nay, surely John's the happier of the twain,
For 'Because the picture cannot kiss again!'"

The rude wits of society delighted in attacking these adventitious charms—unconscious, probably, that in this as in many other things, the Greek epigrammatists had been long before them. Here is one of the best amongst many—anonymous, so far as we know—which we miss in Mr. Booth's volume:—

"Cosmetta's charms inspire my lays,
Who, fair in nature's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like Glastonbury thorn.
If e'er, to seize the tempting bliss,
Upon her lips you fall,
The palstated fair returns the kiss,
Like Thisbe, through a wall."

Modern gallantry keeps its eyes open, and its lips to itself, under suspicious circumstances; and perhaps not being so readily taken in by false colours, is not so bitter against those who wear them.

There are blockheads amongst fashionable physicians in our own days, and jealousies, it is to be feared, are not unknown in the profession; but they do not put their professional antagonism into the form of epigrams, as Dr. Wynter, Dr. Cheney, Dr. Hill, Dr. Lettsom, Dr. Radcliffe, and a host of others did (or their friends and enemies did for them) in the days of good Queen Anne and the German Georges. Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Hill, one of those universal geniuses whom the public is apt to mis-

trust, is the hero of some of the best of these medical equibs. He wrote plays as well as prescriptions.

"For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is."

There is a little series of epigrams upon him which we cannot resist quoting here from Mr. Booth's book, though they must be already old acquaintances (as most of the best epigrams are) to all whose reading is not wholly of a modern kind. Some of the wits of the Literary Club, of which Garrick, Johnson, Burke, &c., were members, began upon the unlucky physician as follows:—

"Thou essence of dock, and valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of your age,
The worst that we wish thee, for all thy sad crimes,
Is to take thine own physic, and read thine own rhymes."

To which is replied, by a sort of semi-chorus of the members,—

"The wish should be in form reversed,
To suet the Doctor's crimes;
For if he takes his physic *first*,
He'll never read his rhymes."

Dr. Hill himself is supposed to rejoin in answer (and if it were really his, the doctor would have had the best of it),—

"Whether gentlemen scribblers or poets in gall,
Your impertinent wishes shall certainly fall;
I'll take neither essence, nor balsam of honey,—
Do you take the physic, and *I'll take the money*."

The anonymous quatrain on Dr. John Lettsom, the Quaker, is one of the very best of punning epigrams; its brevity may excuse its reappearance here:—

"If anybody comes to I,
I physick, bleed, and sweats 'em;
If, after that, they like to die,
Why, what care I?"
I. LETTIS'M."

Sir Richard Blackmore, like Hill, was ambitious to combine poetry with physic; and was dealt with no

less severely by the popular weapon. An anonymous octrain (of which the first six lines are weak) ends with this climax, which reads much better alone:—

"Such shoals of readers thy d—d fustian kills,
Thou'lt scarce leave one alive to take thy pills."

This, again, has escaped Mr. Booth, though he has given his readers another, on the subject of Sir Richard's unfortunate poem of 'Job'—a kind of poetical paraphrase of the Scripture original:—

"Poor Job lost all the comforts of his life,
And hardly saved a potsherd and a wife;
Yet Job blest Heaven; and Job again was blest;
His virtue was assayed and bore the test.
But,—had Heaven's wrath poured out its fiercest vial—
Had he been thus *burlesqued*,—without denial,
The patient man had yielded to the trial;
His pious spouse, with Blackmore on her side,
Must have prevailed—Job had blasphemed and died."

We do not know where the compiler got this from, nor does he give any author's name; there were a whole volley of contemporary squibs flying about the head of this unlucky translator, who had got himself into bad odour with the licentious wits of his day by employing his pen against the immoralities of the stage. This drew upon him the wrath of Dryden, Sedley, Swift, and others; and his reputation has suffered rather unfairly in consequence; for the jests against his professional skill were unfounded, whatever may be thought of his poetry. A volume was actually published in 1700, in which the squibs upon him were all collected under the title of 'Commendatory Poems, &c.' Here is another of them which we have met with, as good, perhaps, and also anonymous:—

"When Job contending with the devil I saw,
It did my wonder, but not pity, draw;
For I concluded that, without some trick,
A saint at any time could match old Nick.

Next came a fiercer fiend upon his back—
I mean his wife, with her infernal clack;
But still I did not pity him, as knowing
A crab-tree cudgel soon would send her going.

But when this quack engaged with Job I spied,
Why, Heaven have mercy on poor Job, I cried;
What wife and Satan did attempt in vain,
The quack will compass with his murdering pen,
And on a dunghill leave poor Job again;
With impious doggrel he'll pollute his theme,
And make the saint against his will blaspheme."

Coleridge's epigram upon Job's wife is printed in the book before us, and is perhaps less generally known than some others:—

"Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honours, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His camels, horses, asses, cows,—
Still the sly devil did not take his spouse.

But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold of all Job had before—
His children, camels, asses, cows:—
Short-sighted devil, not to take his spouse!"

The germ of this lies where very many good things lie unsuspected, and are occasionally dug out and made use of with very little acknowledgment—in the writings of St. Augustine; and has been used by Donne in one of his remarkable sermons, where Coleridge probably found it. The old divine's "improvement" of the passage beats any epigram that ever was founded on it:—

"*Misericordem pulatis Diabolum,*' says that father, '*qui ei reliquit uxorem?*' Do you think that Job lighted upon a merciful and good-natured devil, or that Job was beholden to the Devil for this, that he left him his wife? '*Noverat per quam deceperat Adam,*' says he; '*suam reliquit adiutricem, non marito consolationem;*' he left Job a helper, but a helper for his own ends." *

We must have done with the physicians, only quoting some more recent lines, neat but not over-com-

plimentary, upon the trio who were in attendance on poor George III. :

"The King employs three doctors daily,
Willis, Heberden, and Baillie;
All exceedingly skilful men,
Baillie, Willis, and Heberden;
But doubtful which most sure to kill is,
Baillie, Heberden, or Willis."

Law escapes these satiric rhymers better than physic. No doubt the lawyers were able to hold their own against the world in this as in other matters. Two or three clever things of Sir George Rose are given in Mr. Booth's book; but there are, we suspect, some still better in private circulation, perhaps rather too personal on contemporaries to be suitable for publication. The following, though it deals with names well known at the bar, is good-humoured enough, as well as clever. It purports to be 'The History of a Case shortly reported by a Master in Chancery':—

"Mr. Leach made a speech,
Angry, neat, but wrong;
Mr. Hart, on the other part,
Was prosy, dull, and long.
Mr. Bell spoke very well,
Though nobody knew what about;
Mr. Trower talked for an hour,
Sat down fatigued and hot.
Mr. Parker made the case darker,
Which was dark enough without;
Mr. Cooke quoted his book,
And the Chancellor said—'I doubt!'"

Of course the Chancellor was Lord Eldon. But the editor should have given the sequel. His Lordship soon after decided a case against Rose, and looking waggishly at him, said, "In this case, Mr. Rose, the Chancellor does *not* doubt!" Mr. Booth has omitted one (or rather two) of the very best epigrams which touch upon the gentlemen of the long robe. We thought the lines were very well known, and they have certainly appeared more than once in print, as a proposed 'Inscription for the Gate of the Inner Temple':

"As by the Templars' holds you go,
The Horse and Lamb, displayed

In emblematic figures, show
The merits of their trade.

That clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession—
The Lamb sets forth their *innocence*,
The Horse their *expedition*.

'Oh happy Britons! happy Isle!'
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without guile,
And law without delay."

The reply is equally good:—

"Deluded men, these holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves;
These artful emblems serve to show
Their clients, not themselves.

'Tis all a trick; these are but shams
By which they mean to cheat you;
But have a care—for you're the *Lambs*,
And they the wolves that eat you.

Nor let the hope of no delay
To these their courts misguide you;
'Tis you're the showy *Horse*, and they
The *jockeys* that would ride you."

The Universities have had their wits and their butts in at least as great abundance as the Courts of Law. Especially was this likely to be the case in a society like Oxford, which maintained upon its staff, for many years, a sort of licensed jester, under the name *Terra Filius*, whose office was, at the "Bachelor's Commencement," to satirise, with the most unbounded license, all the recognised authorities. We feel sure that the Oxford social records might have supplied a collector of this literary smallware with some very tolerable specimens; and we hardly think that Mr. Booth can have availed himself as fully as he might have done of the current witticisms of his own University of Cambridge. He gives us only a few of Porson's, and these not his best. For instance, we might at least have had that upon Hermann's scholarship, in the English dress which the Professor gave it:—

"The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek;
Not five in five-score,
But ninety-five more;
All except Hermann—
And Herman's a German."

* It is better still in its original Greek—a neat adaptation of a distich of Phocylides:—

Νηϊδές εἰσι μέτρων οἱ Τεύτονες· οὐχ ὁ μὲν, ὅς δ' οὐ
Πάντες, πλὴν Ἑρμαννος· ὁ δ' Ἑρμαννος μάλα Τεύτων.

Of Oxford epigrams, we have a single modern specimen, by a living Professor of well-known conversational powers, and a more ancient one, we suppose by a wit of the same college, on Dr. Evans (he was Bursar of St John's, as the editor should have explained) cutting down a row of fine trees there:—

"Indulgent Nature on each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes;
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox;
Lambs fly from wolves, and sailors steer from rocks;
Evans the gallows as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees."

These, with Dean Aldrich's 'Five Reasons for Drinking,' are all that he has gathered from the banks of Isis. There must surely be others of modern date current in the Oxford Common Rooms, which might have been recovered, without much trouble, for a publication like this, and which would have been better worth printing than some which have found a place there. We subjoin two or three which may be new to non-academical readers. It was suggested, some little time ago, to alter the cut of the commoners' gowns—proverbially ugly. This produced the following:—

"Our gownsmen complain ugly garments oppress them;
We feel for their wrongs, and propose to redress them."

An alteration having been made in the statutory exercises for divinity degrees, by which two theological essays were required in future from the candidates, the following was circulated in "congregation":—

"The title D.D. 'tis proposed to convey
To an *A double S* for a *double S A*."

The honorary degree of D.C.L. having been declined by a distinguished officer, on account of the heavy fees at that time demanded, his refusal was thus set forth:—

"Oxford, no doubt you wish me well,
But prithce let me be;
I can't, alas! be D. C. L.
Because of L. S. D."

This, again, on a proposal to lower

the university charges upon degrees conferred by what is termed "accumulation" (i.e., when two steps are taken at once), is remarkably neat:—

"Oxford, beware of over-cheap degrees,
Nor lower too much accumulators' fees:
Lest—unlike Goldsmith's 'land to like,' a prey—
'Men' should 'accumulate,' and 'wealth' decay."

All these are, we believe, from the same "well-known hand," as the old collectors would have phrased it; flashes of the pleasant humour which, in all generations, has marked the lighter hours of scholars. As these are the latest, so the following is among the earliest which has come down to us; it will be found amongst the epigrams of John Heywood, of Broadgate Hall (now Pembroke College), circa 1550. He is said to have been the only person who could draw a smile from gloomy Queen Mary. So far as the point of the epigram is concerned, it might have been written yesterday.

"Alas! poor fardingales must lie ' the streets,
To house them no door ' the cille is meete;
Synce at our narrow doors they in cannot win,
Send them to Oxforde, at Broadgate to get in."

The following can scarcely be reckoned amongst collegiate witticisms, its birth having been extra-academic. It is given by the editor with just enough of its history to give it interest—a course which, if adopted in the case of some other epigrams in the book, would have well repaid in value the addition to its bulk:—

"George II. having sent a regiment of horse to Oxford, and at the same time a collection of books to Cambridge, Dr. Trapp wrote the following epigram:—

"Our royal master saw with heedful eyes
The wants of his two Universities:
Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why,
That learned body wanted loyalty:
But books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
That that right loyal body wanted learning."

An epigram which Dr. Johnson, to show

his contempt of the Whiggish notions which prevailed at Cambridge, was foud of quoting; but having done so in the presence of Sir William Browne, the physician, was answered by him thus:—

'The King to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force:
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.'

"Johnson did Sir William the justice to say, 'It was one of the happiest extemporaneous productions he ever met with;' though he once comically confessed that 'he hated to repeat the wit of a Whig urged in support of Whiggism.'"

The book is poor, too, in those scholastic epigrams of which a good many were in circulation in more scholarly days. We have, indeed, Porson's upon poor Dido—"Di-dodum,"—which is rather schoolboyish, after all; but there is a much better one upon the same lady, which we remember to have seen somewhere in print, with the name of the reputed author:—

"Virgil, whose magic verse enthalls
(And where is poet greater?),
Sometimes his wandering hero calls
Now *Pius*, and now *Pater*;

But when, prepared the worst to brave
(An action that must pain us),
He leads fair Dido to the cave,
He calls him '*Dus Trojanus*.'

Why did the poet change the word?
The reason plain is, sure;
'*Pius Æneus*' were absurd,
And '*Pater*' premature."

Some sort of historical arrangement of epigrams might (like a good collection of caricatures) throw an amusing light upon contemporary history; and we should like to see a careful collection attempted on this principle. One of the best of these quasi-historical *jeux d'esprit*, in the collection before us is new to us, and may be so to many of our readers:—

"ON THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT, PASSED 1772.
Quoth Dick to Tom, 'This Act appears
Absurd, as I'm alive:
To take the crown at eighteen years,
The wife at twenty-five.

The mystery how shall we explain?
For sure, as well 'twas said,

Thus early if they're fit to reign,
They must be fit to wed.'

Quoth Tom to Dick, 'Thou art a fool,
And little know'st of life;
Alas! 'tis easier far to rule
A kingdom, than a wife.'

These kind of gatherings, trifling as they are, are pleasant dalliance for the student of national history, and may even help to improve the dry facts upon his memory. We remember Addington's short-lived Administration all the better, if we chance to associate with it the witty French epitaph suggested for him—

"Ministre sot-distant, *Médecin malgré lui*."

It would be very easy to add to the few given in this little book. That of the Anti-Jacobin, on the Paris "Loan upon England," should at least have found a place—

"The Paris cite, a patriotic band,
Advanced their cash on British freehold land;
But let the speculating rogues beware;
They've bought the *olive*—but who's to kill the bear!"

The times that followed the Revolution of 1688 were perhaps the great age of what we may call historical epigrams. The bitterness of political hostility found vent in satiric verse, as well as in other less harmless outlets; and those who concealed their Orange or Jacobite feelings from motives of self-interest, often indulged themselves with handing about this kind of political weapon, which was sometimes claimed by the authors in safer days. William on the one hand, and good Queen Anne on the other, were unfailing subjects. But the epigrams of that day had more rancour than wit; and even in the best, their coarseness generally forbids quotation. Swift's were, of course, the wittiest, and the least decent. None were so happy, and few so delicate, as that little epigram of his in prose, when it was suggested for the new king's coronation motto, "*Recepti non rapuit*," and the Dean rejoined that he supposed the translation was, "The receiver is as bad as the thief."

The Duke of Marlborough, with his wavering allegiance, his penurious habits, and his uxorious fondness for his termagant Sarah, came in for a large share of this questionable literary homage. Swift's epitaph upon him (Booth, p. 58) is too long for quotation, and there are more serious objections to some others which do not want for point. His new palace of Blenheim was ridiculed in strings of couplets, bad and good. One of the best is not in this collection; on the high arch built over the little brook in the park—

"The lofty arch his high ambition shows;
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows."

In order to understand the violence displayed in the language of some of these effusions, it is necessary to understand thoroughly the relations between the parties, and the provocation which had been sometimes given. An epigram on Lord Cadogan by Bishop Atterbury, given in the collection before us, will strike the reader as mere rabid abuse, unless he remembers the circumstances which called it forth, which should certainly have accompanied it by way of explanation. It ends thus:—

"Ungrateful to th' ungrateful men he grew
by—
A bold, bad, boisterous, blustering, bloody
booby."

Atterbury had been imprisoned in the Tower on a very well founded charge of treason. Such cases were embarrassing to the ruling powers; and in the royal drawing-room the question had been mooted, "What was to be done with the man?" Cadogan was present, and replied, "Throw him to the lions." The brutality of the suggestion may excuse the Bishop's retaliation.

A contemporary epitaph on Bishop Burnet shows how the rancorous spirit of party pursued the dead with a bitterness which is really horrible, even if we charitably hope it was meant half for jest:—

"If Heaven is pleased when sinners cease to
sin,
If Hell is pleased when sinners enter in,
If men are pleased at parting with a knave,
Then all are pleased—for Burnet's in his
grave."

Perhaps the best of the Jacobite epigrams is one which Mr. Booth has not given:—

"God bless the King! God bless the Faith's
Defender!
The devil take the Pope and the Pretender!
—
Who the Pretender is, and who the King—
God bless us all! is quite another thing."

The modern definition of an epigram implies that it should have a spice of malice. We have adopted the Roman notion of it, contained in the Latin distich which the editor takes as the motto for his preface.

"Omne epigramma sit instar apis; sit aculeus
illi,
Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exiguu."

Of which he adds a rather washy translation, and which is perhaps rather difficult to translate; sooner than risk the attempt ourselves, we will give one which we find in an old miscellany, and which is at least more concise than Mr. Booth's:

"The qualities three in a bee that we meet,
In an epigram never should fall;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be left in its tail."

But the original meaning of an epigram is quite a different thing, as Mr. Booth observes; it was merely an *inscription*, usually short, inasmuch as it was to be engraved on an altar, temple, or monumental tablet; and far from being bitter or personal, it was usually laudatory or simply commemorative. The well-known inscription at Thermopylæ was one of the earliest and best which have come down to us: "Go, traveller, tell it in Sparta that we lie here in obedience to her laws." Even when the Greeks extended the term to something more like our modern use of it—a few short pithy verses with some special point in view—they did not consider that a "sting" was any necessary part of it. Few of the

Greek epigrams, except the latest, are satirical. But the Roman satirists adopted the form, and degraded the use, in which our English writers have followed them. But though popular to a certain extent in our minor literature, the epigram is not a thoroughly English thing: it hardly suits the genius of the language. The Greek, the Latin, and even the French, preserve its point and neatness in a degree which our writers can rarely imitate. The Spartan brevity, the Attic salt, the neat turn of the Latin distich, are of the very elements of its excellence; though there seems no need for quite so strict a limitation as Boileau's—"un bon mot de deux rimes orné." The Romans gave it the most pungency; but for simple elegance it has never been surpassed in its natural home, the Greek. Mr. Booth in this collection gives a good many translations from the Greek anthology—not always of the best specimens to be found there; though nothing can be more beautiful than this free version by Lord Nugent, fully worthy of the original:—

"I loved thee beautiful and kind,
And pledged an eternal vow;
So altered are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now."

Or this again, which has no author's name—on a statue of Niobe:—

"To stone the gods have changed her;—but
in vain;
The sculptor's art gave her to breathe
again."

But comparatively few of us are aware of the extent of our obligations in this way to the Greek writers, of whom the very names are lost. Many which pass as English originals in this collection, as in others, are really only adaptations of the classical Greek idea. How many of our present readers

remember that the proverb which has such a true homely English sound that it seems as though it must be a native—

"There's many a slip,
Twixt the cup and the lip"—

is the merest literal translation of a Greek verse—an epigram in the original sense—an inscription on a drinking-cup? Did the French king know, when he uttered his famous *mot*, "*Après moi le deluge*," that he was merely quoting an anonymous Greek, of no one knows how many centuries before him? We forget in what English divine's published devotions we noted a thought which struck us at the time as very beautiful—and original, till we turned it up in the old Anthologia—Give us those things which be good for us, even though we ask them not; and those things which be hurtful to us, even if we ask them, withhold.† Heathens, were those Greeks? they were not altogether wrong in the matter of prayer, at any rate. "*Fas est et ab hoste doceri*." There is a temptation to linger amongst the classics (especially after reading through a book of English epigrams—like the tailor who stands up to rest) to which we plead guilty, and for which we hope we have shown some excuse. Let us recommend, in reparation to the "country gentlemen," an inscription for their clocks or sundials well worth adopting, and which may have the merit of novelty, for we have never yet seen it in an English version—another Greek "epigram," in the real sense of the word—a beautiful variation of the hackneyed moral, "*Tempus fugit*;" we give the original below, § to make amends for any shortcoming in our translation:—

* Πολλὰ μεταξύ πέλει κύλικος καὶ χεῖλεος ἄκρου.

† Ἐμοῦ θανόντος, γαῖα μυχθῆτω πυρί·
Οὐδὲν μέλει μοι· τὰμὰ γὰρ καλῶς ἔχει.

‡ Ζεῦ Βασιλεῦ, τὰ μὲν ἐσθλὰ καὶ εὐχομένοις καὶ ἀνεγκτοῖς
Ἄμμι δίδου· τὰ δὲ λυγρὰ καὶ εὐχομένων ἀπερκόμεις.

§ Τὸ ρόδον ἀκμάζει βαδὼν χρόνον· ἦν δὲ παρέλθῃ,
Ζητῶν εὐρήσεις οὐ ρόδον, ἀλλὰ βάτον.

"Brief while the rose doth bloom; gather it straight;
No rose, but thorns, remain for those that wait."

Of course, even in English, there are epigrams which can be classed as "Moral and Panegyric," as well as "Satirical and Humorous;" though the present editor can find only ninety pages of these latter to balance some two hundred of the more piquant and better remembered class, and even to do this, has thought himself at liberty to include a good many extracts that are not epigrams at all, such as long passages from Shakespeare, Goldsmith, and Cowper, and from Aytoun's 'Bothwell.' After all, there are several which seem curiously out of place in this second division; the well-known "*Balnea, vina, Venus*" hardly comes under the category of "Moral;" and we doubt whether the subject of the following, whether spinster or widow, would have received it as "panegyric":—

"Though age has changed thee, late so fair,
I love thee ne'er the worse;
For when he took thy golden hair,
He filled with gold thy purse."

Some of the older complimentary verses are really elegant, and worth preserving. Take this on the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire canvassing Westminster for Charles Fox:—

"Arrayed in matchless beauty, Devon's fair
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part;
But, oh! where'er the pilferer comes, beware—
She supplicates a vote, and steals a heart."

We do not care much for tributes of this kind to anonymous young ladies, though some of them are prettily turned enough. As has been remarked before, epigrams which have a personal history are by far the most interesting. Of these Mr. Booth has omitted several which were very easy to be found, and better in their way than very many of his selection. Such as these surely deserved a place for every reason:—

"ON MISS VASSAL (LADY HOLLAND) AT A MASQUERADE, FEB. 27, 1786.

Imperial nymph! ill-suited is thy name
To speak the wonders of that radiant frame;
Where'er thy sovereign form on earth is seen,
All eyes are *Vassals*—thou alone a queen."

"ON THE TWO BEAUTIFUL MISS GUNNINGS.

Ely Cupid, perceiving our modern beaux' hearts
Were proof to the sharpest and best of his darts,
His power to maintain, the young urchin, grown cunning,
Has laid down his bow, and now conquers by *Gunning*."

"BERKINS TO LADY PAYNE.

(He had complained of feeling unwell at her house.)

'Tis true I am ill, but I need not complain,
For he never knew pleasure that never knew *Payne*."

And in spite of its being anonymous (so far as we know) both as to author and subject, we should like to add this last to the editor's collection:—

"ON A PATCH ON A LADY'S FACE.

That artful speck upon her face
Had been a foil in one less fair;
In her it hides a killing grace,
And she in mercy placed it there."

We have not much faith in *impromptus*, which usually cost their authors much time and pains to compose; but we are glad to see again one of Theodore Hook's (who really had the gift of making them) which, if the circumstances of its production are faithfully recorded, is one of the very best that was ever put into print. He is said to have been sitting at the piano, composing and singing one of those extempore songs in which he adapted a verse to the name of each one of the company present, when a Mr. Wynter entered the room quite unexpectedly. Hook at once started off as follows:—

"Here comes Mr. Wynter, surveyor of taxes,
I advise you to give him whatever he axes;
And that, too, without any nonsense or flummery,
For though his name's *Wynter*, his actions are *summary*."

Of such as are really epigrams in the original sense—inscriptions—

one of the best in the book, and perhaps not so commonly known as some others, is that said to be still visible at the Duke of Richmond Inn, at Goodwood, on the carved figure-head (a lion) of Anson's ship the Centurion :—

"Stay, traveller, awhile, and view
I who have travelled more than you;
Quite round the globe in each degree,
Anson and I have ploughed the sea;
Torrid and frigid zones have passed,
And, safe ashore arrived at last,
In ease and dignity appear—
He in the House of Lords—I here."

The collection is not improved by the addition of a third class, containing "Monumental Epigrams." If intended as a collection of genuine epitaphs remarkable for their terseness or eccentricity, it is anything but complete, and the thing has been much better done before. But in point of fact it is a jumble of old tombstone verses, either genuine, or which have passed for such, with the playful or bitter "last words" which wits have suggested for their friends or enemies. By the side of inscriptions which are known to have a local existence, we find such things as Goldsmith's "Madam Blaize," Moore's lines upon Southey, and Punch's suggested epitaph on a locomotive engine—"Her end was pieces." The classification of epigrams is perhaps not very easy; but this kind of division into "Humorous" and "Monumental" is certainly the most illogical that ever was attempted. We wonder under which heading the editor would have classed the following verses, if he had happened to meet with them. They are an anticipatory dirge for Professor Buckland, at that time the great popular geologist, from the pen of Archbishop Whately. We do not know that they have been printed, except in the columns of a newspaper.

"Mourn, Ammonites, mourn o'er his
funeral urn,
Whose neck* ye must grace no more;

Gneiss, granite, and slate,—he settled
your date,
And his ye must now deplore.

Weep, caverns, weep, with indolent drip,
Your recesses he'll cease to explore;
For mineral veins or organic remains,
No stratum again will be bore.

His wit shone like Crystal—his knowledge profound
From Gravel to Granite descended;
No, Trap could deceive him, no Slip confound,
No specimen, true or pretended.

Where shall we our great Professor inter,
That in peace may rest his bones?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre,
He'll get up and break the stones,
And examine each stratum that lies around,
For he's quite in his element underground.

If with mattock and spade his body we lay
In the common alluvial soil;
He'll start up and snatch those tools away
Of his own geological toil;
In a stratum so young the Professor disdains
That embedded should be his organic remains.

Then exposed to the drip of some case-hardening spring
His carcass let stalactite cover;
And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring,
When duly encrusted all over;
There 'mid mammoths and crocodiles,
high on the shelf,
Let him stand as a monument raised to himself.

1st Dec. 1820."

The reader will find, in this last class, four Latin lines which have always been a puzzle to curious scholars. They are said to be found on a stone in Lavenham Church, Norfolk—

"Quod fuit esse quod est
Quod non fuit esse quod esse
Esse quod non esse
Quod est non est erit esse."

(We prefer leaving out the commas, as we have found the punctuation of other passages, whether the printer's or the editor's of rather a hap-hazard character.) There is a translation given—one of several which we have seen, perfectly in-

* The ladies of Dr. Buckland's family—if not the Professor himself—occasionally were necklaces of ammonites.

telligible in themselves, but quite impossible to be got, by any fair grammatical process, out of the original Latin. The most plausible interpretation suggested—and if not the true one, it has, at least, the merit of great ingenuity—goes upon the supposition that the name of the deceased was *Toby Watt*. Then it comes out something like this: "That which was Toby Watt, is what Toby Watt was not; to be Toby Watt, is not to be what Toby Watt is; Toby is not, he will be." It is true that the Lavenham epitaph is said to be upon one John Wales: but we believe it exists elsewhere, with various readings; and it is by no means impossible that John Wales's relatives borrowed the inscription, admiring it none the less that it was unintelligible. That some such play upon words is the key to the riddle, seems probable from another epitaph in Mr. Booth's book—

"Hic jacet Plus, plus non est hic,
Plus et non plus—quomodo sic?"

Of which the following, said to be in St. Benet's Church, Paul's Wharf, seems to be a free translation—

"Here lies one *More*, and no more than he;
One *More* and no more—how can that be?
Why, one *More* and no more may well lie here
alone,
But here lies one *More*, and that's more than
one."

Such grim puns were not thought irreverent to the dead by the taste

of the day. We are not fond either of monumental witticism or monumental eulogy; if we must needs choose a poetical memorial, there is one in the book (which really exists at Peterborough) whose plain-speaking strikes our fancy:—

"Reader, pass on, nor idly waste your time,
In bad biography, or blither rhyme;
What I am now, this cumbrous clay insures,
And what I was, is no affair of yours."

It will be seen that we have been unable to compliment the present editor on his selection. Especially we regret to see some of the modern personalities of 'Punch' copied into his pages. They may be excused in an ephemeral publication; they are not really malicious—indeed, nothing is more remarkable than their general good-humour and freedom from bitterness, when the temptations of the professional joker are considered—and they answer the intended purpose of raising a laugh. But in a book intended for the drawing-room table, as this seems to be, the same sense of propriety which has excluded some of the wittiest epigrams of former generations on account of their grossness, should also have suffered verses of no remarkable brilliancy, which describe living and late bishops (whose names are supplied in a note) as "Soapey" and "Cheesy," to remain in the files of periodical papers, or in the memories of their admirers.

CRINOLINIANA.

You ask me, gentle cousin mine,
 To praise the beauty of your eyes;
 And, trust me, they are fair and fine
 As are the stars of Paradise:
 Bright scintillations of the soul
 That stirs my inmost being, sweet.
 Fain would I lay, without control
 My heart and homage at thy feet.
 One thing alone retards the sign—
 Forgive me!—'tis thy Crinoline!

No devotee of art am I;
 Nor would I wish my love to wear
 That scantiest of all drapery,
 That Venus rising fresh and fair,
 From out the warm *Ægean* wave,
 Cast loosely round her rosy limbs,
 When all the Graces welcome gave,
 And Nereids sang their sportive hymns.
 But there's some difference, I opine,
 'Twixt diaphane and Crinoline!

Another Venus once I saw,
 A young *Caffrarian* from the Cape;
 And Bond Street swells surveyed with awe
 The vast proportions of her shape.
 Jet-black and woolly was her hair,
 And damson-hued her bounteous lips;
 But more admired, beyond compare,
 Were two enormous—pillow-slips.
 Yet slenderer was her girth than thine,
 If measured round that Crinoline!

Ere yet from *Leyden's* schools I came,
 At Cupid's shrine I breathed my vow;
 Vanbruggen's daughter was my flame,
 A tender, plump, and fondling frow.
 Her solid beauties to enhance,
 Twelve petticoats above she drew;
 Yet sylph-like moved she in the dance,
 Compared my full-blown coz, with you
 There flaunts not on the *Nether Rhine*,
 So strange a hunch as Crinoline.

I know that thou art fair and sweet,
 I do believe thee shapely too;
 For gazing on those fairy feet,
 I think of *Cinderella's* shoe.
 Yet learn we from these ancient tales
 That art may cover nature's flaws,
 For *Melusina's* serpent-scales
 Were hid beneath a bower of gauze.
 There's no depending on the spine
 So thickly swathed in Crinoline

Ah, cousin ! I have seen thee gaze—
And half-adored thee for thy look—
On pictured glories, where the blaze
Of angel-pinions, as they took
Their upward flight, was deftly drawn
By Raphael's or Correggio's hand ;
Soft as the mists that rise at dawn
The robes of that celestial band.
But would an angel seem divine,
If bolstered out with Crinoline ?

How can I stoop ? How can I kneel ?
How can I worship at thy feet ?
When thou art fenced about with steel,
An Amazon in mail complete !
I fear not Cupid's fieriest dart—
Am willing for thy sake to die ;
But if a splinter chanced to start,
Why, dearest I might lose an eye !
Ah, cruel ! wherefore bear that mine
Of danger in thy Crinoline ?

To whisper to thee were a joy
More coveted than wealth of kings ;
But ah ! what means can I employ
To baffle those confounded springs ?
I long to clasp thee to my heart,
But all my longings are in vain ;
I sit and sigh two yards apart,
And curse the barriers of thy train.
My fondest hopes I must resign,
I can't get past that Crinoline !

DUNSHUNNER.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

CARLISLE is, as is well known, essentially a quiet place. There is no trade in the town, properly so called. To be sure, there are two or three small counting-houses at the other end of George Street, in that ambitious pile called Gresham Chambers; but the owners of these places of business live, as a general rule, in villas, either detached or semi-detached, in the North-end, the new quarter, which, as everybody knows, is a region lately unreservedly devoted to the manufacture of there is to that of manufacturing, so very particular, and a very good class of people—indeed, to some extent, to meet with a social circle which is not only a pleasure for the seat of the town. It is the fact that it has no public house, not even a public house, that they like it. have people collected together in pretty houses in the town, which is, of course, a higher tribute to the town than any special inducement could give them. But in the town some centre of necessity. This point round everything circles, is, in fact, found in the clergy. To the administrators of the town, the only people who are not and compulsory duties have a sharp outline to life. Now this touch of necessity in business seems needless even the most refined society: a man is obliged to be somewhere at certain hours, to do something at certain times, and whose public life are not volunteer proceedings, but indispensable work, has a plain reason of command among his duty and unoccupied occasions.

nity, not to say that it is a public boon to have some one whom everybody knows and can talk of. The minister in Salem Chapel was everything to his little world. That respectable connection would not have hung together half so closely but for this perpetual subject of discussion, criticism, and patronage; and, to compare great things with small, society in Carlingford recognised in some degree the same human want. An enterprising or non-enterprising rector made all the difference in the world in Grange Lane; and in the absence of a rector that counted for anything (and poor Mr. Proctor was of no earthly use, as everybody knew, it followed, as a natural consequence, that a great deal of the interest and influence of the parish fell into the hands of the curate of St. Roque's.

But that position was one full of difficulties, as any one acquainted with the real state of affairs must see in a moment. Mr. Westwood's circumstances were, on the whole, as delicate and critical as can be imagined, both as respected his standing in Carlisle and the place he held in his own family—not to speak of certain other personal matters which were still more troublesome and vexatious. These last, of course, were of his own bringing on: for if a young man chooses to fall in love when he has next to nothing to live upon, trouble is sure to follow. He had quite enough in his hands otherwise without this crowning complication. When Mr. Westwood first came to Carlisle, it was in the days of Mr. Bayly the Evangelical rector—as was his days, when he had no longer as our vigorous, and was very full of assistance, as he said in his private and parish work. Mr. Bayly and a friendship of old standing with

the Miss Wentworths of Skelmersdale, Mr. Francis Wentworth's aunts; and it was a long time before the old rector's eyes were opened to the astounding fact, that the nephew of these precious and chosen women held "views" of the most dangerous complexion, and indeed was as near Rome as a strong and lofty conviction of the really superior catholicity of the Anglican Church would permit him to be. Before he found this out, Mr. Bury, who had unlimited confidence in preaching, and improving talk, had done all he could to get the young man to "work," as the good rector called it, and had voluntarily placed all that difficult district about the canal under the charge of the curate of St. Roque's. It is said that the horror with which, after having just written to Miss Leonora Wentworth to inform her what "a great work" his young friend was doing among the bargemen, Mr. Bury was seized upon entering St. Roque's itself for the first time after the consecration, when the young priest had arranged everything his own way, had a very bad effect on his health, and hastened his end. And it is indeed a fact that he died soon after, before he had time to issue the interdict he intended against Mr. Wentworth's further exertions in the parish of Carlingford. Then came Mr. Proctor, who came into the town as if he had dropped from the skies, and knew no more about managing a parish than a baby; and under his exceptional incumbency Mr. Wentworth became more than ever necessary to the peace of the community. Now a new *regime* had been inaugurated. Mr. Morgan, a man whom Miss Wodehouse described as "in the prime of life," newly married, with a wife also in the prime of life, who had waited for him ten years, and all that time had been under training for her future duties—two fresh, new, active, clergymanly intellects, entirely open to the affairs of the town, and bent upon general reformation, and sound management—

had just come into possession. The new rector was making a great stir all about him, as was natural to a new man; and it seemed, on the whole, a highly doubtful business whether he and Mr. Wentworth would find Carlingford big enough to hold them both.

"We could not have expected to begin quite without difficulties," said Mrs. Morgan, as she and her husband discussed the question in the drawing-room of the rectory. It was a pretty drawing-room, though Mr. Proctor's taste was not quite in accordance with the principles of the new incumbent's wife: however, as the furniture was all new, and as the former rector had no further need for it, it was, of course, much the best and most economical arrangement to take it as it stood—though the bouquets on the carpet were a grievance which nothing but her high Christian principles could have carried Mrs. Morgan through. She looked round as she spoke, and gave an almost imperceptible shake of her head: she, too, had her share of disagreeables. "It would not look like Christ's work, dear," said the clergyman's wife, "if we had it all our own way."

"My dear, I hope I am actuated by higher motives than a desire to have it all my own way," said the rector. "I always felt sure that Proctor would make a mess of any parish he took in hand, but I did not imagine he would have left it to anybody who pleased to work it. You may imagine what my feelings were to-day when I came upon a kind of impromptu chapel in that wretched district near the canal. I thought it a Little Bethel, you know, of course; but, instead of that, I find young Wentworth goes there Wednesdays and Fridays to do duty, and that there is service on Sunday evening, and I can't tell what besides. It may be done from a good motive—but such a disregard of all constituted authority," said the rector, with involuntary vehemence, "can ne-

ver, in my opinion, be attended by good results."

"Mr. Wentworth, did you say?" said Mrs. Morgan, upon whose female soul the Perpetual Curate's good looks and good manners had not been without a certain softening effect. "I am so sorry. I don't wonder you are vexed; but don't you think there must be some mistake, William? Mr. Wentworth is so gentlemanly and nice—and of very good family, too. I don't think he would choose to set himself in opposition to the rector. I think there must be some mistake."

"It's a very aggravating mistake, at all events," said Mr. Morgan, rising and going to the window. It was, as we have said, a very pretty drawing-room, and the windows opened upon as pretty a bit of lawn as you could see, with one handsome cedar sweeping its dark branches majestically over delicious greensward; but some people did think it was too near George Street and the railway. Just at that moment a puff of delicate white vapour appeared over the wall, and a sudden express-train, just released from the cover of the station, sprang with a snort and bound across the rector's view, very imperfectly veiled by the lime-trees, which were thin in their foliage as yet. Mr. Morgan groaned and retreated—out of his first exaltation he had descended all at once, as people will do after building all their hopes upon one grand event, into great depression and vexation, when he found that, after all, this event did not change the face of existence, but indeed brought new proofs of mortality in the shape of special annoyances belonging to itself in its train. "On the whole," said the rector, who was subject to fits of disgust with things in general, "I am tempted to think it was a mistake coming to Carlingford: the drawbacks quite overbalance the advantages. I did hesitate, I remember—it must have been my better angel; that is, my

dear," he continued, recollecting himself, "I would have hesitated had it not been for you."

Here there ensued a little pause. Mrs. Morgan was not so young as she had been ten years ago, all which time she had waited patiently for the Fellow of All-Souls, and naturally these ten years and the patience had not improved her looks. There was a redness on her countenance nowadays which was not exactly bloom; and it stretched across her cheeks, and over the point of her nose, as she was painfully aware, poor lady. She was silent when she heard this, wondering with a passing pang whether he was sorry? But being a thoroughly sensible woman, and above indulging in those little appeals by which foolish ones confuse the calm of matrimonial friendship, she did not express the momentary feeling. "Yes, William," she said, sympathetically, casting her eyes again on the objectionable carpet, and feeling that there *were* drawbacks even to her happiness as the wife of the rector of Carlingford; "but I suppose every place has its disadvantages; and then there is such good society; and a town like this is the very place for your talents; and when affairs are in your own hands——"

"It is very easy talking," said the vexed rector. "Society and everybody would turn upon me if I interfered with Wentworth—there's the vexation. The fellow goes about it as if he had a right. Why, there's a Provident Society and all sorts of things going on, exactly as if it were his own parish. What led me to the place was seeing some ladies in grey cloaks—exactly such frights as you used to make yourself, my dear—flickering about. He has got up a sisterhood, I have no doubt; and to find all this in full operation in one's own parish, without so much as being informed of it! and you know I don't approve of sisterhoods—never did; they are founded on a mistake."

"Yes, dear. I know I gave up as soon as I knew your views on that subject," said Mrs. Morgan. "I daresay so will the ladies here. Who were they? Did you speak to them? or perhaps they belonged to St. Roque's."

"Nobody belongs to St. Roque's," said the rector, contemptuously—"it has not even a district. They were the two Miss Wodehouses."

Mrs. Morgan was moved to utter a little cry. "And their father is churchwarden!" said the indignant woman. "Really, William, this is too much—without even consulting you! But it is easy to see how *that* comes about. Lucy Wodehouse and young Wentworth are —; well, I don't know if they are engaged—but they are always together, walking and talking, and consulting with each other, and so forth—a great deal more than I could approve of; but that poor elder sister, you know, has no authority—nor indeed any experience, poor thing," said the rector's wife: "that's how it is, no doubt."

"Engaged!" said the rector. He gave a kindly glance at his wife, and melted a little. "Engaged, are they? Poor little thing! I hope she'll be as good as you have been, my dear; but a young man may be in love without interfering with another man's parish. I can't forgive that," said Mr. Morgan, recovering himself; "he must be taught to know better; and it is very hard upon a clergyman," continued the spiritual ruler of Carlingford, "that he cannot move in a matter like this without incurring a storm of godless criticism. If I were sending Wentworth out of my parish, I shouldn't wonder if the 'Times' had an article upon it, denouncing me as an indolent priest and bigot, that would neither work myself nor let my betters work; that's how these fellows talk."

"But nobody could say such things of you," said Mrs. Morgan, firing up.

"Of me? they'd say them of St. Paul, if he had ever been in the cir-

cumstances," said the rector; "and I should just like to know what he would have done in a parish like this, with the Dissenters on one side, and a Perpetual Curate without a district meddling on the other. Ah, my dear," continued Mr. Morgan, "I daresay they had their troubles in these days; but facing a governor or so now and then, or even passing a night in the stocks, is a very different thing from a showing-up in the 'Times,' not to speak of the complications of duty. Let us go out and call at Folgate's, and see whether he thinks anything can be done to the church."

"Dear, you wouldn't mind the 'Times' if it were your duty?" said the rector's wife, getting up promptly to prepare for the walk.

"No, I suppose not," said Mr. Morgan, not without a thrill of importance; "nor the stake," he added, with a little laugh, for he was not without a sense of humour; and the two went out to the architect's to ascertain the result of his cogitations over the church. They passed that sacred edifice in their way, and went in to gaze at it with a disgust which only an unhappy priest of high culture and æsthetic tastes, doomed to officiate in a building of the eighteenth century, of the churchwarden period of architecture, could fully enter into.

"Eugh!" said Mr. Morgan, looking round upon the high pews and stifling galleries with an expressive contraction of his features—his wife looked on sympathetic; and it was at this unlucky moment that the subject of their late conference made his appearance cheerfully from behind the ugly pulpit, in close conference with Mr. Folgate. The pulpit was a three-storeyed mass, with the reading-desk and the clerk's desk beneath—a terrible eyesore to the rector and his wife.

"I can fancy the expediency of keeping the place in repair," said the curate of St. Roque's, happy in the consciousness of possessing a church which, though not old, had been built by Gilbert Scott, and

cheerfully unconscious of the presence of listeners; "but to beauty a wretched old barn like this is beyond the imagination of man. Money can't do everything," said the heedless young man, as he came lounging down the middle aisle, tapping contemptuously with his cane upon the high pew-doors. "I wonder where the people expected to go to who built Carlingford Church? Curious," continued the young Anglican, stopping in mid-career, "to think of bestowing *consecration* upon anything so hideous. What a pass the world must have come to, Folgate, when this erection was counted worthy to be the house of God! After all, perhaps it is wrong to feel so strongly about it. The walls *are* consecrated, though they are ugly; we can't revoke the blessing. But no wonder it was an unchristian age."

"We have our treasure in earthen vessels," said Mr. Morgan, somewhat sternly, from where he stood, under shelter of the heavy gallery. Mr. Wentworth was shortsighted, like most people nowadays. He put up his glass hastily, and then hurried forward, perhaps just a little abashed. When he had made his salutations, however, he returned undismayed to the charge.

"It's a great pity you have not something better to work upon," said the dauntless curate; "but it is difficult to conceive what can be done with such an unhallowed type of construction. I was just saying to Folgate——"

"There is a great deal of cant abroad on this subject," said Mr.

Morgan, interrupting the young oracle. "I like good architecture, but I don't relish attributing moral qualities to bricks and mortar. The hallowing influence ought to be within. Mr. Folgate, we were going to call at your office. Have you thought of the little suggestions I ventured to make? Oh, the drawings are here. Mr. Wentworth does not approve of them, I suppose?" said the rector, turning sternly round upon the unlucky curate of St. Roque's.

"I can only say I sympathise with you profoundly," said young Wentworth, with great seriousness. "Such a terrible church must be a great trial. I wish I had any advice worth offering; but it is my hour for a short service down at the canal, and I can't keep my poor barges waiting. Good morning. I hope you'll come and give us your countenance, Mrs. Morgan. There's no end of want and trouble at Wharfside."

"Is Mr. Wentworth aware, I wonder, that Wharfside is in the parish of Carlingford?" said the rector, with involuntary severity, as the young priest withdrew calmly to go to his "duty." Mr. Folgate, who supposed himself to be addressed, smiled, and said, "Oh yes, of course," and unfolded his drawings, to which the clerical pair before him lent a disturbed attention. They were both in a high state of indignation by this time. It seemed indispensable that something should be done to bring to his senses an intruder so perfectly composed and at his ease.

CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile Mr. Wentworth, without much thought of his sins, went down George Street, meaning to turn off at the first narrow turning which led down behind the shops and traffic, behind the comfort and beauty of the little town, to that inevitable land of shadow which always dogs the sunshine. Carling-

ford proper knew little about it, except that it increased the poor-rates, and now and then produced a fever. The minister of Salem Chapel was in a state of complete ignorance on the subject. The late rector had been equally uninformed. Mr. Bury, who was Evangelical, had the credit of disinterring the buried creatures

there about thirty years ago. It was an office to be expected of that much-præaching man; but what was a great deal more extraordinary, was to find that the only people now in Carlingford who knew anything about Wharfside, except overseers of the poor and guardians of the public peace, were the perpetual curate of St. Roque's—who had nothing particular to do with it, and who was regarded by many so-called persons with suspicion as a dilettante Anglican, given over to floral ornaments and ecclesiastical upholstery—and some half-dozen people of the very *élite* of society, principally ladies residing in Grange Lane.

Mr. Wentworth came to a hesitating pause at the head of the turning which would have led him to Wharfside. He looked at his watch and saw there was half an hour to spare. He gave a wistful lingering look down the long line of garden-walls, pausing upon one point where the blossomed boughs of an apple tree overlooked that enclosure. There was quite time to call and ask if the Miss Wodehouses were going down to the service this afternoon; but was it duty? or, indeed, putting the question aside, was it quite right to compound matters with his own heart's desire and the work he was engaged in, in this undeniable fashion? The young priest crossed the street very slowly, swinging his cane and knitting his brows as he debated the question. If it had been one of the bargemen bringing his sweetheart, walking with her along the side of the canal to which Spring and sweet Easter coming on, and Love, perhaps, always helpful of illusions, might convey a certain greenness and sentiment of nature—and echoing her soft responses to the afternoon prayers—perhaps the curate might have felt that such devotion was not entirely pure and simple. But somehow, before he was aware of it, his slow footstep had crossed the line, and he found himself in Grange Lane, bending his steps towards Mr. Wodehouse's door. For one

thing, to be sure, the Canticles in the evening service could always be sung when Lucy's sweet clear voice was there to lead the uncertain melody; and it was good to see her singing the 'Magnificat' with that serious sweet face, "full of grace," like Mary's own. Thinking of that, Mr. Wentworth made his way without any further hesitation to the green door over which hung the apple-blossoms, totally untroubled in his mind as to what the reverend pair were thinking whom he had left behind him in the ugly church; and unconscious that his impromptu chapel at Wharfside, with its little carved reading-desk, and the table behind, contrived so as to look suspiciously like an altar, was a thorn in anybody's side. Had his mind been in a fit condition at that moment to cogitate trouble, his thoughts would have travelled in a totally different direction, but in the mean time Mr. Wentworth was very well able to put aside his perplexities. The green door opened just as he reached it, and Lucy and her elder sister came out in those grey cloaks which the rector had slandered. They were just going to Wharfside to the service, and of course they were surprised to see Mr. Wentworth, who did not knock at that green door more than a dozen times in a week, on the average. The curate walked between the sisters on their way towards their favourite "district." Such a position could scarcely have been otherwise than agreeable to any young man. Dear old Miss Wodehouse was the gentlest of chaperones. Old Miss Wodehouse people called her, not knowing why—perhaps because that adjective was sweeter than the harsh one of middle age which belonged to her; and then there was such a difference between her and Lucy. Lucy was twenty, and in her sweetest bloom. Many people thought with Mr. Wentworth that there were not other two such eyes in Carlingford. Not that they were brilliant or penetrating, but as blue as heaven,

and as serene and pure. So many persons thought, and the perpetual curate among them. The grey cloak fell in pretty folds around that light elastic figure, and there was not an old woman in the town so tender, so helpful, so handy as Lucy where trouble was, as all the poor people knew. So the three went down Prickett's Lane, which leads from George Street towards the canal—not a pleasant part of the town, by any means; and if Mr. Wentworth was conscious of a certain haze of sunshine all round and about him, gliding over the poor pavement, and here and there transfiguring some baby bystander gazing open-mouth at the pretty lady, could any reasonable man be surprised?

"I hope your aunts were quite well, Mr. Wentworth, when you heard from them last," said Miss Wodehouse, "and all your people at home. In such a small family as ours, we should go out of our wits if we did not hear every day, but I suppose it is different where there are so many. Lucy, when she goes from home," said the tender elder sister, glancing at her with a half-maternal admiration—"and she might always be visiting about if she liked—writes to me every day."

"I have nobody who cares for me enough to write every week," said the curate, with a look which was for Lucy's benefit. "I am not so lucky as you. My aunts are quite well, Miss Wodehouse, and they think I had better go up to town in May for the meetings," added Mr. Wentworth, with a passing laugh; "and the rest of my people are very indignant that I am not of their way of thinking. There is Tom Burrows on the other side of the street; he is trying to catch *your* eye," said the curate, turning round upon Lucy; for the young man had come to such a pass that he could not address her in an ordinary and proper way like other people, but, because he dared not yet call her by her Christian name as if she belonged to him, had a strange rude

way of indicating when he was speaking to her, by emphasis and action. It was singularly different from his usual good-breeding; but Lucy somehow rather liked it than otherwise. "He is not going to church for the sake of the service. He is going to please *you*. He has never forgotten what you did for that little boy of his; and, indeed, if you continue to go on so," said Mr. Wentworth, lowering his voice, and more than ever bending his tall head to one side, "I shall have to put a stop to it somehow, for I am not prepared, whatever people say, to go in at once for *public* worship of the saints."

"I am going in here to call," said Lucy. She looked up very innocently in the curate's face. "I promised the poor sick woman in the back-room to see her every day, and I could not get out any sooner. I daresay I shall be at the school-room before you begin. Good-bye just now," said the young Sister of Mercy. She went off all at once on this provoking but unexceptionable errand, looking with calm eyes upon the dismay which overspread the expressive countenance of her spiritual guide. Mr. Wentworth stood looking after her for a moment, stunned by the unexpected movement. When he went on, truth compels us to own that a thrill of disgust had taken the place of that vague general sense of beatitude which threw beauty even upon Prickett's Lane. The curate gave but a sulky nod to the salutation of Tom Burrows, and walked on in a savage mood by the side of Miss Wodehouse, around whom no number of ideal glory hovered.

"I am always afraid of its being too much for her, Mr. Wentworth," said the anxious elder sister; "it upsets me directly; but then I never was like Lucy—I can't tell where all you young people have learned it; we never used to be taught so in my day; and though I am twice as old as she is, I know I am not half so much good in the world," said the kind soul, with

a gentle sigh. "I should like to see you in a parish of your own, where you would have it all your own way. I hope Mr. Morgan won't be meddling when he comes to have time for everything. I should almost think he would—though it seems unkind to say it—by his face."

"I am doing nothing more than my duty," said the Perpetual Curate, in morose tones. "This district was given into my hands by the late rector. Mr. Morgan's face does not matter to me."

"But I should like to see you in a parish of your own," said Miss Wodehouse, meaning to please him. "You know papa always says so. St. Roque's is very nice, but——"

"If you wish me out of the way, Miss Wodehouse, I am sorry to say you are not likely to be gratified," said the curate, "for I have no more expectation of any preferment than you have. Such chances don't come in everybody's way."

"But I thought your aunts, Mr. Wentworth——" said poor Miss Wodehouse, who unluckily did not always know when to stop.

"My aunts don't approve of my principles," answered Mr. Wentworth, who had his own reasons for speaking with a little asperity. "They are more likely to have me denounced at Exeter Hall. I will join you immediately. I must speak to these men across the street;" and the curate accordingly walked into a knot of loungers opposite, with a decision of manner which Lucy's desertion had helped him to. Miss Wodehouse, thus left alone, went on with lingering and somewhat doubtful steps. She was not used to being in "the district" by herself. It disturbed her mild, middle-aged habits to be left straying about here alone among all these poor people, whom she looked at half wistfully, half alarmed, feeling for them in her kind heart, but not at all knowing how to get at them as the young people did. The unruly children and gossiping

mothers at the poor doors discomposed her sadly, and she was not near so sure that her grey cloak defended her from all rudeness as she pretended to be when assenting to the enthusiasm of Mr. Wentworth and Lucy. She made tremulous haste to get out of this scene, which she was not adapted for, to the shelter of the schoolroom, where, at least, she would be safe. "We never were taught so in my day," she said to herself, with an unexpressed wonder, which was right? but when she had reached that haven of shelter, was seized with a little panic for Lucy, and went out again and watched for her at the corner of the street, feeling very uncomfortable. It was a great relief to see her young sister coming down alert and bright even before she was joined by Mr. Wentworth, who had carried his point with the men he had been talking to. To see them coming down together, smiling to all those people at the doors who disturbed the gentle mind of Miss Wodehouse with mingled sentiments of sympathy and repulsion, bestowing nods of greeting here and there, pausing even to say a word to a few favoured clients, was a wonderful sight to the timid maiden lady at the corner of the street. Twenty years ago some such companion might have been by Miss Wodehouse's side, but never among the poor people in Prickett's Lane. Even with Lucy before her, she did not understand it. As the two came towards her, other thoughts united with these in her kind soul. "I wonder whether anything will ever come of it?" she said to herself, and with that wandered into anxious reflections what this difference could be between Mr. Wentworth and his aunts; which cogitations, indeed, occupied her till the service began, and perhaps disturbed her due appreciation of it; for if Lucy and Mr. Wentworth got attached, as seemed likely, and Mr. Wentworth did not get a living, what was to come of it? The thought made

this tender-hearted spectator sigh: perhaps she had some experience of her own to enlighten her on such a point. At least it troubled, with sympathetic human cares, the gentle soul which had lost the confidence of youth.

As for the two most immediately concerned, they thought nothing at all about aunts or livings. Whether it is the divine influence of youth, or whether the vague unacknowledged love which makes two people happy in each other's presence carries with it a certain inspiration, this at least is certain, that there is an absolute warmth of devotion arrived at in such moments, which many a soul, no longer happy, would give all the world to reach. Such crowds and heaps of blessings fall to these young souls! They said their prayers with all their hearts, not aware of deriving anything of that profound sweet trust and happiness from each other, but expanding over all the ruce but reverent worshippers around them, with an unlimited faith in their improvement, almost in their perfection. This was what the wondering look-er-on, scarcely able to keep her anxieties out of her prayers, could not understand, having forgotten, though she did not think so, the exaltation of that time of youth, as people do. She thought it all their goodness that they were able to put away their own thoughts; she did not know it was in the very nature of those unexpressed emotions to add the confidence of happiness to their prayers.

And after a while they all separated and went away back into the world and the everyday hours. Young Wentworth and Lucy had not said a syllable to each other, except about the people in "the district," and the Provident Society; and how that sober and laudable conversation could be called love-making, it would be difficult for the most ardent imagination to conceive. It was to dine with them that evening; so it was for but a very

brief time that they parted when the Perpetual Carate left the halls at the green door, and went away to his room to attend to some other duties, before he arrayed himself for the evening. As for the sisters, they went in quite comfortably, and had their cup of tea before they dressed for dinner. Lucy was manager indoors as well as out. She was good for a great deal more than Miss Wedgehouse in every practical matter. It was she who was responsible for the dinner, and had all the cares of the house upon her head. Notwithstanding, the elder sister took up her prerogative as they sat together in two very cosy easy-chairs, in a little room which communicated with both their bedrooms upstairs—a very cosy little odd room, not a dressing-room nor a boudoir, but something between the two, where the sisters had their private talks upon occasion, and which was consecrated by many a libation of fragrant tea.

"Lucy, my dear," said Miss Wedgehouse, whose gentle forehead was puckered with care, "I want to speak to you. I have not been able to get you out of my mind since ever we met Mr. Wentworth at the green door."

"Was there any need for getting me out of your mind?" said smiling Lucy. "I was a safe enough inmate, surely. I wonder how often I am out of your mind, Mary dear, night or day."

"That is true enough," said Miss Wedgehouse; "but you know that is not what I meant either. Lucy, are you quite sure you're going on just as you ought—"

Here she made a troubled pause, and looked in the laughing face opposite, intent upon her, with its startled eyes. "What have I done?" cried the younger sister. Miss Wedgehouse shook her head with a great deal of seriousness.

"It always begins with laughing," said the experienced woman; "but if it ends without tears, it will be something new to me. It's about Mr. Wentworth, Lucy. You're

always together, day after day; and, my dear, such things can't go on without coming to something—what is to come of it? I have looked at it from every point of view, and I am sure I don't know."

Lucy flushed intensely red, of course, at the curate's name; perhaps she had not expected it just at that moment; but she kept her composure like a sensible girl as she was.

"I thought it was the other side that were questioned about their intentions," she said. "Am I doing anything amiss? Mr. Wentworth is the curate of St. Roque's, and I am one of the district visitors, and we can't help seeing a great deal of each other so long as this work goes on at Wharfedale. You wouldn't like to stop a great work because we are obliged to see a good deal of—of one particular person?" said Lucy, with youthful virtue, looking in her sister's face; at which tone and look Miss Wodehouse immediately faltered, as the culprit knew she must.

"No—oh no, no—to be sure not," said the disturbed monitor. "When you say that, I don't know how to answer you. It must be right, I suppose. I am quite sure it is wonderful to see such young creatures as you, and how you can tell the right way to set about it. But things did not use to be so in my young days. Girls dare not have done such things twenty years ago—not in Carlingford, Lucy," said Miss Wodehouse; "and, dear, I think you ought to be a little careful, for poor Mr. Wentworth's sake."

"I don't think Mr. Wentworth is in any particular danger," said Lucy, putting down her cup, with a slight curve at the corners of her pretty mouth:—"and it is quite time for you to begin dressing. You know you don't like to be hurried, dear;" with which speech the young housekeeper got up from her easy-chair, gave her sister a kiss as she passed, and went away, singing softly, to her toilette. Perhaps there was a

little flatter in Lucy's heart as she bound it round with her favourite blue ribbons. Perhaps it was this that gave a certain startled gleam to her blue eyes, and made even her father remark them when she went down-stairs—"It seems to me as if this child were growing rather pretty, Molly, eh? I don't know what other people think," said Mr. Wodehouse—and perhaps Mr. Wentworth, who was just being ushered into the drawing-room at the moment, heard the speech, for he, too, looked as if he had never found it out before. Luckily there was a party, and no opportunity for sentiment. The party was in honour of the rector and his wife; and Mr. Wentworth could not but be conscious before the evening was over that he had done something to lose the favour of his clerical brother. There was a good deal of Church talk, as was natural, at the churchwarden's table, where three clergymen were dining—for Mr. Morgan's curate was there as well; and the curate of St. Roque's, who was slightly hot-tempered, could not help feeling himself disappointed of. It was not, on the whole, a satisfactory evening. Mr. Morgan talked rather big, when the ladies went away, of his plans for the reformation of Carlingford. He went into statistics about the poor, and the number of people who attended no church, without taking any notice of that "great work" which Mr. Wentworth knew to be going on at Wharfedale. The rector even talked of Wharfedale, and of the necessity of exertion on behalf of that wretched district, with a studious unconsciousness of Mr. Wentworth; and all but declined to receive better information when Mr. Wodehouse proffered it. Matters were scarcely better in the drawing-room, where Lucy was entertaining everybody, and had no leisure for the Perpetual Curate. He took his hat with a gloomy sentiment of satisfaction when it was time to go away; but when the green door was closed behind

him, Mr. Wentworth, with his first step into the dewy darkness, plunged headlong into a sea of thought. He had to walk down the whole length of Grange Lane to his lodgings, which was in the last house of the row, a small house in a small garden, where Mrs. Hadwin, the widow of a whilom curate, was permitted by public opinion, on the score of her own unexceptionable propriety,* to receive a lodger without loss of position thereby. It was moonlight, or rather it ought to have been moonlight, and no lamps were lighted in Grange Lane, according to the economical regulations of Carlingford; and as Mr. Wentworth pursued his way down the dark line of garden-walls, in the face of a sudden April shower which happened to be falling, he had full scope and opportunity for his thoughts.

These thoughts were not the most agreeable in the world. In the first place, it must be remembered that for nearly a year past Mr. Wentworth had had things his own way in Carlingford. He had been more than rector, he had been archdeacon, or rather bishop, in Mr. Proctor's time; for that good man was humble, and thankful for the advice and assistance of his young brother, who knew so much better than he did. Now, to be looked upon as an unauthorised workman, a kind of meddling, Dissenterish, missionising individual, was rather hard upon the young man. And then he thought of his aunts. The connection, imperceptible to an ignorant observer, which existed between the Miss Wentworths and Mr. Morgan, and Lucy, and many other matters interesting to their nephew, was a sufficiently real connection when you came to know it. That parish of his own which Miss Wodehouse had wished him—which would free the young clergyman from all trammels so far as his

work was concerned, and would enable him to marry, and do everything for him—it was in the power of the Miss Wentworths to bestow; but they were Evangelical women, very public-spirited, and thinking nothing of their nephew in comparison with their duty; and he was at that time of life, and of that disposition, which, for fear of being supposed to wish to deceive them, would rather exaggerate and make a display of the difference of his own views. Not for freedom, not for Lucy, would the Perpetual Curate temporise and manage the matter; so the fact was that he stood at the present moment in a very perilous predicament. But for this family living, which was, with their mother's property, in the hands of her co-heiresses, the three Miss Wentworths, young Frank Wentworth had not a chance of preferment in the world; for the respectable Squire his father had indulged in three wives and three families, and such a regiment of sons that all his influence had been fully taxed to provide for them. Gerald, the clergyman of the first lot, held the family living—not a very large one—which belonged to the Wentworths; and Frank, who was of the second, had been educated expressly with an eye to Skelmersdale, which belonged to his aunts. How he came at the end to differ so completely from these excellent ladies in his religious views is not our business just at present; but in the mean time matters were in a very critical position. The old incumbent of Skelmersdale was eighty, and had been ill all winter; and if the Miss Wentworths were not satisfied somehow, it was all over with their nephew's hopes.

Such were the thoughts that occupied his mind as he walked down Grange Lane in the dark, past the tedious, unsympathetic line of garden-walls, with the rain in his face. The evening's entertainment had

* She was a daughter of old Sir Jasper Shelton, a poor family, but very respectable, and connected with the Westerns.

stirred up a great many dormant sentiments. His influences in Carlingford had been ignored by this new-comer, who evidently thought he could do what he liked without paying any attention to the curate of St. Roque's; and, what was a great deal worse, he had found Lucy unapproachable, and had realised, if not for the first time, still with more distinctness than ever before, that she did not belong to him, and that he had no more right than any other acquaintance to monopolise her society. This last discovery was bitter to the young man—it was this that made him set his face to the rain, and his teeth, as if that could do any good. He had been happy in her mere society to-day, without entering into any of the terrible preliminaries of a closer connection. But now that was over. She did not belong to him, and he could not bear the thought. And how was she ever to belong to him? Not, certainly, if he was to be a Perpetual Curate of St. Roque's, or anywhere else. He felt, in the misery of the moment, as if he could never go to that green door again, or walk by her sweet side to that service in which they had joined so lately. He wondered whether she cared, with a despairing pang of anxiety, through which for an instant a celestial gleam of consciousness leaped, making the darkness all the greater afterwards. And to think that three old ladies, of whom it was not in the nature of things that the young man could be profoundly reverent, should hold in their hands the absolute power of his life, and could determine whether it was to be sweet with hope and love, or stern, constrained, and impoverished, without Lucy or any other immediate light! What a strange anomaly this was which met him full in the face as he pursued his thoughts! If it had been his bishop, or his college, or any fitting tribunal—but his aunts! Mr. Wentworth's ring at his own door was so much more hasty than

usual that Mrs. Hadwin paused in the hall, when she had lighted her candle, to see if anything was the matter. The little neat old lady held up her candle to look at him as he came in, glistening all over with rain-drops.

"I hope you are not wet, Mr. Wentworth," she said. "It is only an April shower, and we want it so much in the gardens. And I hope you have had a nice party and a pleasant evening."

"Thank you—pretty well," said the Perpetual Curate, with less suavity than usual, and a sigh that nearly blew Mrs. Hadwin's candle out. She saw he was discomposed, and therefore, with a feminine instinct, found more to say than usual before she made her peaceful way to bed. She waited while Mr. Wentworth lighted his candle too.

"Mr. Wodehouse's parties are always pleasant," she said. "I never go out, you know; but I like to hear of people enjoying themselves. I insist upon you going up-stairs before me, Mr. Wentworth. I have so little breath to spare, and I take such a long time going up, that you would be tired to death waiting for me. Now, don't mind being polite. I insist upon you going up first. Thank you. Now I can take my time."

And she took her time accordingly, keeping Mr. Wentworth waiting on the landing to say good-night to her, much to his silent exasperation. When he got into the shelter of his own sitting-room, he threw himself upon a sofa, and continued his thoughts with many a troubled addition. A young man, feeling in a great measure the world before him, conscious of considerable powers, standing on the very threshold of so much possible good and happiness,—it was hideous to look up, in his excited imagination, and see the figures of these three old ladies, worse than Fates, standing across the prospect and barring up the way.

And Lucy, meantime, was undo-

ing her blue ribbons with a thrill of sweet anticipation in her untroubled bosom. Perhaps Mary was right, and it was about coming to the time when this half-veiled, half-hoped revelation could not be postponed much longer. For it will be perceived that Lucy was not in much doubt of young Wentworth's sentiments. And then she paused in the dark, after she had said her prayers, to give one final thought to the sweet life that seemed to be before her so close at hand—in which, perhaps, he and she were to go out together. She did not know where, for the help of

the world and the comfort of the sorrowful; and not trusting herself to look much at that ideal, said another prayer, and went to sleep like one of God's beloved, with a tear too exquisite to be shed brimming under her long eyelashes. At this crisis of existence, perhaps for once in her life the woman has the best of it; for very different from Lucy's were the thoughts with which the curate sought his restless pillow, hearing the rain drip all the night, and trickle into Mrs. Hadwick's reservoirs. The old lady had a passion for rain-water, and it was a gusty night.

CHAPTER III.

NEXT week was Passion Week, and full of occupation. Even if it had been consistent either with Mr. Wentworth's principles or Lucy's to introduce secular affairs into so holy a season, they had not time or opportunity, as it happened, which was perhaps just as well; for otherwise the preliminary thrill of expectation which had disturbed Lucy's calm, and the bitter exasperation against himself and his fate with which Mr. Wentworth had discovered that he dared not say anything, might have caused an estrangement between them. As it was, the air was thundery and ominous through all the solemn days of the Holy Week. A consciousness as of something about to happen overshadowed even the "district," and attracted the keen observation of the lively spectators at Warfside. They were not greatly up in matters of doctrine, nor perhaps did they quite understand the eloquent little sermon which the Perpetual Curate gave them on Good Friday in the afternoon, between his own services, by way of impressing upon their minds the awful memories of the day; but they were as skilful in the variations of their young evangelist's looks, and as well qualified to decide upon the fact that there was "a something be-

tween" him and Miss Lucy Weddhouse, as any practised observer in the higher ranks of society. Whether the two had "had an unpleasantness," as, Wharfedale was well aware, human creatures under such circumstances are liable to have, the interested community could not quite make out; but that something more than ordinary was going on, and that the prettiest of all the "Provident ladies" had a certain preoccupation in her blue eyes, was a fact perfectly apparent to that intelligent society. And, indeed, one of the kindest matrons in Priests' Lane had even ventured so far as to wish Miss Lucy "a happy wedding when the time came." "And there'd to be a sight o' weddings this Easter," had added another, who was somewhat scandalised by the flowers in the bonnet of one of the brides-elect, and proceeded to say so in some detail. "But Miss Lucy won't wear no bonnet; the quality goes in wigs; and there never was as full a church as there will be to see it, wishing you your health and happiness, ma'am, as ain't no more nor you deserve, and you so good to us poor folks." All which felicitations and inquiries had confused Lucy, though she made her way out of them with a self-possession which amazed her sister.

"You see what everybody thinks, dear," said that gentle woman, when they had made their escape.

"Oh, Mary, how can you talk of such things at such a time?" the young Sister of Mercy had answered once more, turning these severe eyes of youthful devotion upon her troubled elder sister, who, to tell the truth, not having been brought up to it, as she said, felt much the same on Easter Eve at other times of her life; and thus once more the matter concluded. As for Mr. Wentworth, he was much occupied on that last day of the Holy Week with a great many important matters on hand. He had not seen the Wodehouses since the Good Friday evening service, which was an interval of about twenty hours, and had just paused, before eating his bachelor's dinner, to ponder whether it would be correct on that most sacred of vigils to steal away for half an hour, just to ask Lucy if she thought it necessary that he should see the sick woman at No. 10 Prickett's Lane before the morning. It was while he was pondering this matter in his mind that Mr. Wentworth's heart jumped to his throat upon receipt, quite suddenly, without preparation, of the following note:—

"MY DEAREST BOY,—Your aunts Cecilia, Leonora, and I have just arrived at this excellent inn, the Blue Boar. Old Mr. Shirley at Skelmersdale is in a very bad way, poor man, and I thought the *very best* thing I could do in my dearest Frank's *best* interests, was to persuade them to make you *quite* an *unexpected visit*, and see everything for themselves. I am in a terrible fright now lest I should have done wrong; but my dear, dear boy knows it is always his interest that I have at heart; and Leonora is so intent on having a *real gospel minister* at Skelmersdale, that she *never* would have been content with anything less than hearing you with her own ears. I hope and trust in Providence that you don't intone like poor Gerald. And oh, Frank, my dear boy, come

directly and dine with us, and don't fly in your aunt Leonora's face, and tell me I haven't been imprudent. I thought it would be best to take you unawares when you had everything prepared, and when we should see you just as you always are; for I am convinced Leonora and you only want to see more of each other to understand each other perfectly. Come, my dearest boy, and give a little comfort to your loving and anxious
AUNT DORA."

Mr. Wentworth sat gazing blankly upon this horrible missive for some minutes after he had read it, quite unaware of the humble presence of the maid who stood asking, Please was she to bring up dinner? When he came to himself, the awful "No!" with which he answered that alarmed handmaiden almost drove her into hysterics as she escaped down-stairs. However, Mr. Wentworth immediately put his head out at the door and called after her, "I can't wait for dinner, Sarah; I am suddenly called out, and shall dine where I am going. Tell Cook," said the young parson, suddenly recollecting Lucy's client, "to send what she has prepared for me, if it is very nice, to No. 10 Prickett's Lane. My boy will take it; and send him off directly, please," with which last commission the young man went up despairingly to his bedroom to prepare himself for this interview with his aunts. What was he to do? Already before him, in dreadful prophetic vision, he saw all three seated in one of the handsome open benches in St. Roque's, looking indescribable horrors at the crown of spring lilies which Lucy's own fingers were to weave for the cross over the altar, and listening to the cadence of his own manly tenor as it rang through the perfect little church of which he was so proud. Yes, there was an end of Skelmersdale, without any doubt or question now; whatever hope there might have been, aunt Dora had settled the matter by this last move of hers

—an end of Skelmersdale, and an end of Lucy. Perhaps he had better try not to see her any more; and the poor young priest saw that his own face looked ghastly as he looked at it in the glass. It gave him a little comfort to meet the boy with a bundle pinned up in snowy napkins, from which a grateful odour ascended, bending his steps to Prickett's Lane, as he himself went out to meet his fate. It was a last offering to that beloved "district" with which the image of his love was blended; but he would have given his dinner to Lucy's sick woman any day. To-night it was a greater sacrifice that was to be required of him. He went mournfully and slowly up Grange Lane, steeling himself for the encounter, and trying to forgive aunt Dora in his heart. It was not very easy. Things might have turned out just the same without any interference—that was true; but to have it all brought on in this wanton manner by a kind foolish woman, who would wring her hands and gaze in your face, and want to know, oh! did you think it was her fault? after she had precipitated the calamity, was very hard; and it was with a very gloomy countenance, accordingly, that the curate of St. Roque's presented himself at the Blue Boar.

The Miss Wentworths were in the very best sitting-room which the Blue Boar contained—the style in which they travelled, with a man and two maids, was enough to secure that; and the kitchen of that respectable establishment was doing its very best to send up a dinner worthy of "a party as had their own man to wait." The three ladies greeted their nephew with varying degrees of enthusiasm. The eldest, Miss Wentworth, from whom he took his second name Cecil, did not rise from her chair, but nevertheless kissed him in an affectionate dignified way when he was brought to her. As for aunt Dora, she ran into her dear Frank's arms, and in the very moment of that embrace whispered in his ear the

expression of her anxiety, and the panic which always followed those rash steps which she was in the habit of taking. "Oh, my dear, I hope you don't think I'm to blame," she said, with her lips at his ear, and gained but cold comfort from the curate's face. The alarming member of the party was Miss Leonora. She rose and made two steps forward to meet the unfortunate young man. She shook both his hands cordially, and said she was very glad to see him, and hoped he was well. She was the sensible sister of the three, and no doubt required all the sense she had to manage her companions. Miss Wentworth, who had been very pretty in her youth, was now a beautiful old lady, with snow-white hair and the most charming smile; and Miss Dora, who was only fifty, retained the natural colour of her own scanty light-brown locks, which waved in weak-minded ringlets over her cheeks; but Miss Leonora was iron-grey, without any complexion in particular, and altogether a harder type of woman. It was she who held in her hands the fate of Skelmersdale and of Frank Wentworth. Her terrible glance it was which he had imagined gleaming fierce upon his lilies—Lucy's lilies, his Easter decorations. It was by her side the alarmed curate was made to sit down. It was she who took the foot of the table, and was the gentleman of the house. Her voice was of that class of voice which may be politely called a powerful contralto. Every way she was as alarming a critic as ever was encountered by a Perpetual Curate or any other young man in trouble. Mr. Wentworth said feebly that this was a very unexpected pleasure, as he met his aunt Leonora's eye.

"I hope it *is* a pleasure," said that penetrating observer. "To tell the truth, I did not expect it would be; but your aunt Dora thought so, and you know, when she sets her heart on anything, nobody can get any peace. Not that your aunt Cecilia and I would have come on

that account, if we had not wished, for many reasons, to have some conversation with you, and see how you are getting on."

"Quite so, Leonora," said Miss Wentworth, smiling upon her nephew, and leaning back in her chair.

Then there was a little pause; for, after such a terrible address, it was not to be expected that the poor young man, who understood every word of it, could repeat his commonplace about the unlooked-for pleasure. Miss Dora of course seized the opportunity to rush in.

"We have been hearing such delightful things about you, my dear, from the people of the house. Leonora is so pleased to hear how you are labouring among the people, and doing your Master's work. We take all the happiness to ourselves, because, you know, you are *our* boy, Frank," said the anxious aunt, all her thin ringlets, poor lady, trembling with her eagerness to make every thing comfortable for her favourite; "and we have come, you know, specially to hear you on Easter Sunday in your own church. I am looking forward to a great treat; to think I should never have heard you, though it is so long since you were ordained! None of us have ever heard you—not even Leonora; but it is such a pleasure to us all to know you are so much liked in Carlingford," cried the troubled woman, growing nervous at sight of the unresponsive quiet around her. Miss Leonora by no means replied to the covert appeals thus made to her. She left her nephew and her sister to keep up the conversation unassisted; and as for Miss Wentworth, conversation was not her forte.

"I'm afraid, aunt, you will not hear anything worth such a long journey," said Mr. Wentworth, moved, like a rash young man as he was, to display his colours at once, and cry no surrender. "I don't think an Easter Sunday is a time for much preaching; and the Church has made such ample pro-

vision for the expression of our sentiments. I am more of a humble priest than an ambitious preacher," said the young man, with characteristic youthful pretence of the most transparent kind. He looked in Miss Leonora's face as he spoke. He knew the very name of priest was an offence in its way to that highly Evangelical woman; and if they were to come to single combat, better immediately than after intolerable suspense and delay.

"Perhaps, Dora, you will postpone your raptures about Frank's sermon—which may be a very indifferent sermon, as he says, for anything we can tell—till after dinner," said Miss Leonora. "We're all very glad to see him; and he need not think any little ill-tempered speeches he may make will disturb me. I dare say the poor boy would be glad to hear of some of the people belonging to him instead of all that nonsense. Come to dinner, Frank. Take the other side of the table, opposite Dora; and now that you've said grace, I give you full leave to forget that you're a clergyman for an hour at least. We were down at the old Hall a week ago, and saw your father and the rest. They are all well; and the last boy is rather like you, if you will think that any compliment. Mrs. Wentworth is pleased because you are one of the handsome ones, you know. Not much fear of the Wentworths dying out of the country yet awhile. Your father is getting at his wit's end, and does not know what to do with Cuthbert and Guy. Three sons are enough in the army, and two at sea; and I rather think it's as much as we can stand," continued Miss Leonora, not without a gleam of humour in her iron grey eyes, "to have two in the Church."

"That is as it may happen," said the Perpetual Curate, with a little spirit. "If the boys are of my way of thinking, they will consider the Church the highest of professions; but Guy and Cuthbert must go to Australia, I suppose,

like most other people, and take their chance—no harm in that."

"Not a bit of harm," said the rich aunt; "they're good boys enough, and I daresay they'll get on. As for Gerald, if you have any influence with your brother, I think he's in a bad way. I think he has a bad attack of Romishness coming on. If you are not in that way yourself," said Miss Leonora, with a sharp glance, "I think you should go and see after Gerald. He is the sort of man who would do anything foolish, you know. He doesn't understand what prudence means. Remember, I believe he is a good Christian all the same. It's very incomprehensible; but the fact is, a man may be a very good Christian, and have the last quantity of sense that is compatible with existence. I've seen it over and over again. Gerald's notions are folly to me," said the sensible but candid woman, shrugging her shoulders; "but I can't deny that he's a good man, for all that."

"It is the best man I ever knew," said young Wentworth, with enthusiasm.

"Quite so, Frank," echoed aunt Cecilia, with her sweet smile; it was almost the only conversational error Miss Wentworth ever made.

"But it is so sad to see how he's let away," said Miss Dora; "it is all owing to the bad advisers young men meet with at the university; and how can it be otherwise as long as tutors and professors are chosen just for their learning, without any regard to their principles? What is Greek and Latin in comparison with a pious guide for the young? We would not have to feel frightened, as we do so often, about young men's principles," continued aunt Dora, fixing her eyes with warning significance on her nephew, and trying hard to open a telegraphic communication with him. "If more attention was paid at the universities to give the student guidance in their studies, so long, as you are sound in your principles, there is no fear of you," said

the timid diplomatist, trying to rid the warning look of her eyes by emphasis and infection. For Miss Dora! it was her unlucky fate, by dint of her very exertions in smoothing matters, always to make things worse.

"He would be a bold man who would call those principles un-sound which have made my brother Gerald what he is," said, with an affectionate admiration that became him, the curate of St. Roque's.

"It's a slavish system, notwithstanding Gerald," said Miss Leonora, with some heat; "and a false system, and leads to Antichrist at the end, and nothing less. Eat your dinner, Frank—we are not going to argue just now. We expected to hear that another of the girls was engaged before we came away, but it has not occurred yet. I don't approve of young men dancing about a house for ever and ever, unless they mean something. Do you?"

Mr. Wentworth faltered at this question; it disturbed his composure more than anything that had preceded it. "I—really I don't know," he said, after a pause, with a sickly smile—of which all three of the aunts took private note, forming their own conclusions. It was, as may well be supposed, a very severe ordeal which the poor young man had to go through. When he was permitted to say good-night, he went away with a sensation of fatigue more overpowering than if he had visited all the houses in Wiltshire. When he passed the green door, over which the apple-tree rustled in the dark, it was with a pang in his heart. How was he to continue to live—to come and go through that familiar road—to go through all the meetings and partings, when the last hopeless trial was over? Lucy and he were sweet as sugar, but by an earthquake? If his love was sealed henceforward, and his joy was at liberty to say what was in his heart, what would she think of him? He could not deny himself work because he lost Sacchini's at

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and how was he to bear it? He went home with a dull bitterness in his mind, trying, when he thought of it, to quiet the aching pulses which throbbed all over him, with what ought to have been the hallowed associations of the last Lenten vigil. But it was difficult, throbbing as he was with wild life and trouble to the very finger-points, to get himself into the shadow of that rock-hewn grave, by which, according to his own theory, the Church should be watching on this Easter Eve. It was hard just then to be bound to that special remembrance. What he wanted at this moment was no memory of one hour, however memorable or glorious, not even though it contained the Redeemer's grave, but the sense of a living Friend standing by him in the great struggle, which is the essential and unfailing comfort of a Christian's life.

Next morning he went to church with a half-conscious, youthful sense of martyrdom, of which in his heart he was half ashamed. St. Roque's was very fair to see that Easter morning. Above the communion-table, with all its sacred vessels, the carved oaken cross of the reredos was wreathed tenderly with white fragrant festoons of spring lilies, sweet Narcissus of the poets; and Mr. Wentworth's choristers made another white line, two deep, down each side of the chancel. The young Anglican took in all the details of the scene on his way to the reading-desk as the white procession ranged itself in the oaken stalls. At that moment—the worst moment for such a thought—it sud-

denly flashed over him that, after all, a wreath of spring flowers or a chorister's surplice was scarcely worth suffering martyrdom for. This horrible suggestion, true essence of an unheroic age, which will not suffer a man to be absolutely sure of anything, disturbed his prayer as he knelt down in silence to ask God's blessing. Easter, to be sure, was lovely enough of itself without the garland, and Mr. Wentworth knew well enough that his white-robed singers were no immaculate angel-band. It was Satan himself, surely, and no inferior imp, who shot that sudden arrow into the young man's heart as he tried to say his private prayer; for the curate of St. Roque's was not only a fervent Anglican, but also a young Englishman *sans reproche*, with all the sensitive, almost fantastic, delicacy of honour which belongs to that development of humanity; and not for a dozen worlds would he have sacrificed a lily or a surplice on this particular Easter, when all his worldly hopes hung in the balance. But to think at this crowning moment that a villainous doubt of the benefit of these surplices and lilies should seize his troubled heart! for just then the strains of the organ died away in lengthened whispers, and Miss Leonora Wentworth, severe and awful, swept up through the middle aisle. It was under these terrible circumstances that the Perpetual Curate, with his heart throbbing and his head aching, began to intone the morning service on that Easter Sunday, ever after a day so memorable in the records of St. Roque's.

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